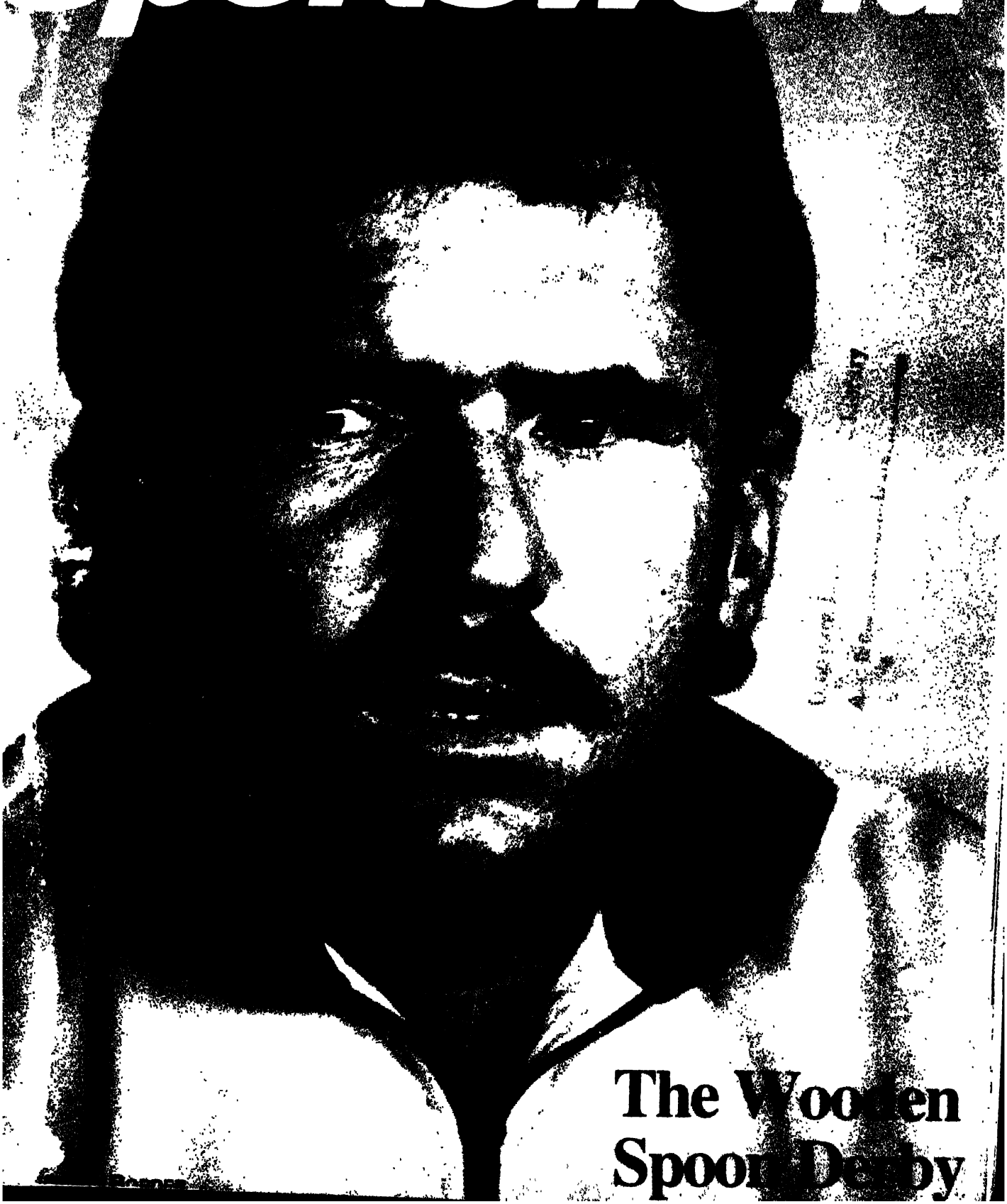
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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Chief Sub Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul
Correspondents: Bombay Haresh Munwani. **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1985

1985 was, in many ways the year of the underdog. The year an unknown German child prodigy reigned over Centre Court at Wimbledon. The year the 'fluke' winners of the 1983 World Cup did it yet again in Australia. The year a twenty four year old Indian, on his debut won the World Amateur Billiards title defeating a cueist his grandfather's age. In other words it has been a good year in general for sport, as it is upsets of this nature that keeps the interest alive.

On the other hand, there were a number of incidents which 'killed' sport. Bradford City, May 11—more than 16 people were feared dead when a soccer stand was set ablaze. May 29, Brussels—the Europeans Champions Cup final played between Juventus and Liverpool after some 53 spectators were crushed to death and over 250 injured. These were two of the more serious beatings that sport took in 1985. There were many more similar incidents on soccer grounds and other sporting arenas. Drunken spectators, inefficient umpiring or refereeing, and 'money-mad' sportsmen have all contributed to tarnish the name of sport further. It is about time drinking is prohibited inside sporting arenas the world over. It is about time all referees and umpires go through a strict screening before being permitted to take charge on the field. But more important than both these precautions, it is about time spoilt, selfish and inconsiderate sportsmen are taught that there is more to sport than just winning; that there is more to life than just money.

SHIBANI GHOSH,
Calcutta.

The future is ours to see

THE last time the Indian hockey team won a major international tournament with all other participating teams at full strength was way back in the 1975 Kuala Lumpur World Cup. From then on it has been a steady nose dive. Winning the Olympic title at Moscow were nothing to write home about. Pakistan, West Germany, New Zealand, Great Britain, Australia and Holland joined the U.S. boycott, which left only Spain and India to battle it out for top honours. The most encouraging thing that has happened to Indian hockey has been the overcoming of the 'Pakistan phobia'. In the last five meetings India has beaten them four times. The only loss was in the Bangladesh encounter where though India lost, Pakistan were lucky, to say the least.

The win at Ipoh was heartening. The present set of players are talented. They also have the correct temperament and team spirit. With Dr. M.A.M. Ramaswamy back at the helm, things should take a turn for the better. What is required is more consistency. With the correct guidance things could be set right. The first task in the new year would be to win the Seoul Asiad. The only teams capable of putting up a fight are Pakistan and Malaysia. India should not have much of a problem getting past either of the two teams. With promising players like Pargat Singh, Thoiba Singh, Tikken Singh, and M.P. Singh around, the future looks bright. Let's hope that India takes its appointed place at the top.

P. RAMESH MENON,
Haryana.

We are the world of sport

I WAS moved to tears when I read the report on Ian Botham's 'Walking for a course' (*Sportsworld* December 1-7). Though I had heard of this before, it had never been so touchingly narrated. The picture that was used was also very relevant and informative.

It is very easy to make a name for yourself in the world of sport. But it is far more difficult for a millionaire cricketer to find time for his unfortunate brethren. This thoughtful and benevolent task undertaken by Botham has increased my respect for the charismatic cricketer a great deal. A sportsman derives so much from society—love, honour, fame and mad support. Of course, the sportsman tries to reciprocate all with his performances on the field, which is the result of many years of sacrifice and effort. But this gesture of Ian Botham's is unparalleled as far as sportsmen are concerned. He has given back more than he actually owes. Botham has set a precedent which will hopefully be followed by other sportsmen.

The adulation that sportsmen receive is more than that received by people from other walks of life. They are therefore in the best position to raise funds for the needy. A few of the best of yesteryear as well as present ones, like Pele, Don Bradman, Carl Lewis, Gary Sobers, Sunil Gavaskar, Mark Spitz and company could all get together and do something on the lines of 'We Are The World'.

S. M. SHIVAPRASAD,
New Delhi.

Watching cricket in Bradman city

Nikil Bhattacharya's camera coverage of the drawn Adelaide Test match



Relations between Allan Border and Kapil Dev strained during the course of the game. Kapil Dev's clip to leg during his first innings crushed a seagull. Unnerved, he asked for a drink. Border refused on the grounds that tea was minutes away. The Indian captain was not too pleased about it.

The hostilities cease for drinks. Mohinder Amarnath (second from right) readies himself for repair





Cricket-watching Australian style!



Chetan Sharma loosens. His action came under close scrutiny during the game



Greg Ritchie punches Yadav past cover during his century knock



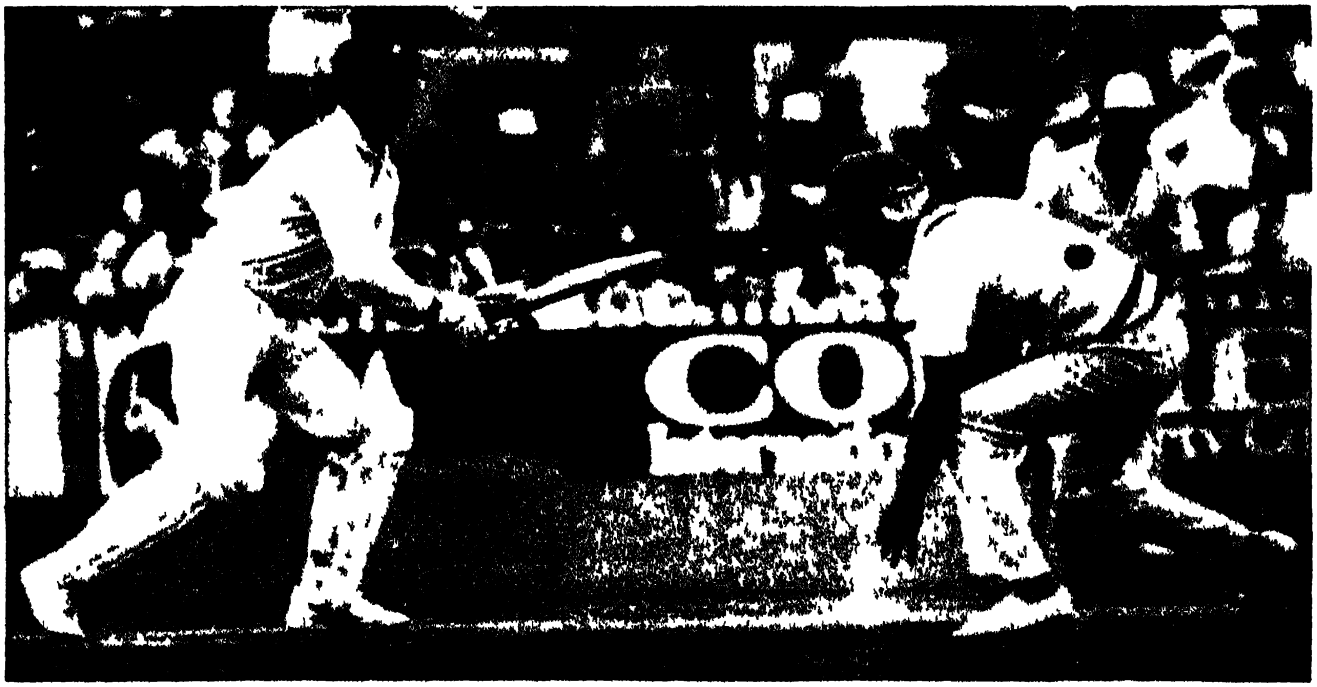
Greg Ritchie gets Yadav round the corner



David 'Daniel' Boon drives



. then gets his hundred Ritchie is at left



Allan Border gets one past Srikkanth during his first innings of 49

History plays its part

Ashis Ray picks his best-ever Indian cricket team and finds the epidemic spreading

IT was the AIR boys who started it all, one rather boring afternoon on the final day of the first Test, they asked yours truly to try and choose the drudgery having an all-time Indian eleven. It was a tough assignment and yet too tempting to resist. And as the panel in to All India Radio, who were relaying the Radio Australia broadcast might recall I listed two sides: an Indian eleven and an India eleven, the latter disqualifying those who did not actually play for the country.

My first team was: Gavaskar, Merchant, Ranji, Duleep, Hazare, Mankad, Kapil Dev, Kirmani, Amar Singh, Nissar and Chandrasekhar. My second replaced Ranji and Duleep with Manjrekar and Vishwanath respectively. I later concluded that Solkar would have to be the undisputed twelfth man in either case.

The infection caught on. Dicky Rutnagur, representing *The Telegraph* of Calcutta, promptly produced his eleven. And he felt that Bedi must get a place ahead of Mankad. I argued the latter not only had his quite exceptional bowling, but was, additionally, a top-class batsman. But Dicky would have nothing of it. In his book Bedi was so much above Mankad as a bowler that other considerations did not matter.

The epidemic spread. On the flight to Hobart, the Indian manager, Venkatraghavan, handed in his eleven. It was the same as mine, except that it did not have Amar Singh. He had, interestingly enough, gone for Lala Amarnath; whom he would have batting at number six, with Mankad, Kapil and Kirmani falling down in place order. Indeed, as an afterthought, Venkat stressed that he might even have K. Nayudu in place of Amarnath!

Another rather bold suggestion came from R Mohan of the *The Hindu*. His preference was for Durrani as the left arm spinner, and neither Mankad nor Bedi. The consensus, however, did not favour this choice, and as Venkat put it: "Facts and figures did not merit such a move, and facts and figures must be one of the criteria for selection."

The fun and games, in fact, did not stop there. Soon we proceeded to pick an all time second eleven, a balanced team of best fielders and so on. In a way, this was unavoidable since the 'Holiday Isle' of Tasmania proved to be a complete vacation from cricket. The prognosis was bad even before the Indian cricketers landed at Hobart. Subsequent rain only made it worse. The poor drainage and the peculiar top-soil at the Tasmania Cricket Association rendered the outfield risky and unplayable. And so the Indians, desperately seeking some match practice, were denied this opportunity.

It was the wettest December on record since 1917, the locals revealed ruefully. Also, they claimed it was the first time an entire four-day match had to be scrapped in the Tasmanian capital. The weather, in fact, even besmirched the immense natural beauty of this place.

The Governor of the State did his utmost to alleviate the suffering by hosting a splendid dinner for the visitors. Besides, the all-night casino and discotheque kept those who were inclined towards such indulgence well occupied, although as far as the flutter with chips was concerned very few, it was gathered, left the tables with a smile.

Indeed, the addiction to gambling, however modest and unharmful, coupled with the late nights and general disorientation from cricket, was liable to undo the little psychological advantage gained in thefirst Test—which was, virtually, the only factor to bank on vis-a-vis the second Test.

In the circumstances, Kapil, who had earlier been thwarted in his bid to have some play on the second day by the somewhat unhelpful attitude of the Tasmanian captain David Boon, decided to cut short the fruitless and, perhaps, damaging stay in Hobart. It was a wise move, and the skipper deserved full marks for this inspired bit of off-the-field thinking!



Venkat (left) and Vengsarkar. "The epidemic spread..."



Sir Donald Bradman (centre), with Sir Len Hutton (left) and David Frith (right), as he was ten years ago

"I would have played for nothing"

THE star of the show was a 77-year-old former Test cricketer.

Sir Donald Bradman, a near recluse, had agreed to fly from his home in Adelaide to neighbouring Melbourne, to speak at a luncheon to mark the induction of 120 people into the Australian Hall of Sporting Fame. The presence of the most illustrious cricketer in Test history was enough to guarantee the function's success; what bestowed even greater significance on the afternoon of glitter was the fact that The Don had broken his much-publicised resolution to avoid any such occasions.

The venue was the Long Room of the Melbourne Cricket Ground and though there was a galaxy of stars present, it was Bradman who attracted the maximum attention, signing autographs for people who had already acquired considerable reputations in a variety of sporting fields.

That afternoon, Bradman made the significant disclosure that he had met members of the Australian Test squad currently engaged in the three-Test series against the touring Indians. Referring to Allan Border, the gritty left-hander who took over the job of captaincy after Kim Hughes announced a dramatic retirement last season, he said, "Allan asked me to go and have a chat with his boys and I did so with pleasure. I don't believe in offering advice unless I'm asked to, but when I am approached, I'm always happy to talk to anyone".

The skyline of the Melbourne Cricket Ground, affectionately referred to the world over as the MCG, was different when Bradman scored the first of his 29 Test centuries against The Old Foe—England, naturally—during the 1928-29 series. Today, six concrete towers provide the wattage that illuminated the internationally televised heroics of the 1985 Benson and Hedges World Championship of Cricket, but the venue remains an emotional attachment with the career of a young Australian batsman who cut, pulled and drove his unique path into the ranks of the truly unforgettable sportsmen.

"As a lad of sixteen," he recalled at the luncheon, "my ambition was to play senior cricket in my hometown of Bowral. But the nearest I could get to our first team was in the capacity of scorer. That didn't really present much of a problem because my strongest subject at school was mathematics. In fact, I was so good that I used to total the score even before the batsmen had made the runs!"

Not for long was he kept on the fringe of the local team. "My involvement also included travelling forty miles to a Saturday game, sitting on a wooden box in the back of an old pickup truck. Despite the discomfort, it all paid dividends when I was eventually given a place in the playing eleven. Thereafter, it was the serious approach of Sydney grade cricket, which meant getting up at 4.30 every Saturday morning and walking half a mile to catch a train for the three-hour journey to the city. After playing a match—in which sometimes my only involvement was fielding for the duration of the afternoon—I began the long haul home again, only to arrive at midnight.

"My reward was the honour of playing for Australia and wearing a Baggy Green. In those days, the fee for a Test match was twenty-five pounds...but I would happily have played for nothing".

By David McMahon. Reported by Ashis Ray, Melbourne

Journey to the Forbidden Land

David Frith reviews the circumstances leading up to the Australian 'rebel' tour of South Africa

One of the weirdest cricket tours in history got under way on October 27 when Kim Hughes and his team of Australian 'rebel' cricketers flew quietly to Singapore, next stop Frankfurt, and then South Africa for a controversial tour scheduled to take in three so-called 'Tests' and six one-day internationals. SACU president Geoff Dakin said, 'We've sent the players on a little globe-trot to make sure no-one knows exactly where they are.' The group were checked in as the 'Willows Group'.

Most of the players were relieved to get under way. Pitches in Perth had been dug up by anti-apartheid protestors, and John Dyson, Steve Rixon and Steve Smith had not even been permitted to play grade cricket in Sydney. Mike Haysman felt compelled to leave his job in an Adelaide sports store when protestors from an organisation known as Campaign Against Racial Exploitation picketed the shop.

It was not only in Australia that hostility was directed against the tour. The SACB—an opposition organisation to the SACU—pleaded with Hughes and his team to stay away, while the African National Congress warned them to expect violent action—a threat which Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke condemned as counter-productive. ANC secretary-general Alfred Nzo said his Congress would not be responsible for anything that happened to the Australian cricketers. Cricket grounds would become 'war zones,' he said. Tour manager Bruce Francis, on his 21st visit to South Africa, retorted that security had been guaranteed.

Black political militants in South Africa were planning to stage rival cricket matches in black townships to coincide with the matches played by Hughes's Australians. So strong is the feeling of resentment that some of the major sponsors of the tour have insisted on anonymity, lest their products be boycotted by the black community.

Meanwhile, more details had emerged concerning Kim Hughes's decision to lead the team to South Africa. In a two-part exclusive interview with Warwick Hadfield in *The Weekend Australian*, Hughes stated that he just 'couldn't stomach the thought of playing for the ACB because of the way the game was being run.' After telephone conversation with the Board's chief executive David Richards and Australian Test team manager Bob Merriman, Hughes said he was 'disillusioned about the politics of Australian cricket.' He told his wife he had 'had a gutful.' It will be recalled that he had resigned from the Test captaincy with an emotional statement in November, and had been overlooked for the 1985 tour of England.

A further conversation which had swayed his thinking came on May 1, 1985, when, during a long talk with Perth delegate to the Board, Bert Rigg, Hughes claims he was told that the selectors on the 1985 England tour may have been told not to pick for the Test matches the three players who had originally accepted offers to tour South Africa, namely Dirk Wellham, Graeme Wood and Wayne Phillips. Hughes's reaction was: 'The more you go into it, the sicker it gets. I am just that pleased to be out of it.' He told his interviewer that Allan Border came close to pulling out of the England tour because the three were included—and what were believed to be better terms. The rest of the team apparently had wanted the three to be omitted.

> "With the money generated though cricket, the cricketer shouldn't have been thinking about going to South Africa. In a $500,000 gate at the MCG, I know how much is left for distribution to the cricket associations. It is somewhere between $25,000 and $30,000... PBL is making all the money. PBL dictates the entire programme we play...

Hughes's anger at what he felt was the unsatisfactory control of the traditional game in Australia boiled over as he told Warwick Hadfield: 'For too long the players have just had to say "no comment." It is about time the public really did find out who is running cricket. Well, I know who is running Australian cricket, and I have been told how much money they make out of it. And I hope it comes out...With all the money generated through cricket, the Australian cricketers shouldn't have even been thinking about going to South Africa...Commercial interests, they run the game. In a $500,000 gate at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, I know how much is left for distribution to the cricket associations. It is somewhere between $25,000 and $30,000. That was told to me by the treasurer when I was captain...PBL is making all the money. The Board made a business deal seven years ago for ludicrous sums of money ...PBL dictates the programme we play, when we play the Test matches, where they are played, how many teams come to Australia, what balls we use. The Board doesn't do that.'

Hughes went on to say that when he asked Board chairman Fred Bennett about future programming, he was told that if the players 'don't stop grizzling about the number of one-day games, PBL will force us to play more.'

Hughes's decision to go South Africa came when 'the only thing I had to be convinced of was that cricket in South Africa was non-racial. After that I couldn't give a damm about the politicians.' He said that he greatly appreciated Clive Lloyd's acknowledgement that the 'rebels' had the right to make the decision in his suggestion that they 'go' but go quietly.' 'They call him the black Jesus, said



Carl Rackemann castles the Border State opener on the 'rebel' tour

Hughes. There was this great statesman who was above the politics. He wasn't approving the tour, just my right as a cricketer to make the choice to go.'

Hughes told Hadfield: 'I was really disappointed in people like Bishop Tutu. He said spare us your hypocrisy, admit you are going for the money. Now we have all admitted that one of the reasons we are going is the money...I honestly believe that the athletes of the world do more to break down the barriers than anybody else...The religious leaders and the political leaders of the world build barriers. I say to them, "Spare us your hopocrisy, your double-dealing, all your discrimination."

A key benefit of the South African enterprise, Hughes felt, was that he played cricket for only three months of the year, which not only left time for his family and business interests, but ought to prolong his playing days until he was into his mid-30s and beyond. He will be 32 in January. 'Nothing,' he said, 'would give me greater pleasure than to come back and stick it up a few people.'

The former Test skipper touched passionately on the theme of trade with South Africa, and the visits of individual sportsmen—even the sale of a rugby telecast by the ABC to South Africa: 'If it was all in, if there were 15 million people making a sacrifice, well fair enough,' he said. "The young people I meet don't think I am a racist. They just think I am a cricketer."

Board identities David Richards and Bob Merriman challenged aspects of the *Weekend Australian* interview with Hughes, who clearly remains embittered by the events of the past twelve months. Nonetheless, he hopes, in due course, to add to his 70 official Australian Test caps and 4415 runs after the three-year ban ends in April 1988.

This will be first Australian team seen in South Africa since 1969-70, when Bill Lawry's team was crushed in all four Tests by Ali Bacher's multi-talented Springbok side. Costings in those days would seem mere pocketmoney beside the cost of the 1985-86 and 1986-87 rebel tours: some eight million rand. Although South Africa's currency strength has been diminished by recent events, with the country gripped by emergency rule, this still amouts to £2,133,333.

AUSTRALIAN TOURING TEAM:
K. J. Hughes (capt), G.N. Yallop (vice-capt), T. M. Alderman, J. Dyson, P.I. Faulkner, M. D. Haysman, T.G. Hogan, R.M. Hogg. T. V. Hohns, R.J. McCurdy, J.N. Maguire, C.G. Rackemann, S.J. Rixon, G. Shipperd, S.B. Smith, M.D. Taylor, Manager: B.C Francis.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Let's misquote Ian Botham

Peter Yates follows the whisper from mouth to print

IT's A bit like that game 'whispers': a group of writers huddled together waiting desperately for some snippet of information on the Big Story (in this case, Botham's resignation as captain of Somerset). Enter the man from HTV-West. His production team was responsible for an exclusive interview a couple of days before the story broke. He whispers in the first journalist's ear, generously disclosing a rather usable 'quote' from that interview. The journalist whispers it to the next and he to the next and so on until it reaches the last one in the huddle. This is the man from the Beeb, good old Gerald Haycock of BBC's *Points West*, the regional news programme. ('I'm not even a sports reporter,' he confided apologetically to me on the phone.) And, of course, his version of that original pearl of Botham wisdom comes out completely garbled.

To make matters more farcical, HTV-West News put out a part of the interview again on Tuesday, October 8, the day Botham revealed his decision. Five minutes later, switching to *Points West*, Haycock's travesty of an interpretation is broadcast by the BBC.

Let's consider the offending words. In the original, HTV interviewer Ian Seymour asked Botham the following question: 'Would you rather hit a six off the Australians or attend an opening night of your own film in Hollywood?' Botham's considered reply, spoken with a smile, was: 'I've already done the six.' A fairly typical Botham retort you might say. Sardonic, not giving much away, open to the listener's interpretation. But undoubtedly Botham's words: he said them and they're on film.

Now the version according to the BBC: Haycock finished his report by saying that Botham was asked, in a recent interview, the following question: 'Would you rather hit a hundred for England or star in a Hollywood movie? His reply, says Haycock, was, 'I've done the first six times and I never made any money out of it.'

Is this mere interpretation, journalistic licence or major discrepancy? The latter, I think. In fact it's putting words into Botham's mouth. Was Haycock referring to that same quotation from the HTV interview? He says he was, though he didn't actually see it: the 'quote' was passed on to him by, he says, another reporter from the HTV team (not Ian Seymour the interviewer). In other words he received it via the 'whispers' process.

It happens easily though, doesn't it? We've all been in situations when a group of the lads are in the pub discussing cricket or cricketers and everyone's own pet story gets exaggerated, embellished and distorted as it's continually retold. But it should not happen in the media, particularly on television, and especially when the original words and the final version undergo such a dramatic transformation of emphasis. Some might say that Haycock got the 'gist' of it, but the tone is entirely altered and the accent is put on the most newsworthy aspect of the quote—Botham's apparent greed. (This is the bloke, remember, who was about to walk from John O'Groats to Land's End to raise money for leukaemia.) Many detractors will say that Botham brings it on himself because of his 'flamboyant lifestyle'. ('Anyone who dyes his hair that colour deserves to be caught on the boundary,' I heard an old lady say at Taunton last season.) But there is no justification for shoddy misinterpretation by the media.

This, too, is not an isolated case. You can understand Botham's anathema for the Press when he undergoes this sort of treatment. Don Mosey, in his book *The Best Job in the World*, refers disparagingly to Botham's 'bollocks-to-the-media campaign'. Incidents of this nature show exactly why such a campaign begins.

The birth of cricket in the desert—Sharjah and all that—is covered in *Terence of Arabia*, and a fast bowler's perennial brushes with authority are subtly explored in *The Umpire Strikes Both*.

Now to our own world exclusive. Contrary to popular opinion in all parts of the media and most public houses, Botham's first major Hollywood venture is not to be *Ramboth* after all. This is because of a dispute over the sub-title—whether it should be *First Blood—Three or Third Blood—One*. Instead, I can now reveal, Botham has been signed up to make 10 films over the next six months (some on location from John O'Groats to Land's End and others between innings and in the intervals of Test matches in West Indies. Also he'll snatch a few takes while golf balls are retrieved from the sea as they overshoot the islands on rest days).

The first film is to deal with Botham's own early career centering on the harsh treatment meted out to him by his first captain at Somerset. This is to be called *Close Encounters of the Brian Kind*. It will be followed by a film about that famous folk-hero, Mediaman, (a role taken on by a fresh-faced actor straight from the Cambridge Footlights) who keeps inventing stories about a flamboyant allrounder and trying to find him to authenticate them. The title will be *Desperately Seeking Botham*.

The birth of cricket in the desert—Sharjah and all that—is covered in *Terence of Arabia*, and a fast bowler's perennial brushes with authority are subtly explored in *The Umpire Strikes Both*.

The Good, the Bad, and the Beefy is about a poor young apprentice cricketer whose career is blighted by everyone's inability to pronounce his name properly, and the film is a scathing expose of the wicked practice, rife in dressing-rooms throughout the counties (and TMS), of giving silly nicknames to people. Brian Johnston makes a guest appearance as Jolly Jonners, the Phantom Name-Nicker.

My Fair Laddy is the story of a top Test player's interminable quest for a good hairdresser, while the violent



Ian Botham the Hollywood hero at the sets

and cynical *Bothbusters* is about a team of cricketers who neutralise the top allrounders by resorting to the supernatural. This causes havoc with the third umpire (the film is set in the near future but not next season) who, while watching the video replays, can't spot why bails get dislodged or whether balls get caught or if bats are run in: 'It's just like magic,' he complains. (In other words the same situation prevails as does at present.)

This will be followed by a movie in which an alien from another planet gets left behind at a cricket match and becomes the first non-Yorkshireman to play for the county. It's called *I. T.* And *The Wizard of Oz* concerns an Australian wizard who creates a magic bat out of an unknown material that looks (and sounds) like aluminium. This bat has special powers and flies around of its own volition. The wizard becomes a millionaire when the magic bat plays the Australian team on its own and he bets against Australia.

Finally we come to *The Third Man*, the story of a well-established Test star's despairing attempts to introduce a new shot into the game—the reverse hook. He is constantly thwarted by a very tall fielder who hides in a sewer on the third man boundary, popping out just at the crucial moment to take impossible catches. The shot is banned by the TCCB and a new signal is added to the umpires' repertoire: a swift movement of the right hand to clutch the forehead while shouting 'Not cricket.'

Apart from these 10 blockbusters Botham is making a guest appearance in *Mad Marks*, the story of a young country boy named Victor who becomes president of a large western democracy and who has a sign on his desk that reads 'The Buck stops here'. Botham smashes up a few Saabs every now and then to create an atmosphere of civilisation in decline.

And, of course, besides the films there is his epic TV production known as *The Indian Trilogy*. The first part is about a very big hitter who smites a ball so hard that it goes into orbit, re-enters and lands with immense force on three small cricket grounds in Kashmir, wrecking the buildings on the side of the pitches. This is called *The Far Pavilions*. The second part is about a fastbowling captain of England with wonky knees who sets out to prove his fitness for a tour of the subcontinent by taking a slow boat with a diminutive physiotherapist called Bernie. The title of this is *A Massage to India* and Botham plays the part of a 1960s folk-singer who drones out anti-establishment songs while trying to tune his guitar. Opinion is divided as to whether the character represents Bob Dylan or Trevor Bailey. The final part is about the ultimate competition to find the world's greatest allrounder and is called *The duel in the Crown and Sceptre*.

All these films may be added to the WCM cricket movie list. Incidentally, not to be outdone, Geoff Boycott has signed up for a rival company to make invasion of the Bodyliners. Geoff plays a batsman who has been batting for ever, and the Bodyliners are brought in to try and blast him out. Unfortunately the monotonous batting turns them all into zombies, which makes everyone assume they must be Yorkshiremen, and they all get signed up. The film ends with a wag in the Headingley crowd shouting out, 'Not only do Yorkshire play like zombies, they even look like zombies now.' Somebody replies, 'Wait until you see the committee!'

The other side of sportspeople

WHAT happens when 'Brat' and 'Tantrum' get together? You get a 'Made for Each Other' pair. John McEnroe may have had a disastrous year on the tennis court, but in his life off court he has called the shots. He successfully courted Tatum O'Neal (not the 'little Paper Moon' girl any more), brushing aside even papa Ryan's early resistance. Ever since he met her, 'The Mouth' has not won a single major title, nor for that matter has Miss O'Neal come up with any laudible performance on the screen. A case of two young people deeply in love at the cost of their careers? Maybe. To prove that he is as human as anyone of us, on receiving the 1984 World Championship trophy, McEnroe thanked his girlfriend "for being here and making my life better."

TALKING of friends and lovers, one wonders how long it will be before India's sprint Queen **P.T.Usha** meets her match. Hopefully for Indian athletics it will not be in the very near future. The Arjuna Awardees Association of India in a bid to overhaul the image of athletes in India is attempting to create a glamour star out of Usha. 'Pretty' Usha's hair will be styled by Silhouette of Oberoi, while her sportswear will be courtesey Tramp. The Asian champ's clothing is to be supplied by Ravissant. We don't mind a new look Usha as long as it does not in any way endanger her career. This would disappoint all Usha's fans.

FANS are few in number when one talks about **Cheema Okerie**, the volatile African footballer. Everyone knows that Cheema plays an aggressive, often dangerous brand of soccer. Everyone knows that the 6' 2" frame of the 'big bad boy' is the most feared player on the maidan. Everyone knows that the Nigerian will do anything and infact everything to score a goal, and loses his cool at the drop of a hat. But how many people know that at 8:25 every Sunday morning on a not so new Yezdi, the god-fearing Cheema Okerie makes his way down crowded Ripon Street to St. Mary's Church to hear Mass? And how many people know that when the shy Mohammedan Sporting striker, who is incidentally an introvert, gets off his motorbike, he rushes towards the Church gates in order to stay clear of the soccer crazy enthusiasts and grab a front seat before the Introductory prayer begins.



Their first public appearance—John McEnroe and Tatum O'Neal sitting together during the Australian Open at Kooyong

WHETHER the great English all-rounder **Ian Botham** is a god fearing soul or not one doesn't know, but his 'Walk for a Cause' for raising funds for leukaemia patients was many felt, out of character. Botham is in the hitlist of journalists and cricket authorities the world over. He is considered one of the 'baddest bad guys' in contemporary sport. While 'bad boy Botham takes time off from cricket and making money, the so called 'good boys' like Bjorn Borg are busy collecting girl-friends and islands. People sure have a funny way of distinguishing the good and the bad!

THERE was no doubt who was the 'good boy' and who was the 'bad' at the World Chess Championship game. For Soviet officials the villain of the piece was the 22-year-old **Gary Kasparov**. Kasparov, who is part Jew, part Armenian, changed his Jewish surname. Unlike his sedate and orthodox opponent Anatoly Karpov, Kasparov finds time to indulge in other past-times. When he's not making moves on the soccer ground, he's busy courting a Russian actress or listening to the latest pop music. Keeping in tune with his aggressive, unconventional style of play, the young champion leads an interesting, enjoyable and often exciting life. What else could a 22-year old man of the world ask for? Very, very little.

Barry O'Brien

The year that was

A quiz by **Barry O'Brien** on some of the interesting people and incidents of 1985



Q 1. Playing for Bombay against Baroda on January 10, Ravi Shastri equalled Sir Gary Sobers' record of six sixes in an over. In the same innings he created another record, what was it?

Q 2. On November 5, the legendary British jockey Lester Piggott rode his 4349th winner. This was probably his last winner, as he has since retired as a jockey. What was the name of the horse?

Q 3. Australia II outsailed Liberty and thereby ended the 132-year winning streak of the US in the America's Cup (Yachting). That was two years ago. Preparations have begun for the 1986-87 battle to be hosted by the Western Australia Yacht Club. What are the names of the two yachts which will vie for the Cup?

Q 4. I was born September 2, 1937. My father Victor, half German and half Viennese, was the biggest influence in my life. I was a probable for the U.S. Olympic waterpolo team and Time magazines' Man of the Year-1984. Who am I?

Q 5. The most entertaining sporting side in the world—the Harlem Globe Trotters, have for the first time taken on a female cager. Her name?

Q 6. Michael Spinks stopped Larry Holmes from equalling Rocky Marciano's record of 49 wins without a loss, when he won a unanimous decision against the champion. He and his brother Leon are the only brothers to win the Heavyweight title. What was the other unique feature about Michael Spinks victory?

Q 7. 'The Sun has got his hat on' is the name of a book written by Alan Lee and a cricketer. Name the cricketer?

Q 8. From which West German town is Boris Becker?

Q 9. Who is believed to be the tallest player to play basketball for his country?

Q 10. Pope John Paul II is a sportsman in his own right, his favourite sport being skiing. He has decided to take up tennis—whom does he want as his coach?

Q 11. What is unique about the boxer in the photograph?

Answers

1. He scored the fastest double century ever in cricket—in 113 minutes, off 123 balls. Ironically, a couple of weeks prior to this knock he scored one of the slowest hundreds against England at Calcutta.
2. Full choke.
3. Stars and Stripes and Australia III.
4. Peter Ueberroth—the chief organiser of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics.
5. Lynette Woodard. In her own words it was 'the opportunity of the century'
6. He is the first light-heavyweight champion to win the heavyweight title when still light-heavyweight champion.
7. Derek Randall.
8. Leimen.
9. Manute Bol of Sudan who stands at 7 feet 6¾ inches and when flatfooted reaches a height of 10 feet. Attempting one of his first dunks, Bol caught his teeth in the net and tore out several incisors.
10. Who else but the champion himself—Boris Becker. Incidentally Becker's hero is the Pope.
11. This a photograph of Craig Bodzianowski who has a 13-0 professional record. He lost part of a leg in a motorcycle accident eighteen months ago. He was fitted with a prosthesis and has resumed his boxing career with an eight round bout against Francis Sargent.

Sweden's Merry Christmas

IT was fitting that the last of the five-match encounter should [illegible] the outcome of the 1985 Davis Cup final. The flag-waving crowd [illegible] Munich's Olympia [illegible] had plenty to clap for as the young West German team refused to give up the ghost. Having come as far as the final, the Germans kept national hopes alive till the last of the reverse singles, when Michael Westphal, ranked 51 in the world, went down fighting against Sweden's Stefan Edberg.

Not yet twenty years old—he was born on 19 January 1966—Edberg has finished the year in a blaze of glory. On 9 December he beat senior Swede Mats Wilander in the final of the Australian Open at Kooyong, Melbourne and by virtue of his victory, forced his way into the elite bracket of the world's top five players. In the wake of his Melbourne win, there still lurked the possibility that the Swedish Davis Cup captain, Hans Olson, would not be able to give Edberg a slot in the prestigious singles matches against West Germany.



Tenacity was the West German team's hallmark with Boris Becker leading from the front

When the Swedish team was finally announced, the name of the Australian Open champion was included but another controversy arose almost immediately. Less than 24 hours before the start of the opening singles match, French referee Patrick Flodrops gave the international media and tennis fans something to mull over. As pre-Christmas celebrations lightened the mood in different parts of the city, Flodrops caused more than just a ripple when he criticised, in his official capacity, the lighting conditions at the Olympia Hall.

He said, in no uncertain terms, that he would have called off the final if he had been able to make a decision two days earlier. Explaining the crux of the problem, he said that line judges would experience difficulty in calling shots against a light green playing surface. Visibility, he added, would be hampered by what he categorically called "extreme crude lighting". His outburst resulted in a meeting between Wilhelm Bungert and Hans Olson, the captains of the respective teams, in an attempt to find a temporary solution. The Swedish captain agreed with the assessment of the French referee and told reporters that conditions would favour the stronger servers. While no direct accusations were made, the inference drawn by the rest of the tennis world was that there might perhaps have been a deliberate attempt to weight the scales in favour of the big-serving Boris Becker and his teammates.

Eventually, Bungert and Olson found their own solution to the problem. Corner lighting was dispensed with completely, while the banks of lights running parallel to the courtside were turned up to full candlepower. What threatened to erupt into a major conflagration was instead relegated to the background of minor news by the timely and sensible intervention of the opposing captains, both former players of distinction. By the time Mats Wilander and Michael Westphal took the court for the opening singles match, the lighting was sufficient to keep everyone happy, irrespective of nationality.

ALTHOUGH the Davis Cup final can in no way be regarded as the conclusion of the year's tennis—this yearend ritual is actually the World Championship Tennis (WCT) Masters event traditionally hosted by the city of New York—it still serves to emphasise the true meaning of the concept of team tennis. Although the Davis Cup competition itself was set in motion before the advent of professionalism in tennis, it currently stands to remind all those connected with the game that there is still room for fierce patriotism and national loyalty in what is otherwise regarded as an intensely pressured, individually materialistic world of pro tournaments.

While at one stage there was no money to be made by representing one's country in the Davis Cup, sponsorship from Nippon Electric Corporation (NEC), Ebel watch manufacturers, and Lacoste sportswear has brought about a major change. Apart from the prestige of playing the

tournament, there is now the added incentive of a purse which increases in size, depending on how far one's country progresses through the draw.

Yet, the advent of Davis Cup sponsorship still does not automatically guarantee the participation of the world's top players. Inflated egos, and clashes with authority have been known to deter some of the better known professionals from playing for their national tennis associations. By and large, however, the Davis Cup is the rallying point where the faithful gather, preferring the mantle of patriot to the lucrative allure of a tournament or exhibition event.

The trophy and the tournament both derive their name from Dwight F. Davis, an American-born tennis player who carved out a somewhat considerable reputation for himself in the late nineteenth century. Born in 1879, he was runner-up in the US singles championships in 1898 and 1899. As a doubles player, he also earned a place in the history of lawn tennis when he and his partner, a player by the name of Ward, won the All Comers Doubles at Wimbledon in 1901, eventually falling to the legendary Doherty brothers in what was then known as the Challenge Round.

Exhibition matches between American and British players were played on a sporadic basis from 1883 onwards till, in 1897, US players and officials suggested that a British team play an international match against them. The offer was turned down because of financial reasons but in 1900 the invitation was repeated as the president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association (USLTA) wrote, "One of our players here has offered us a cup, to be a sort of international challenge cup." Little could Dwight Davis have realised at the time he donated the trophy that it would still be, almost a century later, the most coveted symbol of international team tennis supremacy.

CONTROVERSY and surprise results were the touchstone of the 1985 event. The fall of the United States was symptomatic of weakness brought about by internal conflict; indeed, the very entry of West Germany into the final was proof that there were inner rumblings in the respective tennis governing bodies of both the United States and Czechoslovakia. In the first case, an assertive move by the US association paved the way to disintegration of the only squad that looked capable of challenging the reigning Swedish team. In the case of the Czechs, it was some curious logic on the part of star player Ivan Lendl that caused yet another seemingly inexplicable crash.



Not yet twenty years old—he was born on 19 January 1966—Edberg has finished the year in a blaze of glory, having forced his way into the elite bracket of the world's top five

The problems for the United States team were evident from the moment their players were asked to abide by—and sign a code of conduct. Digging in their heels, both John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors announced that they would not toe the line that had been drawn so rigidly by the US association. There was to be no compromise and both players eventually distanced themselves from any possibility of being included in the national squad that was to fly to West Germany. While this meant the absence of both star singles players, it also indicated that the United States would also be forced to perform without the doubles pair of John McEnroe and Peter Fleming, arguably the top combination in the world despite their Wimbledon loss.

The US team that took on the Germans was denuded of both experience and confidence, its two greatest assets Eliot Teltscher and the talented young Aaron Krickstein could not make up for the pace and guile of McEnroe or Connors while the makeshift doubles duo of Ken Flach and Robert Seguso looked as rickety as some of the weaker pairs who have donned the colours of the United States.

West German captain Bungert also stirred up some controversy during the United States Germany encounter when he chose Hansjorg Schwaier as his second singles player in preference to Andreas Maurer, more experienced and ranked higher on the Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP) computer. Bungert prevailed, Maurer was relegated to playing doubles with Becker and the Germans put the United States out of the tournament.

Against Czechoslovakia, Bungert blooded yet another promising young player by the name of Michael Westphal as, once again, a divided opposition collapsed in ruins. Ivan Lendl restricted himself to playing just the doubles after withdrawing from both singles on medical grounds. Having arrived in Frankfort on the morning of the tie, he claimed that a sore shoulder would prevent him from playing singles to the best of his ability. The



Ivan Lendl may have seen the last of his Davis Cup days with Czechoslovakia

The season ahead, from the national point of view

WHILE Sweden celebrate their second successive Davis Cup win, speculation in India centres around the venue of the 1986 India-Czechoslovakia Davis Cup tie. Scheduled for May 1986, this opening tie has already made news with Vijay Amritraj, the Indian Davis cup captain, expressing his disaproval over the draw. He feels that having won against Italy in the 1985 final round, we should have been given an easier first round opponent for 1986. As it stands, India take on the Czechs but the question is: where?

It seems that the Calcutta South Club lawns will play host to some very exciting tennis, although no such decision has been taken yet. The other centres in contention are likely to be disappointed, considering that the Bengal Lawn Tennis Association (BLTA) and the Calcutta South Club have put forward a very strong case for Calcutta. The South Club's lush green courts also have the added weight of the history, for India has never lost a Davis tie on this surface.

As for the competition proper, the current trend indicates that Ivan Lendl, the current world number one, will not be accompanying his national team to India. The possibility of his absence will reduce the appeal of the tie but provide India with a better chance of moving against the winners of the Yugslavia-USSR tie.

The plan floated by Vijay Amritraj to include a youngster in the Davis Cup squad may be the best thing to happen to Indian tennis. Whoever the youngster, it will give him enough exposure to step into the shoes of his illustrious teammates. But then, of course, we are just rambling on, aren't we?

Pradeep Paul

singles berths on the Czech team were manned by Tomas Smid and Miloslav Mecir, but both players lost their opening matches to give the Germans an important 2-0 lead and the psychological upper hand against a squad that included no less than three players from the top fifteen in the world.

There were only two events of any real importance during this tie. The first was when Smid and Westphal battled for five hours and twenty nine minutes to fall just one game short of the longest Davis Cup singles match in history. The second was the conduct of Ivan Lendl, who should have emerged as the star of the tie. Having cried off singles play, he did not give the impression of being the hardest trier in the doubles match either. The doubles, always crucial in a Davis Cup tie, assumed even greater importance for the Czechs since they were already 2-0 down but Lendl, normally dour, found time to laugh and joke between points as the doubts grew about his seriousness.

Later, the Czech press was to attack Lendl's cavalier attitude towards the duty of playing a vital match which could have, if won, salvaged the chances of his country and pulled the entire tie around. The target of official fury last year, Lendl attracted a number of scathing headlines once more and in the aftermath of a barrage of criticism, the indications from Lendl's manager Jerry Solomon are that the world number one will probably withdraw from all future Davis Cup commitments on his country's calendar.

As things stand, however, the Czech authorities might just jettison Lendl before he renounces them. If they need a peg on which to hang the recalcitrant celebrity, they do not need to look very far. The man who claimed that his shoulder would not stand up to the rigours of two Davis Cup singles matches, won two tournaments on successive weekends after his side was thrashed 5-0 by the Germans.

David McMahon with George K. George



Sportsworld

West Australia batsman Geoff Marsh was looked upon to deliver the goods for Australia

Mikhil Bhattacharya



Capital Notes

Amrit Mathur finds Delhi's cricketers doing something what, he feels, their administration should be planning

FOR Kirti Azad last season was a complete disaster. From seven Ranji innings he managed a mere 126 runs, averaging 18. Even Maninder Singh and Sunil Valson did better! This year, however, the hard-hitting, Delhi all rounder has staged a remarkable bounce-back. With 500 plus runs—inclusive of two centuries—he is once again a smashing success.

"Form is so different to predict," concedes a much sobered Kirti. "Last year I could do nothing right. Now I feel good and confident."

Kirti is a belligerent, free-stroking player, who loves crashing the spinners out of the ground. Despite the aggression, Kirti plays straight; his mighty blows rarely wander towards mid-wicket.

"Last year I was caught in a trap. If I played my shots people called me irresponsible. If I defended I was accused of stonewall ing. Eventually I decided to stop looking at the papers and persisted with my natural style."

BHASKAR PILLAI is another batsman riding a massive wave of success. The dapper Delhi player has already struck three centuries and his touch is so sure that more are sure to follow.

Flight Purser with Indian Airlines, Pillai is technically organised. Very correct and compact. Favours the pull and cut, but plays an astonishing array of shots. Each stroke, smooth and cultured, is marked by an elegance that belongs to only the accomplished.

Says he: "I realise the dangers of the pull and cut on turf but these shots bring me a lot of runs. Seniors though, have been advising me against them."

Delhi's strong batting kept Pillai waiting as a reserve for two years. The occasional opportunity that came his way he wasted. Only last year did Bhaskar play the full season. Success was instantaneous: Bhaskar amassed 518 runs at 74 each.

"Bhaskar is a bloody good player," gushed a senior. "He has nice technique, lovely shots and a superb temperament. His success was most expected."

SUNIL VALSON is, perhaps, the most unfortunate young quick bowler in India. There was a time when he was looked upon as the answer to our prayers for a fast bowler. 'Vally' at that stage was very young, very eager ...and very quick.

Just when all appeared rosy, fate intervened. Each time the Indian team was picked, someone else at the last minute would get the nod from the selectors ahead of him.

Yograj, Randhir Singh, Rajinder Singh Ghai, Sekhar, Chetan Sharma and Manoj Prabhakar—almost every young bowler overtook 'Vally' to tour with the Indian team. 'Vally' meanwhile got only a solitary trip to England for the World Cup.

This consistent neglect told on his bowling. He bowled without purpose as the natural inswing departed. Loss of direction accompanied loss of confidence and he sprayed all over the place.

Even as critics were writing his obituary, 'Vally' this season regained his rhythm. Swing returned and sharp bounce once again unsettled batsmen as they hurriedly fended deliveries off their chest.

"I am bowling better," says 'Vally' happy to be among wickets again. "One reason could be that I have learnt to use the old ball now. I bowl with more control and purpose."

THE Delhi players have devised a retirement benefit scheme for themselves. Madan Lal, Kirti Azad, Rakesh Shukla and Surinder Khanna are office-bearers of an association formulated to provide financial assistance to players once they have hung their boots.

"The purpose of the scheme," explained Surinder Khanna, "is to do something for the average Ranji player. At present, apart from the Test stars, all cricketers face financial problems. We therefore decided to assist the ordinary first-class player."

The benefit scheme is basically very simple. Each player, for every Ranji game he plays, contributes Rs. 100 towards a common fund. He keeps doing so till he retires upon which time he gets in return a fat amount. Provided he has played a minimum of 20 matches since 1976.

The exact amount would depend on the number of matches played. According to the formula, for 20 to 29 matches a player will receive Rs. 10,000; for 30 to 39 he will get Rs 25,000; for 40 and above the amount will be Rs 40,000.

The scheme, though laudable, is arithmetically unsound. For example, if Madan and Shukla were to retire tomorrow there would not be enough money in the bag to pay them.

This anomaly has not escaped the keen minds of the players. "We are alive to this problem," said Rakesh Shukla reassuringly. "The intention is to raise money through donations from companies and individuals."

Another method is to play exhibition matches in remote areas. Plans have already been finalised for the Delhi team to play in Himachal—the entire venture, vaguely similar to Bukhatir's efforts, being sponsored by a business magnate.

The players' initiative is, essentially, a scathing indictment of the role of cricket officials. After all, this is something the association should be doing. In Delhi the scheme was mooted to the authorities initially. But when they dithered the players decided to get on with it themselves.

"Last year I (Kirti Azad) was caught in a trap. If I played my shots people called me irresponsible. If I defended I was accused of stonewalling. Eventually I decide to stop looking at the papers and persisted with my natural style."

No bed of roses for Davis

Premen Addy



THE most pressing matter of the week took place not on a football field but around the green velvet of a snooker table I refer, of course, to the final of the UK Championship at York between Steve Davis the holder and the likeable outspoken challenger from Leicester, Willie Thorne The match was played over two days and involved the best of 31 frames

The talented Thorne is a fine player, but one who had until now never quite done justice to his gifts The problem said the experts lay in an insufficient drive to win Hence he was frequently beaten by opponents with inferior skill Was this then going to be the occasion when we would see Thorne in full bloom? He had performed brilliantly in earlier rounds to demolish two former world champions in Cliff Thorburn of Canada and Denis Taylor of Northern Ireland Did we not all recall how Taylor himself in April and May this year emerged from relative obscurity to take the world title from Steve Davis after the sort of battle that bards and minstrels have set to music and song down the ages?

Thorne dominated the first day which he ended with a two frame lead In the two opening sessions of the second day he continued to display his mastery and when the players broke for the third and final encounter at the table the score read Thorne 13 Davis 8 Another three frames and Thorne would be the new champion The bookies stood to lose something like £150 000 if this were to happen for he had started the tournament an underdog One of his supporters smiled like a Cheshire cat who had tasted cream Yes, Willie was unstoppable The trophy was in his bag

The two contestants proceeded with the remaining formalities Or so we thought But true champions rarely surrender easily Borg never did nor did Connors or McEnroe or Sobers or Bradman Neither too, has Davis His jaw was taut as he took his turn with the cue ball Thorne with a fairly simple blue to pot missed Had he taken his chance the score would have been 14-8

But Davis left off the hook took his opportunity He cleared the table and it was 13-9 He won the next frame and the one after that until the scores were level There appeared to be a controlled fury in his play Thorne, so relaxed and confident looked drained When the match ended it was Davis 16 Thorne 14 and near pandemonium in the hall

This is exactly what had happened to Davis last May when he lost his world crown to Denis Taylor A few months ago he turned the tables on Taylor in a virtual re-run of their earlier contest I had remarked then that Davis now was steelier and would be doubly more difficult to hold, which he triumphantly proved against Thorne Davis later observed that his famous defeat at Tylor's hands had strengthened him inside He felt Willie Thorne would emerge a better competitor for this experience Maybe But this has still to be proved Fire can either destroy or it can temper one into the finest championship steel

Meanwhile, Thorne excited public sympathy As he himself remarked ruefully, he had totally outplayed Davis for two thirds of the match only to lose it in the end There surely is a moral here for all sportsmen, women and followers

In soccer's English First Division, most eyes are still focussed on Manchester United and Liverpool United who have had a dismal run in which they have seen their imposing 10 point lead cut to a paltry 2 were host to second from bottom Ipswich Town Here was as good a chance as any for the league leaders to banish their jinx

As it was United produced a stilted, stuttering display before one of their lowest crowds of the season to snatch a 1-0 victory thanks to striker Frank Stapleton who in scoring broke a goal drought which had his manager and colleagues in despair Equally worrying is Mark Hughes' lack of form up front which has reduced his side to a shadow of the irresistible combination of a month ago In their present state Manchester United are grateful for the smallest mercies and the margin of their win against Ipswich, however narrow and unconvincing, was nevertheless a win

Liverpool, breathing hard down United's neck,



Steve Davis was right on cue at the Coral U.K. Open, which he won for the fourth consecutive time defeating Willie Thorne 16-14 in an epic final

registered an impressive 3 nil victory over Aston Villa. Ian Rush, Liverpool's highly rated striker is also having a lean time and, apart from hitting the upright with a gem of a shot, did nothing of note throughout the game. Unless one uncharitably counts the five misses which on better days he would have buried into the net.

Yet despite this absence of form, Liverpool are getting goals and accumulating points. On this occasion their scorers were Jan Molby, the Danish international, Paul Walsh and Craig Johnstone. This indeed is as true an indication of their depth in skill and character as we are likely to see all season. When one player is off colour another steps easily into his place. When Rush recaptures his rhythm and goal scoring ability, as he will do one of these days, Liverpool will roll over their opponents like a battle tank. At the moment they have 44 points from 20 games to Manchester United's 46.

In third place are West Ham who beat Queens Park Rangers by a solitary goal from the inevitable boot of Scottish international Frank McAvennie and thus extended their unbeaten run to 16 matches—a club record which has lifted them from the depths to the heights of the league table.

McAvennie, suffering from jetlag after his long flight from Australia where Scotland had played their World Cup return leg qualifier and drawn, thus making sure of a berth to Mexico next summer...well, this same McAvennie scored his 19th goal of the season despite losing count of what day it was! Goal scorers are generally instinctive players. A touch and the ball bounds goalwards. Jimmy Greaves used to epitomise this opportunism in England, while Gerd Muller in Germany, and at a higher level than Greaves internationally, won matches for his teams with the most improbable movements of head or feet.



Clive Allen, the Spur's striker, came back with a bang after overcoming all his injuries

To return, however, to the present: West Ham with 41 points have nosed ahead of Chelsea, who, by drawing 1-1 against Coventry, drop to fourth position. Everton, the league champions, maintained their steady challenge by scoring thrice without reply against West Bromwich Albion and are thus a point behind Chelsea. Arsenal were fairly thrashed by the same margin by Southampton and must now bid goodbye to any league hopes they may had for this season. They must rebuild if they are to mount a serious challenge in the FA or League cups.

Perhaps the day's outstanding win belonged to Tottenham Hotspur who effectively demolished Oxford United 5-1. Clive Allen, the Spurs striker who has been plagued by a series of niggling injuries, returned at last to the first team and his two goals were just the catalyst his side needed to find their lost confidence. Soon Spurs were buzzing with ideas, foraging in midfield and clinical in front of goal. In addition to scoring himself, Allen made two goals for his colleagues, a back heel to Mark Falco carrying the signature of pure brilliance. This merely is a start. Spurs need a long run to climb up the table from their current tenth place.

As usual the clutch of games over Christmas and the New Year will provide many of the answers in every division of the English and Scottish leagues. It is a week which ends in triumph for some and disappointment and disaster for others. There seems in all this an element of inevitability. As if this scattering of seed comes from the wheel of life itself. Or as many would prefer to describe it, from Karma.

Keep on booing me!

That is Steve Davis' reaction to all his hecklers when **Stan Piecha** met him after he won his fourth Coral UK snooker trophy



Steve Davis makes sure of the UK Coral trophy

ALL-CONQUERING Steve Davis, the man snooker fans love to hate, has a message for those who booed him on his way to his fourth UK Coral Trophy: "Keep it up lads, it makes me harder to beat."

"I don't mind being the villain," added Steve. "I can understand people disliking someone who wins all the time. I do.

"When John McEnroe plays tennis I'm dying for him to get beat! In any sport you have to have heroes and villains.

"It's only natural that some people turn against me, for no-one like someone who looks arrogant and doesn't smile. But it's the only way I know.

"I put everything into my game and I just haven't got enough concentration afterwards to smile. It's the way I've always been."

The triple world champion, 27, was pouring his heart out after beating Willie Thorne in the greatest comeback he's ever staged.

With Thorne leading 13-8 after the first three sessions Davis had resigned himself to lose.

But in the crucial 22nd frame Thorne, who has only won the Mercantile Classic in 11 years as a professional, missed a sitter of a blue and Davis stole the frame.

From then on it was a non-stop downhill slide for snooker's punters' pal as Davis snatched seven of the next eight frames for his amazing victory.

The Romford millionaire, adding another £24,000 to his winnings, said: "No one can ever question my ability again.

Fittingly, Davis now keeps the magnificent trophy. The Coral was the first major event he had ever won when he beat Alex Higgins 16-6 in 1980, his second year as a pro.

And that success set off his unstoppable spell at the top which has seen him win almost every major tournament at least once.

Added Davis: "The Coral trophy has always been special to me. When I retire I shall be able to stare at it and recall all my fantastic memories of the tournament."

As the disco blared out at Davis's celebration party, his minder Robbo looked at the trophy and reflected: "I can vividly remember driving up the M6 for Steve's 1980 matches.

"The tape we had in the car was playing 'We are the Champions' by Queen. How right they were."

For better or for worse



Ray Reardon can't suppress his elation as he displays his MBE along with his family

SNOOKER star Ray Reardon's wife Sue Reardon looked on proudly as the Queen presented the MBE to her husband.

Then she fought back the tears she had been bottling up all day as he left her for the other woman in his life. And she said: "Sadly this is the way it has to be."

"But after our wedding day this has been the happiest day of my life and I will treasure the memory of both of them for ever". After the glittering Buckingham Palace ceremony, Sue (49) drove back to her home near Stoke-on-Trent with son Darren (20) and daughter Melanie (16).

At the same time, husband Ray was returning to the arms of secretary Carol Covington and the love-nest flat they share in North London.

Three weeks after Sue revealed that her husband was cheating on her, the couple had kept a bizarre date at the Palace. The night before they stayed at a central London hotel, he shared a room with his son and she with her daughter. Then, for six hours, they became, according to Sue Reardon, "one happy family with everyone behaving as if nothing had happened."

They shared a taxi to the Palace and watched proudly as a nervous Ray received his gong for services to snooker.

Sue smiled and Ray 53, joked as they posed for photographs afterwards before going on together for a celebration lunch at a Swiss Cottage hotel.

But it was all a sham and as Sue politely answered questions she knew the man she can't stop loving will soon be back with the 38-year-old redhead who wrecked her marriage. She vowed to fight on to win back the man she married 26 years ago and stood by as he struggled as a young professional before he became world champion six times and one of the most respected figures in the game.

And she spoke too of the deal they struck to be reunited for Ray's big day. Said Sue: "Ray always said the medal belonged as said the medal belonged as much to me as it did to him and, despite all our troubles, insisted on sharing his proudest day with me and the children.

"It was a magical day and I only wish the circumstances surrounding it could have been different. But that's life and I am pleased we were all able to be sensible and enjoy it. It has been very difficult for me and the children but it has been just as difficult for Ray.

"As for the future, who knows? We have to be realistic and sensible for the sake of the children. Circumstances can change. I will just have to wait and hope."

Ray said: "Today has been a marvellous occasion and I am very glad to have had Sue and the children along to share it with me. It was a great moment to meet the Queen and it has been a great day for snooker."

The Queen is obviously not a snooker fan. When she presented Ray with his MBE she asked: "What do you do?" He replied: "I started playing snooker as a hobby but I now play it professionally"

Indian Airlines takes off in bad weather

The 198[illegible] Jawaharlal Nehru men's hockey tournament will be remembered more for the rain that caused so many headaches, rather than anything else. But coming to think of it, in the only Indian metropolis boasting a synthetic pitch the rain need not have been such a problem. One hopes the organisers of this prestigious event have drawn the right lessons from the experience.

One day the matches were at the Shivaji Stadium, the next day they were switched to the National Stadium where the Astro Turf pitch has been laid. Not all the sawdust could repair the damage the rain caused to the overused natural grass at the Shivaji Stadium, and, expectedly, the quality of hockey there suffered. Yet the same teams, playing on Astro pitch at the National on another day, could produce hockey that was so pleasing to watch.

The annoying switches of venue naturally made the organisers the target of much criticism which they could have avoided with foresight. The hoardings installed by advertisers at the Shivaji Stadium were the real problem. If these could have been shifted to the National Stadium on the final day so what was the problem in doing so earlier when rain first hit the tournament? Fears that attendances would suffer at the National Stadium also proved unfounded. If anything, the spectators saw and felt the difference that a smooth surface could make to the quality of hockey and turned up at the National Stadium in larger numbers, which builds a case for more synthetic pitches in other parts of the country.

The heroes of the games on the Astro Turf were Afghan Club, Bahawalpur. The young Pakistanis, most of them members of their country's junior team, stole the show in what could be described as the match of the tournament. The match, against Punjab, runners-up ultimately, was a quarter-final pool match. Trailing one-three, the Pakistani lads fought back to emerge four-three winners, with one of them, inside-left Ziauddin, scoring a hat-trick. To a man, the sporting crowd rose to give the visitors players a rousing ovation for a display which was as remarkable for the class of its hockey as for its fighting quality. At a reception later they were presented with a special trophy.

But a draw and a defeat in two other games prevented them from making the semi-finals. Travel fatigue perhaps was the cause of the draw (2-2) with Punjab State Electricity Board, for they took the field without a rest to get over the strain of a long overland journey made all the more tiring by the days of uncertainty about grant of visas. Next day they were forced to play again by the organisers, who themselves were now spending sleepless nights to avoid further delays. This time their opponents were holders Indian Airlines. It was another match ruined and halted by rain and bad light and was completed twodays later when 17 minutes play was gone through. But the two-one result in favour of the Airlines was a correct indication of the Indian team's superiority. Mervyn Fernandes, back in action after the Dhaka Asia Cup final fraces, was superb with passes to his fellow Airlines forwards. For these



Mervyn Fernandes: still brilliant

alone he should find a place in the national team. But, alas, that cannot be. He is under a five-year ban from international hockey, though he is free to play domestic tournaments.

The Bahawalpur team were unlucky to be placed in the stronger of the two groups. City Sports Club, Lahore, and a Soviet Union Eleven were both put in the other group with Border Security Force, Central Reserve Police Force and Corps of Signals. In the absence of several players required to play in the Pakistan national championship, the Lahore team failed to make any impression. But the Soviets proved a hard nut to crack, their trapping being specially good.

The semi-finals, involving BSF and Indian Airlines in one half and Punjab Police and CRPF in the other, were marked more by poor behaviour than good hockey. Repeatedly, umpires were challenged and play was halted to allow tempers to cool before matters could be sorted out. The final also was marred by ugly behaviour. It is time gentlemanliness was restored to the game.

There was a 20-minute hold-up in the Punjab Police—CRPF semi-final before the Punjab team went on to clinch a four-two victory with two quick goals in the extra time. But CRPF were never an easy team to beat. Earlier, the Airlines had beaten BSF two-one in a match of ill temper, nasty injuries and the flashing of a red card.

In the final, Indian Airlines played well enough to beat Punjab Police two-one and retain the trophy as well as avenge the earlier quarter-final league defeat. All three were good goals, two of them whiplash penalty corner drives by Davinder Singh of Punjab Police and young M.P. Singh of the Airlines. But in the end all that was remembered was the ugly manner in which the umpires' authority was flouted. The whistlemen, A.S. Bawa and D.S. Mangat, were given a special cheer when Lt. Governor H.L. Kapur presented them with special trophies, which they thoroughly deserved.

A Correspondent

To the top ... almost

Raju Mukherji on the men who missed the honour of leading India, or just ...

CHANDU BORDE, Jaisimha and Ashok Mankad had nothing in common as Test cricketers between them. Except that each was an enigma in his own way just as each was a master tactician on the field of play. Whereas the stolid Borde was a commanding figure in international cricket and the gifted Jaisimha perpetually promised only to disillusion, Ashok Mankad's acknowledged ability of leadership was never watered to bloom.

Borde led Maharashtra and West Zone from strength to strength. His was the path of native intelligence and shrewd calculation. Coupled with the sense of maturity and pragmatism that comes early to people who meet and defeat adversity every inch of the way.

Borde came up the ladder the hard way. The routine of domestic tournaments prepared him for the ordeal by fire of Test cricket. When he was found worthy enough to join the fray at the highest level, the scourge of Gerry Alexander's men were upon India. But true to the spirit of the Mahrattas, young Borde, though battered and bruised, emerged with his steel glistening.

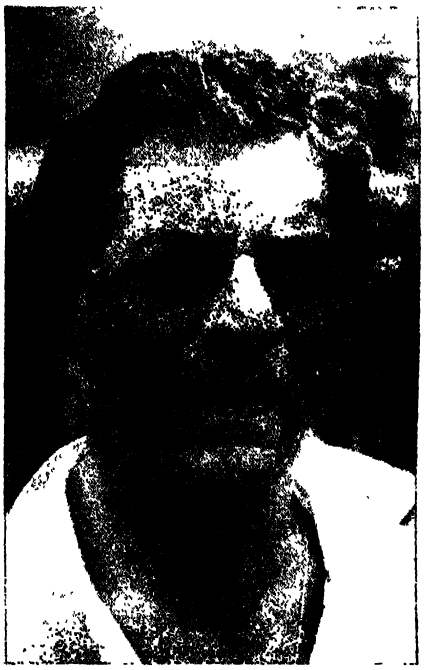
That was no series to make one's debut. No debutant batsman survived the ominous series. Borde however was of a different metal altogether. Finely honed on the rocks of Pune, the spirited warrior laid seige in gladiatorial isolation and splendour as the ominous forms of Hall and Gilchrist haunted and threatened, shattering confidence and careers on the way. Borde chose the historical battle-site of Delhi to match them thrust for thrust. He was more than a Biblical David as he hooked and cut the Goliaths to pieces.

Despite his undoubted leadership ability, he was distinctly unlucky to find his prime coincide with Pataudi's. However, fate at last relented at Adelaide in 1967, where he matched move for move before going down valiantly. With that he bade farewell to India's captaincy.

It is to the man's ever-lasting credit that he was an ideal deputy, full of dignity and free from rancour. His was a magnanimous profile of sacrifice and service for the cause of the country.

MOTGANHALLI Jaisimha's approach to captaincy was subtle. A fine student of the game, he handled his resources remarkably well. It was a noose of silk that he carried to choke his opponents. Although Hyderabad as a team did not fully realise his potential in terms of result, yet Hyderabadi youngsters were extremely fortunate to have his guiding hand to settle them on their paths to higher cricket.

Under Jaisimha's apparent nonchalance and relaxed attitide, his team mates too imbibed the benefits of such a pleasant manner. Charming and courteous, he was certainly among the best cricketing ambassadors we have had.



For some cricket will always remain a game of chivalry. So it was with Jaisimha's men who gave every evidence of refinement

For some cricket will always remain a game of chivalry. So it was with Jaisimha's men who gave every evidence of refinement and courtesy.

IF ASHOK MANKAD was the easiest of men to get along with, his Test career graph was the most difficult to decipher. Shunted up and down the batting order, he never quite settled down to regain the success that he achieved in his debut series. It was an ill omen for Indian cricket because here in our country we are convinced that it is only the great players who make the best captains! Examples of Jardine, Cheetham and Brearley notwithstanding.

Behind the wit and smile of Mankad was a brain programmed to meet complex queries. Utterly selfless in approach, he found devoted adherents in the teams he led in the domestic tournaments. They literally worshipped him. Out of a deep sense of gratitude and affection. Even his opponents came to respect him.

Time and again, Ashok Mankad turned catastrophic situations to advantage. A sharp mind and a strong common sense made him a brilliant motivator and an inspiring leader. Theories never shackled him for he was an excellent innovator. Bombay's gain could so easily have been India's as well, if only

The Mankad episode remains a poignant para in the tragic chapters of Indian cricket.

Getting better with age

P.V.J. Kar met Andy Sharma, the amateur golf champion of India, who hit the headlines at 37 years of age

LIFE begins at 37 for Andy Sharma. Rather an old cliche, but true in this case. Basically a weekend golfer, Sharma struck it rich in the 85th Amateur Golf Championship of India, winning the prestigious title of the amateur golf champion of India at an age that most others would be happy to play the occasional round of golf.

While previous champions like Rajeev Mohta and Rishi Narain carved their names on the trophy while, in their early twenties, Sharma has done it while approaching forty. And just to prove that age is no barrier, he isn't the oldest person to ever have won this tournament. I.S. Malik has that distinction when he lifted the trophy when he was well into his fifties. And with veterans like Tom Watson, Arnold Palmer and Sev Ballesteros dominating the international scene, it makes one wonder if a touch of maturity is almost a necessity.

Speaking to the champion soon after his win, Andy Sharma admitted that 37 was an odd age to start winning. But that's the way it had to be. Very pre-occupied with his job and, later with his family, he has been able to get long hours on the course only of late. As he himself admits, "The results are self-evident"

Playing his first national 15 years ago in Bombay, he played two more, 1973 in Bombay and 1979 in Delhi, before stroking his way to fame this year. And it was not an easy win either. Seeded sixth, Sharma came up against second seeded Alan Singh, who was in very good nick, but he prevailed to move into the semis where he took on Karan Atwal, the junior national champ. But it was the final against Uttam Singh Mundy, who incidentally was the best amateur at the last Wills Open, that provided the proverbial nail-biting finish. Five strokes down at one stage, Mundy fought back to chisel the lead down but ran out of holes to let Sharma breathe easy.

Andy Sharma is the first person to admit that he was definitely lucky. Both long hitters of the ball, which is ideal for the BPGC which needs long and straight hitting, they were on par but Sharma kept scoring while Mundy kept dropping strokes. Fortune, it seems, does favour the brave.

Starting his association with golf while staying with his father, a brigadier with a 15 handicap himself, in Delhi, Sharma was more of a basketballer and footballer. In fact, he even represented Mayo College in these two sports as well as carrying on in the same fashion at Delhi's St. Stephens. A very proficient hoopster, he has even donned Delhi colours.

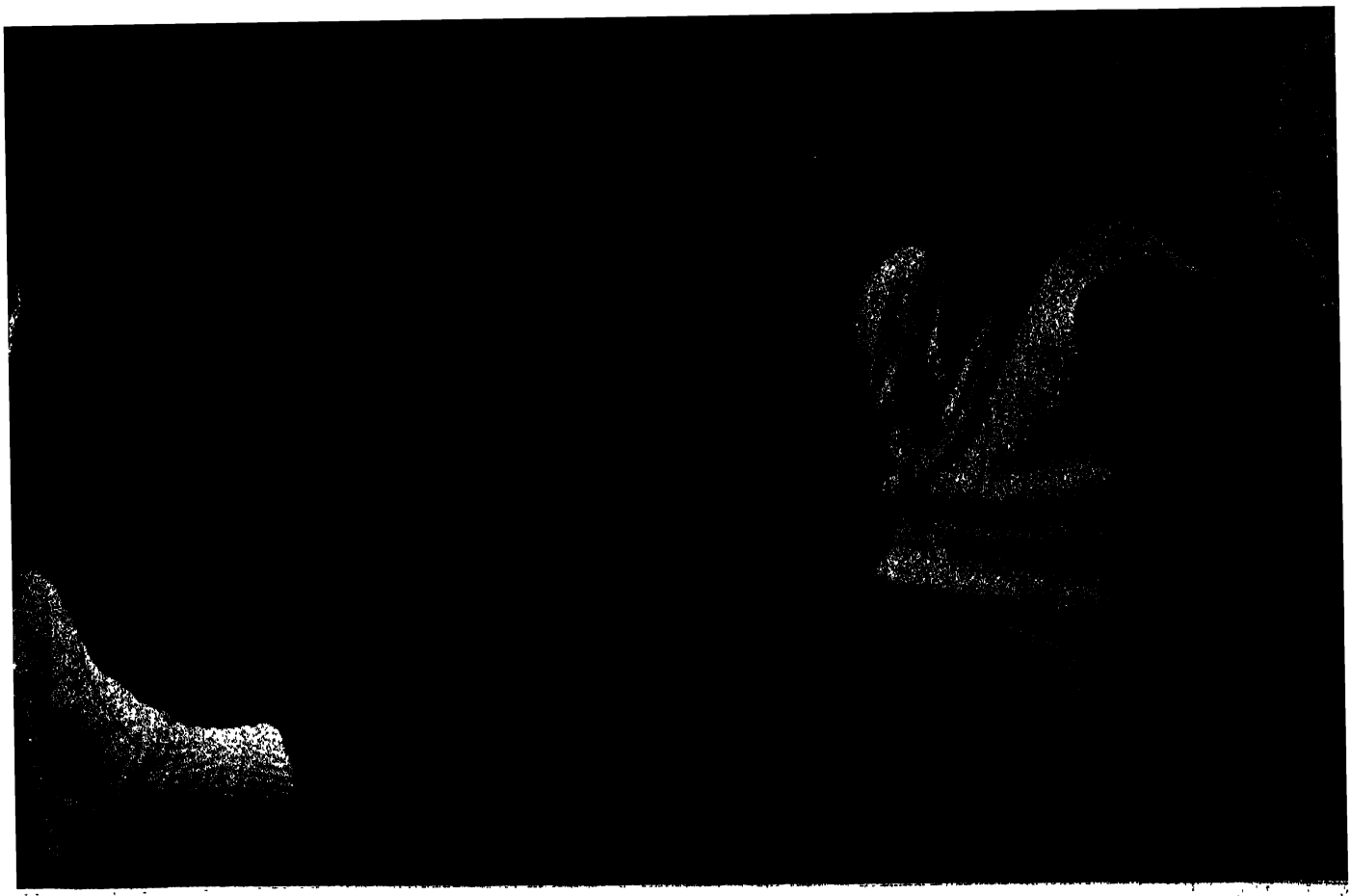
Taking up golf as a weekend sport when he moved to Bombay to take up a job with Mahindra's, it was only after the camp for the Asian Games probables that he ironed out his game. It really helped him to solidify his game and as he himself puts it, "I learnt to concentrate at the right moment".

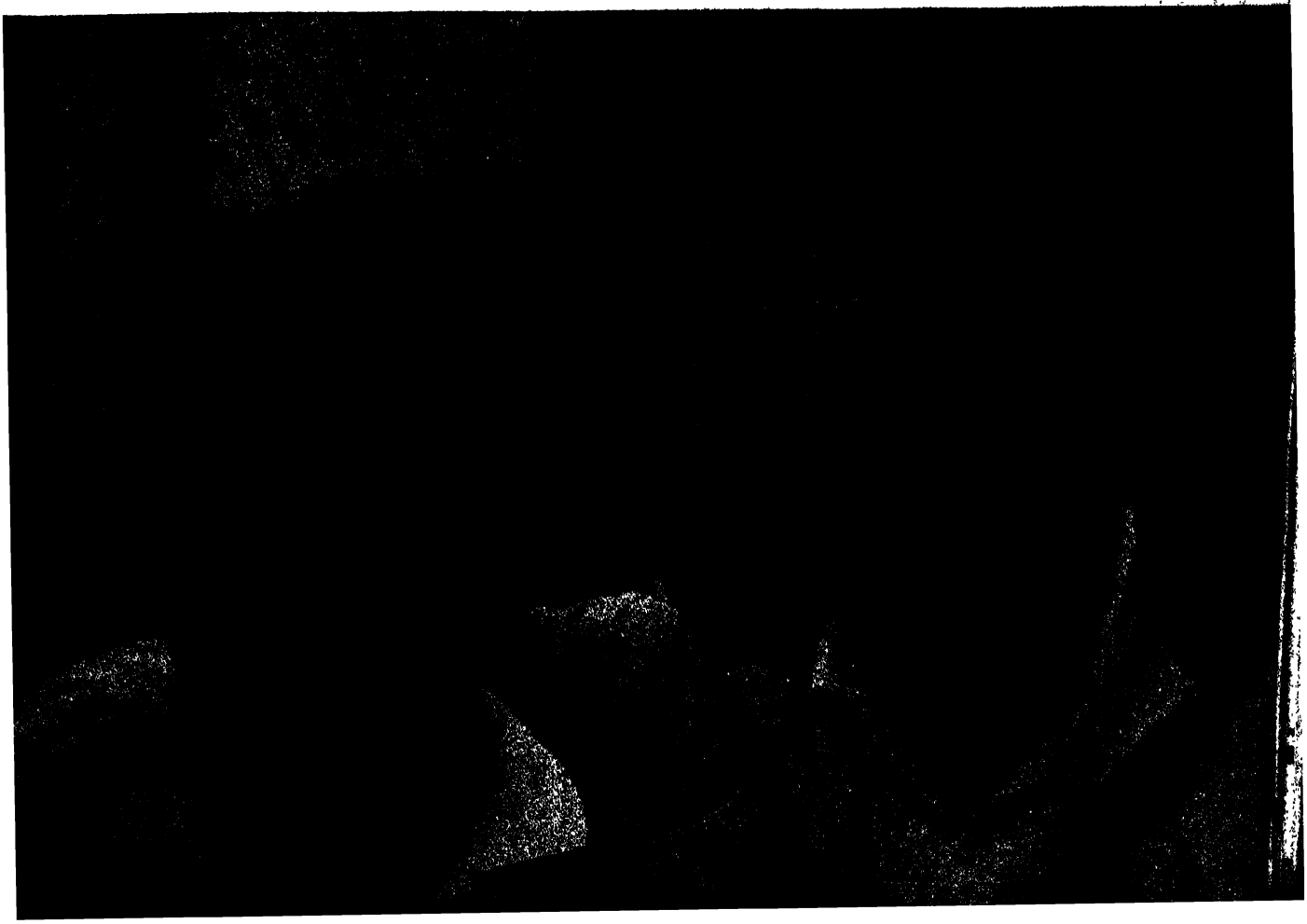
Among the best qualifiers for the recent National Games, Sharma could not take part but obviously did not let that deter him. Now, with this win, he is all set for the Seoul Asiad and with the Indian Golf Union doing things very systematically and giving everyone a fair chance, it is upto our golfers to keep the Asian golf that we won in Delhi.



P.V.J. Kar

Andy Sharma finally got things together at the 85th Amateur Golf Championship of India









earned from their successes this season especially against arch-friend Mohun Bagan, they produced some of their most scintillating performances in this year's IFA Shield—performances so amazingly assured that they could have given P. Banerjee, their erstwhile coach reasons to envy his junior Shyam Thapa, the man presently in charge. Has the PK myth been burst?

It was felt thought that the semi final tie-breaker should have proved so disastrous for East Bengal, largely because of poor judgement on the part of referee Tarak Sen and to some extent the sudden bout of nervousness on the part of their key shooters.

Referee Tarak Sen had no business to let the Penarol goalkeeper waltz around on the goalline when the tie breaker.

The coaches of the two finalists greet each other as the curtain comes down on the 93rd IFA Shield football tournament



The referee's attention was called time and again by the engry East Bengal players. Tarak Sen should thank his guardianstars profusely that the anger did not explode into violence.

Penarol went on to win the Shield in the end, and in their joy there must have been a sense of gratitude towards Tarak Sen also, for it was the referee whom, they said, they feared the most when they faced East Bengal, in view of the organisers' obvious interest in seeing the home side through to the final.

For ninety minutes East Bengal met fire with fire and so also in the extra time. A goal conceded halfway through the match could well have dampened East Bengal's spirits, especially when it was certain that Penarol would stonewall in defence for the rest of the match, true to their professional attitude.

But there was a flash of brilliance in store for us. Aloke Mukherjee, low-profile yet effective, as always, executed a gem of a kick, sending the ball in an amazing swerve past a bewildered Sibolds, the Penarol goalkeeper who misread Aloke's intentions.

It takes close observation to realise the effectiveness of footballers like Aloke. He performs his duties in a businesslike fashion, with the accent on finding an easy way out of a crisis. He is a genuinely earthy playing type, whose virile, sustained and often brilliant ability ranges from the grimly and correctly defensive to the lustily aggressive.

It was clever of Aloke to go for the kill, when he found himself in possession near the Penarol halfline, instead of sending a customary high cross into the box. For, the Uruguayns were matchless in the air. Not even the tall, athletic Russians could make much headway here.

Unfortunately, what was palpable to any discerning eye in the stands never actually occurred to the East Bengal attackers. Their persistence with high lobs was sheer bad policy, which made their attacks hopelessly stereotyped. And they had no reason to opt for it.

On the ground, they had mobility, as well as penetration. And on top of that an in-form Krishanu Dey. All it required to achieve a successful chemistry was a little more variation in their pace and positions. The Penarol boys would have been forced to spread out, instead of concentrating

inside the box. And a brilliant Krishanu could have mesmerised his way deep into their danger zone, which, however, would not have been an easy task for the diminutive ball-player.

Life of footballers like Krishanu has often been made difficult by the 'policeman' tactics adopted by their opponents. Krishanu was obviously a marked man in the Penarol territory, but it was good to see that he is fast learning to steer clear of trouble. His speed has definitely improved and even more important he has gathered enough courage to stand his ground in the face of hard tackles. The only flaw that still persists in his game is a tendency to become stereotyped. From the moment he traps the ball till he releases it, there is a set pattern of movement which betrays his inclination to execute his job with the left foot. Not too difficult a task for an intelligent defender to fetter him.

It was rather surprising to see the efficient Sakhtyor make the same mistakes as East Bengal, when they met Penarol in the final. High crosses kept floating in from both flanks in quick succession, giving a measure of the command the Russians had over the game, but without any result. Time after time the Uruguayans neutralised the moves with remarkable precision.

The frustration that resulted took its toll on the Russians heavily. Not only did they muddle up the rhythm of their game, after being down by a goal, but they also fell for the hustling tactics of the professional Penarol boys.

If there had been any award for the best-behaved players in the tournament, nobody would have deserved it more than Sakhtyor. It was obvious that the physicality of the Uruguayans' game should have come to them as a shock, sending their strategy haywire. But things became even worse when they lost their cool failing to cope with the relentless power game of Penarol.

But what was intolerable to the Russians has long been a characteristic feature of South American soccer, or for that matter, many other nations on earth. And it has come to stay. The pace of soccer has gone up considerably since the times of de Stefano or Garrincha, and the factor of power football will assume greater importance in the days to come. Let soccer get a little physical, what's the harm, anyway?

Nayeem for East Bengal?

It was thought after P.K. Banerjee's appointment as the chief coach of the national squad, East Bengal would not only rely on Shyam Thapa to look after their boys for the remainder of the 85 season, but also retain him for 1986.

But, according to certain insiders in the club officialdom, East Bengal is on the lookout for a new coach for the new year. And one of the candidates is Syed Nayeemuddin.



After his successful assignment for the All India Football Federation as the coach of their Under-16 and Under-19 teams, Nayeemuddin had passed into some kind of hybernation, with no job offers forthcoming from the big clubs of the city, who had already had their coaches appointed for 1985.

For Nayeem, the exile has been particularly disconcerting, especially now that he is so eager to utilise the coaching lessons he had picked up during his recent tours of Europe and Latin America. The AIFF found him too independent to toe their line and hence eased him out, even though his coaching of the junior boys showed tremendous promise of yielding positive results. And all of a sudden, the Maidan had nothing to offer one of its former heroes. Nayeem felt his talent and experience was fated to remain unutilised. Now, with the offer coming from East Bengal, Nayeem has reasons to be hopeful that the long lay-off is coming to an end, even though there are a few of factors that might go against him. Firstly, Nayeem is too self-respecting to accept a pay-packet thinner than what the stars are going to receive. And Nayeem must have made this clear to the East Bengal authorities.

This is something not quite customary in Calcutta or for that matter Indian football. And maybe, in the end, this will make East Bengal decide against appointing Nayeem as their coach.

In that case, it is not Nayeem who will be the loser. Only football will. For, Nayeem is one of the most dedicated coaches in the country today. And he is younger than most other leading men in the business.

Apart from the unfair deal that is often handed out to present-day coaches, Nayeem has reservations about another very common occurence in Calcutta football circles. The club officials' interference in the affairs of the coach. His stint with Mohammedan Sporting in 83 ended rather bitterly when serious differences with some officials as well as certain senior players who had formed a caucus in the club, erupted into some unseemly incidents. At the Cannanore Federation Cup, Moidul Islam openly rebelled against him, and from then on a move was afoot to curtail his freedom, culminating in his resignation after the Sher-I-Kashmir Gold, during which some Mohammedan Sporting officials made up the team without his knowledge or permission. Something Nayeem is the last person to tolerate. And Nayeem is too strong a personality to change after so many years.

Now, what remains to be seen is whether these factors are going to make East Bengal decide against having him as their coach. If they do, it surely would not be wise of East Bengal, for as a coach Nayeem has already proved his talent, and East Bengal will only benefit from his services.

Suprakash Ghoshal

It was not quite a bloodless coup when Powrol defeated East Bengal in the IFA Shield semi final. Representing the only home challenge left in the tournament, East Bengal met fire with fire before going down in a disastrous tie-breaker. (Left) East Bengal's star defender Tarun Dey being treated after receiving an injury on his chin



(Below) Only Bhaskar Ganguly is in; not the ball





Melwyn D'Souza ruled with an iron hand when tension ran high during the Sakhtyor-Uruguay XI semi final match. (Right) D'Souza books the Sakhtyor goalkeeper; (below) The referee warns an unruly Uruguayan as a player lies on the ground writhing in pain



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(Clockwise from top left) Sakhtyor's star player Grachev falls to beat the Penarol goalkeeper during the final.

No yoga lessons: Punishment for the ball-boys when they become unmindful and failed to discharge their duties well

Exchange of greetings: Jamshid Nasirri shakes hands with a Penarol player before their semi final encounter

Penarol makes the final breakthrough against Sakhtyor to ensure their victory

Running into print

Raju Mukherjee reviews an athletic annual

INDIAN Track and Field 1985 is a very commendable effort on the part of its editor Suhas Nair. For so neglected is our athletics that statistical records of our athletic meets are hardly ever compiled, much less see the light of day. In this edition, which the editor wants to make an annual issue, the bio-data of Indian athletes and the statistics of domestic athletic championships of 1984 are given in detail. In addition, there are articles on athletes, a list of Indian Olympians and a calendar showing the important dates of Indian athletics . It is very welcome news to learn that the editor wishes to make similar contribution each year laying special emphasis on Indian athletes and the domestic track and field events. Hopefully, the proof reading would be improved in order to make the compendium of statistics still more attractive.

In the preface that is straight from the heart, editor Suhas Nair, an ex-athlete himself, speaks with authority and feeling when he states, "...Athletic performance can only improve with an overall change in our country. In fact, unless we have a well-planned long term training programme, manned by competent professionals it is difficult to visualise any substantial improvement in our standards... What is the point in always comparing our athletes to that of world class and deriding them?

To these one can safely add that unless we can promote the track game among the school children, we will have to remain content with one outstanding athlete per decade. Yearly *tamashas* of national games and ill-equipped coaching clinics would serve no purpose other than to earn complimentaries in international meets for our administrators. Athletics got India her first medal at the Olympics. That was the effort of an Anglo-Indian from Calcutta, Norman Pritchard by name, who blazed into rare glory by claiming the silver in the now discontinued 200 m hurdles as well as the 200 metres at the Paris Olympiad in 1900.

But unfortunately the thrilling sight of athletes in action never quite caught the imagination of our youngsters and over the years India's performance in the international arena is dismally poor. For such a state of affairs, the controlling bodies of athletics must take the blame squarely on their shoulders. Little or no effort was ever spent on the promotion and publicity of track and field sports. How backward our administrators are can be best imagined when we find that in our country we hardly have tracks that conform to international regulations! The equipment that they use are no longer in use elsewhere. Despite such an environment the presence of Milkha, Usha among a few others is nothing short of a miracle.



Unless we have a well-planned long term training programme manned by competent professionals, it is difficult to visualise any substantial improvements in our standards...What is the point in always comparing our athletes to that of world class and deriding them?

One hopes that the editor will find knowledgeable men to write serious, thought provoking articles and not turn this platform into yet another exercise of public relations to satisfy the ego of undeserving officials.

NOW in its 17th year, *The Benson & Hedges West Indies Cricket Annual 1985* is, like its previous ones an extremely well produced annual covering West Indies cricket and her cricketers. Other than the three Test series of the past twelve months against New Zealand, Australia and England, every internal tournament of the Caribbean, including Shell Shield and Youth tournaments is covered in great detail with full scorecards, pictures and descriptions.

The two Benson and Hedges tournaments in Australia the World Series Cup and the World Championship are adequately covered, although a slight apathy is discernible in the grudging compliments paid to India's match winning endeavour in the World Championship.

In a who's who, complete record of every first-class West Indies player is given. In keeping with the theme of almanac, five cricketers of the year appear along with a page of obituaries. The editor Tony Cozier has contributed a very well researched piece on West Indies' Test captains which along with the editorial makes absorbing reading. Packed with illustrations, both in colour and in black and white, the book in magazine format is a collector's dream.

Indian Track and Field 1985 Suhas Nair (Healthward Bound) Pages 164 Rs 30
Benson & Hedges West Indies Cricket Annual 1985 by Tony Cozier. (Caribbean Communications) pages 92, Rs 58

The above books are distributed by: The Marine Sports, 63A Gokhale Road (N), Dadar, Bombay 400 028



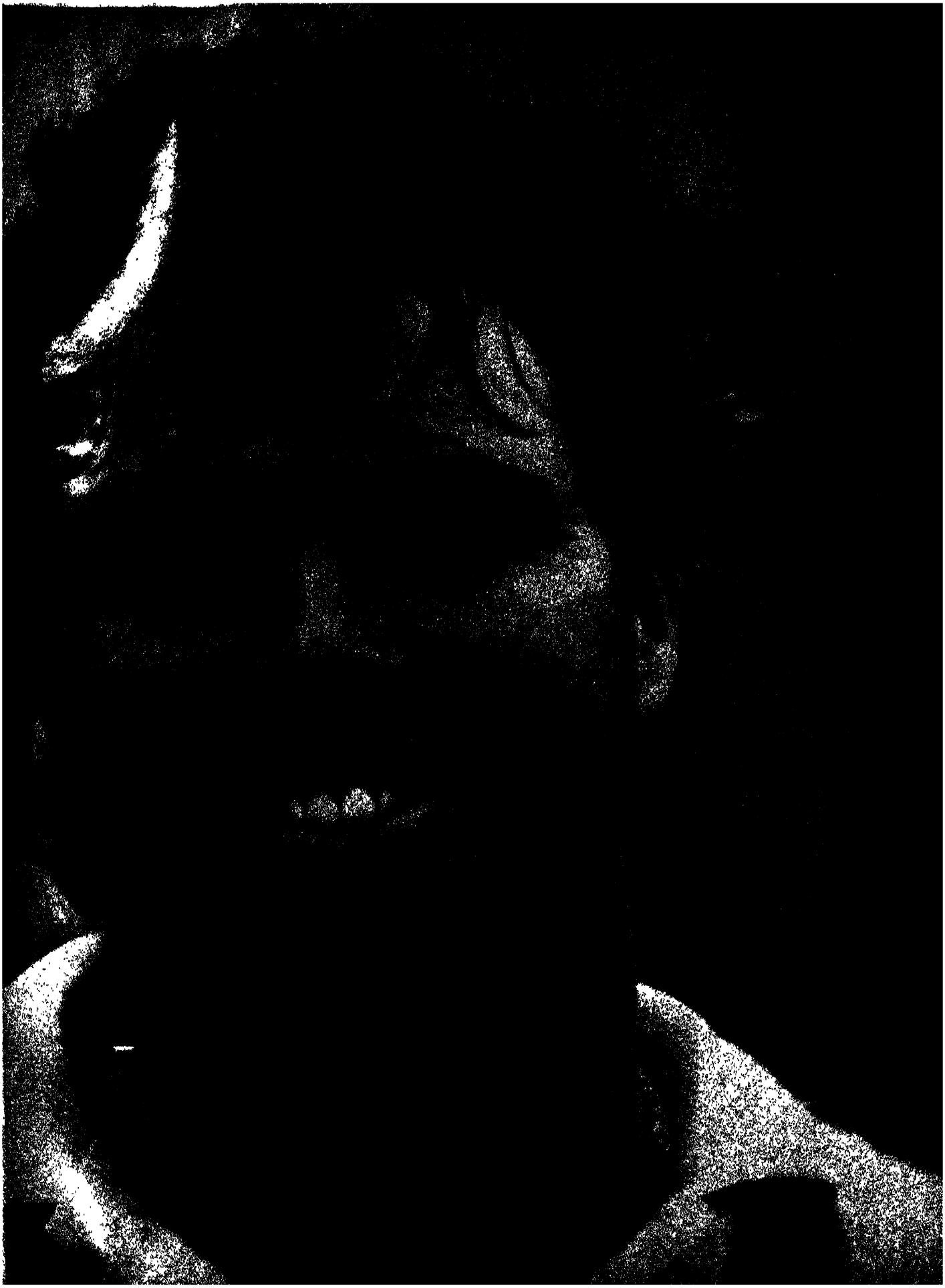


Chart One of the 5BX Plan

NOW that you've been told how to get going, you should also be aware of how to tackle the charts. Start at the lowest physical capacity of Chart One (D—). Repeat each exercise in the allotted time or do the five exercises in eleven minutes. Move upwards on the same chart to the next level, D, only after you can complete all the required movements at your present level within eleven minutes.

Continue to progress upwards in this manner until you can complete all the required movements at level A+ within eleven minutes. Now start at the bottom of Chart Two (D—), and continue in this fashion upwards through the levels, and from chart to chart, until you reach the level for your age group; e.g. age 35-39 (B Chart Three) does 32 levels from D— on Chart One to B on Chart Three.

Starting this week, we are going to give you the charts of the 5BX Plan. This week we give you the first in the series and will be serialising the rest in the following issues.

LEVEL	EXERCISE					½ mile run	1 mile run
	1	2	3	4	5	In minutes	
A+	20	18	22	13	400	5½	17
A	18	17	20	12	375	5½	17
A−	16	15	18	11	335	5½	17
B+	14	13	16	9	320	6	18
B	12	12	14	8	305	6	18
B−	10	11	12	7	280	6	18
C+	8	8	10	6	260	6½	19
C	7	8	9	5	235	6½	19
C−	6	7	8	4	205	6½	19
D+	4	5	6	3	175	7	20
D	3	4	5	3	145	7½	21
D−	2	3	4	2	100	8	21
Minutes	2	1	1	1	6		

Physical Fitness, published by Penguin Books, gives the 5BX Chart 1 as follows:

Age Groups
6 years maintains B
7 years maintains A

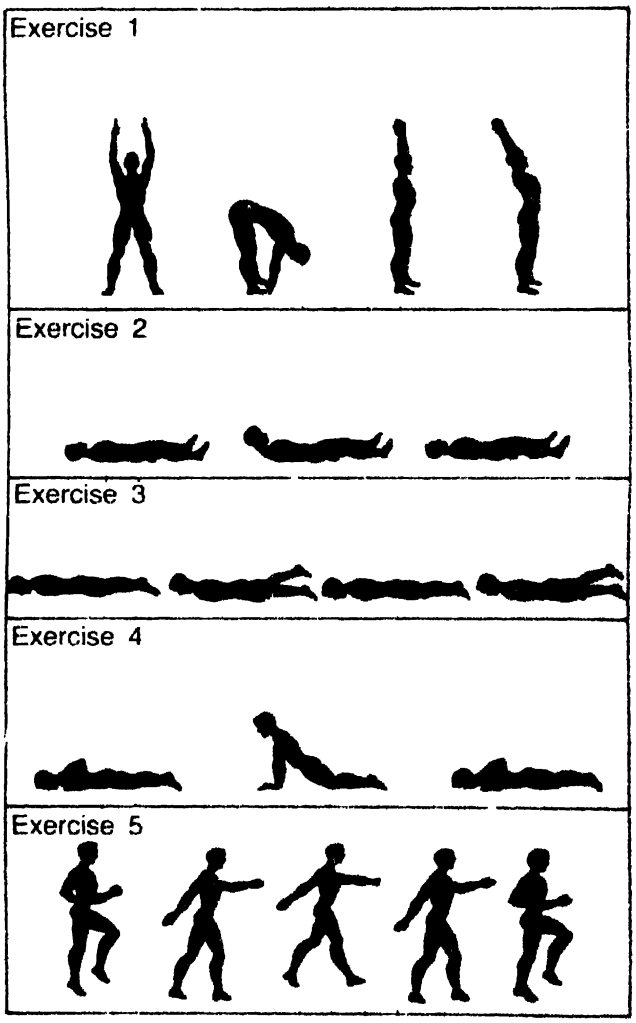
1) Stand with your feet astride, arms upward. Bend forward to touch your toes and then straighten up to stretch backwards as far as you can. Do not strain to keep your knees absolutely straight.

2) Lie on your back with your feet kept just six inches apart and your arms at your sides. Keep your feet on the floor and sit up just enough to see your heels. It will be difficult to keep your feet on the floor as they tend to lift off the ground but with a little practice and once you have attained a decent level of fitness, it will be very easy.

3) Lie on your stomach with your palms placed under the thighs. Raise your head and one leg simultaneously and repeat, using your legs alternately. Keep the leg absolutely straight and the thighs must clear the palms at each raise. (Count one each time second leg touches floor.)

4) Lie on your stomach with your palms placed flat on the floor just under the shoulder. Straighten the arms, lifting the upper body in the process while supporting the body on the knees. Bend your arms to bring the upper body back to the original position. The body must be kept straight from knee upward and the arms must be fully extended.

5) This is the stationary run. Count a step each time your left foot touches the floor. Lift your feet approximately four inches off the floor while moving your arms in running action. After you have got to 75 or so, do about 10 'scissor jumps' and carry on. (Scissor jumps are like this: stand with the right leg and left arm extended forward and left leg and right arm extended backwards. Jump up and change position of the arms and legs before landing








BRAZIL 3783
FALKLAND IS 665P
CAIRO
PEKING
JOHN O GROATS 874
BERLIN 730
COW 1586
1985



(Top left) Jerry Coffee of USA (left) and Jeff Fenech, the Australian holder of the IBF bantamweight title, slug it out in their title fight at Sydney which Fenech won to retain his title

(Top) Henri Toivonen of Finland (right) and his co-driver Neil Wilson celebrate their win in the Lombard RAC Rally on the bonnet of their Lancia Delta

(Left) Journalist Chris Lander, hairdresser Phil Rance, Allan Border's brother John Border and Ian Botham collected £4,00,000 for leukaemia research by walking from John O'Groats to Land's End (approximately 1,400 km)

All photographs by Associated Press



Fuzzy Zoeller (back to camera) hugs Arnold Palmer after Palmer sank a birdie putt on the eighth hole to force a carry-over to the ninth hole during the Skins Game at Bear Creek Golf Club

PUNE

Sunday cycling

CYCLING, a sport, is alive and ticking in Pune. Pune cyclists got together recently and devised a novel form of racing, which is definitely going to pay rich dividends in the years to come. The concept goes something like this—all Pune cyclists congregate every Sunday morning at the Pune University gate and race up to the National Defence Academy Circle for five continuous laps. But this apparent circuit race is different. The riders have to sprint to the finish line, at both the times of crossing this line during the course of their racing. Thereby not only are the spectators thrilled to see some active sprinting but the riders also benefit immensely, as their speed capacity increases. The basic idea of this every Sunday racing according to the Indian professional cycling champion Ashok Captain is, "We want all Pune riders to keep battle fit throughout the year and win all the top places in various cycling competitions.

Most riders in this Sunday racing are sponsored by some Pune industrial house and even the prizes given to winners and participants are given by local businessmen, which to say the least, augurs very well for the future. Ashok Captain won the inaugural Sunday cycling competition, followed by Vinod Punmiya and Zubin Shroff. Ashok was sponsored by Tata Tea—Air India—Proline, while Vinod and Zubin were aided by Pravin Masala and Lifebuoy soap respectively. Other riders to impress were the Iranian student Sirious Sarang, Anil Sinnarker, Suryakant Pawar and Mukesh Waghmare. So with this move, every Sunday is cycle race day in Pune.

Bombay—Pune road relay

RECENTLY the Deccan Winners Club of Pune organised a unique and novel road relay marathon from the Gateway of India in Bombay to Pune's Fergusson College campus. This distance of 180 kilometres was done in a time of 10 hours 8.20 minutes by the Sangli district team led by state runner Uttam Mote. They were followed home by the Poona district team clocking 10 hours 28 minutes. The third place was bagged by the organisers themselves—Deccan Winners club in 10 hours and 45 minutes.

At the first stage of the race, from Bombay's Gateway of India to the Thane bridge, Shyam Gawade of Sangli was 2 kms ahead of the rest of the field running very strongly, followed by Anil Pawar of the Poona district, Ashok Takalkar of Poona Police and Mahendra Badhekar of the Deccan Winners in that order. During the second stage also, the Sangli boys did not give away the lead and their skipper Uttam Mote excelled on the Bhorghat 8 kms route, knocking the hilly distance off in just 14 minutes flat. After this it became obvious that the Sangli boys would win easily. Each of the five participating teams had ten runners combining their efforts. The Bombay Doordarshan who promised to cover this novel event turned up at the venue, one full day after the event was over.

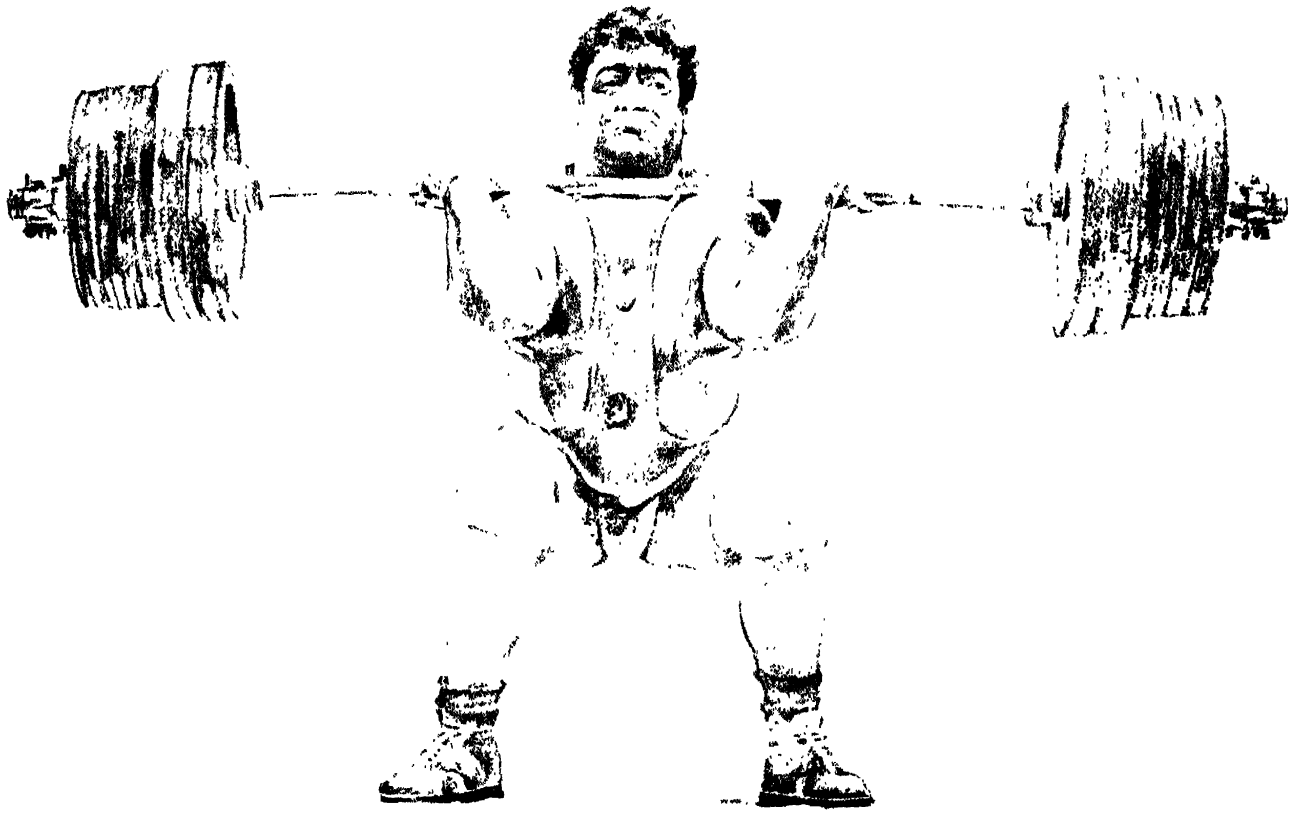
Car for coach

IT is not often that we hear of a coach being presented a car, as a token of appreciation for his services to his game. And it is even more surprising when the coach—in this case Satpal Rawat is only in his thirties. But Pune besides slowly becoming a sports city of sorts, has started imbibing a very special sporting sense, the like of which was exhibited recently, when the young badmintion coach was felicitated at the prestigious Royal Connaught Boat Club and presented with a 'Maruti Suzuki' car by his admirers and well wishers. Satpal Rawat has done yeoman service for badminton in Pune by coaching such stars like Deepti Thanekar (National Junior champion), Archana Deodhar (National Sub-Junior champion), Feroza Batliwala (the State Schools champion), besides this years 'Freny Talyarkhan' award winner (the symbol of excellence in women's badmintion in the state) Ashwini Talwalkar and state player Shirin Garda. Rawat himself represented Maharashtra in the Nationals for many years and was the National doubles champion once. He is an officer with the State Bank of India.



Satpal Rawat, the ace badminton coach (right) receives a Maruti-Suzuki car from the B.C.C.I. Vice President M Dyaneshwar Agashe for the service he has rendered to the sport

Rahul Chandawarkar



VASILI ALEXEYEV

ALEXEYEV CAME TO INTERNATIONAL ATTENTION ON JANUARY 24, 1970, WHEN HE BROKE THE WORLD RECORD FOR PRESS, JERK, AND THE THREE TOTAL LIFT. IN MARCH THE SAME YEAR HE BECAME THE FIRST PERSON TO LIFT A COMBINED TOTAL OF 600 KILOS.
AT THE MUNICH AND MONTREAL OLYMPICS HE DEFEATED HIS NEAREST RIVAL BY 30 AND 35 KILOS RESPECTIVELY. UNDEFEATED BETWEEN 1970 AND 1978, HE SET 80 WORLD RECORDS WHICH ENSURED HIM OF A HAPPY AND COMFORTABLE RETIRED LIFE (HE ALLEGEDLY RECEIVED A PRIZE OF 700 TO 1500 DOLLARS EVERY TIME HE BROKE A WORLD RECORD.
AN INJURY DURING THE 1978 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP ENDED HIS LONG REIGN AS THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD. WHAT MADE HIM SO STRONG? WELL, FOR STARTERS, HIS BREAKFAST CONSISTED OF TWENTY-SIX FRIED EGGS AND A STEAK.

48

Pitching It High

MELBOU[illegible] Lord Griffiths, one of the judges who awarded t[illegible] West Indian cricketer Clive Lloyd £50,000 for defamation [illegible] Melbourne newspaper, brought an expert eye to the [illegible] He played for Glamorgan in 1948, the year they [illegible] topped the Championship table.

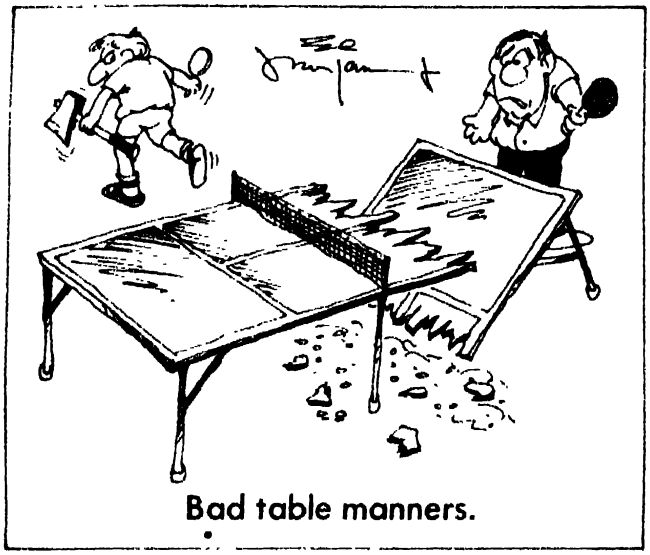
Flimsy Excuses

BAH[illegible] Foreign women joggers, it would appear from new[illegible] reports, are having a bad effect on local m[illegible] Expatriate women are accustomed to jogging on p[illegible] roads, clad in very flimsy sports clothes, which according to one newspaper, 'leaves very little to the imagination'! It has therefore appealed to the authorities to force the foreign culprits to run in more decent clothes Similar complaints have from time to time surfaced in other newspapers of the Gulf States, either as editorials or readers' views, though they haven't as yet decided on ways and means to curb the semi-nude menace. However, it shouldn't be long before one sees women foreign and local clad in 'burkhas' jogging down Arabian roads!

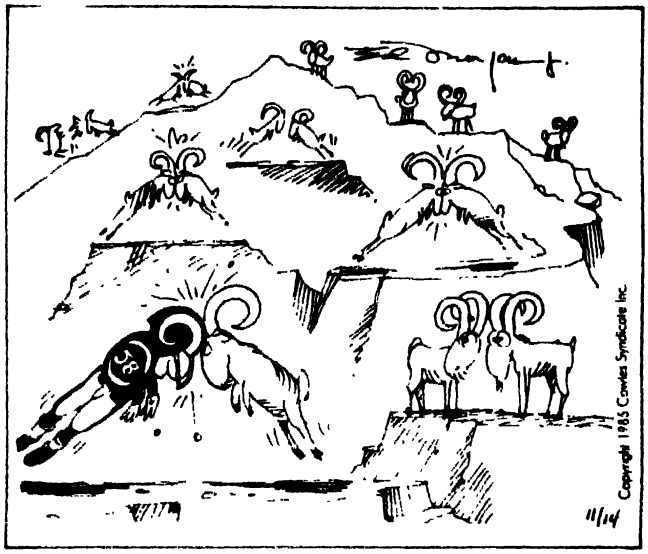
Here They 'Congress' Now...!

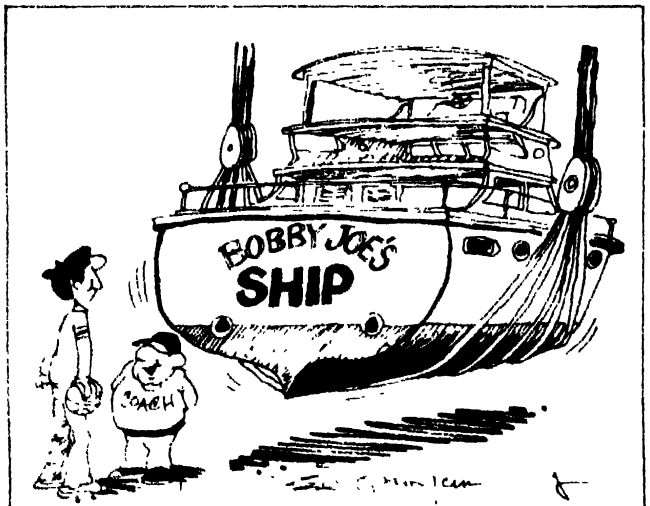
BOMBAY: This fair city will soon play reluctant host to lakhs of Congress men and women who will be participating in their party's centenary celebrations. With the Mahalaxmi racecourse, playing fields, maidans and stadia taken over for the dubious purpose of housing and celebrations, joggers and other sports folk are having a period of forced rest. To make matters worse, the 27th National Bridge Tournament is scheduled to be held in the city, involving 300 teams of about 10 members each! But if asked, the Bombayite would say that bridge players are certainly preferable to politicians.

Bernie Tellis

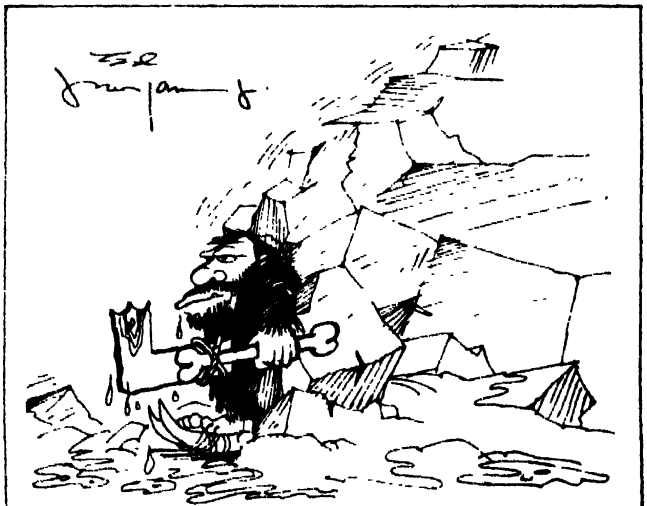


Bad table manners.





"The NCAA says we can't give scholarships, but we can give you the next best thing, Bobby Joe."



The receding glacier reveals startling evidence of man's first prehistoric sport."

PREVIEW

CALENDAR

National events

Athletics: 1st NAM athletics meet at the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium, Delhi on 18 and 19 January. 46th All India inter-University meet (men and women) at Pantnagar from 29 Dec. to 2 January.

Football: 5th Jawaharlal Nehru football tournament at Trivandrum from 17 January to 2 February. India XI vs VfL Bochum (West Germany), Bundesliga 1st division club, on 1 January at the KSCA stadium, Bangalore, 5 January at the Salt Lake Stadium, Calcutta, and 8 January at the Keenan Stadium, Jamshedpur. All three exhibition matches are organised by the Tata Steel Sports Foundation as the Super Soccer series.

Hockey: Senior national championships at Bangalore from 15 January to 1 February.

All India, Inter-Zonal University championship at Jodhpur University from 14 January onwards.

Cricket: Rohinton Baria tournament, all India Inter-zonal University championship at Baroda University from 12 to 20 January.

Boxing: All India inter-university championship at Haryana Agricultural University (H.A.U.) from 8 January onwards.

Tennis: All-India, inter-zonal university championship (men) at Allahabad University from 14 January onwards.

Cycling: All India inter-university championship at Punjabi University Patiala from 9 January onwards.

Rowing: All India inter-university championship at Madras University from 7 January onwards.

International events

Cricket: Third Test at Sydney, India vs Australia from 2 to 6 January. Details of Benson and Hedges one-day World Series Cup triangular contest; 11 January: India vs New Zealand at Brisbane. 12 January: India vs Australia at Brisbane. 16 January: India vs Australia at Melbourne (d/n fixture). 23 January: India vs New Zealand at Melbourne (d/n fixture). 25 January: India vs New Zealand at Adelaide. 26 January: India vs Australia at Adelaide 28 January: India vs Australia Country XI at Adelaide (friendly tie). 31 January: India vs Australia at Melbourne (d/n fixture).

The other fixtures of the one-day World Series Cup are: 9 January: Australia vs New Zealand at Melbourne. 14 January: Australia vs New Zealand at Sydney. 27 January: Australia vs New Zealand at Adelaide. 29 January: Australia vs New Zealand at Sydney.

Rebel Australian tour of South Africa: South Africa vs Australia, 2nd 'Test' match at Capetown from 1-5 January, 3rd 'Test' match at Johannesburg 17 to 21 January. One-day 'internationals', January 24: vs South Africa at Johannesburg, January 26: vs South Africa at Durban, January 28: vs South Africa at Port Elizabeth, January 30: vs South Africa at Capetown.

Hockey: Quadrangular meet in Dubai from 3 to 5 January. India, Pakistan, England and Australia to participate. Quadrangular meet in Kuwait from 8 to 10 January. India, Pakistan, England and Spain to Participate.

Football: Asian Club championship final round at Jeddah in Saudi Arabia from 19 to 28 January. East Bengal are in Group A of the quarterfinal league along with Al Ahil club (Saudi Arabia), Tiga Belian (Indonesia) and Seiko F.C. (Hong Kong). Group B consists of club teams from Syria, Kuwait, Iraq and Thailand. Top two teams from each group to qualify for the semifinals.

Basketball: 13th Asian championship at Kuala Lumpur from 28 December to 5 January.

TELEVISION

Live telecast of India's fixtures in the Benson and Hedge one-day World series (for programme see Calendar). Telecast via satellite will be relayed to Doordarshan Kendras all over India.

Live telecast of football matches between India vs VfL Bochum at Bangalore on 1 January, Calcutta on 5 January and Jamshedpur on 8 January.

National and international sports events to be telecast at 4.30 p.m. in the World of Sports programme on the following Sundays, 5, 12, 19, 26 January.

RADIO

Daily sports programmes

6.30 pm—7.00 pm: Khel Seva, a Hindi sports programme consisting of interviews, discussions and commentaries on local sports tournaments on 294.9 metres, Delhi D.

7.05 pm: Sports news in Hindi on Vividh Bharati, 219.3 metres and Delhi D 294.9 metres.

8.05 p.m.: Sports news in English on Yuva Vani, Delhi D, 294.9 metres.

Running commentary in English via Radio Australia of India fixtures in the Benson and Hedges one-day World Series (for programme see Calendar).

Cricket commentary to be relayed to all stations of All India Radio.

Running commentary in Hindi and English on Football matches between India vs VfL Bochum (Super-soccer series) at Bangalore on 1 January, Calcutta on 5 January and Jamshedpur on 8 January Football commentary on national hook-up to be relayed to all stations of All India Radio.

BOOKS

RUSH, official autobiography of striker Ian Rush (Liverpool and Wales), published by Arthur Barker, London 1985, £8.95.

RUSH traces the life of Liverpool and Wales goal-ace Ian Rush from his childhood, his first game of football to the present day with special reports on international matches, European Cup fixtures and famous goals he has scored. Tall and lanky Ian Rush states that he had the goal scoring knack since childhood and always played as a striker even as a schoolboy. As a teenager he smashed all goalscoring records wearing his favourite boots. Yet he nearly frittered away his talents with his casual lifestyle.

With 16 pages of photographs, this book is a must for football fans as it is written in a frank manner and a racy style.

Compiled by Novy Kapadia

18 Dec mber Sunil Gr [illegible] is hailed by the *Lon* [illegible] as the batsm [illegible] over Australia pos [illegible] world can beat He [illegible] described as the [illegible] whose target is [illegible] Test runs.

Th [illegible] ersy about C [illegible] arma's bowling [illegible] settled as Allan [illegible] the Australian [illegible] admits that after closely studying Sharma's action, he has no doubts that it complies with the law.

19 December Patrick Flodrops of France, the referee for the Sweden-West Germany Davis Cup final clash, has plenty to say about the preparations at Munich by the West German Tennis Federation. He feels that the new high-speed synthetic felt surface will favour the West German players.

20 December India find the weather most formidable of their opponents in Australia as the first day of their four-day match against Tasmania at Hobart sees no play due to heavy rain over the last few days.

The South Asian Federation (SAF) Games get off to a colourful start at Dhaka with the president of Bangladesh, Lt. Gen. H. M. Ershad, declaring the games open.

Australian cricket, already reeling from the defections from the side and the retirements of their stalwarts, suffers yet another blow as their skipper Allan Border and vice-captain David Hookes clash on the field following an umpiring decision in a South Australia-Queensland game at the Gabba.

Mats Wilander beats Micheal Westphal in straight sets to give Sweden the lead in the Davis Cup final but West Germany even scores with Boris Becker getting the better of Stefan Edberg in four sets.

21 December Sweden win the doubles, much more comfortably then expected, to take a 2-1 lead over West Germany in their Davis Cup final. Mats Wilander and Joakim Nystrom of Sweden beat Boris Becker and Andreas Maurer 6-4, 6-2, 6-1.

Tass, a Soviet news agency, names Sergei Bubka of USSR, the world champion and record holder in the pole vault, as their choice of World Sportsman of the Year.

22 December Boris Becker of West Germany levels scores for his country in the Davis Cup final tie against Sweden as he beats Mats Wilander in the first of the reverse singles. But final glory is Sweden's as Stefan Edberg recovers from one set down to beat Michael Westphal in the last singles.

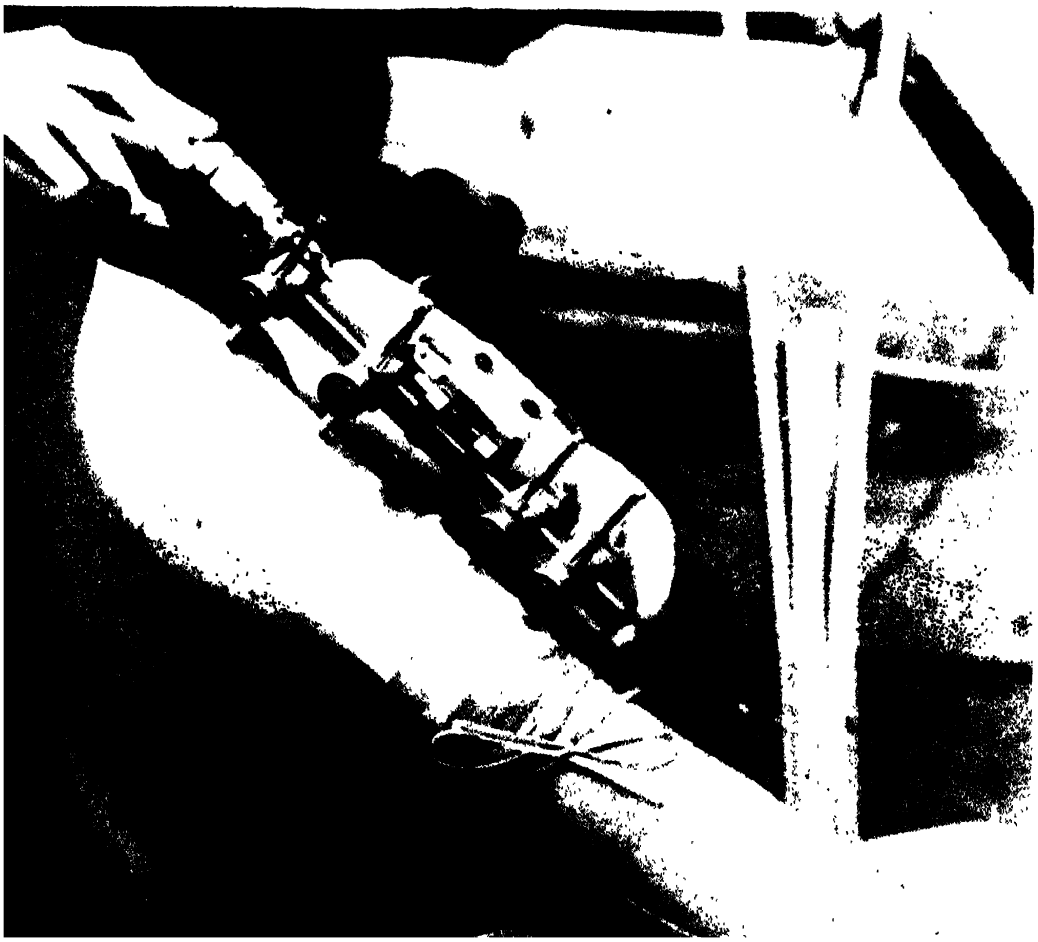
Garry Kasparov refuses to defend his world chess title against Anatoly Karpov and says "there is nothing in the statutes of FIDE that requires the champion to play a revenge match."

23 December The Indian hockey team that will be competing in two four-nation tournaments at Dubai and Kuwait is strengthened by the reinclusion of Zafar Iqbal.

India hold centre-stage at the SAF Games, winning 11 of the 17 golds contested on the day. This takes India's medal tally to 28 golds, 13 silvers and 3 bronze.

24 December Michel Platini of France win his third successive 'Golden Ball' trophy, awarded by *France Football* getting 127 points out of a possible 130.

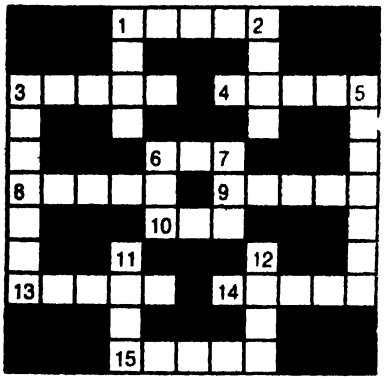
The latest fad in sports medicine is this 'bone shaker' which is pinned directly onto the limb and speeds up the healing of a broken bone by applying movement to the bone. More efficient than the conventional plaster cast, over 100 British patients are using this machine which enables them to swim, jog or even play squash during the healing period



CROSSWORD

Mudar

317



ACROSS

1. No Karloff this, but a tennis player alright (5)
2. This form of getting bowled has something to do with Rajiv Gandhi (5)
4. Australian tennis player starts with Los Angeles (5)
6. Perfect score (3)
8. Ball in cricket which deviates on pitching (5)
9. Not quite a starter, this East German swimming champion (5)
10. When you are not 'in' in cricket (3)
13. Kiwi bowler ends in Oxford University Press (5)
14. This Australian batsman kept watch all night and finally struck a heavy weight! (1, 4)
15. Quite an appropriate setting for a Horatio-on-the-Bridge act, especially if you are playing a Test in England (5)

DOWN

1. A beamer in cricket is often referred to as 'this' ball (4)
2. Babe Ruth came to be known as the Sultan of? (4)
3. Nineteenth century boxer comprises a 'wager' in between (7)
5. Former manager of Jimmy Connors has an alternative in between (7)
6. Form of Victory in a boxing bout (1, 1, 1)
7. Court divider (3)
11. Golf stroke ends in an indoor sport (4)
12. Spanish hockey player has a maternal sounding in between (4)

Excellent: 18-17, Good: 16-15, Fair: 14.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

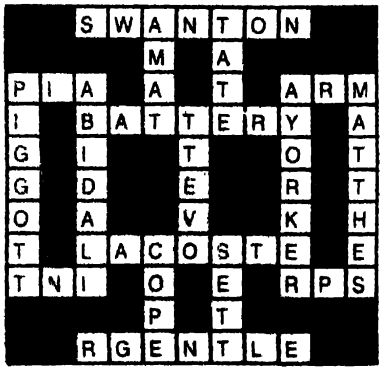
QUESTIONS

1. Which is the only football team in India to have won a major knock-out tournament outright for five consecutive years? (Mention the year and the trophy)
2. The feat referred to in Q. 1 reminds one of a parallel achievement by a European club. Which one? Once again state the years and the name of the tournament.
3. How many confederations operate within FIFA? Name them.
4. In India where will one find a sports club named Don Bosco Oratory?
5. In Argentina's 1982 World Cup soccer squad there was a player whose surname is the name of a well-known Spanish football side. What is the surname.
6. Did Francis D'Souza ever don India colours? If so when did he do it for the first time?
7. When, for the first time did India send a women's swimming team to the Olympic Games?
8. Who is the first wrestler to receive the Arjuna Award?

ANSWERS

1. Hyderabad Police. (Rovers Cup from 1950 to 1954)
2. Real Madrid. (European Cup, 1955-56 to 1959-60)
3. Six: AFC (Asia), CAF (Africa), CONCACAF (America—North, Central and Caribbean), CONMEBOL (America—South), UEFA (Europe) and OFCA (Oceania).
4. Goa
5. Daniel Jos VALENCIA
6. Yes. In 1977 (in the Afghanistan Republic Day tournament)
7. 1952
8. Ude Chand

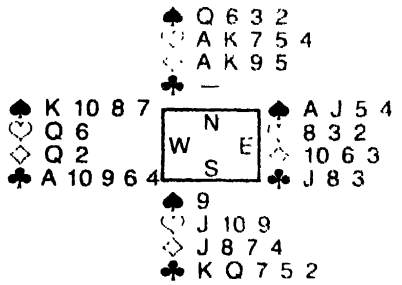
SOLUTION 316



BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Having started with a 25-11 win against the old rivals Scotland, England won the Camrose Trophy quite easily. Britain's results in international play recently have not been brilliant and I wonder if the post-mortem on the following deal is significant



South was the dealer and East-West were vulnerable. With the cards lying well, North-South can certainly make 10 tricks in hearts and possibly 11. Yet the suit was not mentioned at either table. This was the bidding when Scotland was North-South

South	West	North	East
Goldberg	Forrester	Cuth-bertson	Brock
pass	1C	dble	pass
pass	pass		

South's pass was ridiculous, in my opinion. However, he managed to defeat the contract by one trick. At the other table:

South	West	North	East
Arm-strong	Duncan	Kirby	Short
3C	pass	pass	pass

This also was one down, so Scotland gained 6 IMP.

Forrester wrote as follows in *Popular Bridge*. "Before anyone pours scorn on this type of opening (South's three clubs) I can assure them it is a consistent point winner, *provided* you (a) have the nerve, (b) have the temperament to accept stupid results.

"Armstrong/Kirby have both, and the pressure put on the opponents paid off immediately on the next hand..."

A player is entitled to make a peculiar bid from time to time, but in the old days no one applauded when it went wrong. There was an occasion when John Collings, in the European Championship, responded four spades on Q X when his partner had opened three of a minor. Unlucky, his partner eventually sacrificed in seven spades. Collings was drummed out of the team for several rounds!

Man of Cricket

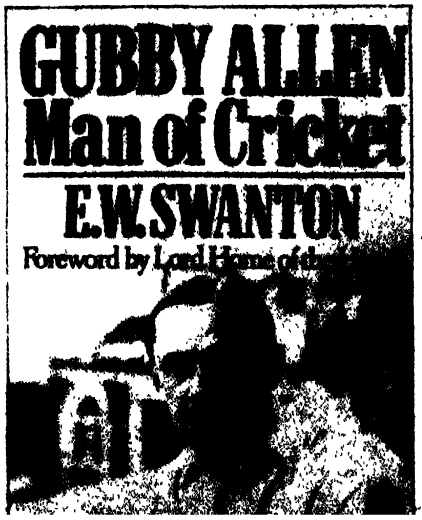
In the second and concluding extract from the book 'Gubby Allen: Man of Cricket', E.W. Swanton outlines Gubby Allen's place in the broader canvas of the game. "...there is nothing whatever ordinary or anonymous about him," Swanton writes. The book is published by Hutchinson Stanley Paul and priced at £12.95 only

'I KNOW you—you very old fast bowlah.' The subject of this biography, after filling his venerable but immaculate Bentley a time or two from the same 'quick-wash' garage, was thus addressed by the young West Indian attendant. Once seen never forgotten, one might almost say. For there is nothing whatever ordinary or anonymous about George Oswald Browning Allen.

Let me support this proposition with a brief questionnaire. Who is the only man to have taken all ten wickets at Lord's in a county match? Who is the only famous England cricketer never to have either scored a thousand runs or taken a hundred wickets in a season? Who reversed the natural order of things by being elected first, at a precocious age, to the Committee of MCC, and appointed captain of England afterwards?

Who, after the Second World War, one day asked the MCC Committee, 'What have we ever done to help boys' cricket?' and then proceeded to set the whole national youth movement in train? Who is the only man ever to hold simultaneously the offices of chairman of the Test selectors, chairman of the powerful MCC Cricket Sub-Committee, and chairman of the Umpires' Committee? Who at an Imperial Cricket Conference meeting initiated and led a successful crusade against the dangerous evil of throwing?

Who else? In every facet of his life Gubby has shown, above all, initiative and individuality—and in his many-sided labours for cricket I shall hope to show that his service has been of unique value. Before we go any further, though, why Gubby? Well, the third initial has never been in consistent use, but when it turned up briefly at Eton, boys began to call him Gobby. This soon—and mercifully—became Gubby. In the family he was, and is, always known as Obbie. He was not called George or Oswald or Browning: he was christened George after his grandfather and earlier ancestors, Oswald after a godfather, and Browning after his godmother, who married a relation of the poet. Gubby it is then, and who has ever heard of another?



Most followers of English cricket know that Gubby is Australian by birth, not so many that he was a fourth generation Australian whose Great-great-grandmother emigrated to Australia with his great-grandfather aged sixteen in 1816, less than thirty years after the first colonists landed at Sydney. His parents brought him to England at the age of six with an elder brother and a younger sister because his father had such respect for the English system of education. The Allens intended to return to Australia but found English life so much to their taste that they changed their minds and stayed. Gubby, it may be assumed, was thoroughly anglicized long before his schooling at Summer Fields and Eton was complete.

After a happy and successful career at Eton, and three appearances against Harrow at Lord's, Gubby had two years at Cambridge, winning his place as a freshman in Hubert Ashton's powerful 1922 side and taking forty-nine wickets for the University plus twenty-two more for Middlesex in the vacation. The following year he broke down in the University Match (having protested before it that he was not fit), but he had forty-five

more wickets for Cambridge, with a further twenty-two later for Middlesex. His physique naturally grew in these two summers wherein he established himself for all to see as an all-round cricket of high potential. It is from this time that the balance as between batting and bowling utility shifted towards the latter. One wonders how many undergraduate bowlers of genuine pace in modern days have taken ninety-four wickets for a university before their twenty-first birthday.

He was, throughout his days as a cricketer, an amateur in the truest sense. His career came first, he loved playing cricket as he had done from earliest boyhood, and now in his early years in the City the society life of London opened up to him a world, far removed from his upbringing, by which he was greatly attracted. His closest Eton friends had been David Bowes Lyon, David Brand and Willie Hill-Wood. All doors indeed were open to him, and for a while cricket and the debs were sometimes conflicting attractions. However, when in the late 1920s the chance of playing for England beckoned, the need for practice and complete physical fitness took clear precedence. Between 1930 and 1936 Gubby played in ten Tests at home as well as touring Australia with MCC in the Bodyline tour of 1932-33. Then came the invitation to lead MCC in Australia in 1936-37 for what was hoped, and proved, to be a tour to heal the scars of the one before.

The pattern of Gubby's cricket through the 1920s (as it continued to be after he had won his first England cap in 1930) comprised a mixture of county and club matches. He could seldom get away for more than a week at a time, Middlesex endeavouring to recruit him for their strongest fixtures. Lancashire, for instance, were the reigning champions when on a plumb pitch at Lord's in 1929 he took all ten of their wickets for 40 runs. When a year later Larwood was unfit to play for England in the Lord's Test against Australia Gubby was brought in, and although against Bradman on the plumbest of pitches he suffered with the rest, it was a partnership of 125 between A.P.F. Chapman and Allen for the sixth wicket that saved English pride when it had been badly shaken. Gubby in 1931 strengthened his Test credentials, also at Lord's, by making 122 against New Zealand and sharing in a record eighth wicket partnership of 246 with Leslie Ames. In the Second Test he took five for 14.

He played less than usual and with only modest results for Middlesex in 1932, and his choice to go with Douglas Jardine's MCC side to Australia in the winter attracted unfavourable press comment, not on the face of it unreasonable. His contribution to England's victory in the Bodyline series however vindicated the selectors' choice, and thereafter it came to be accepted that he was something of a special case.

No dissenting voices were raised when he was chosen to lead MCC on their next tour of Australia in the winter of 1936-37, for he had just led England to victory in the home Test series against India, and had enjoyed his fullest and most successful all-round season. Though he had never captained either Eton or Cambridge leadership came naturally to him, and the trials and difficulties common to all tours found Gubby in his element. The captain never spared himself, either on the field or off, and though it is inevitably remembered that this was the rubber that England lost after winning the first two Tests the subsequent defeats should be seen more as a triumph for Don Bradman at the height of his powers than as any positive failure on England's part.

On the field Australia 1936-37 marked his peak. Larwood having broken down following the 1932-33 tour, he was when fully attuned the best fast bowler in England. He was, at No. 7 or 8 in Test Matches, a valuable bat of orthodox method, and he was a more than ordinarily good close fielder. Now he had shown his leadership qualities both as a tactician and as a tactful and considerate handler of men and situations on tour.

Playing and committee-work coincided for many years on either side of the Second World War. Gubby was elected to the Middlesex Committee in 1931 when he was twenty-nine, and to that of MCC in 1935 at the astonishingly youthful age of thirty-two. There was still plenty of good cricket in him in the early post-war years, and such was the dearth of young players that he was even persuaded to undertake, at the age of forty-five, the leadership of the MCC team to the West Indies. He did not play his last first-class match until just short of his fifty-second birthday in 1954.

The following year he undertook the chairmanship of the Test selectors, and for the next twenty-one years, until he resigned the treasurership of MCC, his involvement in the governance of cricket was unceasing. His chairmanship of the selectors lasted seven, mostly successful, years between 1955 and 1961 inclusive. No International Cricket Conference over more than two decades was complete without him. Between 1964 and 1976 from the local position of treasurer he guided the affairs of MCC in the tradition of his predecessors in that office, Lord Harris, Lord Hawke and H. S. Altham. He was President of MCC in 1963-64 and the next best thing again eleven years later when in the Duke of Edinburgh's second term in the post he was obliged to delegate most of his duties to the treasurer.

In this latter period Gubby could bring to whatever problem arose a breadth of experience that no one else could match. In committee he has always been definite in his views and often trenchant in his expression of them. Though he has been known to alter his opinion—the change of the LBW Law which, like most other people, he at first favoured, and, also like many others, now deplores is an example—he is not easy to convince, and he can cling like a limpet when a major issue is at stake. The recent change in the constitution of the Cricket Council (which led him to resign as a matter of principle) is a characteristic instance. Once he was convinced, by photographic and other evidence, of the gravity of the throwing crisis, especially in regard to Anglo-Australian relations, he never rested until he had recruited Sir Donald Bradman to the cause. Between them they found the answer.

Once he was convinced, by photographic and other evidence, of the gravity of the throwing crisis, especially in regard to Anglo-Australian relations, he never rested until he had recruited Sir Donald Bradman to the cause.

Strong men have been worn down by his tenacity in argument, especially

when they have had trains to catch and they have shown that for Gubby home is the [illegible] side of the flint wall that flanks [illegible]rris Garden behind the pavilion [illegible]rd's. Perfectionists are not always easy people to live with, and Gubby has always been a perfectionist whether in the Committee Room at Lord's, or on the golf course writing the MCC Coaching Book, tending his car or his roses, ordering his dinner, or even describing in close anatomical detail his latest strain or his last hip operation. (He has undergone five, as a legacy of his bowling, and today in his eighties, though he needs a buggy to get round the golf course, is walking better than for years, and without pain.)

Considering his forthrightness of speech on most cricket matters it says much that those holding contrary views have not as a rule taken offence. This is because of his complete sincerity, and because he is no respecter of persons. If he may give small change to the heavyweight the young are sure of his consideration—and any help they choose to ask for. He has been a good friend to any number of young cricketers.

There is moreover one important department of his labour for cricket in which he has shown a much less assertive aspect of his personality than in others. This is his capacity as a selector, wherein all who served under him give the picture of a quietly judicial chairman, taking infinite trouble to ascertain the views of others, and so ensure that the claims of every likely player were carefully assessed as well as every factor of pitch and whether taken into account concerning the coming match. This impression by his colleagues is amply confirmed by the minutes taken. Gubby's guiding principle in selection was 'when in doubt, go for class'. Hence the choice for Australia of the twenty-one-year-old Colin Cowdrey: hence the successful recalls in successive Tests in 1956 of Cyril Washbrook, David Sheppard and Denis Compton which enabled England to retain the Ashes.

Although he had always played a certain amount of golf to a single-figure handicap it was not until Gubby gave up playing club cricket and took on the selector's mantle at the age of fifty-two that he gave the game his serious, concentrated attention: and the adjectives are not chosen lightly. It is a general supposition among



A cricketer! Gubby Allen, aged nine, in positively his only appearance as a wicket-keeper

golfers that their friends are keenly interested in their last round, their last extraordinary incident, crowning misfortune, or whatever. He was anything but an exception to this common trend, and it is recorded how one of his Stock Exchange partners and old friend, Denis Hill-Wood, was known to interrupt the flow of reminiscence on a Monday morning and rule: 'One hole, Gubby, one hole!'

G. A. Hill, a Walker Cup golfer and another old friend, recalls how Gubby, playing with him at Muirfield, holed his second stroke at the first hole, which is 449 yards from the medal tee, with a five iron. He thinks the wind must have been behind. The second measures 349 yards. He played his second with an eight iron. Again the pitch was dead straight. It hit the pin, ran round the rim of the hole and finished an inch or two away. Alec describes him as 'for a short period in middle age damn good'. He also tells how when they were travelling together Gubby qualified some anecdote by adding, 'But that was before I became good.' Alec laughed so much he had to stop the car. Gubby was inclined to make remarks like this, tongue in check. Who was mocking whom, we wonder. Gubby was elected late in life to the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, that exclusive company largely confined to blues. At the time he was playing off a handicap of four and at the age of fifty-nine he represented the Old Etonians in the Halford-Hewitt Cup. Just as at cricket he developed a sound batting method and a technically correct bowling action, so at golf he practised hard to perfect a good swing. He was perhaps unique in being convinced that he could still improve his game when in his sixties.

I venture another golf story since it is so characteristic both of Gubby and his old crony, the legless Sir Douglas Bader. Playing Royal St George's one day in a strong wind off the sea Douglas on the high tee at the seventh was hit by a gust at the top of the back-swing, lost his balance and fell. Gubby stepped forward to pick him up whereat Douglas, who hated being helped and invariably declined to be, lying on the ground, struck out at him with his driver. His opponent jumped clear but was not amused, saying, 'I'll never try and help you again.'

Years passed and they were playing the Berkshire. At the fourteenth hole on the Blue Course the great airman hooked into the trees, found a difficult lie, and as he played his stroke somehow got his legs crossed and capsized. Whereat there followed:

'Gubby, come and pull me up, will you?'

'No, get yourself up.'

'I can't.'

'If you don't get up you lose the match.'

Impasse. One couple went through them, then another. Then:

'I'll help you up if you apologize for striking at me at Sandwich.'

'All right, damn you.'

In the club-house afterwards those who had passed through and asked what had been going on were told 'We were only having a discussion.' Neither incident was referred to again until a month or so before Douglas died when they were playing the same hole. He asked Gubby if he remembered, adding 'You know I never meant to hit you'. The memory of this touches Gubby, who had become very fond of him. But talk about an irresisti-

ble force meeting an immovable object!

There are other aspects of Gubby's life which will merit attention as his story unfolds in detail. He had, not least, a highly interesting and responsible war service, starting as a Territorial soldier, being attached to the RAF, and gravitating later to the War Office where he worked in Military Intelligence liaising with the Americans in the field of enemy anti-aircraft defence. He had flown at his own request on a bombing mission over Germany at a time in 1941 when this was a particularly testing exercise. His job at the time was the briefing of pilots on enemy 'flak' and he wanted to see things at first hand. At Bomber Group he met and formed a friendship with 'Bomber' Harris. He visited Italy at the Americans' request, and watched the battle for Monte Cassino over a tete-a-tete luncheon on a hill-top with 'Alex', a friend of pre-war days and now the Commander-in-Chief. To his horror the great man spread a white tablecloth. 'What about aircraft?' Gubby asked. 'Oh, don't bother about them.' It is in Gubby's nature to enjoy being 'in the know', and luckily for him his liaison aptitude was made good use of. He ended the war as a Lieut-Colonel, decorated by the Americans with the Legion of Merit.

It is inevitable that so strong a personality, having held so many positions of authority from boyhood to old age, will have aroused dislike in some, perhaps a reluctant tolerance in others. In earlier years, when he was making his mark as a cricketer and simultaneously working hard to earn a living, there were contemporaries and rivals who resented his having been, or at least seeming to be, the favoured son of Lord's, and in particular the protege of Plum Warner, who between the wars was the most influential figure in the councils of MCC. Warner had known Gubby's cricket from his Eton schooldays, and the fact that his belief in Gubby was almost invariably justified by results did not disarm those with other axes to grind. There has always been, too, a certain ambivalence in county cricket circles in respect of 'Lords'. For some people and at some periods 'love-hate' perhaps describes the feeling—and for all his adult life the name of G.O. Allen has in the mind of followers of cricket of every degree personified Lord's and MCC.



With Sir Aubrey Smith (right), Hollywood actor and English cricketer. Aged 73, he took a slip catch off GOA!

He is a man to whom no one reacts negatively. He has always been surrounded by a circle of fond friends who have encouraged his reminiscences, pulled his leg, and told stories about him probably adding a bit of spice for good measure. They have been and still are, of all ages and from all walks of life, eminent or humble. Then there are those still very close to cricket with whom he has worked both in the coaching field under the banner of the National Cricket Association (of which he was the virtual founder) and in the administration of Middlesex. No one ever seeks his advice in vain, or gets it in other than very precise terms.

No general sketch would be complete without mention of Gubby as a reminiscer and raconteur. There he sits in the committee room in the right-hand chair with the television nearby, conversing on every aspect of cricket which he or others may initiate and finding an apt story from his own experience wherein he may well be the central figure. Is he too modest, when encouraged to tell of his many moments of glory with bat and ball? Well, frankly no, and his hearers don't expect him to be. To steer the talk into likely channels is all part of the game—of which he is well aware. Are not most reminiscent artists apt to dwell on the stories of their success, anyway? And if as the tale unfolds we recognize that we've heard this one before, what matter? It is well told, and the narrator is obviously getting much pleasure from the recounting. Moreover if he talks a lot—something common to most bachelors—he can also be a sympathetic listener to anyone who gains his respect. Lord Home, a friend since boyhood, underlines this among his virtues. 'A good listener,' he says, adding, 'once he starts!'

The house in Grove End Road the other side of the Harris Garden at first gives no clue to the abiding interest of its owner. Some coloured prints of Eton decorate the ground-floor rooms. A photograph on a sidetable of Sir Robert Menzies, splendidly arrayed in the robes of the Order of the Thistle and with an affectionate inscription, adds distinction to the drawing-room. An oil painting of his father looks benignly from the stairs, dressed as the Commandant of the Special Constabulary. A print of Wayer's latest painting of Lord's, the mount signed by fellow England captains, hangs on the first-floor landing.

Only on admission to Gubby's bedroom is there some evidence to support the comment of his sister, Lady Dickson, that in his later years he became 'married to cricket'. He is photographed with Percy Chapman, going out after lunch to continue their great partnership against Australia. There are the team groups of the two tours of Australia. He and Leslie Ames are marching forth to continue their record partnership against New Zealand. There is that best of all action photographs, of Gubby airborne just after delivery to Stan McCabe. And there is a frame which shows two scenes from the Brisbane Test: of Gubby jumping out to O'Reilly, and Don Bradman after having been caught off him in the slips for 0. 'Funny,' he says, 'that it should have taken a famous golfer, Roger Wethered, to make the point that not many people in the same match can have hit the best bowler in the world for six and got out the world's best batsman for a duck.'

Noteworthy indeed, but scarcely



England vs Australia at Lord's, 1930 The players (from left: Tate, Duckworth, Chapman, Duleep, Robins, GOA and Sandham) being presented to King George V

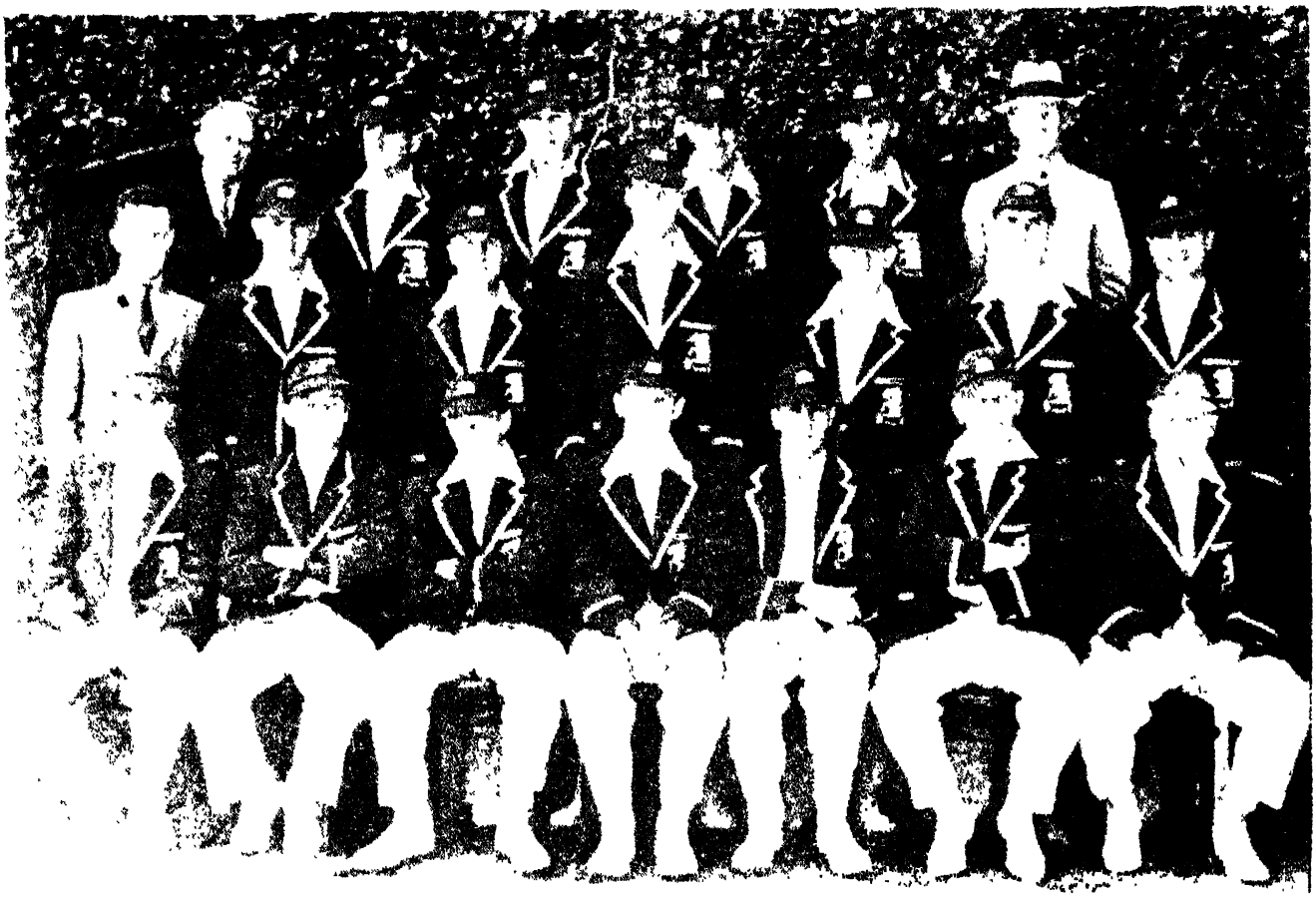
more so than to see, below these pictorial reminders of great days past, on the top of a book-shelf running the whole breadth of the room, in neat piles assembled the agendae and minutes to coutless Lord's meetings, all dressed from the left in correct order.

When I once, in the sort of bantering exchange only possible among old friends, told him he was a hypochondriacal megalomaniac he seemed rather tickled with the phrase and perhaps even set about living up to it. If there are elements of conceit in his make-up there are also streaks of modesty and self-criticism. Though he is naturally a member of all the best cricket clubs he will only rarely wear even an MCC tie, and seems to reserve the England tie for Test Matches. He was always a quiet dresser. The members of the Eton Society, the exclusive institution known as Pop, were and are still conspicuous by a traditional finery including gorgeous brocaded waistcoats and sponge bag trousers. Photographs show him with a sober waistcoat above dark trousers. He thought the full rig was too much of a good thing. He is far from being ostentatious, and has little time for those who can be so described. Though he has spent so much time in the limelight it's fair to say he has never sought it.

When the television coverage turns, by the way, to racing Gubby is all attention. It is yet another unusual thing about him that he is a close and the slightly different versions of a chance allegedly given in the Eton—Winchester of 1921 off Gubby's bowling to Alec at first slip by John Guise, who went on to make 278. The blame, we listeners felt, lay rather between Mervyn Hill, still-fiddling with his gloves, and the bowler who ran up before the wicket-keeper was ready rather than with the fielder whose despairing dive just touched the ball as it flew for 4. Never mind, Eton, despite Guise's historic innings, won in the end quite easily—and Gubby with nine for 94 had a splendid match. The Long Room echoed to much laughter, that night, and for a company to whom the fellowship traditional to cricket came as second nature it was a party the memory of which would lighten the days ahead.

When I once told him he was a hypochondriacal megalomaniac he seemed rather tickled with the phrase and perhaps even set about living up to it.

There was an admirable television interview during the tea interval of the Lord's Test against Pakistan a few days later wherein Peter West drew out of his subject a singularly modest version of the high points in his playing



Gubby Allen (sitting centre) with the side he took to Australia in 1936-37. Having won two Tests, England looked poised to win the Ashes, before losing the next three

career. Then they talked of administration: what was his most influential contribution? Gubby said that his part in starting, just after the war, the national movement to help and encourage the young was the thing that had brought him most pride. His chief regret? Undoubtedly his support for the change in the old LBW law. Whatever picture cricket-loving viewers looking in that day might have imagined of the men of power in cricket, this octogenarian seemed to be the antithesis of the cartoonist's idea of the reactionary old Lord's regular follower of racing who now never has a bet. A betting book exists to prove he used to have more than an occasional flutter—but the last entry is dated 1935!

On 31 July 1982 came Gubby's eightieth birthday, an occasion which the MCC Committee decided should be celebrated by a dinner in the Long Room after the pattern of the only other known to have been held there in honour of an individual. It was given for Plum Warner back in 1953. Gubby's was, literally, a glittering affair illumined by the picture-lights and the candles on the round tables. Groups of friends were seated together. An illustrious array of Test cricketers of all generations attended. The cricket establishment, naturally, was fully represented.

The toast of the evening was proposed in a characteristically light, whimsical vein by Lord Home, the guest of honour replying with becoming modesty. The company enjoyed

Lastly, yes, he is a bachelor. He has always enjoyed feminine company. But was it that the perfectionist in him took over? Did anyone quite measure up?

member. The eightieth milestone for some might have been the moment to bow out from active involvement. But not for Mr Cricket. There were major issues to be resolved, as well as scripts for new coaching films to be written, the Middlesex 2nd XI to keep an eye on, and much else. Rather, it seemed that tthe affectionate regard surrounding the birthday gave him a fresh impetus.

Lastly, so far as this opening sketch is concerned, yes, he is a bachelor. He has always enjoyed feminine company and made a number of lasting friendships. As for romantic attachments the family tell of several of which they had high hopes. In one or two otherwise favourable cases maybe the lady was not available. Or was it that in the end the perfectionist in him took over? Did anyone quite measure up? There are scraps of evidence in the pages that follows. But to any gentle probing on this an enigmatic smile is the only answer.

freewheeling

SHE returned at when the chill of winter brushed the courts of Europe, she first made herself as a teenager. And I missed the only to be told by a friend a fortnight Virginia Wade finally, decided that life was too hectic for her.

I thought back on a July afternoon last year, when I was in doubt about whether to watch a third round Wimbledon match between Martina Navratilova and Bettina Bunge on the one hand, or Pam Shriver and Virginia Wade on the other. The Wade Shriver match was a noon encounter, brought forward because of the fact that several playing hours had been lost due to rain and bad light. I elected to watch the match featuring the British veteran who warmed the hearts of her countrymen by winning Wimbledon in the country's jubilee year, 1977.

I was glad I chose to attend that match, because I realise now that it was the last time she played on Wimbledon's turf. Fittingly, the match was played on Centre Court but because it was scheduled so early, the stands were less than half full and the press box conspicuously deserted.

Miss Wade was unseeded, aged 39 and barely nine days away from her fortieth birthday. Pam Shriver was seeded fifth, aged 22 and three days away from her twenty third birthday. Yet, when play began, you would have been hard pressed to tell that there was a gulf of seventeen years and a whole generation separating the two players. The American took the first set by 7 but her opponent came back with a strong 7-5 second set and all of a sudden, the seeded girl was in some trouble against the veteran.

I couldn't help thinking back on what had happened on an outside court at Wimbledon the previous year, 1984. Unseeded, Miss Wade had battered fifth seed Zina Garrison with a 7 5 third set (aren't the oldtimers supposed to collapse in the third set of a singles match?) and then given Sweden's Carina Karlsson a fright in the third round. With the third set of the Karlsson-Wade match going to twenty games, the courtside grew progressively crowded, but it was the younger girl who eventually pulled through by the proverbial whisker, clinching the third set 11-9 and casting her eyes to the heavens as if uttering a spontaneous prayer of thanks to some Nordic gods.

The memory of those two matches must have haunted Shriver too as her 1985 third round went into the third set. This time, there were no miracles and Virginia Wade, playing her 205th singles match at Wimbledon, hit a backhand return of serve over the baseline to give Shriver the match. The post match press conference was altogether different from the usual fare as the gracious loser explained how she had played her first Wimbledon in the distant past of 21 summers previous.

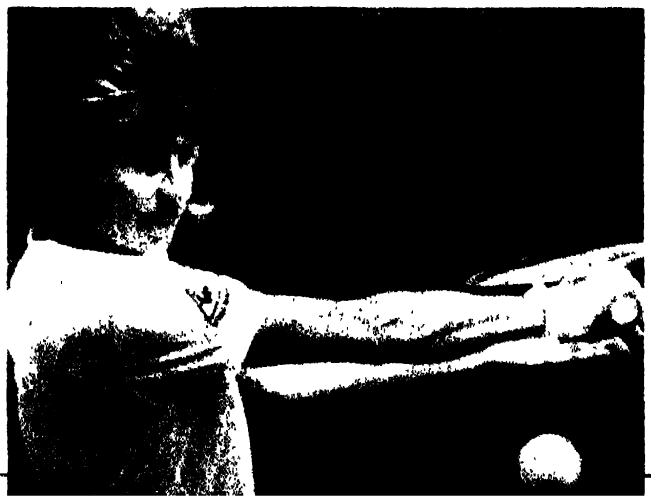
She had come downstairs early that morning, to have breakfast and leave for school. But before she was halfway down the stairs, she heard her father calling out to be canned the newspaper, that the 15 year-old was scheduled to make her Wimbledon debut that day. School, it was obvious, would have to be relegated to the back seat for the day. As she struggled to control her nerves, she dialled the number of her school and asked for the headmistress. Leave for the day was not granted easily and the young girl had to explain the importance of playing at Wimbledon. Eventually, the headmistress relented and granted her pupil the day off. Half joking, she said "I suppose you'll be playing on Centre Court" and was stunned to hear the voice on the other end of the line saying "Yes, in fact I am". It was no exaggeration. Virginia Wade, teenaged schoolgirl, was playing where only the greatest had proved their worth.

That press conference was more of a party than anything else. It went on and on as she told us that she had no regrets about having lost to Shriver. "I cannot feel sad," she said in that typically clipped, clear accent. "I've had more fun out of tennis and out of playing Wimbledon, with all the excitement and emotion, than probably anybody else." Would she be back in 1986 for her twenty-fifth straight Wimbledon? She smiled and said something about assessing her competitive instincts first. And then, as she was finally getting up to go, some of the British journalists asked her to wait. As she wrinkled her brow in astonishment, waiter entered the room with champagne and glasses. She broke into delighted laughter, accepted the champagne and then poured drinks for all those present before making her last gracious Wimbledon exit. It was probably the first time champagne had been served at a Wimbledon press conference. As I was telling you, it was more of a party.

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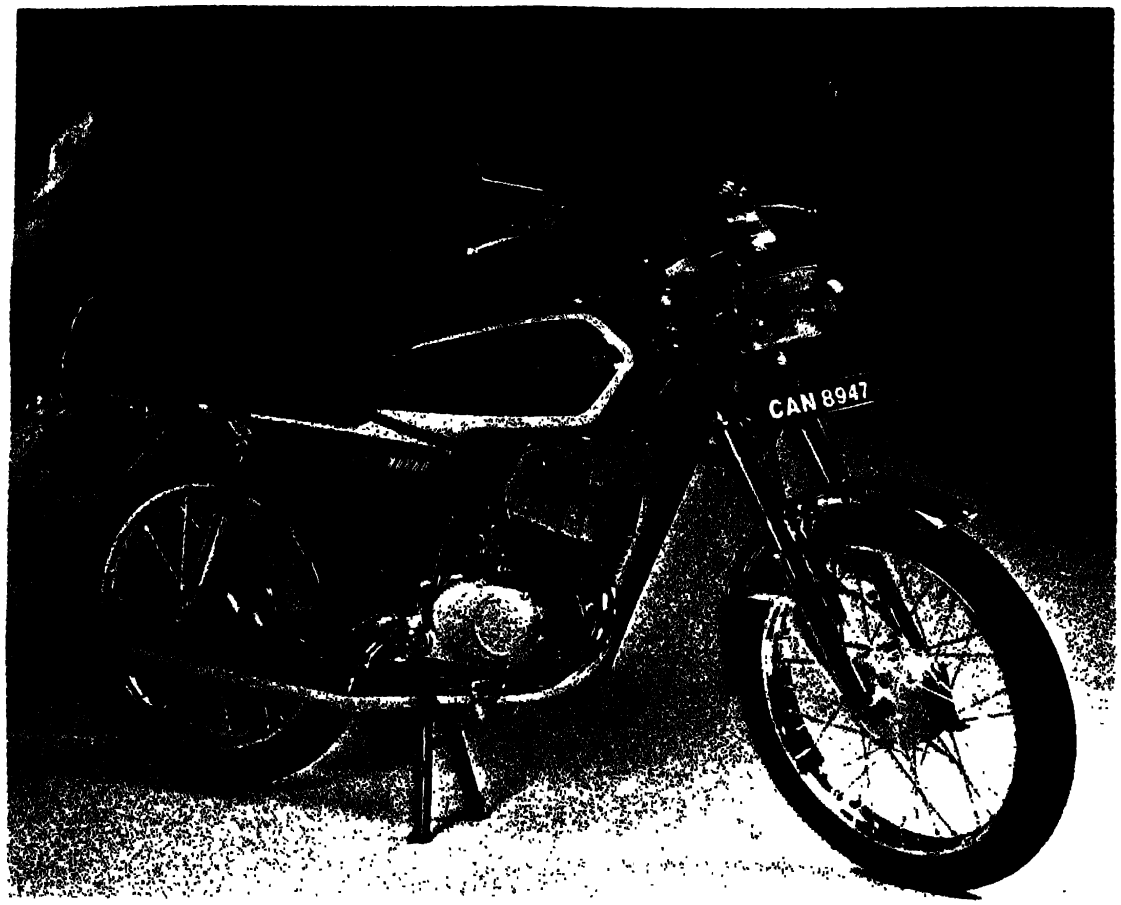
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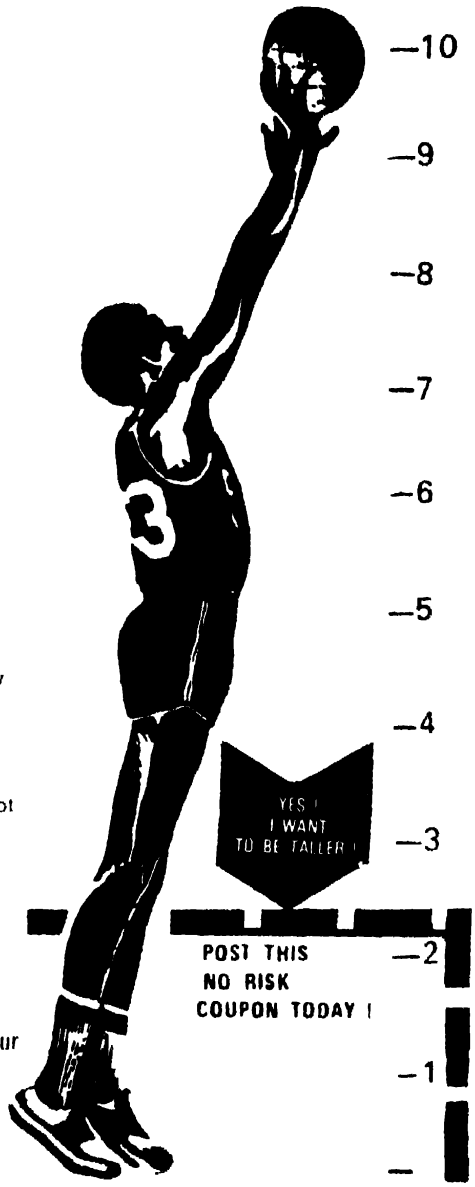
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Cover transparencies by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Chief Sub Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul
Correspondents: Bombay Haresh Munwani, **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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Sunny never sets

IF people still don't believe that Sunil Gavaskar is the best opening batsman around, they certainly know very little about cricket. He has scored more runs in Test cricket than anyone else, more hundreds than anyone else, more fifties than any other Test cricketer and has played more Tests than anyone else. What more could anyone ask for? It is true that he is not one of the more popular players around. It is also true that very often he has put himself before his team. But this should not detract from the fact that he is still the best. It is also apparent that he has Indian cricket at heart. Though he finds it far more difficult to open now as his reflexes have slowed down considerably and quite obviously he sees the ball late, he has agreed to open the innings. Lets hope he keeps playing the game as only he knows and continues to score many more runs for India and himself.

S. HUSSAIN,
Dibrugarh.

Matchless

I READ with interest Mudar Patherya's 'Freewheeling' on the Tied Test in your magazine some issues back. Being an old man now, it brought back many memories of Frank Worrell, Gary Sobers, Wes Hall and Richie Benaud. I had the good fortune of watching them in action when they came down to India during various junctures of their career. Wouldn't it be interesting to find out whether any reader, Indian or otherwise, was actually present at the Woolloongabba on 14 December 1960?

ANIL KR. CHATTERJEE,
Calcutta.

Most interesting! Is there any reader who was there in Brisbane around December 1960? Would he care to write in for the benefit of cricket lovers?

Keep the Nationals national

EFFORTS were being made to include Cheema Okerie and Jamshid Nasirri in the Bengal team for the Nationals. How someone could have thought of getting permission for two foreign players to play for a state, one fails to understand. The first argument in favour of not allowing the two talented strikers to participate in the Nationals is that if they are allowed to do so, then they would be entitled to play for the country. This would obviously not be possible as they are not Indian citizens and can therefore not represent a country only because they reside in it. The other argument in this connection would be that they would be depriving two young players from Bengal from representing their state and thereby gaining some experience and exposure. If foreigners are allowed to participate in the Nationals it would soon become a tournament dominated by players from other countries.

GAUTAM DEY,
Calcutta.

Good guy, bad guy

IAN BOTHAM is possibly the most exciting cricketer to have ever played Test cricket. Charismatic, successful and exceptionally talented—Botham has always been in the news. As far as cricket goes he is any captain's dream, as a person to please, he is a captain's nightmare.

On the cricket ground his performance graph reads—93 catches, 343 wickets and 4409 runs. Off the field he has been involved in innumerable court cases, a physical threat on Henry Blofeld, legal action against *The Mail*, as well as clashes with players of his own team as well his opponents. Drugs, drunk driving, 'Walking for a Cause'—Botham has been involved with all sorts of things. He has even played soccer of some standard. He is an all-rounder in the true sense of the word. Everything seems to come to him naturally, even charity.

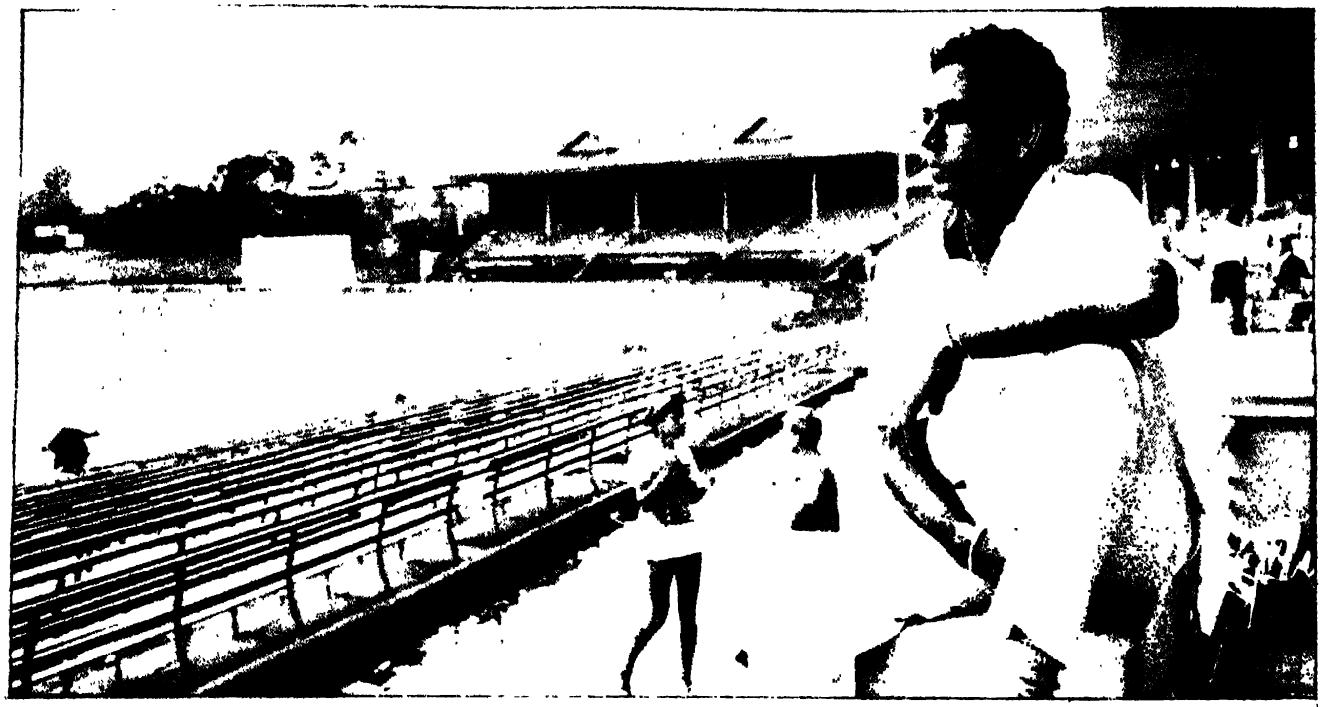
SAPTARSHI BISWAS,
Calcutta.

Attention readers!

Last week (1 January issue), this magazine carried an article by Ashis Ray in which he mentioned how the Indians in Australia, press and the players, spent time between intervals of rain choosing their best-ever Indian eleven. Readers are invited to do their own bit of jugglery and send in their selection at the earliest. Letters should marked 'Best Eleven', care Sportsworld, 6 Prafulla Sarkar Street, Calcutta 700 001.

First stop Adelaide

Nikhil Bhattacharya 'shoots' the first Test between India and Australia



Mohinder Amarnath ruminates at the Adelaide Oval on a match of satisfactory achievement

Tony Greig submits his weather report, patting and prodding the wicket at Adelaide before start of the day's play





"Well plied, mite. Tha wuz a good hundred, boy," would have been the average Aussie's reaction to Greg Ritchie's hundred in the drawn Test

8



Sivaramakrishnan stretches to catch Greg Matthews...but misses

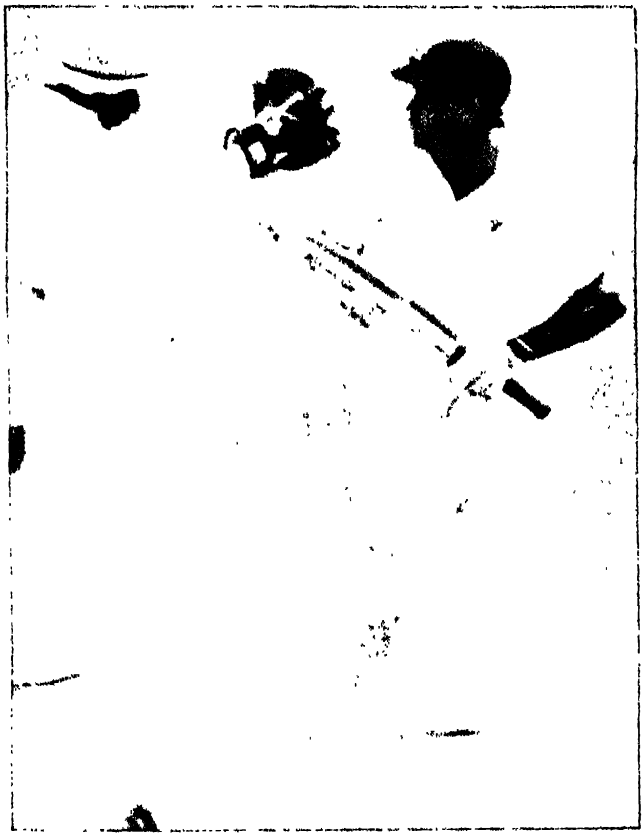




Bruce Reid prepares to confuse. But shouldn't Gavaskar have prepared himself to walk down a little, pointed out an observer. Backing up, to use the right word...



Time for rest. (from left: Ritchie, Matthews, Mery Hughes and Ray Bright) stretch their legs. Merv Hughes looks asleep...wait, he seems to be signing an autograph book



Hookes turns. Kirmani winces



Greg Matthews gets a hundred, plus kudos



Gavaskar glides on his way to a hundred



...then ducks

A bird's eye view of Craig McDermott charging in to bowl



Almost a breakback! Azharuddin manages to get out way of a McDermott flier



Hell hath no fury like a Kapil Dev denied!

India beat Australia in Melbourne...almost. **Ashis Ray** files his despatch

HELL hath no fury like a Kapil Dev denied! Dismissing all norms of cricketing diplomacy, the Indian captain, after rain had robbed India of a certain victory in the second Test at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, accused the two umpires in the match, Ray Isherwood and Dick French, in no uncertain terms of being responsible for the tourists not obtaining a win.

Would India have gone one up in the series had the umpiring been better, this correspondent asked Kapil Dev? He answered in one word: 'Definitely'. Indeed, he cited several instances of bad decisions in the tie going against India, including Alan Border, his opposite number, not being given out caught at slip when he was 127 on the fifth and final morning—he went on the score 163—and Dave Gilbert, the number eleven batsman who importantly enough helped Australia to occupy the crease for an extra two hours in the process of which the last wicket pair realised 77 runs and increased the target for India by that much, getting the benefit in an appeal for a catch at forward short leg.

Kapil Dev went on to describe the umpires as 'pathetic', and while not resorting to the word 'biased', clearly suggested they had been so because, according to the Indian helmsman, all the 'mistakes' had been directed against the visitors.

Relations between the Indian and Australian sides, by no means cordial in the current series, plummetted to a new low with Border taking up cudgels for the officials and saying: "A couple of decisions might have gone our way, but really people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." (An obvious reference to Indian umpiring).

Indeed after the incidents of 'sledging' in the first Test at Adelaide, the mood on the eve of the final Test at Sydney was one of rather open mutual hostility.

More seriously, however, there was virtually a public split within the Indian side about what Kapil should or should not have said. The touring manager, Srinivasa Venkataraghavan, not only apologised in print to the Australian Cricket Board and the umpires concerned (which was the right thing to do), but issued a rejoinder in no unambiguous terms to Kapil's statement, and more surprisingly, appeared to dissociate the entire team from the captain's remarks, thus leaving the leader of the side alone in one corner. In fact, Venkat's reaction to *Sportsworld* about there being 'an element of truth' in what Kapil had said was not, seemingly, carried by a single Australian paper.

For a start, it is a manager's duty to be present at each and every press conference addressed by his captain Venkat failed in this assignment, and therefore, must take part of the blame for Kapil's outburst and overreaction. Later, of course, Venkat and Sunil Gavaskar, the senior pro, helped their younger colleague draft the captain's official report on the umpiring to the ACB, which without mentioning names is said to have conveyed the Indian team's gross disappointment over the supervision in the second Test.

But what of the match itself? It began, in fact, on no less a controversial note. Some quite naked negligence had gone into the preparation of the wicket. The three days of sunshine that preceded the game was not taken advantage of because of the MCG authorities' reluctance to pay over-time to its ground-staff. As a result, when the mid-afternoon heat would assist in drying up the damp pitch, it lay covered by tarpaulin. Indeed, the Australian team lodged a protest about the wicket as early as lunchtime on the first day, leading to the referee of the match, Bob Parish, inspecting the track with a panel of experts after stumps that day.

The most wicket, of course, suited India fine, especially since they won the toss and inserted Australia. Unfortunately for India, however, their slow bowlers—Ravi Shastri (accurate but not aggressive), Shivlal Yadav (good but not in the same class as some of his predecessors) and Laxman Sivaramakrishnan (exciting but erratic)—exhibited their skills below par. They were also let down by some butter-fingered work close to the wicket. And as a consequence, permitted Australia to get to 262 in the first innings when a total of no more than 150 ought to have been allowed.

Only Border had really the calibre and experience to hold out in the difficult circumstances of balls turning, skidding and jumping in a most alarming fashion. But he went early, offering a return catch to Siva off a full-toss after which Greg Matthews, quite accustomed to 'turners' at his home ground of the Sydney Cricket Ground, put up a valiant show getting not only his second Test hundred of the season and of his career, but doing so with the aid of tailenders for the second-half of his knock. Matthews was unbeaten on exactly a hundred, had scored 74 of the last 84 runs of the Australian venture, farmed the bowling beautifully, and, last but not the least, looked perfectly safe. Of course, he was not called upon to negotiate the worst of the pitch in the pre-lunch session.

The first two hours were such that all the trundlers had to do was to concentrate their attack on the

correct line and length. Shastri, put in-charge as early as the eighth over, did just that admirably, and not unexpectedly, reaped a harvest of four wickets, which he was later to bolster with as many in the second outing. A Salim Durrani, in one of his 'moods', would certainly have knocked the Aussies over for around 150.

The wicket improved as it dried up and when India batted in their first innings. But there was always some purchase in it for the spinners, as Matthews, not the classiest of off-spinners, demonstrated on the third evening, and Ray Bright, the left-arm orthodox exponent, on the final afternoon. Yet it was Bruce Reid, the bean-pole left-arm fast medium bowler, who did the maximum damage in India's first innings, capturing four wickets and stressing with it that anyone who could 'cut' the ball had a slight conspiracy going for him.

Indeed, this thin Western Australian unleashed a new weapon in his armoury - a very well-directed and well-pitched bouncer – with which he inconvenienced some of the Indians, notably Roger Binny, whom he struck on the helmet and unnerved him enough to have him caught at silly mid on with another dug-in delivery off the very next ball.

But the honours, overall, went to the Indian wielders of the willow. Krishnamachari Srikkanth played another whirlwind innings, this time of 86, before he was, perhaps, unjustly ruled lbw. In contrast, Dilip Vengsarkar conjured the much-needed sheet anchor role till he top-edged a short-arm pull when 75—half-way to what he revealed was his target. And finally, Kapil notched up a quick 55, and in so doing, not unusually, made the bowling look below Test class and the wicket a dream. Srikkanth and Kapil, of course, enjoyed their slices of good fortune and the Australian catching and particularly their wicket-keeping left a lot to be desired.

Azhar subsequently made amends by bringing off a superb catch at deep midwicket to get rid of the defiant Matthews in the second inning. It was a customary long hop from Siva, which the batsman swung at, only to discover Azhar dash back at least ten yards and make a very difficult catch look like a lollipop.

With that breakhrough on the fourth afternoon, India appeared to be cruising comfortably to victory. But the thirty-year-old Border, one of the most accomplished batsmen in the world, who has played the West Indian quicks as fluently as the spinners from the Indian subcontinent, had other ideas. Indeed, when all seemed lost he, like Matthews in the first innings, found an able ally in Dave Gilbert (whose other notable achievement of the match was clean bowling Gavaskar for sheer pace). And he cashed in on this support to not merely record his sixteenth Test hundred and third and biggest hundred against India but, basically, spent enough time at the wicket to juxtapose with the weather in thwarting an Indian win.

He offered three half-chances, hit sixteen fours, mainly cover-drives and sweeps, his two best shots, till he eventually stepped out to swing the luckless Yadav over the top of midwicket, missed and was smartly stumped by Syed Kirmani.

But to conclude the impressions on the Australian second venture, Kapil's stewardship was as much a contributory factor to the Indian failure as any other. Admittedly, his two main spinners, namely Shastri and Yadav, bowled less impressively on the final morning than anticipated. But it never occurred to India that Border was human and could be got out. There was no pressure put on him and at times the Indians even forget to plug the singles that helped him to retain the strike. A side with victory virtually in their grasp were totally on the defensive when tackling Border.

As for Yadav, who was hit for four fours in one over by Border but kept his calm in spite of it, not only were at least two catches put down off his bowling, but had the mortification of a steer by Reid into the hands of Gavaskar being turned down by umpire Isherood. This off-spinner is sans the tantalising charms of an Errapalli Prasanna, but he is quite adequate against the present lot of inexperienced Australians, whose problems in fact were further aggravated by the absence of the technically quite sound Greg Ritchie due to injury.

No attempt was made to induce this batsman to hit over the top. Besides, Kapil bowled to him with the new ball with just a solitary slip, and most shocking of all, did not give Siva a single close-in fieldsman for his first over on the fifth day. It was simply not Test-class captaincy.

But all said and done, one would have to give credit to the Indians for having held the whiphand throughout the match, and that despite the setback of the Tasmania match being washed out. The batting showed dedication and discipline and the same was, largely, true of the bowling. The lack of seasoning was not allowed to affect either the mind or the cricketing acumen.

And in the end Venkat too had done his bit by reestablishing the unity of the touring party by challenging the validity of the statement attributed to him in the Australian media. The manager took pains to defend Kapil's criticism of the umpires, not wholly but to the extent of the Indians being most unhappy and by refusing to offer an apology for his skipper's anger. It was an interesting tactical move by the old off-spinner on the eve of the Sydney Test. Besides, five umpiring errors had gone against India to only one in favour. Surely an unacceptable ratio.

Members of the Australian team



PRESS CLIPPINGS

INTERVIEWED by the *Times of India* newsman in Australia, Sunil Gavaskar clarified the recent confusion about him not wanting to open the Indian innings. Gavaskar said: "I have been an opener all my life. I am perfectly happy at the number one spot. I thought it would be better to go lower down because the responsibilities of being an opener are far greater." Asked whether his scoring a century against Australia had something to do with his opening the innings again, Gavaskar felt "that could be." He added that the earlier deliveries which had got rid of the early batsmen against Sri Lanka would have got him as well had he opened. In the course of the conversation, Gavaskar felt that number four or five would be an ideal position for him, though presently he is happy as an opener.

The typical Gavaskar emerged during the session. Asked how long he would want to carry on before retiring, Gavaskar quoted Spencer Tracy 'Before midnight.'

MEMBERS of the Hare Krishna Society were not too pleased with some excerpts from Kapil Dev's latest literary work *By God's Decree*. Members of that society in Australia conveyed their displeasure to manager Venkataraghavan in Melbourne, threatening to sue the author of the book. In fact, Venkat resorted to quoting passages from the Bhagvad Gita to pacify the protesters, appealing to the stoic in them to forgive Kapil for passages which may not have been the exact reprint of his feelings.

In fact, Venkat subtly hinted that this could have been the handiwork of Kapil's author — a certain Vinay Verma living in Sydney. The passages which provoked protest were: "I was amazed at the sari-clad Krishnas on Sydney's George Street. I shook my head. You cannot transpose cultures. Isolating a foreign culture in its pure state is fatal — it only leads to festering animosity. This Western intatuation with Karma consciousness would be instantly dissipated if these 'devotees' had the conviction of their courage to work in the slums of Calcutta. Mother Teresa does not have personalised number plates on her rickshaw.

"I wondered at the gullibility of the Western youth — and also the not so young. Was this just an excuse not to work? Or were they just neglected children craving attention? Where did they get their funds from? And it wasn't just the Hare Krishnas. The Rajneesh followers were a great enigma. Their Bhagwan, the Rolls Royce God, leonine beard and studied simplicity, promised free love and inner peace. I shrugged my shoulders. It takes all kinds and then some. American money could give meaning to obscure tenets.

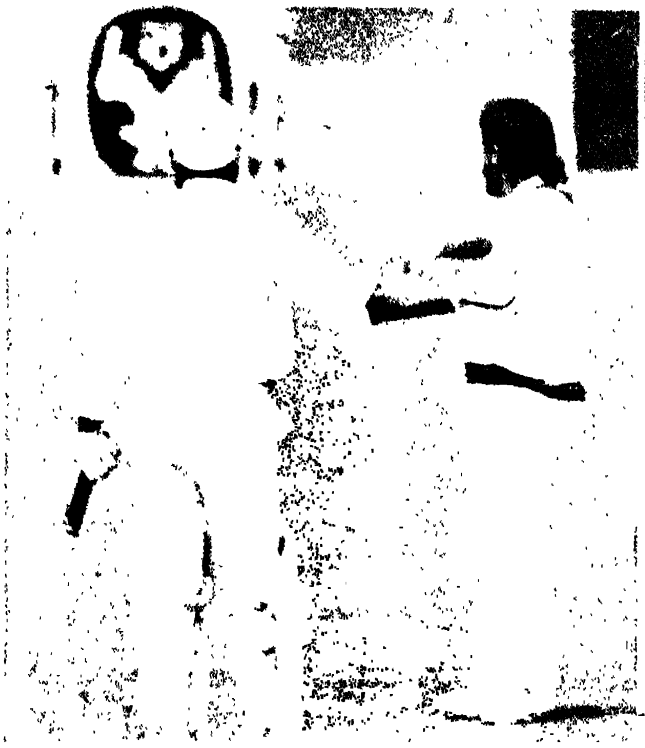
"Religious bodies seem to have an earthly mania for acquiring prime real estate. It's good to have your feet on the ground. The Roman Catholics have the best of Kirribilli and Rose Bay. The Church of England is no pauper either. Their Church grounds in north Sydney are leased to giant oil companies during the day for parking their cars. I don't suppose the cars come out looking any cleaner. It was going to be a logical progression for the Hare Krishnas and the Rajneeshis to also acquire a piece of God's acreage. Alms and the man. Each one with their own religious mafia. Blessed by God."

THE Bombay Ranji squad sported black arm bands on the first day of their match against Baroda at the Motibaug ground in Baroda. This was in protest of their sketchy travel arrangements. Their 14-man team had to settle down in six berths and nine seats in the first-class compartment of their overnight run from Bombay to Baroda on 26 December. The players complained that travel arrangements go haywire even though the Ranji schedules are prepared three months in advance.

GREG MATTHEWS, scorer of two Test hundreds this Australian summer, named two sources of inspiration for his success. One of them is his girlfriend Jillian Clarke. "My lady is a very supportive, steadying influence. She makes me feel so much calmer and better inside as a human being, not necessarily as a cricketer."

The second is Bob Simpson, the man in charge of the Test squad in Australia. "Simpson has been that big in my life that it doesn't matter. He's done so much for me that he deserves the biggest possible pat on the back," Matthews said. Veteran Bill O'Reilly was impressed by what Stan Laurel's clone. "This young man, defying all the accepted rules of conventional behaviour, has blossomed into one of the most personable characters that has crossed our horizon."

Kapil Dev (left) and David Boon turn to the umpire to adjudicate in the argument



Suchit Bhattacharya

Harry Hopman 1906-1985

O captain, our captain

Portland, Oregon. 1981. The day preceding the Davis Cup semi final between Australia and the United States of America. A glittering official dinner is attended by a rich galaxy of tennis stars, all former Davis Cup players. It is, as expected, a nostalgic evening. Old stories are retold, long-forgotten jokes raise laughs all over again. Almost every person present has experienced, at various moments in their respective lives, memorable instances connected with the Davis Cup competition. The rivalry is buried, abandoned in the mists of passing years; the camaraderie lives on, kindled by the warmth and spontaneity of the reunion.

The evening is emotion charged. So too the speech of the guest speaker, Arthur Ashe, the first black male to win Wimbledon. The theme of the speech is the traditionally friendly spirit that has always been associated with Davis Cup encounters between the two nations. Ashe, a deeply committed man, is suddenly overcome. He cannot say another word. Another chair is pushed back rapidly and an elderly gentleman with a distinctive accent replaces the choking Ashe at the microphone. He regales the gathering with entertaining stories about Ashe himself, but the intention is really to give Ashe a few moments to recover his composure. The new speaker needs no introduction. His name is Harry Hopman.

BARDMOOR, Florida, 1985. The Christmas decorations were still crisp at the most famous tennis camp in the world when news agencies flashed the death of Harry Hopman around the globe. Aged 79, he lingered only briefly after suffering a heart attack at the camp which he visualised, built and around which his entire life had revolved after its construction.

There was stillness all round the Bardmoor Country Club, a sprawling 1200 acre haven of greenery situated between Tampa Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. The Stars and Stripes above the clubhouse fluttered at half mast and employees of the ranch officially known as Harry Hopman's International Tennis spoke only in hushed tones. There was no official mourning, but the silence was evidence of the great man's passing. In a corner, now lying unattended, was the golf cart that Hopman used while doing his rounds of the massive estate.

A few miles to the west, it was business as usual at the Kennedy Space Centre, as well as the entertainment parks at Busch Gardens and Disneyworld. But in Bardmoor, the only activity was related to the multitude of organisational chores involved in the planning of Harry Hopman's funeral. Arrangements were made at Tampa International Airport to meet the faithful who would fly to pay their last respects to the man who will surely go down in history as the most famous tennis coach of all time.

News of Hopman's death was not passed on officially to Australia, the land of his birth, but a transatlantic telephone call was made to one of his oldest friends, Albert Mulhauser.



Hopman was no phantom administrator in his own private tennis republic. Where he could not walk, he used a golf cart; where he could walk, he seemed, as if by magic, to be simultaneously in several different places.

Word of the death spread like a bushfire. Appropriately enough, Mulhauser was watching the Victorian Open tennis championship in Melbourne, where some of Australia's most illustrious veterans were participating in the invitation challenge round robin series at Kooyong. Almost all the contestants had been associated with Hopman at some time in their respective careers and as the news spread, the former pupils, anxious to discover whether this was just another grim rumour, sought each other out to confirm the demise of their guru.

The complete list of Harry Hopman's wards would read like an all-time Tennis Hall of Fame. Frank Sedgman, Neale Fraser, Ken Rosewall, John Newcombe and Tony Roche, among others, all owed much of their status to the fact that they had been associated with the Hopman genius. Among the present generation of stars, Vitas Gerulaitis, Peter Fleming and John McEnroe were frequent visitors to Bardmoor. The brilliant, controversial McEnroe was first coached by Hopman at the Port Washington Tennis Academy when he was only twelve years old and the relationship, strengthened by mutual admiration, prospered as McEnroe began to make a name for himself in the rough and-tumble world of professional tennis. It was Hopman who was chiefly instrumental, in 1981, in the overturning of the recommendation that McEnroe be penalised heavily for having accumulated fines in excess of the stipulated limit.

HOPMAN was without doubt the most famous Davis Cup captain of all time. His Australian team beat the United States 3-2 at Philadelphia to take the Cup in 1939 but he maintained a low profile for the next eleven years, only returning to the role in 1950, after which Australia won the trophy fifteen times in the next nineteen years. While his achievement of captaining sixteen successful Australian Davis Cup teams is unlikely ever to be matched, Hopman himself would have been the first person to admit that the role of captain as played by

him was vastly different from the modern concept of the same position.

Aside from the prestige, there is the added incentive today of a bonus by way of television rights for a Davis Cup semi finalist or final which in turn puts pressure on a present-day captain to get the very best out of his players over a three-day encounter. The captain has to be a tactician, motivator, diplomat and coach; the profile has changed drastically since Hopman's heyday. But equally true is the fact that Hopman contributed to the transformation in no insignificant fashion.

Hopman's greatest asset was an uncanny empathy with the men who formed his squads. He frequently got on their nerves with his disciplinary methods, but each of them would later admit that he had been the most powerful influence on them, both individually and collectively, as a Davis Cup team. He was given a free hand with the cream of Australian talent in the Fifties and Sixties and he responded by turning them into internationally recognised stars.

Tomfoolery was never tolerated; Hopman was known to fine players for an intriguing variety of misdeeds such as flinging their rackets on the ground, misbehaving in a restaurant and even, on occasion, for not getting to bed on time. Yet if a player was being hounded by journalists for an interview, it was their captain who stepped into the breach to solve the problem. He literally supervised their lifestyle but was not isolated from them. While he assumed full responsibility for his team's physical training schedules, he was always present when they exercised. It was a role translated, in a typically Hopman way, into total involvement and nothing less. It was a style of functioning that was synonymous with the life of Harry Hopman.

This total involvement even extended, on one memorable occasion, to a rigged game of poker. On the eve of a Davis Cup challenge round, Hopman had a discreet word with members of his team, without giving Mal Anderson—also on the Australian squad—an inkling of what was happening. Hopman was concerned about the possibility of Anderson's morale sliding and had decided that a manipulated game of cards might retrieve the situation.

Most times, Hopman was the epitome of diplomacy, but there was a notable departure from this image when he accompanied his team to Mexico City in 1969. To all present, it looked as though he was intent on exploiting a volatile situation. A rowdy crowd was further instigated when the Australian captain indulged in heated arguments with the umpire and the referee. Whether Hopman did so deliberately will now never be made public, but Rafael Osuna, the late Mexican star, was convinced that it was all part of a masterplan. Before Osuna died tragically in a plane crash later that year, he announced matter of factly, "Hopman knows that when I get mad I can't play well and that's the only reason he did all that on the court. It was just psychological."

HOPMAN's attention to detail was frequently exasperating to those associated with him, but it was a trait that people would later say was typical of the man. If he was ever working with a Davis Cup team in Australia, he



1957. Collecting the Davis Cup from the Governor-General of Australia, Sir William Slim

made a habit of telephoning the local weather bureau as soon as he woke up each morning. On one occasion, forewarned about the possibility of approaching showers, he responded by going to a travel agent and booking seats for every member of his team on the first available flight from Sydney to Brisbane. Not only did the Australian Davis Cup team dodge the rain; it also got two extra days of valuable practice while the opposition remained in Sydney and watched the rain bucket down.

Not often did anyone get the better of Hopman. One such instance occurred in 1930, when he was playing on his country's Davis Cup squad. Having beaten Switzerland, Ireland and Great Britain, Australia were pitted against Italy, playing in Milan. Hopman was drawn to play de Stefani in the opening singles at three o'clock but, at the appointed hour, there was no sign of the Italian. At half past three, Hopman heard that de Stefani had arrived but was reluctant to appear. When the players were eventually called to the courtside, an announcer informed the cheering Italian spectators that de Stefani, who had been serving in the army, had been too busy to prepare for the match but would nevertheless "do his best for Italy." Hopman was beaten in four sets and it was only later that he learnt his opponent had been in official hiding, practising diligently for hours every day in Rome with Italy's top professional.

Rarely was a psychological victory scored over Hopman. This knowledge must have made Donald Dell dance for joy after he hustled the Australian during the USA-Australia Davis Cup final of 1968. Dell, ranked among the most astute Amerian captains, arrived in Adelaide for the final, having done his homework on Hopman. On Christmas Day he gave each of the US players a huge team picture inscribed with the words, "You paid the price—we won." In reality, the tie was not due to start till 26 December, but Dell was shrewd enough to recognise the value of scoring the first blow. Hopman, for once, had been outdone. The Davis Cup, as Dell had predicted, went to the United States.

HARRY HOPMAN was no ordinary mortal. Not for him a humdrum life of routine, predictable existence. When the Second World War broke out, he served as a captain in the Sixth Battalion Machine Gun Corps of Melbourne. Having been Davis Cup captain in 1938-39, he concentrated instead in the years immediately after the war on a career as a sportswriter. As a fulltime employee of the Melbourne *Herald*, he would devote all his spare time to tennis. While he was to acquire an international reputation first as a captain and later as a coach, he had also played the game with some distinction. He represented Australia in 1928, 1930 and 1932 and though he was better known as a doubles player, he once beat Donald Budge in the final of a Californian tournament. With his first wife Nell, who died in 1967, he won the Australian mixed doubles title in 1936-37, a year after the couple had finished as runners up in the mixed doubles at Wimbledon.



1979. Hopman (right) helps a former pupil to lift the WCT trophy after Borg had been beaten in the final

Of all the tributes paid to him over his multi-faceted career, none could have delighted him more than the announcement in 1956 that there would be a departure from normal Davis Cup procedure. Previously, only the names of the players on the winning team were traditionally inscribed on the trophy; now the participating nations agreed that the name of the captain should also be etched on the most famous team tennis championship. Indirectly, this was in recognition of his tremendous example and it was only just that Hopman's Australians won it that year.

> He was known to fine players for a variety of misdeeds such as flinging their rackets on the ground, misbehaving in a restaurant and even for not getting to bed on time.

Life, having been so kind to Hopman, was soon to turn sour. His first wife died. He was thwarted in an attempt to become president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia. A brief career on the Melbourne Stock Exchange had culminated in disappointment. Sportsmen of lesser note had been knighted but not he. Many of his proteges had become wealthy men while the game had not given him any substantial financial security. At age 64, he decided to try and find a new life in the United States of America.

Despite the bitterness, Hopman was never, in the eyes of those around him, a man devoid of humour. Akhtar Ali, presently the Indian Davis

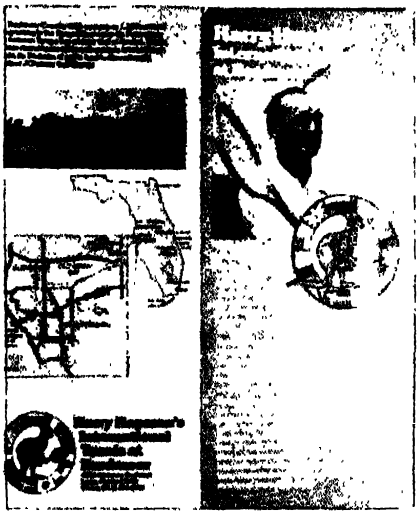
Cup coach, tells the tale of how Hopman had his own way in 1961. With Stolle, Hewitt and Fletcher due to represent Australia in an exhibition tie against India on Indian soil, Hopman made it known that he would like John Newcombe—unknown at the time—to make the trip as well, but the All India Lawn Tennis Association (AILTA) turned this down, citing additional expense as the stumbling block. Hopman's reply was a laconic letter, stating: "Please accept John Newcombe, future Wimbledon champion."

Cash also relates a favourite Hopman story. While Bradman was at the height of his power, he was touring England and decided he would like to watch a Wimbledon final. Accordingly, he rang Hopman and asked if he could arrange a ticket to the tennis. Hopman, puzzled, reminded Bradman that he would be playing a Test, but the cricketer simply replied, "Oh, don't worry about that. I will score a century before lunch and still be there in time for the final."

The first time Ali met Hopman was in 1956, during the traditional Queens Club tournament. "We were playing the qualifying rounds," he recalls. "I remember the young Rod Laver losing 6-0, 6-1 to Alan Mills, who is now the Wimbledon referee. At the lunch table after that match, Hopman told the disappointed Laver 'Don't worry. One day you will be a famous player.' This was Hopman's most amazing ability—the knack of spotting talent."

"In 1969 I spent three months in Hopman's house in Australia, but he refused to charge me a cent. I remember him as an extremely generous man, although there is a belief that he was only interested in money. At every parting he would put a hundred dollars in my pocket and when people sent him poor but talented players he took them on without accepting any fees. I once sent my brother Anwar to Hopman to learn the finer points of coaching. On arrival, Anwar asked what he should do first and Hopman replied drily that he would have to start by knocking off the curry and rice that accumulated on his waist."

DISCIPLINE was the cornerstone of Hopman's instructional methods. On all his travels with Australian Davis Cup teams, he insisted on checking into a hotel that was close to a park, so that his players would not have to go far for the traditional morning run. On one occasion, three



Symbol of the world's most famous tennis coaching camp

luckless Australians left the hotel for the park even as Hopman, armed with a pair of binoculars, watched them in secrecy from the window of his room. He fumed as he watched them sitting casually under some trees instead of running as stipulated. Some time later, they returned to the hotel, to be met in the lobby by a grim-faced Hopman who asked politely how far they had run.

"Three miles," they replied, with straight faces.

"Okay," said Hopman. "Now go back and actually run three miles instead of fooling around."

The keynote of discipline was carried over in due course to his tennis camp at Bardmoor, where tennis buffs of every nationality sweated on the 32 clay and 10 hard courts. The story is told of a group of boys who were ordered to run around the estate but who cheated. They ran a few hundred metres till they thought they were out of sight, waited an appropriate length of time and then returned, having dipped their shirts into the Olympic-sized swimming pool in order to simulate perspiration. But Hopman, never easily deceived, met them as they walked back and ordered them to pack their bags and leave immediately.

There was no official mourning, but the silence was evidence of the great man's passing. In a corner, now lying unattended, was the golf cart that Hopman used while doing his rounds of the massive estate

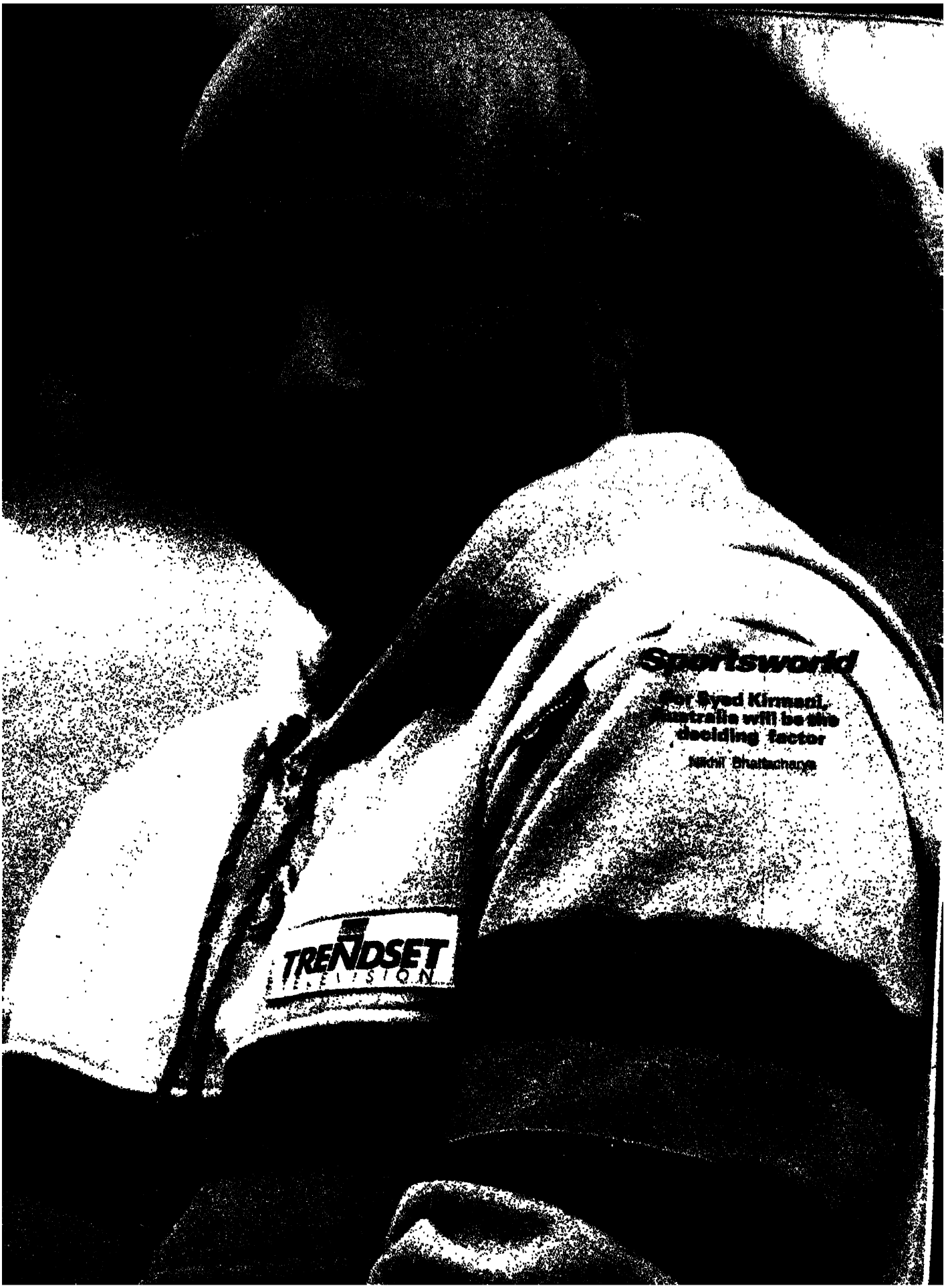
Although tennis players of all age groups are welcome, the rules at Bardmoor are inflexible for juniors, who are not allowed out of the camp during the week. One high-spirited camper decided to ignore this law and was relaxing at the house of a friend when the phone rang. It was a man with a deep voice. "This is Harry here," the voice intoned solemnly. "If you are not back at Bardmoor in exactly ten minutes, you can catch the next flight home."

The offending junior, panicky, caught a taxi and beat the deadline by the proverbial whisker. As he entered the camp, the thought struck him that the caller might have been one of his roommates attempting to pull a hoax. "I returned to my room to find, for the first time, that it was spick and span. Then I knew that it was no hoax. Mister Hopman had been to the room and discovered that I was missing. He had also found time to warn my roommates that they too would be reprimanded if they failed to tidy up."

Hopman was no phantom administrator in his own private tennis republic. Clad in tennis kit, Polaroid glasses and sometimes a sunshade as well, his was a powerful presence. Where he could not walk, he used a golf cart; where he could walk, he seemed, as if by magic, to be simultaneously in several different places. One junior camper, excused from afternoon exercises because of boils on his leg, was surprised to find himself confronted by Hopman himself, demanding to know why he was not with the rest of the juniors. Having received permission from the resident nurse, the camper informed Hopman that the boils made movement painful. "I'll check that with the nurse," was all that Hopman said, before disappearing. Aggrieved that he had been misjudged, the camper was hugely mollified later in the evening as Hopman sought him out to say that he had verified the story with the nurse.

Tennis player. Coach. Captain. Disciplinarian. Visionary. I wonder what they'll put on his tombstone. Perhaps they should inscribe the word "Architect." Of houses? No. Of victory.

DAVID MCMAHON RESEARCHED BY ANDY O'BRIEN AND BARRY O'BRIEN.


Sportsworld
for Syed Kirmani,
Australia will be the
deciding factor
Nikhil Bhattacharya
TRENDSET
TELEVISION

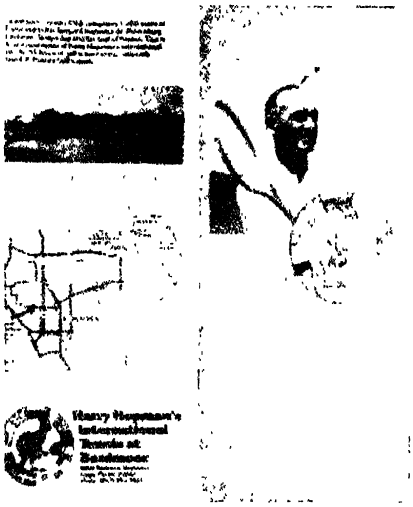
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The first time Mr Hopman was in Perth during the Hopman Cup Club tournament. "We were playing the qualifying round," he recalls. "I remember the young Rod Laver being beaten 6-1, 6-1 by Ken Mills, a once-was the Wimbledon referee. At the lunch table after that match Hopman told the disappointed Laver: 'Don't worry, one day you will be a better player than Ken Mills.' Hopman also says Laver had the knack of speaking Italian."

"In 1962 I spent three months in Hopman house in Australia but he never let me have an extremely generous man. Although there was a belief that he was only interested in money. At every party he would put a hundred dollars in my pocket and when people were not looking I would put it back in his. Then on another occasion I went to Hopman to learn the exact point of coaching. He replied, 'Never asked what he thought he would have to do with knocking on the cart and [illegible] on his waistcoat."

DAVE HAWKE was the cornerstone [illegible] Hopman's success. He [illegible] with Australia [illegible] before he retired [illegible] Hopman [illegible] Davis Cup [illegible] players would [illegible] to [illegible] the traditional [illegible]



Symbol of the world's most famous tennis coaching camp

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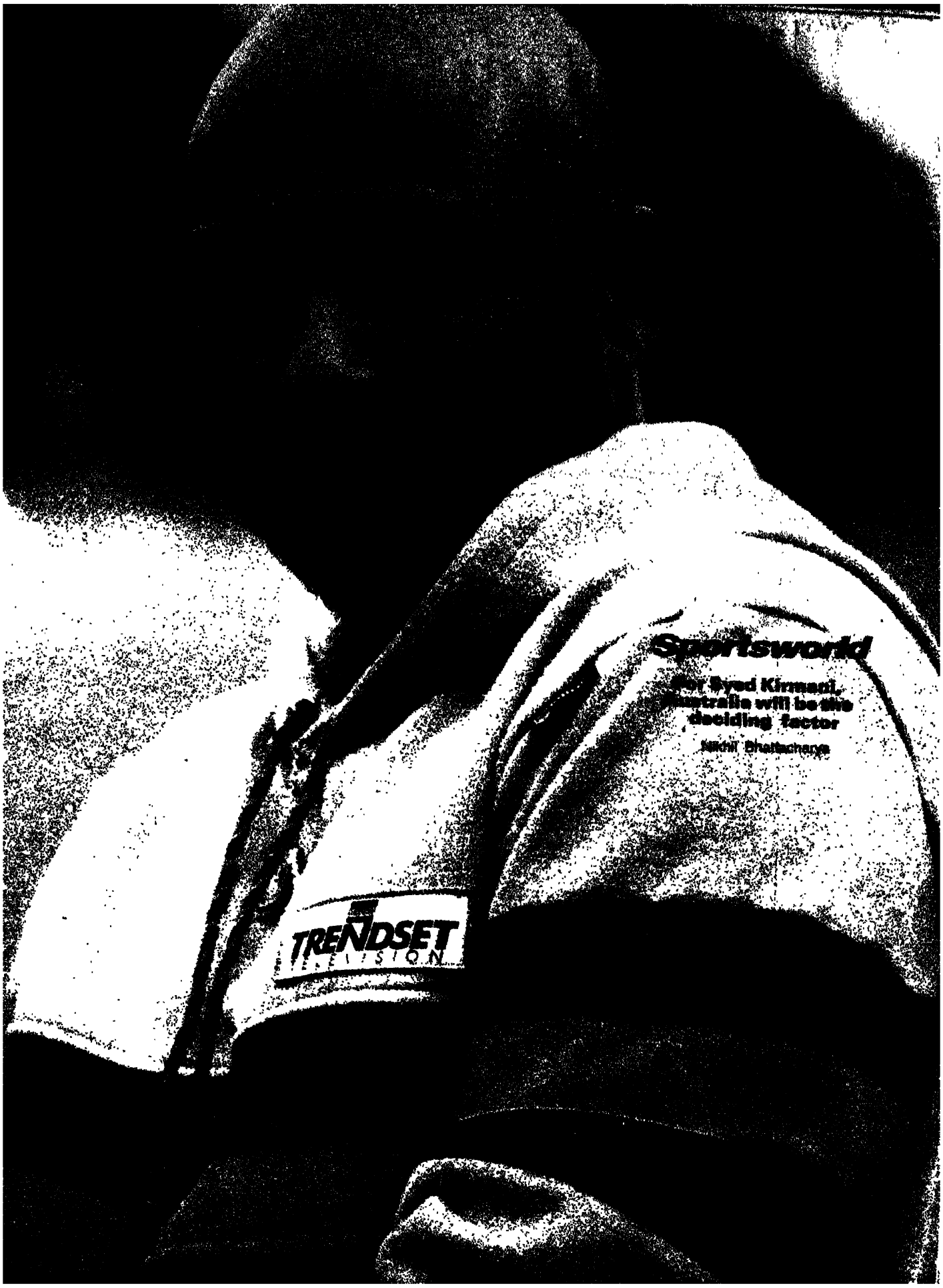
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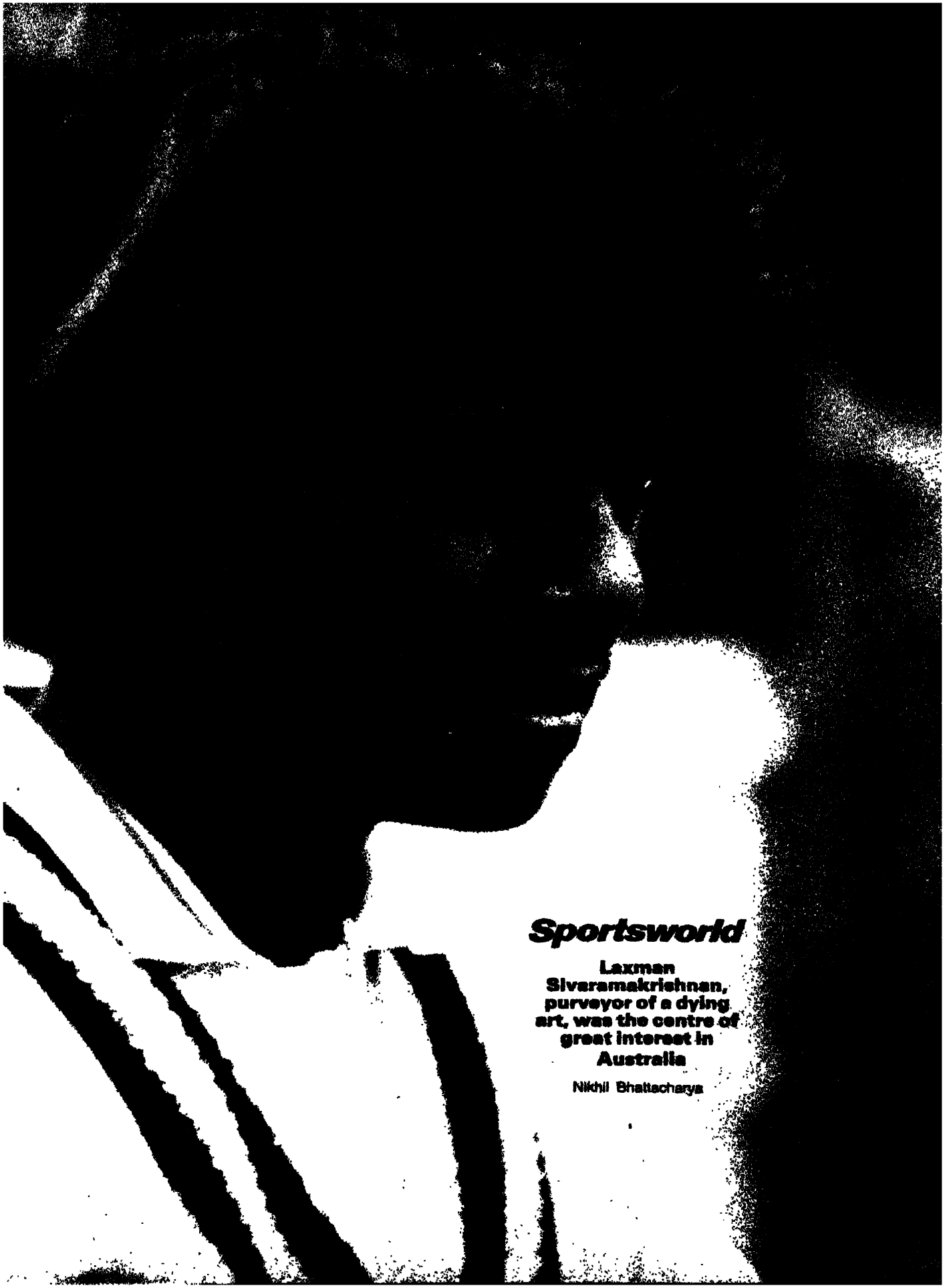
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[illegible] McMahon, [illegible] Anne O'Brien, [illegible]


Sportsworld
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Sportsworld

Laxman Sivaramakrishnan, purveyor of a dying art, was the centre of great interest in Australia

Nikhil Bhattacharya

'...he bowled like a millionaire.'

David Frith pays tribute to Arthur Mailey,

THE less romantic will claim that only a loony would have as a hero a cricketer he never saw play. But that would be to ignore the hero's reputation as a spin bowler, the fascination of his written deeds, his appealing world-weary outlook, expressed in a shrug and a chuckle.

I did get to know him. His hair was white by then. He willingly signed for us kids at the SCG gates, and once came along to present us with caps won in some St George under-something competition. That night, incorrigibly self-deprecating, he told us about one of his own trophies, the ball with which he took 9 for 121 against England at Melbourne in 1921. An inscribed silver ring had been put around it. But the morning after he got it back home to Sydney he leaned out the window and saw his son bowling it against a brick wall.

Later, Arthur Mailey was a client in the Commonwealth Bank in Cronulla, where I was employed. He used to come in for a chat with the manager, and I think they went fishing together. Mailey had a shop down that way, and painted compellingly on the window 'I used to bowl tripe; then I wrote it; now I sell it.' No amount of coaxing would draw him on his achievements. His 10 for 66 against Gloucestershire was 'pure luck'. He would talk about getting Hobbs with a fulltoss—that amused both of them apparently—and of taking 4 for 362 when Victoria piled up 1107. That lent itself to several hallowed quotes: that Mailey was just 'settling into a length when the innings ended, and his figures would have been much improved but for the poor catching of a chap in a tweed coat in the outer.

The legend was built around this sort of thing. The inner story, though, is that Mailey taught himself to spin the ball so hard that it made a kind of music.

He was born in the poorest part of Sydney on 3 January, 1886, and some of us therefore are about to toast his centenary. He grew up in a shack. Successively trouser-presser, labourer, paper-seller, bottle-collector and glassblower (which strengthened his fingers), there were times when 'I could so easily have thrown in the towel and drifted onto the scrapheap of human endeavour.' He bowled Trumper in a grade match—and later wrote exquisitely in his autobiography of the lead-up ('Wonder if he knows I'm playing against him? Don't suppose he's ever heard of me...In fact, I think I was slightly out of my mind') and the execution, the dipping, curving googly which stranded the god-like batsman for a stumping, which left Mailey feeling 'like a boy who had killed a dove'.

The Great War delayed his Test debut, and he was 34 when he won his first cap for Australia. He said he was informed of this great honour while cleaning one of the Water Board's meters under a coolibar tree. That alone might have rendered him unique. Soon he was on his way to England, and a new and charming world. His wit and cartoonist's skills and newfound fame made him a popular guest at some eminent dinner-tables. Never again would he don overalls out of need.

His drawings brought him almost as much acclaim as his spin bowling, but while the former remained a lifelong activity, his cricket, naturally, closed with middle age. All his 21 Tests were contained in six years, the last at The Oval in 1926, when England won the Ashes back, and Mailey turned up still in a dinner-jacket after a dinner party the previous night at East Grinstead. 'Not now, Bert', he had muttered to his skipper, Collins, whose inscrutable face was the first to receive him in the dressing-room. Mailey took 9 for 266 in that Test (including Hobbs's wicket—again—with a full-toss), and thus finished with 99 Test wickets (36 in one series): ideally tantalising for the bowler in question. In all first-class cricket he fiddled out 779 batsman at an average of 24.10. He also amused himself by featuring in Australia's 10th-wicket record stand of 127 with Taylor at Sydney in 1924-25.

If Mailey is now seen as a joke perpetrated by cricket history, his ghost will be laughing gently along with the sneers of the unknowing. But that Buster Keaton face of his smiled at life, scowled only rhetorically at adversity—and persuaded an out-of-time admirer to pay a very large sum in a 1985 sale for the copy of his autobiography containing original sketches.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Mailey painted compellingly on his shop window 'I used to bowl tripe; then I wrote it; now I sell it.'



Opposing my hero

Arthur Mailey's version of how he bowled Victor Trumper is a cricketing classic

MORE unemployment—and still I carried a cricket ball as I trudged the streets.

I had drifted into a lower grade of cricket, though it was still of a fairly good standard, and I was told by some of my teammates that I was capable of bowling a very dangerous ball. It didn't come up as often as it should, but it might lead to something. However, I would be well advised to lessen the spin and concentrate on length.

I was flattered that my fellow-cricketers should think that even a few of the balls I delivered had devil in them. All the same, there was a rebellious imp sitting on my shoulder that whispered: "Take no notice, cobber. They're crazy. Millions can bowl a good length but few can really spin the ball. Keep the spin and practise, practise, practise."

Then came a commission for a house-painting job. It was a house near Botany Bay and it belonged to my brother-in-law. Wages? A bat that had been given to my brother-in-law by a distant relative who had taken part in the 1904 English tour. But what a relative! It was Victor Trumper himself—the fantastic, legendary Trumper, my particular hero. A hundred pounds could not have given me more pleasure.

At the same time, and having done my house-painting, I got another regular job. I became an A Class labourer on the Water and Sewerage Board.

It is difficult to realize that a relatively minor event in one's life can still remain the most important through the years. I was chosen to play for Redfern against Paddington—and Paddington was Victor Trumper's club.

This was unbelievable, fantastic. It could never happen—something was sure to go wrong. A war—an earthquake—Trumper might fall sick. A million things could crop up in the two or three days before the match.

I sat on my bed and looked at Trumper's picture that pinned on the canvas wall. It seemed to be breathing with the movement of the draught between the skirting. I glanced at his bat standing in a corner of the room, then back at the gently moving picture. I just couldn't believe that this, to me, ethereal and godlike figure could step off the wall, pick up the bat and say quietly, 'Two legs, please, umpire', in my presence.

My family, usually undemonstrative and self-possessed, found it difficult to maintain that reserve which, strange as it may seem, was characteristic of my father's Northern Irish heritage.

'H'm', said Father, 'Playing against Trumper on Saturday By jove, you'll cop Old Harry if you're put on to bowl at him.'

'Why should he?' protested Mother, 'You never know what you can do till you try.'

I had nothing to say. I was little concerned with what should happen to me in the match. What worried me was that something would happen to Trumper which would prevent his playing.



Arthur Mailey in his shop in his later years. "Wonder what Trumper's doing this very minute...bet he's not ironing his flannels. Sends them to the laundry, I suppose. He's probably got two sets of flannels, anyway."

Right up to my first Test match I always washed and pressed my own flannels, but before this match I pressed them not once but several times. On the Saturday I was up with the sparrows and looking anxiously at the sky. It was a lovely morning but it still might rain. Come to that, lots of things could happen in ten hours—there was still a chance that Vic could be taken ill or knocked down by a tram or twist his ankle or break his arm...

My thoughts were interrupted by a vigorous thumping on the back gate. I looked out of the washhouse-bathroom-woodshed-workshop window and saw that it was the milkman who was kicking up the row.

'Hey!' he roared—'—yer didn't leave the can out. I can't wait around here all day. A man should pour it in the garbage tin—that'd make yer wake up a bit!'

On that morning I wouldn't have cared whether he poured the milk in the garbage tin or all over me. I didn't belong to this world. I was playing against the great Victor Trumper. Let the milk take care of itself.

I kept looking at the clock. It might be slow—or it might have stopped! I'd better whip down to the Zetland Hotel and check up. Anyhow, I mightn't bowl at Trumper after all. He might get out before I come on. Or I mightn't get a bowl at all—after all, I can't put myself on. Wonder what Trumper's doing this very minute...bet he's not ironing his flannels. Sends them to the laundry, I suppose. He's probably got two sets of flannels, anyway. Perhaps he's at breakfast, perhaps he's eating bacon and eggs. Wonder if he knows I'm playing against him? Don't suppose he's ever heard of me. Wouldn't worry him anyhow, I shouldn't think. Gosh, what a long morning! Think I'll dig the garden. No, I won't—I want to keep fresh. Thank I'll lie down for a bit...better not, I might fall off to sleep and be late.

The morning did not pass in this way. Time just stopped. I couldn't bring myself to doing anything in

particular and yet I couldn't settle to the thought of not doing anything. I was bowling to Trumper and I was not bowling to Trumper. I was early and I was late. In fact, I think I was slightly out of my mind.

I didn't get to the ground so very early after all, mainly because it would have been impossible for me to wait around so near the scene of Trumper's appearance—and yet for it to rain or news to come that something had prevented Vic from playing.

'Is he here?' I asked Harry Goddard, our captain, the moment I did arrive at the ground.

'Is who here?' he countered.

My answer was probably a scornful and disgusted look. I remember that it occurred to me to say, 'Julius Caesar, of course' but that I stopped myself being cheeky because this was one occasion when I couldn't afford to be.

Paddington won the toss and took first knock.

When Trumper walked out to bat, Harry Goddard said to me: 'I'd better keep you away from Vic. If he starts on you he'll probably knock you out of grade cricket.'

Vic, beautifully clad in creamy, loose-fitting but well-tailored flannels, left the pavilion with his bat tucked under his left arm and in the act of donning his gloves. Although slightly pigeontoed in the left foot he had a springy athletic walk and a tendency to shrug his shoulders every few minutes, a habit I understand he developed through trying to loosen his shirt off his shoulders when it became soaked with sweat during his innings.

Arriving at the wicket, he bent his bat handle almost to a right angle, walked up the pitch, prodded about six yards of it, returned to the batting crease and asked the umpire for 'two legs', took a quick glance in the direction of fine leg, shrugged his shoulders again and took up his stance.

I was called to bowl sooner than I had expected. I suspect now that Harry Goddard changed his mind and decided to put me out of my misery early in the piece.

Did I ever bowl that first ball? I don't remember. My head was in a whirl, I really think I fainted and the secret of the mythical first ball has been kept over all these years to save me embarrassment. If the ball was sent down it must have been hit for six, or at least four, because I was awakened from my trance by the thunderous booming Yabba who roared: 'O for a strong arm and a walking stick!'

I do remember the next ball. It was, I imagined, a perfect legbreak. When it left my hand it was singing sweetly like a humming top. The trajectory couldn't have been more graceful if designed by a professor of ballistics. The tremendous leg-spin caused the ball to swing and curve from the off and move in line with the middle and leg stump. Had I bowled this particular ball at any other batsman I would have turned my back early in its flight and listened for the death rattle. However, consistent with my idolization of the champion, I watched his every movement.

He stood poised like a panther ready to spring. Down came his left foot to within a foot of the ball. The bat, swung from well over his shoulders, met the ball just as it fizzed off the pitch, and the next sound I heard was a rapping on the off-side fence.

It was the most beautiful shot I have ever seen.

What were my reactions?

Well, I never expected that ball or any other ball I could produce to get Trumper's wicket. But that being the best ball a bowler of my type could spin into being, I thought that at least Vic might have been forced to play a defensive shot, particularly as I was almost a stranger too and it might have been to his advantage to use discretion rather than valour.

After I had bowled one or two other reasonably good balls without success I found fresh hope in the thought that Trumper had found Bosanquet, creator of the 'wrong' un' or 'bosie' (which I think a better name), rather puzzling. This left me with one shot in my locker, but if I didn't use it quickly I would be taken out of the firing line. I decided, therefore, to try this most undisciplined and cantankerous creation of the great B.J. Bosanquet—not, as many may think, as a compliment to the inventor but as the gallant farewell, so to speak, of a warrior who refused to surrender until all his ammunition was spent.

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Again fortune was on my side in that I bowled the ball I had often dreamed of bowling. As with the leg-break, it had sufficient spin to curve in the air and break considerably after making contact with the pitch. If anything it might have had a little more top-spin, which would cause it to drop rather suddenly. The sensitivity of a spinning ball against a breeze is governed by the amount of spin imparted, and if a ball bowled at a certain pace drops on a certain spot, one bowled with identical pace but with more top-spin should drop eighteen inches or two feet shorter.

For this reason I thought the difference in the trajectory and ultimate landing of the ball might provide a measure of uncertainty in Trumper's mind. Whilst the ball was in flight this reasoning appeared to be vindicated by Trumper's initial movement. As at the beginning of my over he sprang in to attack but did not realize that the ball, being an off-break, was floating away from him and dropping a little quicker. Instead of his left foot being close to the ball it was a foot out of line.

In a split second Vic grasped this and tried to make up the deficiency with a wider swing of the bat. It was then I could see a passage-way to the stumps with our 'keeper, Con Hayes, ready to claim his victim. Vic's bat came through like a flash but the ball passed between his bat and legs, missed the leg stump by a fraction, and the bails were whipped off with the great batsman at least two yards out of his ground.

Vic had made no attempt to scramble back. He knew the ball had beaten him and was prepared to pay the penalty, and although he had little chance of regaining his crease on this occasion I think he would have acted similarly if his back foot had been only an inch from safety.

As he walked past me he smiled, patted the back of his bat and said, 'It was too good for me'.

There was no triumph in me as I watched the receding figure. I felt like a boy who had killed a dove.

Courtesy: *10 for 66 and all that*, 1958.

When Pataudi became Pat O'dy!

Bill O'Reilly turns 80 and nostalgic. **Ashis Ray** speaks to him

"CAUGHT O'Brien bowled O'Reilly" was not an uncommon dismissal in Test cricket in Australia in the early Thrities. And one that inevitably instigated a roar of approval from those of Irish descent in the stands at the Sydney Cricket Ground.

These sections had, in fact, swollen in numbers and there was a great buzz of excitement among these Irish-extraction people as the 1932 England-Australia Test got underway. The reason: they were overjoyed with the inclusion of an Irishman in the visiting side and had come to see him! And who do you think this cynosure was? Pat O'Dy. When of course they actually caught a glimpse of this cricketer they were suprised to note that he was slightly darker than what an Irish person normally would be, and the name that went up on the scoreboard read: Pataudi, not Pat O'Dy!

This is the kind of anecdote Bill O'Reilly, who turned 80 on 20 December last, would narrate if you cared to lend him your ears in the Press Box at Test matches in Australia. Indeed, with Jack Fingleton and Ray Robinson no more, 'Tiger' O'Reilly is the only really distinguished cricket writer still active in the Antipodies. (No, I haven't forgotten Richie Benaud, except that I think of him these days as more of a television commentator than a print journalist).

O'Reilly, I am sure, needs no introduction to a cricket lover. But just to refresh readers' minds, this medium-paced wrist spinner played in only 27 Tests between 1932 and 1945, capturing 144 wickets at an average of 22.59. As Sir Leonard Hutton (and he should know) writes in his book. *Fifty Years In Cricket*, "O'Reilly was a supreme bowler if ever there was one. Even if the conditions were loaded against him, he was still formidable, and even more so when adversity fired his Irish blood.... O'Reilly is accepted as the greatest of the spin bowlers of his time."

One might imagine that for a man to earn such accolade, plenty of thought and theory went into his bowling. Yet when this writer asked him to sum up his approach in his playing days, the old man responded: "Head down, tail up, and get on with it." Indeed, referring to young Sivaramakrishnan's recent problems, he had exactly the same advice for the Tamil Nadu lad.



'Head down, tail up and get on with it,' O'Reilly advises Siva

O'Reilly explained: "anyone who is good enough to play Test cricket at his (Siva's) age, mut be an intelligent fellow. Giving him a load of technical rubbish will only help to confuse him. He should be left on his own to eradicate his troubles, which I have no doubt he will sooner than later." It was difficult to entirely agree with the ancient one's logic, yet one could not but admire the good, old-fashioned attitude to the game.

In fact, it is the same old-world philosophy that dominates his eminently readable columns in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. The Australian players do not seem to take his views very seriously. Indeed, some of them believe that the 'Tiger' has gone senile. Besides, O'Reilly's compatriots in the Press Box evoke no more than a grudging respect for the veteran soul. But his readers still love him and swear by him. And his influence is not inconsiderable for his contributions are syndicated by newspapers in several parts of Australia.

His pieces are, in fact, notable for their 'No-nonsense' style. Yet, they do not lack a sense of humour or sympathy and praise for those who deserve it, which often includes visiting players who catch his imagination, like Kapil Dev, Gavaskar and Srikkanth in the Adelaide Test. But conspicuous failure is generally not allowed to escape without a scathing reaction, especially if this non-performance emanates from the Aussie camp.

There is, obviously, not much love lost between O'Reilly and the cricket authorities in Australia, particularly PBL Marketing, the Kerry Packer firm on a contract with the Australian

Cricket Board to promote the game in this counter. O'Reilly, unreservedly, blames this PR company for the current ills of cricket in Australia.

Answering the question: What's gone wrong with Australian cricket, the former Test star felt that PBL's emphasis is on one-day cricket at the cost of Test cricket and first-class cricket. He pointed to the relative lack of public interest in the original game, and the havoc that too much limited-overs cricket too early was playing with the development of young cricketers. One could hardly fault him on this score. It is a decade since the Australians were last spoken of as world champions, and in the past year have been pretty badly humbled by the West Indies, England and New Zealand. Indeed, O'Reilly is convinced that no improvement can befall Australian cricket as long as the association with PBL lasts, which it will for another two years.

In many ways, Bill O'Reilly is quite unique. He did not get along too with Bradman, though he bowled his heart out for him. He thoroughly disapproved of Packer's World Championship of Cricket, and has not compromised with the later versions of the pyjama contest till date. The South Africans, lately, offered him a fortune to go and give a boost to the sagging fate of the Australian 'Rebel' tour out there, but the octogenarian would not be lured.

Indeed, it is a wonder that he was persuaded to quit his schoolmaster's job in the New South Wales 'outback,' move to Sydney and concentrate on cricket. That was 55 years ago. Admittedly, a loss to the school children concerned, but an extraordinary gain for the cricket community the world over.

Let us wish him many more happy returns of his birthday!

To hit him for four...made you sorry

Sir Don Bradman on Bill O'Reilly

WILLIAM J. O'REILLY first played against me on a concrete wicket, on what is now called the Bradman Oval at Bowral, in a Saturday afternoon fixture. I survived his first few overs more by good luck than good management and remained 234 not out at stumps.

We continued the match the following Saturday at Wingello, and in the first over he bowled me round my legs before I had added to my score.

I was amazed that a man could turn the ball from the leg at his pace with his grip.

That was in the year 1926.

Before many more years were past every leading batsman in the world was amazed at the same thing.

O'Reilly did not hold the ball in the fingers quite like the orthodox leg-spinner. It was held more towards the palm of the hand. He was advised by certain 'experts' to change his grip, but fortunately refused to be advised.

This grip did not enable him to spin the ball very much, but it did enable him to achieve phenomenal accuracy plus *sufficient* spin.

His stock ball was the leg-break, but now and then he would bowl a very well concealed googly or an overspin with a delightfully delicate change of pace and for good measure an occasional fast one.

This slower ball would often be played uppishly by batsmen, because in addition to the deceptive flight O'Reilly's great height gave it much lift from the pitch.

The particular type of bowling he exploited enabled him to adopt an attacking field embodying two short-leg fieldsmen and he would concentrate on the leg stump for hours at a time.

O'Reilly never gave the batsman any respite. He was always aggressive, had great stamina and courage.

To hit him for four would usually arouse a belligerent ferocity which made you sorry. It was almost like disturbing a hive of bees. He seemed to attack from all directions.

His record in Test cricket is amazing, for in the brief period from the 1932-3 to the 1938 series, he achieved the distinction of getting 102 wickets against England.

No other player can approach such a performance.

Some other figures of his should also prove illuminating. In Sydney First Grade District Cricket we find that over a period of 45 years from 1895 to 1939-40, only seven players have had a bowling average of less than 10, for 30 or more wickets.

Not one of those players did it more than once.

O'Reilly had a bowling average of less than 10 (with a minimum of 31 wickets) *seven times.*

Those figures I think are a true reflex of his greatness, especially as they were made during a period when the batsmen's averages all advanced considerably.

From what I have read and from conversations with old players, there can be no doubt S.F. Barnes was a magnificent bowler.

He must have been very similar to O'Reilly though I imagine slightly faster and without the wrong-un or googly.

It is impossible accurately to compare the two men of different generations, but my inquiries lead me to the conclusion that Barnes and O'Reilly were the two greatest bowlers who ever lived, and that each was undoubtedly the greatest of his time.

Their respective Anglo-Australian Test Match figures were:

Barnes 106 wkts 2,288 runs 21.58 average.
O'Reilly 102 wkts 2,616 runs 25.64 average.

The late Sir Stanley Jackson once tried very hard to convince me that George Lohmann was a greater bowler than O'Reilly.

I listened intently. On every count (but one) I gave in to Sir Stanley that Lohmann might have been as good as O'Reilly. However, I claimed as my winning point that O'Reilly bowled a googly as against Lohmann's orthodox off-break and on technical ground must have been more difficult to handle.

With the tenacity which characterized his batting, Sir Stanley (not having played against O'Reilly) refused to concede the argument.

I am in no doubt on the point.

Courtesy: *Farewell to Cricket, 1950*

Come on, Aussie, come on

THE Russians were here to teach us a lesson or two in the art of football and the Germans followed some days later to do the same. Both nations have unimpeachable credentials in the game. But it was football, not cricket. So what were the Aussies doing in Delhi? The cricket series is being played in Australia.

But believe it or not, they barged their way past some of our strongest clubs to take away the D.C.M. Cup, one of the major trophies of Indian football. Even the Australians had football lessons to offer us.

Whatever the game, the Aussie likes to play it tough. The tougher the better. "We play physical soccer," said Alex Kosmina, manager of the South Australian team from Adelaide." "If the other team gets tough we get tougher," he added unabashedly. You have only to say "Come on Aussie, Come on," and out in the middle you will find him going beyond himself, fighting to the last gasp, as a packed Ambedkar Stadium saw South Australia doing to the cheers of half a dozen of their fellow countrymen and women in the grandstand.

Soccer is still an infant sport in Australia, brought there by post-War migrants—the Poles, the Italians, the Germans, the Greeks, the Slavs and other ethnic groups from Europe. Continuing to play the game in their new home they have acquired a characteristic Australian toughness which enables them to hold their own against more skilful opponents.

A month ago, the Scots had a taste of it before they scraped through to the World Cup finals. In the more recent D.C.M. Cup tournament, the South Australian "Socceroos", with

The South Australia goalkeeper puts up a strong defence



vigorous siding tackles and shoulder charges, kept some of our clubs as also the Liao Ning Chinese and the Koreans from Bank of Seoul, repeatedly reminded that soccer is man's game, after all.

Every single player in an Aussie team is expected to be tough—even if he belongs to as delicate a calling as ladies' hair-dresser. That is what Serge Melta, an ethnic Italian, is when he is not charging about on a soccer pitch. He had a broken arm to show in the match against Liao Ning. "But that was sheer accident, and the direct result of "physical" soccer," assured manager Kosmina, whose son John donned the No. 9 jersey in the Australian World Cup team. Had John been living in Adelaide Papa Kosmina would have brought him as a member of the squad to the D.C.M. Cup, but the young man has made Sydney, New South Wales, his home.

To be tough is not to be dirty. Only the discerning knows the distinction. To be tough is perfectly all right, but, it is despicable to play it dirty. "We are not dirty," Kosmina took pains to explain when he talked of "physical" soccer. Far from being dirty, "My team is a bunch of good young men dedicated to the game," Kosmina claimed.

"The Australian is famous the world over for his fondness for beer, but when I say no beer they even obey that, although your Kingfischer is quite as good ." These Aussies must be a very disciplined bunch if just one word from their manager, could keep them off beer.

According to Kosmina, the Aussies found it more difficult to play Indian teams than Liao Ning or Bank of Seoul, "because Indians play at a fast pace, whereas we play slow." All that constant scurrying and scampering of our teams created problems for the slow Australians. The other teams pause and plan their moves as in a game of chess. It suited the forthright Australians, who give their tackles everything they have.

There were only eight Australian-born players in Kosmina's squad. Kosmina himself is from Poland originally. But most, if not all, of them have, also taken to cricket while retaining their inherited first love for soccer. One reason why the "Socceroos" from Adelaide will remember their Indian visit is the game of cricket they played, and lost, to the boys of the Modern School on whose grounds they trained on days they had no matches in the D.C.M. Cup. Another reason was the full houses at the Ambedkar Stadium and the generous applause. Back home soccer matches don't attract big crowds. The crowds prefer Australian rules football.



Micro Eye

A tough tackle: Action from the South Australia—Liao Ning match

The story goes that before the Australia-Scotland World Cup qualifying match the Scots promised to migrate, should they fail to win. The world knows how hard they had to fight to make sure that they did not have to leave home for good.

Yes, Australia has lessons to teach even in soccer.

Come on, Aussie, Come on.

THE Delhi Cloth Mills Football tournament committee has done well to make sure that an Indian club entered the final this year. The groupings and the draw were so arranged. There were three foreign teams and two of these, Bank of Seoul, and South Australia XI, were clubbed in the same pool, thus eliminating one of them at the first stage league itself. And when the four group winners emerged, the other overseas entry, Liaoning Province team from China, were pitted against South Australia in one semi-final, making the other an all-Indian affair betwcen East Bengal and Jagatjit Cotton Textile Mills.



Jamshid Nasirri of East Bengal falls to execute what would have been a pile driver

Competition-wise the tournament has not suffered except that some of the group matches and the semi-finals were also made to look like virtual finals for the teams.

The D.C.M. tournament secretary, G.P. Sinha, is one of those rare officials who is not exactly bothered about the coffers. "For me and my company money is not the prime concern. We do not run this tournament for making a profit which I could make even with the Indian clubs," he says adding," My concern is that Indian football also should get something out of this exercise of calling foreign sides." Perhaps, that is why the suave soft-spoken official is also not too worried about the All India Football Federation shifting tournament from early winter to the peak of it to accommodate the Durand Cup.

Sinha's new thinking about the draw was also the outcome of last year's experience when all four foreign teams occupied the semi-final berths, which did not appeal to the fans.

After quite some years, there was keen and interesting football in the capital. And there were spectacular goals even in the earlier rounds. Crowd turn-out for some of the matches clearly dispelled the gloom that the game is fast losing its charm. This, despite a surfeit of football in Delhi this year. When Mohammedan Sporting met J.C.T. Mills, when East Bengal met the Phagwara millmen and when the foreign teams played, the Ambedkar Stadium was bursting at the seams.

In the end, an Australian dream was fulfilled. What the teams from western Australia could not achieve in the last five years, the men from South Australia did in their first appearance. They had to really work hard to take the cup home. They were the worthy winners for they beat both Bank of Seoul and Liaoning before overcoming India's champion club East Bengal, the final ending in tie-breaker after a goalless fight stretching for two hours. Against both the Koreans and the Chinese they bounced back after being at the receiving end. They played with vigour and had some unpredictability about their game. In the preliminary matches they moved with finesse and used open spaces to make headway. As they got into tougher competition they showed that they could also play it tough. The Australians even seemed to have impressed upon the referees that their brand of soccer is accepted and there cannot be any soft options. So, the sliding tackles, with the target mostly being their opponents' legs, body charging and bumping into the attackers were all treated leniently. Not very long ago some of these acts would have invited severe punishment at least in Indian conditions. The Indian clubs are also learning the trade.

Both the Koreans and the Chinese played a similar type of game. They were all craft, but that did not help them against the crowding tactics of the Aussies. The Koreans were knocked out by a late equaliser by the Adelaide side on goal difference and the Chinese committed hara-kiri. They were caught in their own web as they laid an off-side trap. One swift charge by the Australians resulted in the only goal by Chris Manou after their nippy and clean forward Stephen Maxwell ran through the middle to run the trap. The Chinese team was without four top players who were training with their national side.

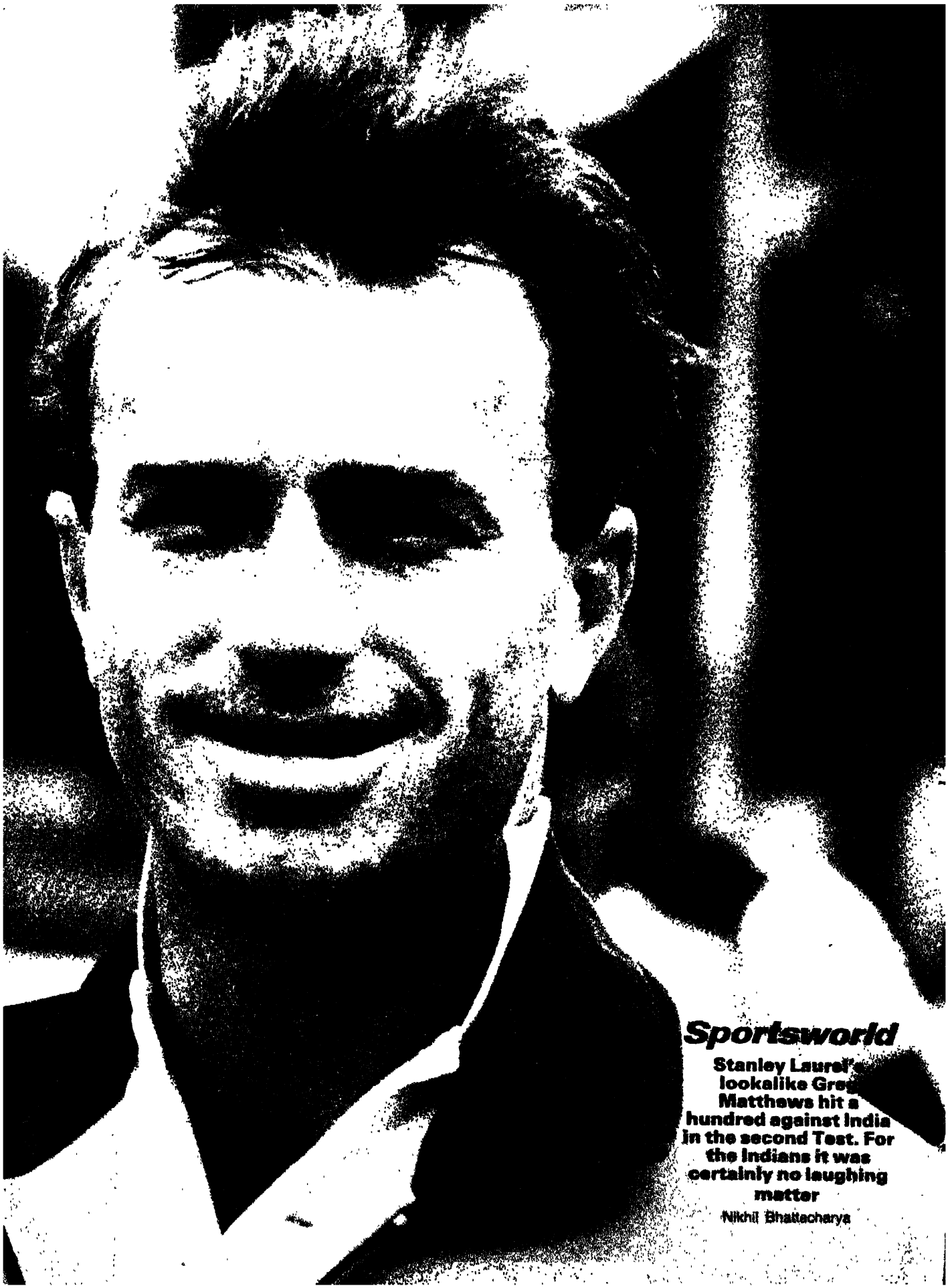
A Correspondent



Sportsworld

K. Srikanth followed his whirlwind 51 in the first Test with 86 explosive runs in the second. A wag was prompted to comment that Srikanth was becoming more consistent at quick innings in Tests than in limited-overs matches!

Nikhil Bhattacharya



Sportsworld

Stanley Laurel's lookalike Greg Matthews hit a hundred against India in the second Test. For the Indians it was certainly no laughing matter

Nikhil Bhattacharya

A year of transition

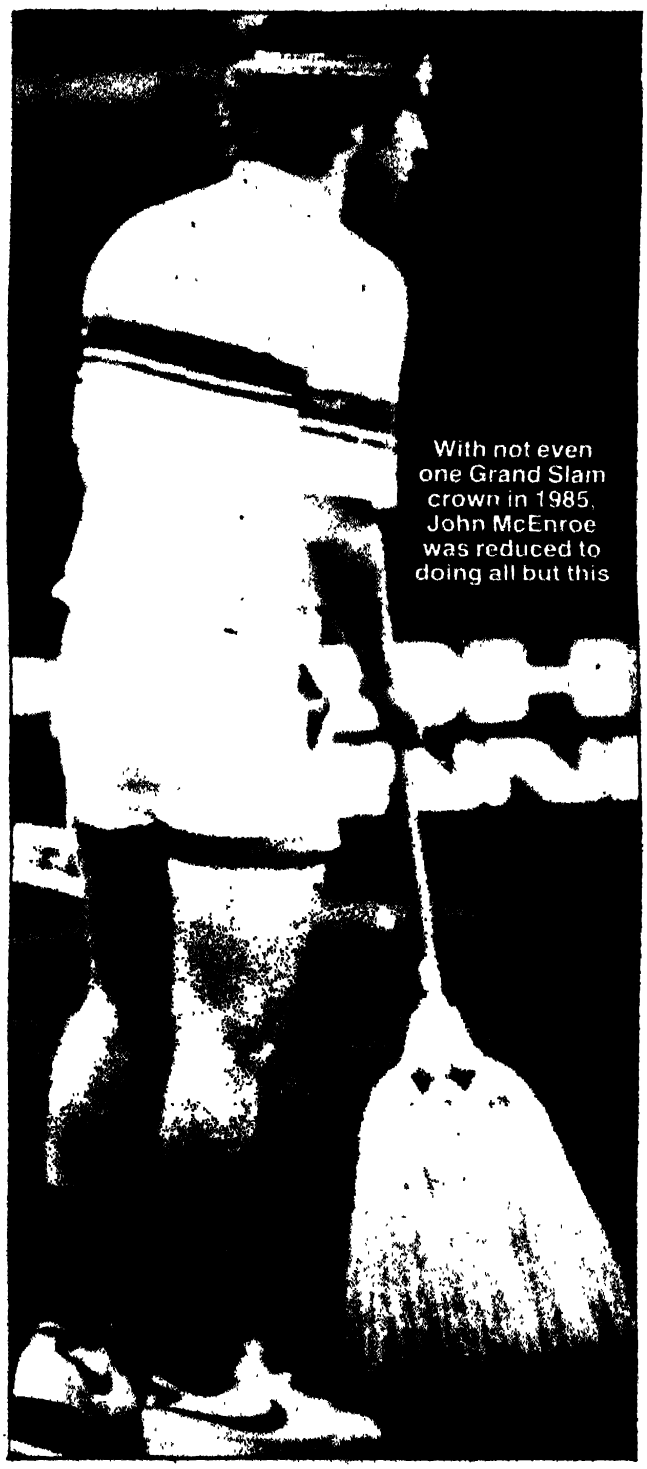
That, perhaps, is the best way to describe 1985 where US sport is concerned, feels **George K. George**

IT was 'The Year After' for American sports. The year after the Olympics, a year of transition. The mantle of leadership passed from old and weary shoulders to the young ones of a 17-year-old Wimbledon champion from Europe and a new heavyweight boxing champion.

U.S. domination of tennis and golf was ended prematurely by foreign invaders. Many of the Olympic starts faded away while veterans like Mary Decker-Slaney and Willie Banks staged impressive comebacks. Professional sports had an exciting year thanks to superstars like Kareem Abdul Jabbar in basketball and Pete Rose in baseball.

On the whole, it was a year of the young and the adventurous. It was a year of excitement and surprises. 1985 will go down in history as the year during which the American domination of tennis was brought to an end by the young Europeans. The defeat of the Americans at the 1984 Davis Cup, in late December, and the controversy surrounding it marked the beginning of the decline. The young Swedes captured the cup and heralded the advent of a new generation.

Mats Wilander continued the streak through the French Open win but the deadly blow came at Wimbledon—when Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe were rudely brushed aside by a new American citizen Kevin Curren. It was ironic that the former South African paved the way for the unknown Boris Becker who at 17 became the most sensational champion in tennis history.



With not even one Grand Slam crown in 1985, John McEnroe was reduced to doing all but this

Yet, American tennis seemed to have the capacity to defend at least its own national title, which has been the monopoly of Americans for years. But it was not to be as the Europeans, lead by Czechoslovakia's Hana Mandlikova and Ivan Lendl, swept all the titles except the men's doubles.

Americans suffered another rude shock in the Australian Open as none of them made even the semi-finals. McEnroe, Tim Mayotte and Scott Davis, who led the American challenge, fell to lower ranked players before reaching the last eight. In fact, none of the four Grand Slam events went to American men.

Golf, dominated by the Americans for several years, gave them only one team event this year. Bernhard Langer, a 21-year-old West German claimed the Masters title through the most incredible strokes. The only comparison of this feat is Wimbledon by Langer's fellow-countryman Boris Becker.

The Pro Golf circuit saw a whole new generation of winners this year. While old masters fell, youngsters like Bill Glasson, Corey Pavin, Mark O'Meara and Hal Sutton took major titles home. After almost three decades, an ameteur won a title—the honour going to Scott Verplank who won the Western Open.

No other sport, besides tennis, experienced such an upheaval as golf did in 1985. The [illegible] of the American te[illegible] to, the



Livingstone Bramble exults after beating 'Boom Boom' Mancini

Europeans delaying the last blow to the pride of American golf.

BOXING also witnessed some major changes, the most obvious being the emergence of a new heavyweight champion. Good old Larry Holmes, whose life ambition has been to be "the people's champion" was pathetic in his loss. The dream of breaking Rocky Marciano's 49 consecutive wins was shattered by Michael Spinks who moved to the heavyweight division as Holmes' handpicked victim. In a way, it was a relief to see a new champion in the heavyweight division which has been stagnant for years.

The fight of the year certainly was the one between [illegible]ellous' Marvin Hagler and Thomas Hearns for the middleweight crown. Hagler took out his opponent in three rounds in an effortless fight to prove once again that he is the best in the business.

'Boom Boom' Mancini quit boxing after his defeat at the hands of Livingston Bramble. Superlightweight Billie Costello, a perennial champion for years, was shocked by newcomer Lonnie Smith. After initial statements on retirement, Costello has made a date with Hector Alexis Arguello, another former champion who will be looking for his fourth title.

The welterweight division saw a unification title bout with Donald Curry beating Milton McCrory in two rounds. Rumours of a comeback by Sugar Ray Leonard turned out to be figments of someone's imagination.

Two foreigners served notice during the year. Ireland's Barry McGuigan claimed the WBA featherweight title and won international attention through his talent and spirit. And Julio Cesar Chavez, the WBC superfeatherweight from Mexico seems to be destined to reign his division for years to come.

Four members of the U.S. Olympic team of 1984 have been making steady progress in their carefully planned pro career. While Mark Breland, the star of the pack, has not been very impressive in his victories, cruiserweight Evander Holifield, who was deprived of gold at the Olympics by the referee for punching after he was signalled to stop, has emerged as the most promising member of the team. Right now they are the only breath of fresh air in American boxing, and the next year will see much more of them.

MARY Decker Slaney and Willie Banks were certainly the best female and male athletes in track and field in 1985. Fame and fortune did not come after Carl Lewis while commerial sponsors gave him the cold shoulder. His only television commercial being done for the Japanese television. A hamstring injury early in the season prompted him to take singing, dancing and acting lessons but has not impressed anyone in any of these areas yet. Lewis continued to complete later in the season and after a slow start, he came up with the best performances of the year by any athlete in the 100 metres and long jump.

His fellow Olympian Edwin Moses suffered a major setback as he was arrested and tried for soliciting an undercover policewoman. Although acquitted and later inducted to the Olympic Hall Of Fame, he has not competed ever since. Right now, even Moses is not too sure about resuming his career.

Two Olympic disappointments became the big success stories of 1985. Mary Decker Slaney, who collided with Zola Budd to miss an Olympic medal for the fourth time in her career staged a marvellous comeback. Hounded by the media and hated by her peers, yet, she refused to surrender. Beginning the year with a new world record in the mile, a calf injury put paid to her effort to set another one while running at world record pace at the Olympic Invitational. After beating the Olympic gold medallist

Maricica Puica and Zola Budd to prove that she could have beeen the gold medallist in the 3,000 at Los Angeles, Decker-Slaney ended the year—which she calls the best of her career—with the announcement of an impending addition to the Slaney household.

While Banks, the man who had to shave his beard during the Olympics to avoid being mistaken for Edwin Moses, created a new world record in the triple jump at the TAC Meet in Los Angeles as he had promised his friends after the Olympics. It was redemption and vindication for this fine athlete who has had more than his fair share of disappointments in the past.

Olympic discoveries Kirk Baptiste (sprinter) and Roger Kingdom (hurdler) had a splendid year and they kept improving—and winning—at home and abroad. Evelyn Ashford was off to raise a family and her absence left a big void in women's track. While a good number of Olympians from the swimming, diving and gymnastics teams took an early retirement or a long break, two outstanding athletes in these disciplines continued their dominance of their sports and the commercial world.

The big success story was little Mary Lou Retton, the overall winner of the women's gymnastics at Los Angeles and the only real media superstar of the 1984 Olyinpics who became an instant millionaire through commercial endorsements and appearances. Yet, she practised five hours a day through the year and led the U.S. team in the America Cup at Indianapolis.

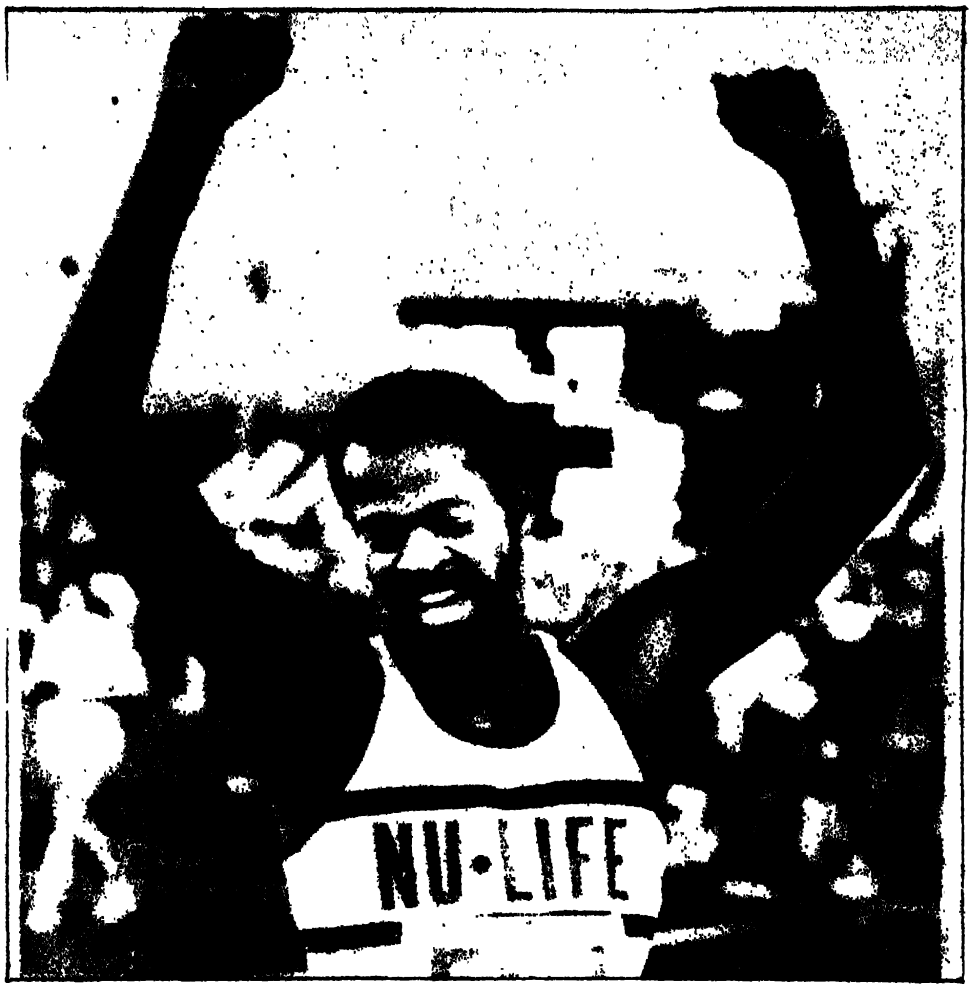
Greg Louganis did not make a lot of money through commercial endorsements, but the best diver of the world kept competing and winning. He has been promoting the sport throughout the country and has turned out to be a model of Olympic ideals and values. Unlike the members of the men's gymnastics team, he has not tried to sell his fame to make some fast money but continues to love the sport and shares it with thousands of youngsters in the country.

Two sports which were not very popular in the United States have enjoyed tremendous growth thanks to the Olympics. Cycling has become a new craze in the land and an American, Greg Lemond, even won one sector of the famous Tour De France as the understudy of the eventual champion Bernard Hinault. Next year, Lemond could very well be his successor.

The American men's volleyball team continued its good work throughout 1985. The moment of glory came in Tokyo when it claimed the volleyball World Cup through six consecutives wins in the eight-nation tournament. The victims included the Soviet Union and Japan. This was the first time in eight years that a major volleyball title has been taken away from the Soviets.

ONE man stood tall among all the professional athletes of the land. His name is Kareem Abdul Jabbar, 7 feet 2 inch superstar of the Los Angeles Lakers basketball team. In his 17th year in pro basketball, he has made more field goals (13,930) than any player in the land, blocked more shots (2,815) and scored more points (33,754) which is a game record. In the process, he also won six Most Valuable Player awards.

The man who boycotted the membership of the 1968 Olympic team in protest of the treatment of blacks in the United States, keeps fighting for his convictions and for his team. His dream is to take Laker to this year's national title and break the hoodoo that no team has won that title in consecutive years for the past 17 years. Not bad for a 38-year-old man who will go down in history as the owner of many records and the inventor of the famous skyhook.



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Not even Becker could stop them

When the reserve in your team is a Wimbledon semi-finalist you are obviously the best side around. And that's exactly what the Swedes proved.

Wimbledon champion Boris Becker at his brilliant best couldn't prevent the Swedes from winning the final 3-2. Becker won both his singles matches but lost the doubles partnering Andreas Maurer (right)

For he's a jolly good fellow- Australian Open champion Stefan Edberg is tossed in the air after winning the deciding game against West German Michael Westphal in Munich. At right is the Swedish coach Hans Olson (below right)

The magnificent four who won the Davis Cup for Sweden, from left—Joakim Nystrom, Mats Wilander, Stefan Edberg and Anders Jarryd







Adventure at high revs

Rahul Chandawarkar previews the International Motocross Grand Prix of India to be held in Pune later this month

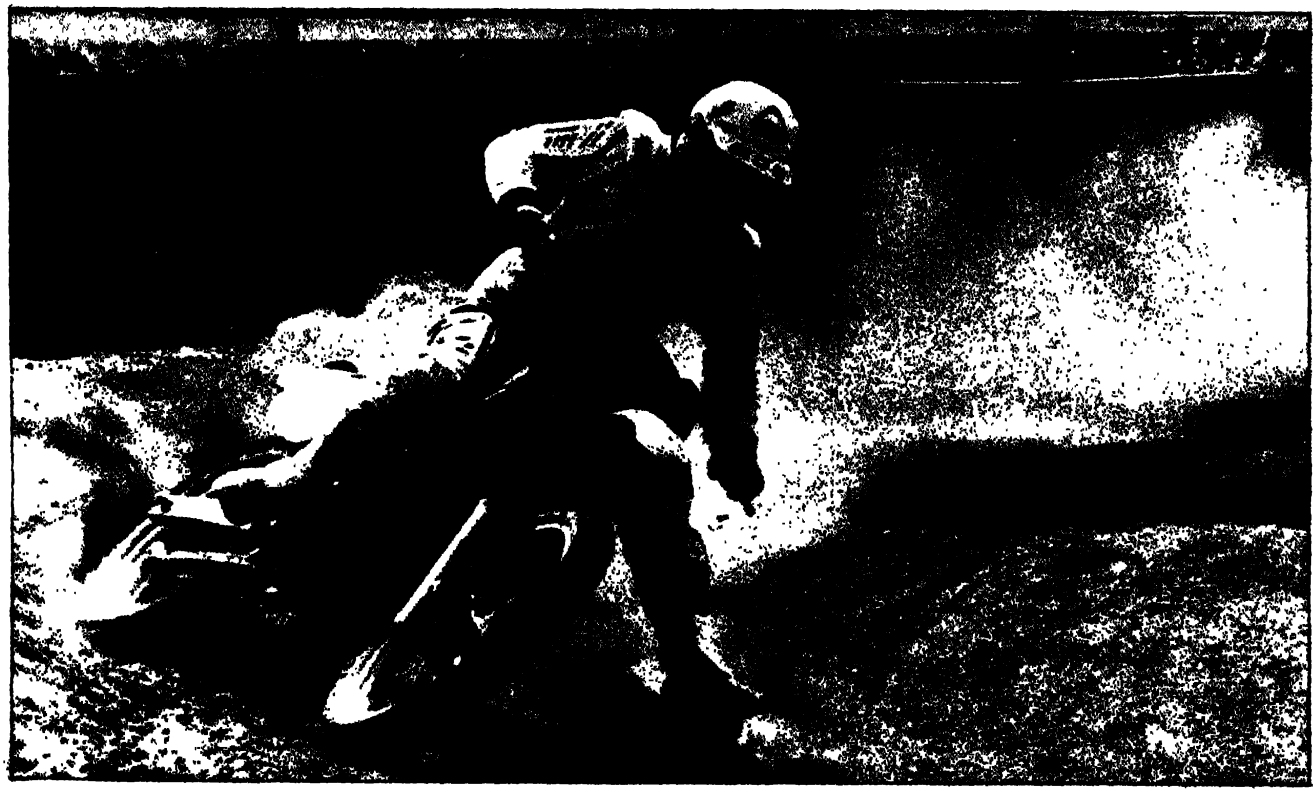
THE name of the Poona Automotive Racing Association (PARA), now needs no introduction. This dynamic organisation has not only made Pune the 'Mecca' of motocross in India, but has also placed this bustling city on the world motocross map.

PARA has, over the last three years, graduated from 'Auto Cycle Union' (Great Britain) Grand Prix status to World 'Federation Internationale Motorcycliste' (FIM) Grand Prix status this year, thereby inscribing their name on the world motocross calendar. Another important change this year is that the PARA motocross will be held in Pune on 18 and 19 January, 1986. This is in compliance with the FIM request to hold the erstwhile summer event during Pune's crisp winter season. This will enable the Pune organisation to rope in more European riders, who will be willing to participate, as their countries and most of the remaining international motocross circuit will be snowbound in January.

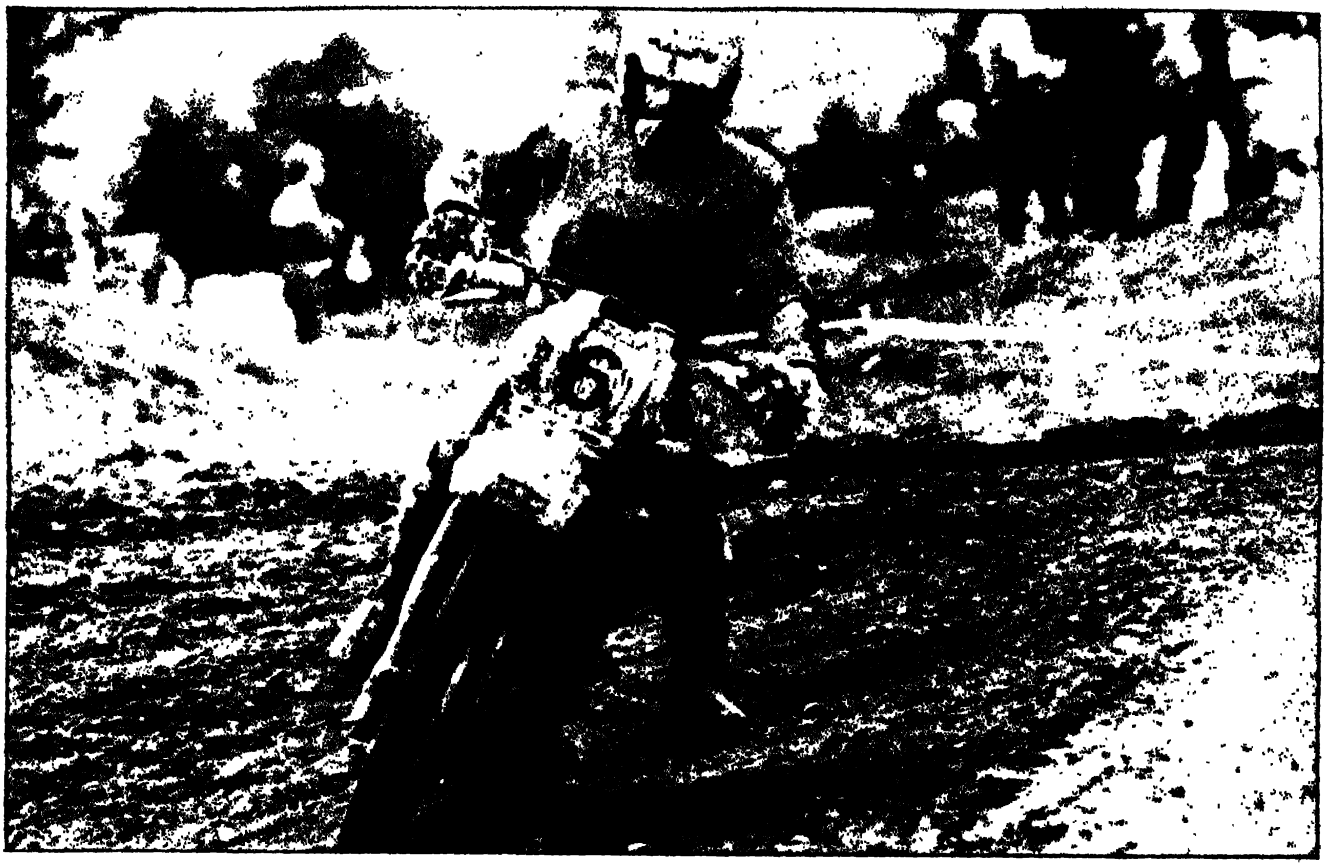
Another feather in the PARA cap is the trip undertaken by its energetic President, Surjit Singh. A special invitee to the annual FIM 1985 Congress, held at Estoril in Portugal, he met the entire FIM committee. He met the Auto Cycle Union President—Mr Neville Goss of England, the President of the FIM—Mr Nicolas Schmit and the Vice President of the FIM—Mr Jan Krivka and other important personalities connected with international motocross. In fact, there is every chance that all these gentlemen will be in Pune for the motocross in January. The telex message of Mr Tage Magnusson, the Chairman of the World Motocross commission read: "I will try my very best to come personally and watch the Pune motocross".

Coming back to the event, three entirely new classes have been added to the existing classes. They are the Indian Grand Prix for 105 cc motorcycles of Indian make, the Indian Open class Grand Prix for Indian motorcycles and foreign motorcycles and the International Grand Prix for Foreign motorcycles up to 125 cc. The inclusion of these three new classes has forced PARA to increase their event from a one-day event to a two-day affair, with races being distributed over Saturday and Sunday.

A total of some 250 riders taking part in the ten classes this year includes about 40 foreign competitors on their 125 cc and 250 cc machines. Several Indian riders also will be participating on foreign bikes. The indomitable Sashipal Singh Garcha of Chandigarh, winner of the PARA motocross for the 250 cc Indian class for the last four years in a row and undoubtedly India's finest exponent of motocross will be the first Indian to race for a foreign works team—the CZ team from Czechoslovakia. An



Thomas Nordstrom of Sweden displays the very essence of motocross



Pers Anders Nilsson of Sweden and his Kawasaki KX 250 are a formidable combination

achievement to say the least.

PARA has also acquired about four motocross custom built bikes for it's own riders—namely the Honda CR 250s and the Yamaha YZ 125s.

Some of the prominent riders coming this year are: 1) Neil Hudson of Great Britain—1982 World Motocross champion 2) Christer Nystrom of Sweden—Swedish National champion and Honda works rider. 3) George Reiter of Austria—Austrian National champion for three years running and rides a KTM 125. 4) Heinz Straub of Austria—Austrian four stroke champion and rides a 250 Husqvarna. 5) Pers Anders Nilsson of Sweden—Kawasaki works rider and rides a Kawasaki KX 250. 6) Kornel Nemeth of Hungary—six times national champion of the socialist countries. 7) Laszlo Gyuraszik of Hungary—three times Hungarian champion and 1985 Socialist champion. 8) Then comes the Czechoslovakia CZ works team of three riders, inclusive of the daredevil Indian Sashipal Garcha.

Switzerland is going to be represented by Luis Ristori and Serge David, both Honda works riders.



Look ma, one hand only! Heinz Straub of Austria shows off

Hong Kong intends sending four riders, while Indonesia and Thailand may send two riders each representing the Suzuki and Yamaha works teams respectively. Belgium, England and Holland have promised to send a rider each while Richard Main of England on a Yamaha YZ 125 is bound to enthrall the spectators.

The track for the motocross this year is going to be very much faster than the last few years. It will be so designed to suit both Indian and foreign riders but therefore will be separated at certain places for the Indians and foreigners.

This year's motocross may cost the organisers at least 32 lakhs of rupees. But major sponsorship from SKF, Brooke Bond India, Hero Honda, Bharat Forge, Kirloskars, Mr Cyrus Poonawala, Hydraulics Limited and Yamaha of Japan will help them make ends meet.

So gear up folks, for yet another exciting and speedy event. Even three hours of live telecast should not deter you from seeing the event live at the Nehru Stadium in Pune.

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Crafty Railways outwit Haryana

THE Haryanvis had height, weight and strength in their favour, yet they failed to take the national men's volleyball crown from the Railways. At least two of them, Om Prakash and Sanjeev Sharma, are over 6½ feet tall and others 6ft. or over.

When Haryana led 13-7 in the first game thousands of their cheering supporters were looking forward to welcoming their team as the new national champions. But they had overlooked the capabilities of men like Kareemullah on the other side of the net. The handsome railwayman, giving an inspired all-round display of acrobatic defence, boosting and spiking, sparked a great rally and saw the Railways emerge winners in straight games at 18-16, 15-13, 15-8. Had there been a man-of-the-final or man-of-the-tournament award as they have in cricket matches it would have gone to Kareemullah.

Earlier, Kerala, spearheaded by Sally Joseph, put up a grand show to defeat the fighting Tamil Nadu team and win the women's crown. The scores in the long-drawn affair were 15-5, 15-6, 10-15, 14-16, 15-11. Earlier, Kerala had overcome the Railway girls by three games to one and Tamil Nadu had made even quicker work (three-nil) of Punjab. The south's domination of women's volleyball is beyond dispute.

If Kareemullah was the outstanding male player in the tournament, Geetha Vallapil of Kerala, in her No. 10 jersey, was the steadiest in the women's division. The standard of the women's game has, no doubt, gone up. Still we have failed to make any impact on the international scene. But there is now a future for girls playing volleyball. If the reported efforts to lure players like Sally Joseph to Delhi with offers of a job and a car are true then the volleyball girls can look forward to better times.

The crowds one saw at the Indira Gandhi Indoor Stadium came as a revelation. Volleyball is a popular game no doubt. But this is the first time in many years that Delhi has seen spectators coming out to watch the game in such large numbers. With the Congress centenary celebrations on at Bombay, VIPs were a scarce commodity in Delhi, for once. Amitabh Bachchan was invited to open the championships and another celebrity of the film world, Manoj Kumar, presided over the closing function. No doubt their presence helped the organisers to draw crowds.

Encouraged by the response, Raj Chopra, president of the Delhi Volleyball Association, announced plans to stage an international tournament dedicated to the memory of Mrs Indira Gandhi. A shrewd businessman with interests in the building and film distribution lines, Mr. Chopra can be depended upon to "sell" the game of volleyball. When it is played well it can be quite a spectacle. But the game requires dynamic and resourceful promoters. Raj Chopra is one. He made a success of the national championships in spite of the lack of state aid. Volleyball lovers are hurt that less popular, and still lesser deserving, events in the past have ben given more generous financial assistance by government.

Kerala girls are all smiles after winning the title




rtsworld
astri asserted
lf as a bowler,
change, in the
at Melbourne
Bhattacharya



Facelift for the Football League

Lawrie McMenemy discusses the pros and cons of restructuring the English League

NO ONE can argue with the financial arguments behind the proposals for the re-structuring of the Football League. But I am not sure that the changes put forward by the big clubs will generate as much interest as they might think, and I certainly don't anticipate them having an immediate effect on the standard of the game.

I would need the whole of this to comment on every aspect of the proposals. The issue has become so complicated that those who have been involved in it—as I have, through being a member of the three-man committee representing the Second Division clubs—must have spent a small fortune on aspirins!

But one aspect of the situation which I find particularly interesting concerns the fact that many of the clubs in a new 20-club First Division will be there only to make up the numbers. No disrespect to clubs such as Watford, Luton and Oxford, but I am quite sure that the men who are striving to instigate a more steamlined League—the chairmen of Everton, Liverpool, Manchester United, Tottenham and Arsenal—would have much preferred the potentially bigger crowd-pullers like Sunderland, Portsmouth, Sheffield United, Leeds and Derby County in their section.

Outside Everton, Liverpool, Manchester United, Tottennam and Arsenal, there is hardly anything to choose between the teams in the First and Second Divisions. The only way the First Division could become more elite than it is would be for the number of clubs to be reduced to 10, as in Scotland.

Only by providing a better product—a higher standard of football—is the First Division going to get back the many thousands of spectators it has lost over the last 10 or 20 years. By that criterion, I can't see that having 20 clubs in the First, instead of 22, is going to make any difference at all.

Moreover, in a 20-club First Division, each club would have two fewer home matches. This wouldn't matter to clubs such as Manchester United and Tottenham—they could always face each other in a couple of lucrative exhibition matches in Zimbabwe—but could the Lutons and Watfords afford to lose that income?



Ossie Ardiles: an asset to any side

It has been argued that this problem would be offset by the First Division clubs taking a larger share of the money from the League sponsors, Canon, and the TV income, but because of the hammering to the image of the game in the last 12 months, such sources of revenue have become increasingly problematical.

By and large, I-and the majority of the other people involved with Second Division clubs—are in favour of the re-structuring proposals. Indeed, of the 10 changes the First Division put to us, only two have proved major sticking points...their insistence that First Division clubs have greater voting power than those in the Second and that there must be only one club promoted from the Second Division this season.

Our attitude on this latter point is that, as it's the First Division clubs who are pressing for a smaller League in time for next season, they are the ones who should make the sacrifices. In other words, five clubs down from the First and three up from the Second.

I don't thihk that's unreasonable.

To me, the most pleasing aspect of the whole business is that, if the League is re-constructed on the lines proposed by the First Division giants, there will be plenty of scope for clubs to reach this level, even among those in the so-called "Intermediate League."

Indeed, as far as I am concerned, the more clubs who can go up and down, the better.

There is an exceptionally thin dividing line between success and failure in English football, and the spectacular rises of clubs like Watford and Oxford have proved crucial factors in the game's appeal.

Regular readers of this column might recall me writing recently about a vital Southampton-Tottenham match, at a time when Southampton had clinched promotion to the First Division and Tottenham needed a point from that game to join us. Spurs did it through a 0-0 draw, bought those talented Argentinians Ossie Ardiles and Ricky Villa on the proceeds of their advance season-ticket sales, and went from strength to strength.

I have often wondered where Tottenham would be now, but for that result at The Dell!

There is no need for Third and Fourth Division clubs to feel that they will have less chance then ever of reaching the top if cast into a separate League and forced to stand on their own feet, financially.

Well-run clubs will always have a good chance of rising to the top. They contribute a lot to the game, and there's no way I would dream of supporting the League re-construction plans if I felt otherwise.

Swansea City nears its end

Premen Addy



LIFE and death are no respectors of seasons. After an afternoon's festivity at an office Christmas party, a man working on the floor above mine fell to the floor, glass in hand, stone dead.

At roughly the same hour a High Court judge finally decreed that Third Division Swansea City's days as a football club were numbered and that it had to go into liquidation. There was much gloom and despondency in the town, the second largest in Wales, as Mr Justice Harman pronounced pitilessly: "Nothing encourages me to extend the club any mercy". The truth is that the judge was eminently fair. For weeks, if not months, there were rumours and stories of rescue operations involving well heeled businessmen to bale Swansea out of trouble. Earlier in the week the club's representatves were given one last chance to come up with a reasonable plan. They couldn't and Swansea are now getting ready to drift into history.

It certainly has had a history with moments of magic. Wales, after all, is primarily a rugby rather than a soccer playing nation and Swansea are by English standards a small club. But it has bred some great names in Welsh and British football, men whose deeds have echoed through the valleys of Wales and beyond into Europe and the wider world.

Men like Ivor Allchurch, Cliff Jones and the legendary John Charles were once household names throughout the land. On hearing of Swansea's demise Charles commented: "I recall a World Cup match against Czechoslovakia in 1957 when eight of the Wales team were Swansea lads. It's dreadful that all the potential talent in Swansea is going to waste." Quite. But how did it happen?



Bryan Robson's injury is posing a problem for the England coach, with the World Cup around the corner

Only four years ago Swansea had climbed from the Fourth to the English First Division in successive seasons and for a time in 1981 had the dizzy experience of sitting atop clubs like Manchester United and Liverpool in first place. It was a spell that eventually faded and Swansea's descent began thereafter.

The club had risen under the stewardship of John Toshack, once a Liverpool superstar, who emboldened by this success invested heavily in ground amenitites and playing staff. The transfer fees were massive as were the players' wage bills. The outlay plainly was too large for a relatively small town like Swansea to support. And in any case, there was the competing interest of rugby. So today Swansea have an overdraft of nearly £1.5 million with banks and other creditors no longer prepared to be patient.

In the past lending institutions and city councils have been generous with football clubs, knowing that the game commanded an enormous public following and that their loans would never be written off as permanent losses. But soccer's badly tarnished image has changed all that. There is now a harder spirit after the recent spectacles of Bradford and Brussels. Pay up or else...appears to be the motto. Managing or running a club these days requires as sound a business head as it does a knowledge of football.

WHILE Swansea disappear into the shadows, illustrious names like Manchester United, Liverpool, Everton, Arsenal and Tottenham Hotspur are still with us. United once again disappointed their faithful legions of supporters by losing to Arsenal at home by a solitary goal. The winner was struck

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Chart Two of the 5BX Plan

LAST week we had given you the first chart in the 5BX Plan. To carry on in the same vein, we take up this week with the next chart in the series—Chart Two.

This chart applies to children up to 11 years of age and to the people over 45 years of age. With the different levels earmarked according to the respective age-levels, it is very simple to find out the appropriate level of exercise for each person. One very important thing about the workout is not to get carried away in your enthusiasm for more muscles and skip the elementary stuff. These might seem very easy and not too important, but they have been included to warm up your muscles for the heavier stuff that follows.

Age Groups

8 years maintains D–
9 years maintains C+
10 years maintains B–
11 years maintains A–
45-49 years maintains A+
50-60 years maintains C+

LEVEL	EXERCISE					1 mile run	2 mile run
	1	2	3	4	5	In minutes	
A +	30	23	33	20	500	9	30
A	29	21	31	19	485	9	31
A -	28	20	29	18	470	9	32
B +	26	18	27	17	455	9½	33
B	24	17	25	16	445	9½	33
B -	22	16	23	15	440	9½	33
C +	20	15	21	14	425	10	34
C	19	14	19	13	410	10	34
C	18	13	17	12	395	10	34
D +	16	12	15	11	380	10½	35
D	15	11	14	10	360	10½	35
D	14	10	13	9	335	10½	35
Minutes for each exercise	2	1	1	1	6		

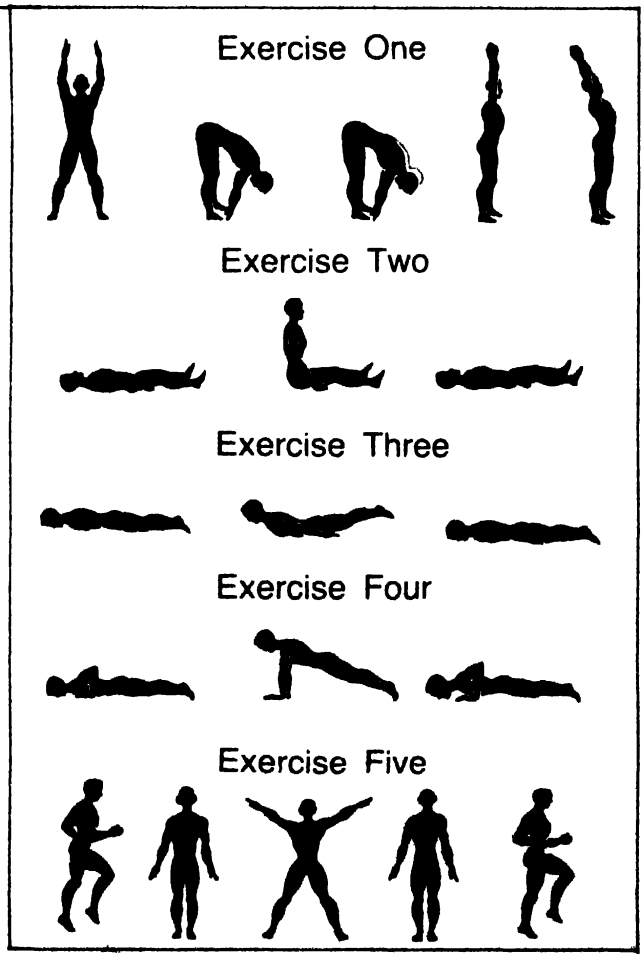
1) Stand with your feet apart and your arms held above your head. Bend from the waist and touch your toes. Then straighten up and bend backwards as far as you can. In this exercise, you have to be careful not to bounce in your quest for further flexibility.

2) Lie flat on your back with your feet kept about six inches apart and your arms kept loosely at your side. Sit up to a vertical position, keeping your feet on the floor. This might not be as easy as it sounds as your feet will keep rising off the floor. To make things a bit easier, you could even hook your feet under a chair.

3) Lie on your stomach with your palms placed under your thighs, facing downwards. Raise your head and shoulders and both your legs, keeping your balance with your palms. Keep the legs straight and make sure that both thighs clear your palms.

4) Lie on your stomach with you palms kept flat on the ground just under your shoulders. Straighten your arms to lift your body off the floor, keeping just your toes and palms on the ground. Keep the body as straight as possible and bend your arms to bring your body back till your chest touches the floor.

5) Stationary run. (Count a step each time the left leg touches the floor). Lift your feet approximately four inches off the floor. After every 75 or so counts, do about 10 'astride jumps'. Repeat this sequence until the required number of steps are completed. To explain the 'astride jumps', stand with your feet together and your hands held loosely by your side. Jump up with your feet and arms raised sideways and return to the starting position.





NADIA COMANECI

THE STAR OF THE 1976 MONTREAL OLYMPICS WAS A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD, 4 FEET, 11 INCH RUMANIAN GIRL NAMED NADIA COMANECI. SHE CREATED OLYMPIC HISTORY BY RECEIVING THE FIRST PERFECT SCORE OF TEN FOR HER PERFORMANCES ON THE UNEVEN BARS AND THE BALANCE BEAM. BEFORE THE GAMES WERE OVER NADIA HAD BEEN AWARDED SEVEN PERFECT SCORES. WORKING IN THE GYM FROM THE TENDER AGE OF SIX, SHE SOON BECAME OBLIVIOUS TO THE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WATCHING HER.

UNLIKE OTHER YOUNG OLYMPIC GYMNASTIC CHAMPIONS, SHE CAME BACK FOR HER SECOND GAMES IN 1980. ALTHOUGH SHE NARROWLY FAILED TO WIN THE OVER-ALL TITLE, SHE WON THE BEAM AND THE FLOOR EXERCISES TAKING HER OLYMPIC MEDAL TALLY TO 5 GOLDS, 3 SILVER AND ONE BRONZE. SHE MAY NOT HAVE HAD THE CHARISMA OF OLGA KORBUT OR MARY LOU RETTON BUT HER INNOCENCE AND SIMPLICITY MADE HER A CROWD FAVOURITE. WHEN ASKED WHAT HER GREATEST WISH WAS AFTER HER SUCCESSFUL OLYMPIC CAMPAIGN SHE ANSWERED WITH ALL SINCERITY, "I WANT TO GO HOME."

BUT AFTER THE OLYMPICS HER NATURAL PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT HINDERED HER GYMNASTIC PROGRESS, AND SHE EVEN FELL FROM THE BARS, HER FAVOURITE APPARATUS, DURING THE 1978 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

Illustration by Anup Ray

Flights of fancy

SOMETIMES, even the best thought-out plans have the habit of landing you in a mess. Take the case of an avid glider enthusiast who got a bit too smart for his own good. Very adept at the sport, he used to spend his time watching seagulls and other birds pick out the best thermals and glide about. Soon, he was up there following every move the birds made and really making the most of the long leisurely flight.

It seemed to be the best idea for gliding enthusiasts but for one problem. While following the birds made for long flights it also meant that after some time you ended up losing height over a garbage dump.

Finders keepers, losers weepers

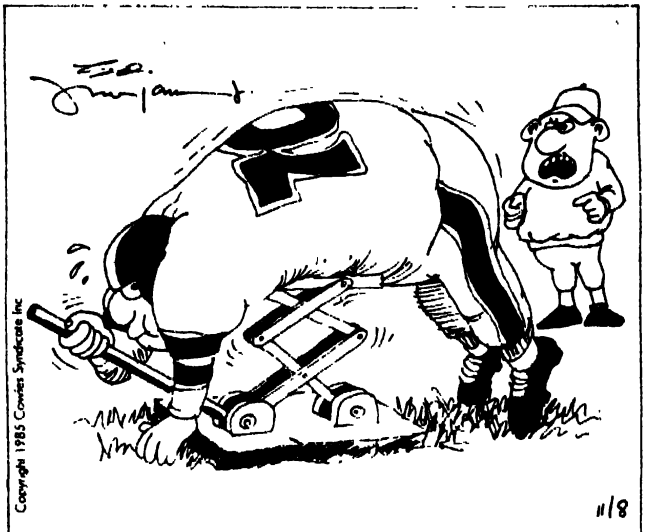
REMEMBER sports day and how eagerly you awaited it while in primary school? The excitement coupled with the chaos to bring out the best in most of us. More often than not, you came home with some cups and medals but minus a shirt or pair of keds. But who cared anyway?

It was, however, at a school in New Zealand that a teacher who was in charge of lost property at the sports day came up with the best way to explain it. She started her report thus: "When you have 500 boys and 500 girls mixing together and taking their clothes on and off, someone is bound to lose something."

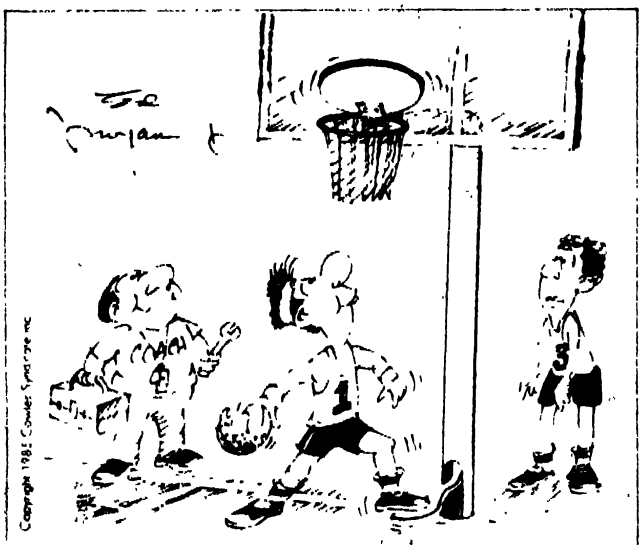
Pradeep Paul



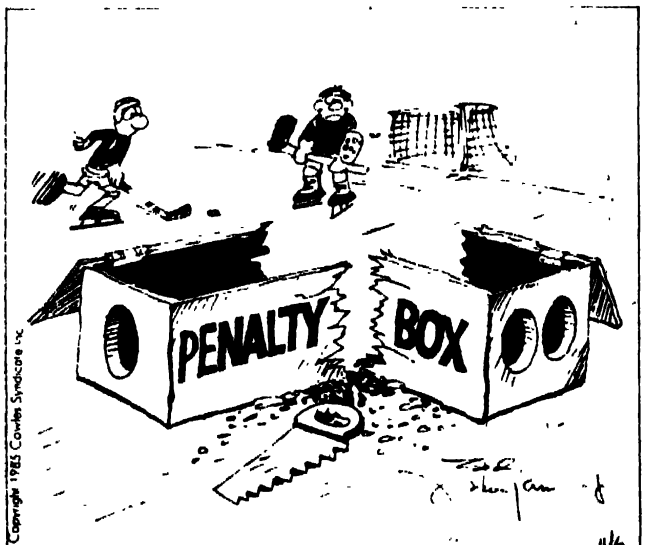
Having read up on London and the local customs, Clyde wears his bowler.



"You call that a push-up, Wilson?"



A home-court advantage.



Epidemic

Crookes galore

AN epidemic of soccer crimes has broken out in Bulgaria. Three of the nation's senior football officials have been imprisoned for 'harming the prestige of socialist Bulgaria,' which, put more factually, means 'stealing cheques from foreign clubs and charging the same clubs for their personal services'. The men—the chairman of the league, the head of its international department and its political instructor were accused of misappropriating £3,100 which had been provided for the upkeep of the team when they played Wales in 1983.

On the other hand, two of the country's most glamorous clubs, CSKA Sofia and Levski Spartak, have recently been disbanded and the players banned for life for fighting; goalkeepers have been banned for throwing games for cash and referees dismissed for fixing matches. Even, the army, the police, factories and ministers have been barred from employing footballers.

Aren't we lucky we live in a country where the game is played and run by sportsmen, not crookes.

Black Formula

Making history

HAVE you ever seen a black driving a Formula One car? You couldn't have, for it was only the other day that Willy T Ribbs made history by becoming the first black to drive a Formula One when he took part in a Grand Prix test in Estorial. And he has not failed to make his mark on debut. Pundits are convinced that he has a promising future in Formula One racing.

Who's there?

Nightwatch

THE security men and guard dogs, in charge of protecting the lush turf of Twickenham round the clock were put on full alert the other night when a man was seen striding across the pitch. He was tackled by guard and a snarling alsatian.

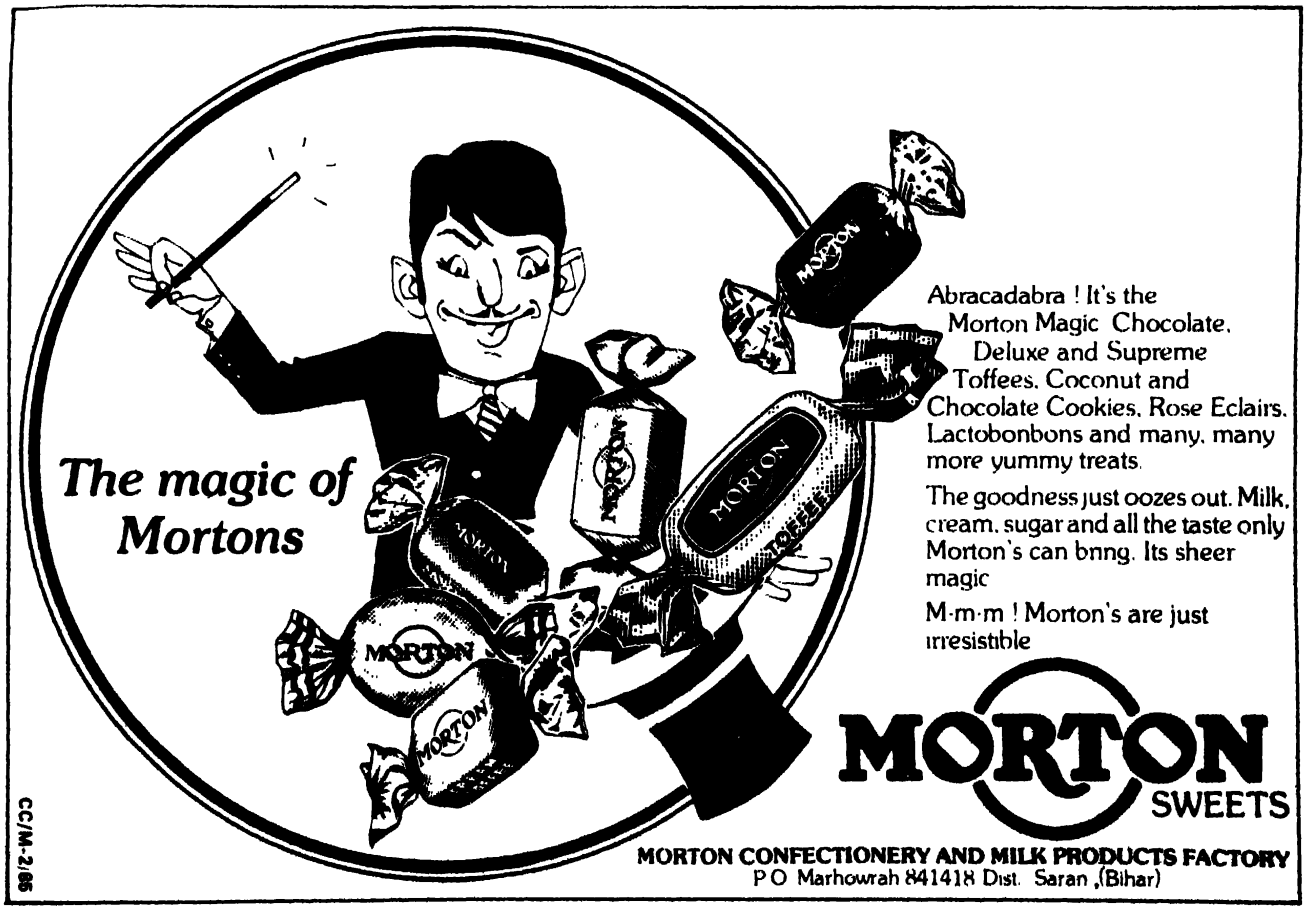
Actually, it was Bob Weighell, secretary of the RFU, who was out with his cairn terriers and had to act hastily to prevent them from savaging the poor guard dogs.

Indomitable

Limping to triumph

CRAIG BODZIANOWSKI is a 24-year-old cruiserweight boxer. Eighteen months ago he had his right foot amputated following a cycle accident.

Yet, the other day, he made one of the most amazing comebacks in sporting history, when he disposed of Francis Sargent by a knock-out in the second round in Palos Heights, Illinois, even though his opponent constantly waltzed aound the ring to take advantage of Bodzianowski's handicap.



25 December Mohun Bagan end arch-rivals East Bengal's 19-year-old stranglehold on the State Athletic Championships of Bengal as they notch up 89 points to East Bengal's 88.

26 December Australia reel punchdrunk at 210 for eight at draw of stumps on the first day of the second Test against India at Melbourne. Sending the Australians in to bat after calling correct, the Indian skipper Kapil Dev unleashes his spinners to do the damage with Ravi Shastri taking four for 64.

Calcutta is almost certain to play host to the India-Czechoslovakia Davis Cup tie scheduled for 7-9 March 1986 according to reliable information from Lt. Col. A.K. Bose, the secretary of the Bengal Lawn Tennis Association and Jaideep Mukherjee the secretary of the Calcutta South Club.

27 December Greg Matthews, the New South Wales allrounder, scores a painstaking 100 not out for Australia as his team crawls to 262 in their first innings. By close of play on the second day of the second Test at Melbourne, India, in reply are 187 for the loss of three wickets.

While the Indian cricketers put the stranglehold on the Aussie cricketers, the South Australian footballers return the compliment at the DCM football tournament beating East Bengal 5-4 in the final.

28 December Harry Hopman, the legendary Australian tennis player turned coach who later moved to USA, passes away after a massive heart attack at his tennis coaching camp at Bardmoor. He was 79.

India take a 169-run first innings lead with Sivaramakrishnan and Yadav still at the crease at draw of stumps on the third day of the second Test at Melbourne. Dilip Vengsarkar scores 75 and Kapil Dev scores a hurricane 55 off just 56 deliveries.

29 December Ravi Shastri deceives the Australian batsmen with his deceptive spin bowling to take four for 70 and demolish their second innings to 228 for eight. The only batsman to defy the Indian assault is skipper Allan Border who is at the crease, at draw of stumps on the fourth day, with 98 alongwith Bruce Reid.

The first match in the Super Soccer series of football matches between Bochum XI from West Germany and the Indian XI at New Delhi's Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium fails to live up to expectations as the West Germans just about manage to win by a solitary goal.



Ravi Shastri, with a fine bowling performance in the Melbourne Test, found form again

The world indoor pole vaulting record is bettered at the Knights of Columbus Saskatchewan indoor stadium as Billy Olson of the United States of America sails over 5.86 metres.

30 December Some lackadaisical batting by the Indian openers coupled with untimely rain allows Australia another life at the close of the second Test at Melbourne. Getting the Australians all out for 308 in their second innings and setting a target of 126 for a win, the Indians fail in their run chase and are 59 for one when rain puts a premature end to play.

Bengal notch up a huge margin of 32 points beating Tripura by an innings and 221 runs in their opening Ranji Trophy encounter at the Eden Gardens, Calcutta.

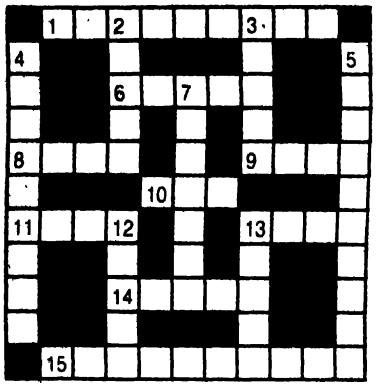
31 December The Indian tour to Australia stirs up some controversy as umpire Dick French takes offence to Kapil Dev's scathing remarks about the umpiring at the end of the Melbourne Test and accuses Kapil of "clutching at straws" in his disappointment over the Test being drawn. Eventually, S. Venkatraghavan, the manager of the Indian team, has to tender an apology for his skipper's outburst.

Marita Koch of East Germany is named 'Best Woman Athlete of 1985' by *Track and Field News*, an American athletics magazine.

CROSSWORD

Mudar

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ACROSS

1. Tennis term begins with an attempt at publicity (9)
6. Australian captain and all rounder of the Golden Age appears gallant (5)
8. Censor's snips for a cricket stroke (4)
9. This Singh, not Bishen, played for India at cricket (4)
10. Paternal sounding for a golfing term (3)
11. Form of running—with an insurance preferably (4)
13. When you run with a fairly competent athlete you could perhaps expect him to——you returning (4)
14. Oriental form of self defence ends in a 'repeat' (5)
15. Cap worn by students of Cambridge at sport, especially Jardine in Australia, is not out at the end (9)

DOWN

2. Wimbledon tennis champion between the Wars starts with the manifestation of victory (5)
3. Venue of gladiatorial relish in ancient Rome (5)
4. Colloquial cricket term for the era between long leg and deep square leg starts with a sacred Indian animal (3, 6)
5. *Gilli Danda* is the Indianised version of? (4, 5)
7. 'I saw my chance of winning the gold when I had sex the night before the event.' The athlete not only won the gold, but set up a record in Mexico City that might not be even equalled this century (1, 6)
12. Place where the rally from Paris ends in Africa (5)
13. West Indian bowler, coming up, may be mistaken for a bird (1, 4)

Excellent: 16-15, Good: 14, Fair: 13.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

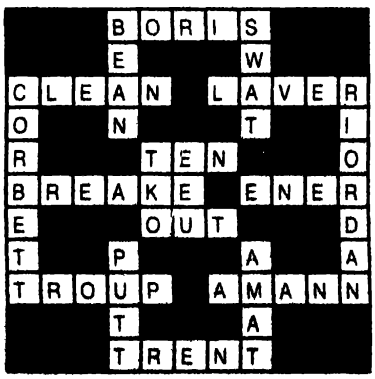
QUESTIONS

1. What is the full name of Eusebio, Portugal's star international footballer of the Sixties?
2. He scored for Brazil in their first game of the World Cup soccer in Sweden and again scored in the first game of his side in the next World Cup—but this time it was Italy. Who is the player?
3. Who was the first player in the history of the World Cup soccer to miss a penalty kick?
4. Which footballer scored the first self-goal in the history of the World Cup?
5. Who became the first player to score in every round of the World Cup football final?
6. The great Alfredo Di Stefano scored only one World Cup goal in his illustrious career. In which game did he score?
7. Which famous footballer played in a World Cup final even though he had been sent off in the semi-final? How was that possible?
8. Which football club have been world champions the most number of times?

ANSWERS

1. Eusebio Ferreira da Silva.
2. Jose Joao Altafini.
3. De Brito (Brazil), against Spain in 1934
4. Loetscher (Switzerland), against Germany in 1938.
5. Juste Fontaine (France).
6. Against Wales (1962).
7. Garrincha (1962) The FIFA let him off with a warning.
8. Penarol (three times—1961, 1966, 1982)

SOLUTION 317

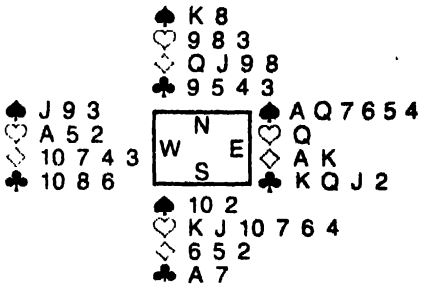


BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

When I look at reports of a tournament, my eye is laways cought by deals where no one could possibly divine the contract or the result. Lately I came across this little gem from the Olympiad at Valkenburg a few years ago.

Dealer East: E-W vulnerable.



The hand is from the match between Canada and Austria. There was no special excitement in the open room, where with Canada North-South the bidding went:

South	West	North	East
Kehela	J Bamberger	Murray	G. Bamberger
—	—	—	1C
2H	pass	4H	4S
pass	pass	pass	

With the spades lying well, East made 12 tricks, +980. "We can only lose on this," East might have said—but you never know. This is what happened at the other table.

South	West	North	East
Buchmeier	Kokish	Kraft	Nagy
—	—	—	1C
2S	pass	pass	pass

Buchmeier-Kraft had earlier lost an 1100 penalty at the two level, so Buchmeier aimed to strike back. And he succeeded. As it did not occur to West to lead a spade at any point, dummy's king made a trick Six down and a 9-IMP gain for the "coup Buchmeier."

Two books by Jeremy Flint and Freddie North, *The First Principles* and *The Golden Principles* (Pan Books, £2.50), consist mostly of a problem on one page, answer on the next The promise of the titles is excellently carried out.

Introduction to Competitive Bidding, nominally by Charles Goren and Ron Von der Porten (Robert Hale, £6.95), is a revised edition of a book by Von der Porten, first published in 1967. None the worse for that, and Derek Rimington has appended footnotes explaining where British practice is different from American It's a valuable work on a subject seldom covered in any detail.

A subscription to one of the magazines is always a welcome gift: *Bridge International*, edited now by Alan Hiron, £14.95 annually from 30 Fleet Street, London EC4, and *International Popular Bridge*, £14 from 32 The Ropewalk, Nottingham NG1 5DW.

CRICKET CONTRASTS

FROM CREASE TO COMMENTARY BOX

Jim Laker needs no introduction. He captured more wickets than anybody in a Test match and was, during the Fifties, England's prime spin strike bowler. On retirement, he took up the role of an expert on the radio and television, which he occupies till date. In the opening edited extract from his book, Jim Laker covers two diverse topics—the characters of the game and South Africa's participation in Test cricket. The book is published by Stanley Paul and priced at £7.95

I AM not one of those old cricketers who is constantly harking back to the 'good old days,' but in one respect the game is definitely not what it used to be. I would not go so far as to say that today's cricketers do not enjoy themselves because I do not believe you can play cricket at any time at any level unless you enjoy it. But they certainly do not seem to get as much fun out of it as we did. There are simply not the same kind of characters around these days. In recent years, the only real comedians I have seen are the irrepressible Derek Randall and the whimsical Ray East, and every time I look at them I think they should have been playing 20 or 30 years ago. They would have been in splendid company.

The first great character I met was Emmott Robinson, who gave me a lot of help when I was a boy in Yorkshire. There must be a thousand stories about Emmott whose all-round talent was not recognised until he was 35 but then kept him in the side until he was 47. The most famous of them has been told many times, but it is such a classic that I make no apology for repeating it here.

Emmott was bowling in a match against the university at Cambridge when an immaculately turned-out undergraduate came in to bat at no. 6.



It took him ages to take guard and even longer to take a careful, studied look around the field. Then Emmott, who bowled little outswingers, ran up and bowled him one that ducked in, pitched about leg stump, moved away off the wicket and hit the top of the off stump.

For a moment, the undergraduate was absolutely speechless as he gaped back down the wicket. Then, remembering his upbringing, he had the presence of mind to say: 'Well bowled, Robinson, well bowled.'

'Ay,' said old Emmott, turning towards him, 'and it were bloody well wasted on thee.'

It was Emmott, of course, who is said to have told the great Neville Cardus: 'Ah reckon tha med me up.' And my other favourite story about him concerns a chance meeting between the two of them one cold, wintry morning in Market Street,

Bradford.

The previous summer, Yorkshire had got into a lot of trouble in one of those bitterly-fought Roses matches before the war and they were looking to Emmott to play one of his great, match-saving innings on the last day. He was obviously determined to hold Lancashire at bay all day and at lunch had been in about two hours for nine. He was still there halfway through the afternoon on about 25 when, to everyone's utter amazement, he suddenly played a late cut. Old Emmott had never played a late cut in his life for the simple reason that the very thought of doing it had never entered his head. Now he set off for a run before he realized the full enormity of what he had done, stopped absolutely petrified in the middle of the pitch and was stranded as the guy at third man picked up the ball, whipped it in and ran him out. The last two wickets fell quickly and Lancashire won the match.

The following February Cardus was walking down Market Street when he saw the hunched figure of Emmott Robinson, hands stuffed deep into his pockets, flat cap pulled low over his downcast eyes, coming towards him. He did not notice Cardus until Neville greeted him: 'Hello, Emmott, how are you? Are you wintering well?'

Emmott looked up and recognised the speaker. Then there was almost a minute's silence before he said mournfully: 'Ee, Mr Cardus, I never should have done it, I never should have done it.'

I had a letter from Emmott when I was in Egypt during the war—and I am sorry to this day that I did not keep it. It was over three pages long but there was not a single punching mark, just one sentence that rambled on and on bemoaning the fact that there was no cricket because 'Hilter has buggered the whole thing up.'

If Emmott was the first great character I ever met, then the second was undoubtedly Stan Squires who was playing for Surrey when I joined them in 1946. He was still in his prime when he was taken ill with leukaemia and died within a few weeks at the age of 41.

Stan was a born humorist and certainly one of the funniest fellows I ever played with. Those were the days when we were not allowed to travel by car and all our trips to away matches were on the train. Stan always took his ukelele with him and would make up little songs and ditties to keep us amused on the way. Week in, week out, he would often have us in fits of laughter and though some of his more hilarious offerings may not be suitable for publication, I can let you have a little of the taste with this extract concerning a former Surrey captain, who had better remain anonymous.

He stands there at cover
He stands oh so deep
That the batsmen run singles
Whilst he is asleep
And if he comes closer
It's still just a farce
'Cos he runs like a duck
With an egg up its arse.

Then there is the lilting little lyric he used to croon to keep his spirits up in the dressing room when the Surrey batsmen were engaged in some impossible run chase.

Throw your wickets away, away
Throw your wickets away
I don't care what becomes of me
As long as I hit out with my B-A-T
So throw your wickets away, away
Throw your wickets away
Sing of joy, sing of bliss
For the bowling is P—
And throw your wickets away, away

Another comedian was Alf Barlow, a little guy who kept wicket for Lancashire in the early Fifties but spent most of his winters going round the pubs and clubs in Manchester doing his 'turns.' He may not have been the greatest wicket-keeper Lancashire have ever produced and never became a household name as a comic, either, but he was full value on the Commonwealth tour to India in 1951.

I got a letter from Emmott in Egypt during the War, over three pages long but there was not a single punching mark, just one sentence that rambled on and on bemoaning the fact there was no cricket because 'Hitler has buggered the whole thing up.'

It is always important to have a humorist on a tour like that and Alf kept us smiling with turns like this:

Send out the MCC to India
Send out your bowlers and your bats
Send out your gallant wicket-keepers
And don't forget to take yours spurs and spats.
Send out the boys of the MCC
Who made old England's name
Send our Sir Pelham, Rait-Kerr and Gubby Allen
But for God's sake don't send ME!

Around the same time, there was Charlie Harris, who opened the batting for Nottinghamshire with Walter Keeton and has to be one of the funniest men who ever played the game. I will never forget the first time David Fletcher came across him. He was making his debut for Surrey at Nottingham and before the match Charlie—well aware that the newcomer had never been to Trent Bridge in his life—dressed himself up in a pinstriped suit and a bowler hat complete with brief case and umbrella and introduced himself to David as the cricket writer of the local paper. Then he sat with him in the dressing room for half an hour taking down copious notes about his background, education, career so far, the lot. Within minutes of the interview coming to an end, 'Fetch' was flabbergasted to discover that his interviewer had quickly changed into his cricket clothes and was taking the field with the rest of the Nottinghamshire team. To his eternal credit, with the shock did not stop David from scoring about 190!

Another Harris classic came at Trent Bridge during Nottinghamshire's traditional Whitsun fixture against Surrey in the days when the gates would have to be closed on both the Saturday and the Monday. I went in to bat about five o'clock with around 400 on the board and had scored a dozen or so when the second new ball became due. Harold Butler was taking it and as he walked back to his mark at the pavilion end I looked round to see he had three slips and two gullies—as was the usual case when I came up against the new ball! There was a hush as Harold began his run, but he had not got halfway to the crease when the silence was broken by a shout from one of the gullies.

'Hold it a minute, Harold,' cried Charlie Harris. 'Hold it up! I'm not ready.'

Harold stopped in his tracks. I

looked round to see what was going on. And Charlie explained: 'Jim, lad, I think it's only fair to tell you. Unbeknown to you, he's put another gully in.'

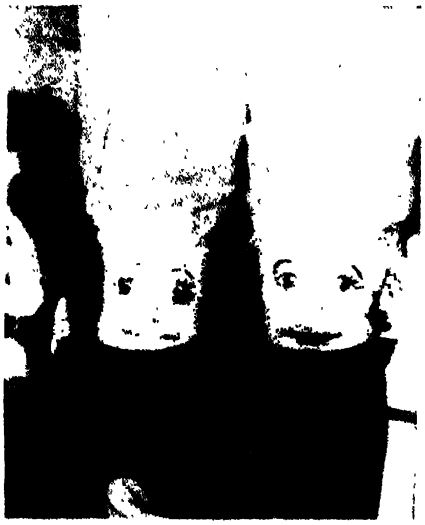
I stared in amazement because I could not see any difference in the field, until I suddenly noticed, lying on the ground beside Harris, a complete set of false teeth grinning back at me. It was a typical Harris prank.

One of his favourite targets was Freddie Brown, who played for Surrey before he went to Northamptonshire. Charlie would delight in nominating every ball that Freddie bowled, calling out just as his arm came over 'leg break!' or 'googly!' before proceeding to play each delivery with the utmost relish.

It was the kind of humour that you don't come across in cricket nowadays, and another of the same vintage was George Cox who played for Sussex side from the turn of the century. And when George produced a son he was terribly ambitious that he would follow on and keep the tradition going. But the lad, unfortunately, had no interest in cricket whatsoever. He was a very bright boy who won a scholarship to Cambridge and obtained a degree there, yet for years George remained very upset about it all. He used to say that when the boy was naughty, he would punish him by taking him to a county match; if he was very naughty, he would take him to a Test match; and if he was very, very naughty, he would take him anywhere to watch Trevor Bailey bat!

I remember playing for Surrey at Hove one day when Cox came in to bat and got to about 30. I was in the middle of an over when he suddenly put his hand in his pocket, pulled out an enormous false moustache and clipped it under his nose. He was standing there like Aubrey Faulkner or somebody from the 1920s, but I did not notice the change in his appearance until I got to the point of delivery. Then I nearly died as a slow full toss slipped out of my hand, and he hit it straight over the pavilion for six.

George was also a good soccer player and his proudest boast was that he was understudy to Ted Drake at Arsenal, which meant that if Drake did not play, the forward line read: Hulme, Jack, Cox, James and Bastin. Actually George only played two or three times for the first team but he turned out regularly for the reserves



Guess who? Tweedledee and Tweedledum on the English ship to S. Africa in 1956

and a clash between football and cricket fixtures produced a story that went round the county dressing rooms.

Sussex were due to play at Northampton and the side travelled north without George who was playing football and would not be joining them until later in the evening. They arrived at the Angel Hotel and captain Hugh Bartlett went up to the receptionist and announced: 'We are the Sussex cricket team.'

'Ah, yes,' said the girl. 'Very good. How many of you are there?'

'At the moment,' replied Bartlett, 'there are ten of us ... without Cox.'

At which point, so the story goes, the receptionist fainted.

John Warr, captain of Middlesex for years, was one of the game's great humorists and is still in huge demand as an after-dinner speaker. He had a quip for every occasion, such as the time we were playing Middlesex at Lord's in light far worse than they would ever contemplate playing cricket in these days. Appeals against the light were not allowed and when Warr bowled two quickish balls outside the off stump against Stuart Surridge, our captain stared back down the pitch and said: 'Can't see a bloody thing, can't see a bloody thing out here.'

Two balls later, Surridge played and missed and over went his off stump. 'Couldn't see a bloody thing,' he grumbled as he made his way back to the pavilion.

'All right, Stuart,' said Warr. 'At least you've proved your point.'

My favourite example of the Warr wit came on the occasion of Bill Edrich's wedding—his fourth, I think. Admission to the reception was by invitation only and when Warr arrived without the necessary card the man on the door said: 'Sorry, sir, you can't come in here without a ticket.'

'Ticket?' exclaimed Warr. 'I've got a season ticket for these.'

I am not sure whether Johnny Wardle has ever had as much of a sense of humour off the field as he had on it, but when it came to the kind of antics that leave the crowd in fits of laughter he was the funniest man I ever saw. He had so many tricks which he performed with perfect timing, such as the stunt he pulled on an unsuspecting young West Indian batsman during England's tour of the Caribbean in 1954.

We were playing a minor match on a matting wicket on one of the smaller islands when drinks were brought out. The batsman discarded his bat and gloves and left them by the crease while he went in need of much-needed refreshment, whereupon Wardle stole up to the wicket and, with a dramatic flourish for the benefit of the crowd, shoved the bat under the mat. The batsman had seen none of this and when he looked for his bat he was immediately suspicious of Wardle, whose huddled figure as he retreated towards the boundary gave every indication that he had something concealed beneath his shirt.

The batsman gave chase to apprehend the 'thief,' and the little ground almost shook with laughter when Wardle, now a picture of innocence, turned round and solemnly shook his hand while excited spectators screamed: 'Under de mat, man, under de mat!'

That was typical of Wardle's humour. And equally typical of the man was Colin Ingleby-McKenzie's remark when he was asked for the secret of his success in leading Hampshire to their first County Championship for 66 years in 1961. Discipline was the key, he said in all seriousness. He insisted that every member of the side was in by break-

fast-time...

And it is a breakfast-time story that reveals the true nature of 'Ingers' who brought life and excitement to Hampshire cricket but whose greatest love in life was racing. Around that time, there were no two more contrasting characters in any county side than the funloving Ingleby-McKenzie and the Hampshire opening batsman Henry Horton, who was a very solid, staid performer. All cricketers devour the morning papers over breakfast, principally to see what has been written about themselves but also to find out how their competitors are getting on. And on the morning of one away match, Ingers came down for breakfast, late as usual, to find Henry still poring over the previous day's scorecards.

'I see Leicester won yesterday,' he said as his captain sat down at the table.

'And about time, too,' retorted Ingleby-McKenzie. 'He hasn't been in the frame for two weeks.'

No chapter concerning the characters of cricket would be complete without mentioning Fred Trueman—though I have always believed that half the stories one hears about him are either untrue or, at the very least, wildly exaggerated.

But I do like the one Peter Parfitt tells about his own first appearance against Trueman at Lord's. All the Middlesex players were out on the balcony as Parfitt, trembling with apprehension, made his way out to the middle. Trueman was already pawing the ground at the end of his run, which stretched almost all the way back to the pavilion. And he completely ignored the incoming batsman who gave him a nervous glance on his way past.

Instead Fred looked up towards the home players' balcony just above him. 'All right,' he called. 'You can run his bath now.' And, sure enough, after softening up the newcomer with one or two venomous deliveries, he sent the petrified Parfitt packing for his early bath.

My own particular Trueman tale—which I know to be true—again goes back to the West Indies in 1954. After being unmercifully hammered in 1948, we had gone back to the Caribbean with what we thought was a very strong side—including Hutton, Compton, May, Graveney, Trueman, Statham, Bailey, Lock, Wardle and myself—but we found ourselves 2-1 down by the time we went to Trinidad for what was the last Test match ever played on a jute matting wicket.



The winners. All is revealed...England's captain Peter May and his off-spinner Laker

The West Indies won the toss and made 681 for eight declared with Weekes scoring 206 and Worrell and Walcott a hundred apiece on a surface that was absolutely perfect for batting. It meant we had to make 532 to save the follow-on, which we managed to do, but not before Fred and I had found ourselves facing the third new ball.

It was in the hands of a chap called Frank King from Barbados who, after about two days in the field, was still bowling at something like 95 miles per hour, and Frank Worrell, who, after a fairly long bowl in the heat, had been reduced to something around my pace. As soon as Fred came in, he called me down the wicket for a conference, only on this occasion it was not so much a conversation as a monologue since I took no part whatsoever. Fred simply looked at King and he looked at Worrell and then he said to me: 'I'll tell you what, Jim lad, thee take King and I'll look after Worrell.'

In fairness to Fred, I must say I thought it was a reasonable assessment of the situation—until about the third delivery with the new ball. You could always tell when King was going to bowl you a bouncer because he ran up a bit quicker and you could see the whites of his eyes, so, knowing what was coming, I went to hook it. Unfortunately for me, though, the ball hit the seam of the matting wicket, deviated and hit me smack over the right eye.

Down I went with a huge gash on my head and blood spurting out all over the place. There was no assistance forthcoming from Fred, who had suddenly lost all his sun tan and had no great desire to leave his end. So, with nobody else coming near me, I hauled myself to my feet, applied a handkerchief to the wound and set off groggily back to the dressing room for treatment.

It was only when I was passing Fred that he broke his silence. 'Bad luck, mate,' he said. 'But I thought I worked that out just about right.'

There were characters among the umpires too, and none greater than Alex Skelding who was responsible for that marvellous piece of poetry called 'The Umpire's Lament.' There was never any shortage of humour when he was standing in a match. He kept the game going and he kept it lively, although his patience was sorely tried during a varsity match in the Fifties.

It was a long, hot day with the cricket slower than any Test match and when a well-bred undergraduate acting as twelfth man came out with the drinks halfway through the afternoon he made quite a fuss of old Alex.

'Now, then, Mr Skelding,' he said. 'What would you like to drink? We've got lemonade, ginger beer, or something stronger if you prefer it.'

'All I'd like,' said Alex testily, 'is a glass of McLean's stomach powder because this cricket's giving me the bellyache.'

It was Alex, of course, who used to take the bails off at the end of each day's play and announce: 'And that, gentlemen, concludes the entertainment for today!' And though he did get the bellyache on the odd occasion, I am sure he and everyone else involved in the game did find it far more entertaining than they would do today.

Suspicious of South Africa

WHILE South Africa's whites enjoy one of the highest living standards in the world, one-third of all



At the races—presenting a prize to a lucky owner in 1981. Cannot remember the horse's name...only that I didn't back it!

its black children under the age of 14 are stunted in their growth because they do not get enough to eat.

While its health system for whites has pioneered heart transplant surgery, its system for blacks has a ratio of one doctor to every 174,000 people in some areas and an infant mortality rate 31 times higher than the white rate.

While the country generates 60 per cent of all the continent's electricity, some of it from nuclear energy, the only fuel source for most blacks is firewood.

It is reports such as this—published in the *Observer* newspaper—which always persuade me to think again every time I feel I am being swayed by 'freedom in sport' campaigners like the Conservative MP John Carlisle and my old England colleague Denis Compton in their attempts to get South Africa readmitted to Test cricket. For I simply do not believe that it is possible to have multi-racial cricket in what is quite obviously not a multiracial society. And for all the fundamental changes that have undoubtedly taken place in the past few years, I am not at all convinced that they are any more than windowdressing for the benefit of the outside world rather than their own black and coloured sportsmen.

I have only been back once since then, for a week in December 1965. But I learned more from that brief visit than I had done from all my previous trips put together. For it was the first time I had been able to see the other side of the picture and to experience first hand some of the horrors of the system of apartheid.

My invitation had come from the Cape Coloured cricketers who wanted me to present some prizes and speak at a dinner in Cape Town. I was met at the airport by the sports editor of their own local newspaper, which was sponsoring the event. He was himself a Cape Coloured, though I would not have known it since he was almost as fair-skinned as I am.

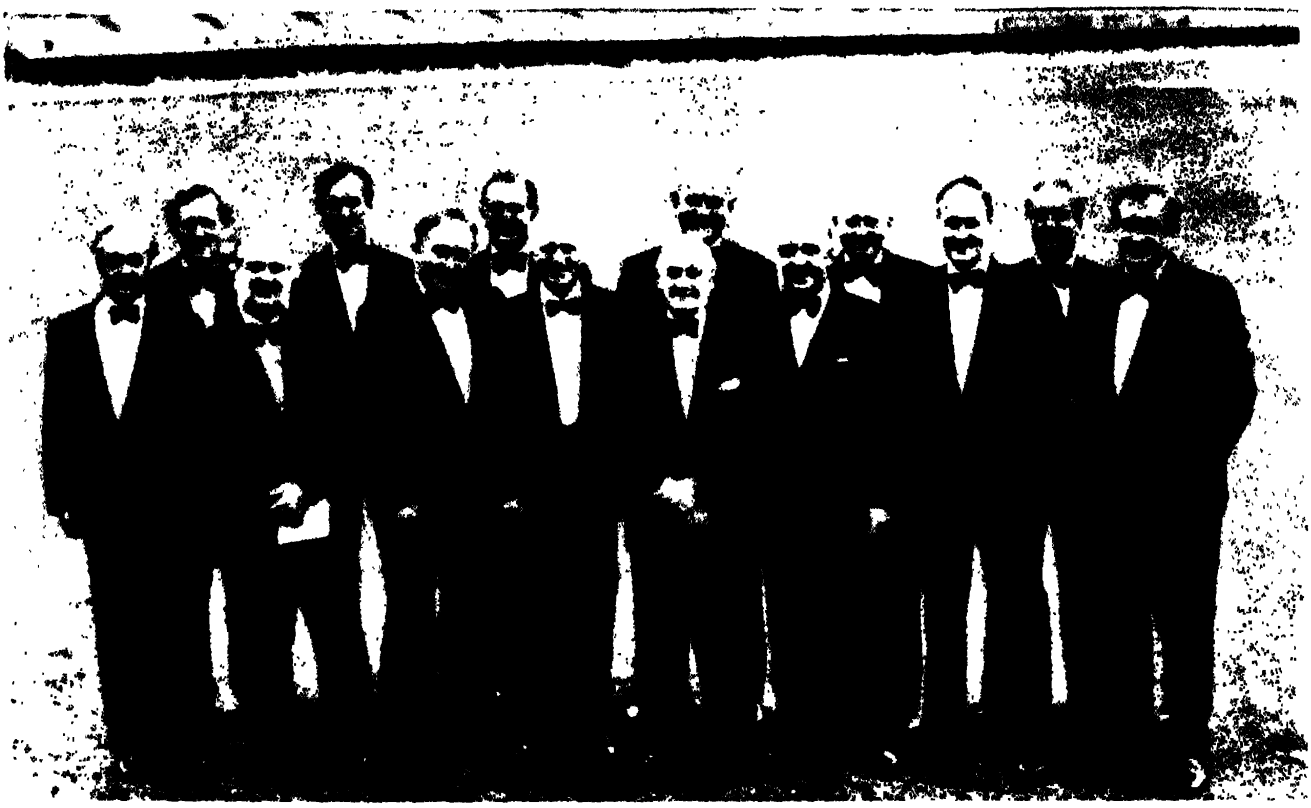
Having just got off the plane, the first thing I wanted to know after the formal introductions was the way to the gents' toilet. He led me into the airport lounge, pointed to a door and said: 'You go in there, but I can't come in with you I've got to go to another one'.

'You must be joking', I said, giving him a sideways sort of look.

'No', he said, 'I'm afraid I'm not joking. And if you are shocked at that, just wait until you see my son'.

And, sure enough, I was even more taken aback when I was introduced to the strapping, 6ft. 2in., blond-haired, white-skinned youngster who, like his father, was classified as 'coloured'.

I had gone for tea at the sports editor's house—a nice, little, detached bungalow—and I was interested to know how much it cost to live in the area, where I had never been before because it was wired off from the neighbouring district. 'Well, I'm on the



A fair old side of cricketers at Gubby Allen's 80th birthday at Lord's. Jim Laker is at extreme right

edge of the demarcation line', said my host. 'On the other side of the railway line is the 'whites' area. It costs something like £5,000 or £6,000 more for me to buy my house than it does for them to buy a similar one.'

There had been a few changes from the last time I had been in Cape Town. I stayed at the President Hotel and blinked the first time I saw that there were black people staying there. That would certainly not have been the case 17 years earlier. So there had been some progress.

But there were no signs of progress for the coloured cricketers, who are not accepted by the whites and not accepted by the blacks. I spent the whole week with them, watching their matches and witnessing the conditions under which they played. And, in truth, it was horrendous. There was no such thing as a turf wicket. They played on matting laid down on a rough field. A broken down old shack served as a pavilion. Lunch was a hot pattie eaten standing in a corner. Tea was a bottle of orangeade sipped through a straw.

The Cape Coloureds have their own inter-provincial competition and the Western Province side were going to play Natal in Durban. But instead of taking a comfortable hour-long flight like their white counterparts would have done, they were going all the way in the back of a 15-hundredweight truck which was going to take them two days. And naturally they felt very bitter about the situation.

It was easy to understand why. For there were a lot of very promising young cricketers among them. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that you could have picked out another four or five Basil d'Oliveiras from the people I saw playing. But the only advice they ever got was from within their own ranks. No overseas coaches went near them. They had no hope, no chance at all.

South Africa's supporters tell us that the situation is better now. And since it is impossible to argue otherwise when one has not been there for almost 20 years I have to accept that some changes have taken place. But however well intentioned the cricket authorities might be, they still hit a tremendous barrier when they come up against the political situation in the country. And I just do not believe that it is ever going to change.

I had two invitations to go back to South Africa during the winter of 1983-4 but I turned them both down. I would not have been allowed the opportunity to see what was really happening behind the window-dressing, to find the answers to the vital questions. How far do the changes extend to the grass roots of black and coloured cricket? What kind of treatment do the children get? What kind of schools do they go to? What kind of opportunities do they have?

Until we get the right answers to those, my doubts and suspicions will remain. And I, for one, will stay away.

freewheeling

GHOSTS on Everest? My mountaineering friend was insulted when I scoffed at his theory. But, unlike him, I have not spent days negotiating ice floes and coping with frostbite; besides, it is easy to ridicule the idea of itinerant spirits on a mountainside when you are sitting in the secure confines of a club bar.

Moreover, ghosts are traditionally confined to the realm of Victorian country cottages, with creaking doors swinging eerily on their rusty hinges; with cobwebs draped over dusty windowpanes; with diffused light struggling to find its way through a choking fog. True? Perhaps not, for those who have read the brilliantly researched book *The Ghost of Flight 401* by American author John Fuller. It is a gripping story—true—of a Lockheed airliner that crashes in the murky water of a swamp in the Everglades. Bob Loft, the captain of the ill-fated flight, dies in the wreckage. Don Repo, the flight engineer, succumbs to his injuries in hospital. As months go by salvaged parts from the crashed Lockheed are cannibalised and used in other planes of the airline's fleet. Almost immediately, there are reports among senior, responsible crew members that the ghosts of Loft and in the main, Repo are appearing on their flights. As I said, it is a true, meticulously documented story.

Which in turn set me thinking. If ghosts could be seen aboard a modern twentieth century wide-bodied commercial jet, why not on the icy slopes of the highest mountain in the world?

Psychics claim that they have communicated with the spirits of Irvine and Mallory, who died on the slopes of Everest in 1924. Did they reach the summit, decades before Hillary and Tenzing? Psychic evidence—if it be deemed reliable by historians—would suggest that they did. Frido Kordon, an Austrian climber, attended a seance in 1926 and said that the spirits told him of reaching the summit, where Irvine collapsed and died, with Mallory burying him under a cairn of stones before descending and then falling 150 metres to his death.

Frank Smythe, who made a solo attempt on Everest in 1933, reported later that he suddenly found himself linked by his rope with a second man when there was not a human being on the mountain. On another occasion, six Russians were lost on the way to the summit, never to be seen again. Even before the world had heard of their disappearance, an Englishman in the vicinity found himself in the company of six men who looked like Asians. It was only when he returned to civilisation that he learnt of the coincidence, if it could be called that.

One Everest aspirant had an equally esoteric experience. On a lonely ridge he found to his astonishment that he was walking towards another person. His surprise companion, an Englishman, had appeared without warning out of a fog bank. He was clad strangely, in old fashioned clothing and carried obsolete equipment. The two men shared a slice of cake before the unknown Englishman disappeared without trace.

But the most haunting exprience was related by the late Nick Estcourt, who was a member of one of the Chris Bonington expeditions. Estcourt was climbing on his own at about half past three in the morning, making his way towards Camp Five. He was about two hundred feet above Camp Four when, for no apparent reason, he turned around. "I don't know why I did that," he said later. "Perhaps it was because I sensed somebody was following me."

There was indeed someone behind him. He looked normal in every way, but was so far below that Estcourt could not feel his movements on the fixed rope. Since there was nothing at the time to suggest that this was a supernatural experience, Estcourt assumed that it was one of his team members wanting to catch up with him. He stopped and waited. So too did the figure below him. As Estcourt looked on, puzzled, so did the other climber. With no signals being exchanged, Estcourt decided to move on, turning round four or five times to confirm that he was being followed. There was no fear, for he assumed that the second person was sherpa Ang Phurba. When he finally reached Camp Five, he turned round for one final check. There was no one there.

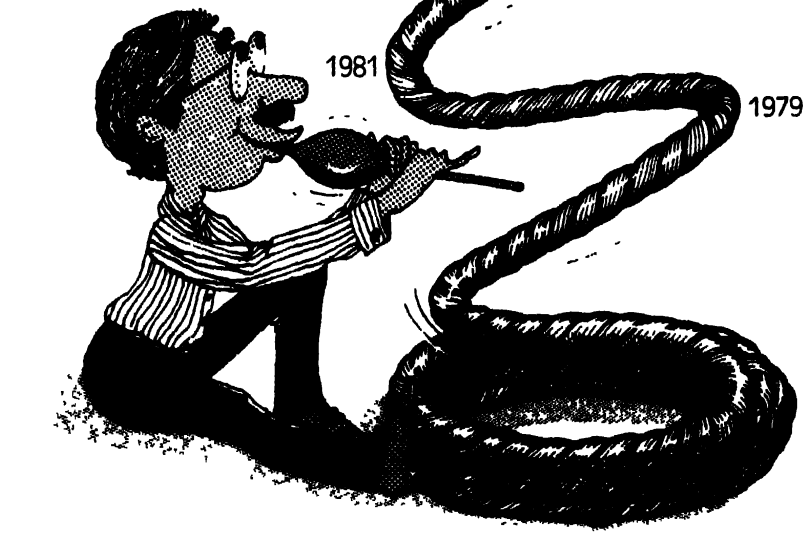
Hallucination? Improbable. Estcourt's account was defended later by Peter Habeler, who climbed Everest with Reinhold Messner in May 1978 without the aid of oxygen. Habeler referred to Estcourt as a "sober man with the analytical intelligence of a mathematician". More important, he lays great stress on the fact that Estcourt was well adapted to the altitude and he rules out categorically any chance that it may have been a figment of the imagination. He does add, though, that Estcourt had experienced this at the precise spot where a friend of his had been killed in an avalanche in 1973. More interesting was the fact that, a few hours after Estcourt had discovered someone on the rope behind him, tragedy befell the expedition. Fellow climber Mick Burke disappeared on the summit, despite the use of oxygen and modern equipment. No one ever saw him again.

David McMahon

If ghosts could be seen aboard a twentieth century commercial jet, why not on the icy slopes of the highest mountain in the world?



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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Chief Sub Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul,
Correspondents: Bombay Haresh Munwani, **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pathetic

PATHETIC is the word which I use to describe the decision of S.M. Gavaskar. Gavaskar's decision to re-open the innings just because he knew if he did not, he might have been out of the final eleven. I have been a Gavaskar fan all my life and to me it is surprising that a man of Sunny's temperament went back on his word because of a threat. Gavaskar has been changed into a puppet. I bet if tomorrow the selectors threatened to throw him out of the team, if he refused to captain the team, he will accept the captaincy. Now this man's word means nothing. Today he advertises for Dinesh Suitings, tomorrow he might advertise for Jiyajee—looking for easy money.

SAMIR M. MAHAJAN,
Calcutta.

Siva a must

AN Indian spinner is, and has always been, a far more difficult proposition for opposing batsmen than a fast bowler from the same country. Manager Venkatraghavan and skipper Kapil Dev obviously kept this in mind while selecting the team for the second Test against Australia. Bringing in Sivaramakrishnan in place of Chetan Sharma was the best move that could have been made in the circumstances. To make its way up the ladder of world cricket once again, India had to try and win the series down under; and to achieve this all the necessary chances had to be taken. That India failed to win the second Test in an altogether different story, but the fact was that the gamble had paid off. The spin trio of Yadav, Shastri and Siva had the Aussies all bottled up and all but gave their captain his first Test win.

BULBUL SINHA,
Assam.

Bangladesh

THE five-two win of the Indian soccer contingent at the expense of a forceful and determined Bangladesh team in the South Asian Federation Games at Dacca was a hard-earned one. The host gave a thoroughly spirited display and forced their Indian counterparts to a one-all draw, till extra time. The international footballers of P.K. Banerjee's team could not successfully penetrate into the rival citadel and thus failed to produce any result. The tie-breaker had to be resorted to and surprisingly all the medals in soccer—gold, silver and bronze—had to be decided through tie breaker (Nepal got the better of Pakistan to take the bronze).

P.K. got the taste of victory after two decades but he must now concentrate on his boys' weaknesses specially shooting. Next to skipper Sudip, Atanu should be given credit for finally clinching the issue, though three of the five kicks went astray. What is worth mentioning is that Bangladesh soccer has reached a high standard in the sub-continent and become a force to reckon with. Salauddin and his boys deserve credit for bagging the silver.

SHYAMAL GUPTA,
Burdwan.

A new king

STEFAN EDBERG, the 19-year-old from Sweden shocked the entire tennis world when he mauled Mats Wilander his own countryman in the Australian Open Final at Melbourne. His performance was fabulous throughout the tourney and reached its peak while knocking out Ivan Lendl, the world's number one at present in a five-set thriller. I am sure, this particular victory over Lendl must have inspired him a lot and it resulted in his bagging his first grand slam title at the tender age of 19.

So it was an all Swedish Final and both the players Wilander and Edberg knowing each other's strength and weaknesses played the game accordingly. But Edberg definitely worked out well on Wilander's weaknesses and capitalised on them.

But why has Sweden been producing so many good players over the years? If we refresh our memory a little bit, I think, all will agree that the answer in one word is Bjorn Borg, the tennis sensation. Yes, Borg's charismatic career did all the magic. His historic feats in the tennis world inspired not only Swedish youngsters but many others from other parts of the globe. I opine that, in future, Sweden may dominate the tennis world like America did a few years back.

S. W. FADNIS,
Bombay.

4

EYE OF THE TIGER

NO man could ever have been schooled to play the way he does. The purist would have to frown on his technique, the coach shudder, preferring to look the other way. The traditionalist would shun him; the casual bystander find him irresistible. Neutrality is impossible for Krishnamachari Srikkanth.

If proof be needed, look no further than two examples. One, of how in his debut Test against England in the 1981-82 series, he was run out because he absentmindedly strayed from the safety of his crease. Two, of how in the Prudential final against the West Indies at Lord's in 1983, he astounded the capacity crowd by completing a run *backwards*.

As an international cricketer, Srikkanth's belligerence is so entirely instinctive that it frequently borders on the absurd. Often making a mockery of the mere chore of survival, he goes so far as to thrive on the task. Not for this man the dour defensive blade; such an approach to the job would be unthinkable, even unforgiveable. If there is anything predetermined about his cricket, it is the avowed intention to cart the bowling to every point of the stadium.

It was this precise aspect of his cricket that threatened to choke Srikkanth's career. Club match, State game, backyard encounter; nothing altered his attitude. A colleague recalls having seen him slog an incandescent hundred on matting at a consistent rate of two runs a minute. The style, so typical of the man, attracted attention.

You tended to lose track of whether he was in the Indian team or whether he was in the wilderness. When he opened the innings in a Test match, your pulse always beat a trifle faster than normal. There was never anything so uncertain as the glorious uncertainty of the game the way Srikkanth played it. When he got runs, he did so in spectacular fashion; when he failed, the doubts about his career grew progressively darker.

Did he deserve to be included in the Test squad? Or was he only worth his place in a one-day side? If Srikkanth was aware of the raging debate, he gave no indication of it. He turned in a nugget of an innings in the 1983 Prudential final, treating Indian supporters to the rare sight of Andy Roberts being lathered. His 38 was the top score of that match, but the question mark still lingered over a future in Test cricket.

His style was tailor-made for the demanding nature of limited-overs cricket and he revelled in the frenzied accumulation of runs. This, as never before, was the classic case of a one-day batsman trying to adapt his style to the traditional parameters of Test cricket. During the Benson and Hedges World Championship of Cricket in Australia in early 1985, Srikkanth proved—as only he could—that slogging could be made to look like an art form. Shastri pipped him to the driver's seat and ownership papers of the gleaming Audi, but it was the opener from Madras who sent the Sydney and Melbourne grounds on fire.

As if to drive home the point that he revels in conditions at both these grounds, Srikkanth hammered his way to 86 in the second Test of the series now behind us. Then, injured and using Siva as a runner in the third Test at Melbourne, he torched the seemingly elusive century that secured him a place in Aussie folklore. A hundred in 97 balls. As an opener. More important than the manner in which he made his runs in the Sydney and Melbourne Tests is the fact, lest we forget, that the frantic pace at which he made them gave India the upper hand on each occasion. Being on the brink of victory was, as we all admit, a team effort. But it was the brilliance of Srikkanth that put his side in front.

This is a man who has never been shackled to convention. Impatient of playing the game in the fashion dictated by his peers, he sidesteps tradition in his own—utterly his own—instinctively aggressive manner. Scything arc. Flashing blade. Were the immortal Errol Flynn to return from the dead to rule Hollywood once more, his one wish would probably be to portray Srikkanth in a Cecil B. DeMille extravaganza.

Come to think of it, when was the last time you saw him playing a copybook defensive stroke?

David McMahon








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We do need another hero

Australian cricket certainly does. And Greg Matthews is the answer, says **Noel Mengel**, editor of "Australian Cricket"

SITTING around our radio sets in Indi one thing is sure c come to your attent out Au stralian crick style And that t almost deafenin hat greets Greg M ach time he com ket the eest for his act t field the cr t his kan g antics each ti ts the bat Matthews 26 is s new national h and no wonder with spirit, and distinctly different Test centuries to his credit But it may come a surprise to readers verseas that a year ago even in his home state of New South Wales plenty of people were ready to dismiss the budding all rounder as silly as a wheel As someone with talent but somehow lacking the necessary qualities upstairs to make full use of it or as merely a handy bat whose bowling pretentions relied on the idiosyncratic Sydney Cricket Ground pitch

The doubters started to change their minds en masse in an electric moment during the first Test of the Australian summer against New Zealand Australias first innings had crumbled the second was in the process of doing so when the irrepressible Matthews came to join Allan Border at the crease The Press corps were starting to arrange early flights home At first, Matthews took inspiration from his champion skipper. After some hours of devout application in the burning Brisbane sun it seemed the reverse was true, so surely did the youngster trifle the ball

Late in the day Matthews hovered near his maiden Test century, and the crowd waited for him to explode smiles of reach this milestone

The electric moment came He calmly plonted one down the track d lofted off spinner Vaughan Brown high and handsome over mid on for six How many players in the world would back their own ability so surely in such a situa



Vengsarkar holds on for dear life—but it's not out, off Matthews' pads on the crucial last day at Melbourne



The bails fly but the toe is in. Kirmani's attempt (not in pic) to stump Matthews fails



Laurel's lookalike Matthews gets extra reinforcements

Public Library

tion?

The issue was sealed in Melbourne in the second Test against India. Again Australia was in desperate straits and this time even Border was back in the pavilion. Kapil Dev was right on target for a historic victory.

When the last man in Dave Gilbert came to the wicket Matthews was on 59, and he had no option but to hit lustily cleanly into the cavernous spaces of the Melbourne Cricket Ground. Kapil Dev could do no more than stare heavenwards for assitance. Matthews finished unbeaten on 100 in an innings as breathtaking in its way as Srikanth's a week later in Sydney perhaps more so considering the state of the game and the treachery of the wicket.

On the field Matthews is a pocket dynamo—incessantly chatting, clapping his team-mates on diving and swooping at the ball. When it comes off, as it has this year, it is difficult to imagine a more inspirational player. When he bowls his neat little spinners his unbridled enthusiasm results in a succession of yelps, leaps and scissor kicks. At bat his is a picture of studious concentration that's until it comes to the moment to relish his success. After his maiden Test century he charged down the pitch in a delighted daze waving to his girlfriend in the stands facing the TV cameras and inscribing an M for his biggest fan watching at home, his mother. It was an outpouring of public emotion seldom seen.

It has been no easy road for Matthews though. On his first overseas tour, that disastrous trip to the Caribbean 20 months ago, he didn't win too many friends among his team mates. He enjoyed better relations with the Press party. Last season and through the long sorry Ashes tour Matthews seemed to provoke a response and raise the ire of the traditionalists wherever he went.

He can't understand it. I'm not wild, he told *4u Australian Cricket Magazine* in one interview. I know within myself I'm not. I'm not an outrageous human being. I never sledge in first class cricket. If a person asks me a question I try to be honest with them. That's the way I am.

Actually Matthews is one of the most traditional looking players anywhere although once with spiky hair and ear ring that was not so.

Look at a photo of him concentrating at the crease these days in baggy cap, hair close cropped, shirt buttoned to the wrists. It could have been a photo of an Australian player at any time from the turn of the century not just in 1986.

Matthews is at a loss to understand the rapture that greets his arrival on the field these days. But he knows it helps his game. Even before his time reached such heights Matthews was likely to be seen chatting merrily to himself or dancing a fine leg or waving to the crowd or pulling faces at a kid entertaining himself as well as the paying customers.

In truth he has stood out from the rest during his career not because he is a modern character in a game played by fairly conservative people. He listens to the Talking Heads and the Style Council like plenty of Australian kids when other cricketers prefer easy listening music.

The kids see something in Matthews the character just as they did in Doug Walters the card playing ever smiling larrikin of the Australian team in the '70s.

Just as Australians took to Walters' cuthroatness they warm to Matthews' honesty, his sheer joy at playing the game when big bucks could make the professional scene. Who can understand those critics who would have him curb his natural energy just because that's not the way the game was once played? Is it such a crime to enjoy playing cricket these days? The multitude of kids who delight at Greg Matthews every move don't think so. And they're the ones who really count.

Too good too late

Ashis Ray reviews the last Test at Sydney between India and Australia

THERE has been one tied incident at Madras between Australia and the West Indies in 1960 and innumerable [illegible] drawn encounters in the [illegible] Test cricket, and it would, [illegible] be fair to say that the third [illegible] Test India-Australia Test at the Sydney Cricket Ground, like the preceding one at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, rather fits in to the latter category. But it was also grossly disappointing because India, once again, fully deserved to win this game, and but for almost three hours play being eaten up by the weather and non-co-operation with Kapil Dev by some of the Indian batsmen, the result would have been just that.

Besides, a series without a single positive outcome was, arguably, a black mark in the 109-year history of Test cricket in Australia, because, quite simply, this has never occurred in the past in this country, if you discount the instance of Pakistan playing a solitary match at Melbourne in the 1964-65 season, which was left undecided. The inconclusive state of affairs this summer was by no means inspiring for lovers of the five-day game either in Australia or India, facing, as they are, a serious threat from the fancy dress circuit.

But, after the loss of those one hundred and seventy three minutes in the third and fourth days of the SCG Test the odds were clearly, against India. Not since the Anglo-Australian meeting at Lord's in 1934—in which the legendary left-arm spinner Hedley Verity, took 15 for a 104 and sent the visitors crashing to an innings defeat—had as many as 16 wickets fallen in a day. Furthermore, Verity had obtained his startling success on a wet wicket, whereas the current trio of Indian spinners had, at best, a normally wearing pitch to exploit. The fact that a dozen wickets tumbled on the final day of the concerned Test was testimony enough to the escalating skills of Shivlal Yadav and Ravi Shastri, particularly the former, and correspondingly, to the relative lack of technique and temperament on the part of the present crop of Australian batsmen.



Kirmani's symbolic expression is some indication that Wayne Phillips has played—and missed

The fifth day of the match, began quite innocuously. Australia, the previous day, had battled their way to three hundred and forty-seven for four, which included a splendid 131 by the Tasmanian David Boon, a stupendous stand of 217 for the first wicket between him and the other makeshift opener Geoff Marsh, while the rock-like Alan Border stood ominously poised on 64 not out. This situation left the home side just 64 runs short of thier objective of avoiding the follow on. Nothing but a tame draw appeared to be on the cards.

But the Australian skipper in an uncharacteristic rush of blood suddenly jumped out of his crease to hit Shastri over mid on, only to witness Chetan Sharma run back a few yards, position himself beautifully (while never taking his eyes off the swirling skier) and take a brilliant catch. Border was, thus, gone for 71, which made Australia 369 for five, and that was it, because the remainder of the batsmen just panciked and were bowled out for 396, five runs short of forcing India to bat again.

The morning had begun with Yadav not accepting a difficult return chance, but with the only other reliable wielder of the willow, Greg Matthews, top-edging a sweep off him to backward square leg: soon after the twenty-year-old Steve Waugh, playing in only his second Test, had glanced the same bowler into the hands of leg slip, a dramatic transformation came about in the circumstances: and India, to their credit, seized the opportunity in admirable fashion.

Yadav, who had wheeled away over after over without much luck, triumphantly led the Indians back into the dressing-room with a haul of five for 99 off 62.3 overs. On a wicket which at no stage lived up to its much heralded help to spinners, and was as flat and lifeless as the Green Park wicket in Kanpur, it was magnificent bowling, albeit against a batting line-up unaccustomed to top quality trundling. And Shastri, his twin, was not far behind with four for 101 and another display of quite immaculate left-arm orthodox stuff. The track was too dry for this Bombayite's style of "hitting the deck" yet at no juncture did he allow the opposition to dominate him—a hallmark of his accuracy.

It was eight minutes to lunch when Australia went in to bat for the second time. For 88 minutes India were denied a breakthrough by Boon and



Kapil Dev hints to the umpire that it is not lbw and that he had nicked it first

Marsh, once again playing sensibly. But after that the thickset hundred-maker of the first venture was runout by almost twenty yards as he dashed out from the non-striker's end not noticing that Sivaramakrishnan had made a smart stop at short fine leg, and in the very next ball Marsh got an inside edge to a turning and jumping delivery from Yadav to make it 57 for two.

Soon, it became 115 for six, whch incorporated the exit of Border, caught at gully off a sharply gyrating ball from Yadav. The Australian captain had inexcusably held himself back to number seven in the order to keep himself informed about the arrival of a daughter in Brisbane—it was not a difficult birth! But in so doing, he compounded his team's problems. Tension mounted in the quite empty stands—after four days of reasonably good attendances, less than five thousand spectators turned up on the final day-half a dozen close catchers clustered around the bat. And Border's departure being in the thirteenth of the twenty mandatory overs in th last hour, a victory for India was, a this point, by no means an impossibility. It might have become a reality had India managed to get rid of Greg Ritchie, the only recognised batsman still left undefeated. But this was not to be. And however uncomfortably and unstylishly, this rugged right-hander saw Australia through to safety. Of course, whether he should have been allowed to, is a different matter, because thrice he deliberately and rather dangerously padded up to the spinners. Each time, he was given the benefit of the doubt. But India could not complain too much, since they, too, had been granted at least a couple of favours by the umpires in this match.

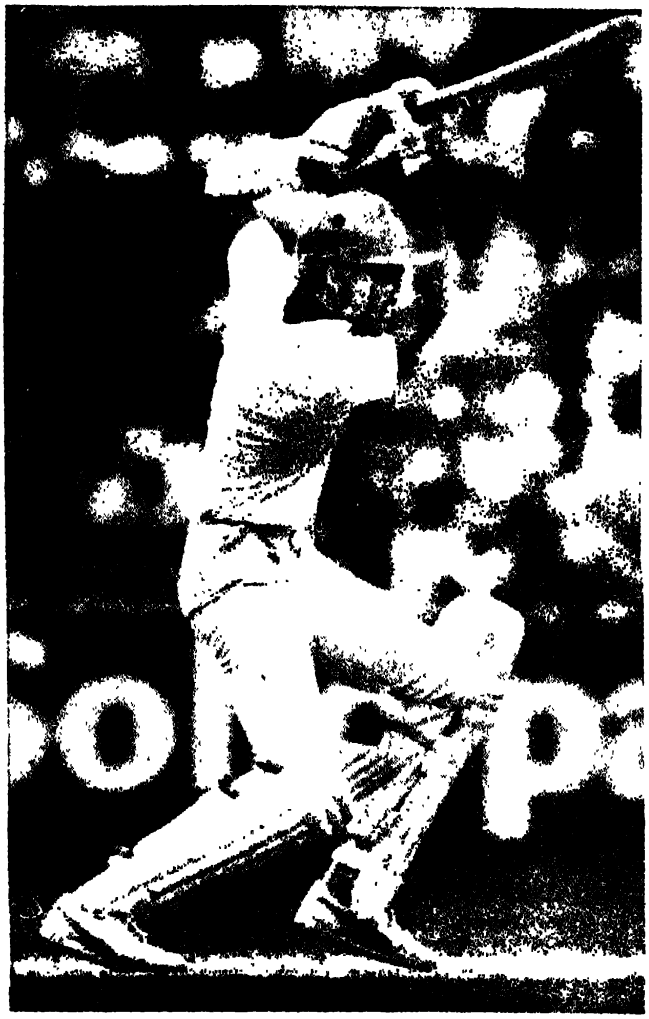
Thus, the great excitement of the final day eventually ended in an anti-climax, and another setback of sorts for Kapil Dev, desperately searching for his first Test win as captain in twenty Tests. Indeed, had he put it across to the Aussies on this occasion, it would have, possibly amounted to the best birthday present the human dynamo has received in his twenty-seven years. Besides, had the windfall taken place, the Indian skipper would have owed much to the pyrotechnics of Krishnamachari Srikkanth, Man of the Match and Man of the Series, the latter jointly with Kapil

Though slightly fortunate, since he was dropped at two, this brave buccaneer made light of a foot injury (suffered) when he was only ten) to contrive one of the most aggressive innings ever played by an Indian in Tests. One can recall Farokh Enginner's swashbuckling century at Madras in January 1967 against the West Indies (whose record in terms of balls received is, sadly, not officially published, since those were still the days when this more scientific method was not in vogue), and Sunil Gavaskar's rather explosive hundred off just 94 deliveries. But other than that, one would be hard put to identify a more furious 'ton' by India, and certainly not overseas.

It was Srikkanth's maiden century in Tests, and he could not have got it with greater power and precision. Playing with the help of a runner, he raced from 26 to 77 in a mere 7.2 overs, leaving Gavaskar, at the other end, stationary on 27. In this one



One for the sky. Vengsarkar miscues



Azharuddin drives into form

devastating period, the Tamil Tiger destroyed the much-talked-about propensities of the local legspinner, Bob Holland, by hitting him for 22 in one over—which bracketted him with a select band of four others who have procured as many in an over in Tests, other than, of course, Sandip Patil gloriously striking Bob Willis for 24 in one over year at Old Trafford in 1982—embellished, as it was, with four fours and a towering six to long on. It was enough to set the sweltering SCG on fire.

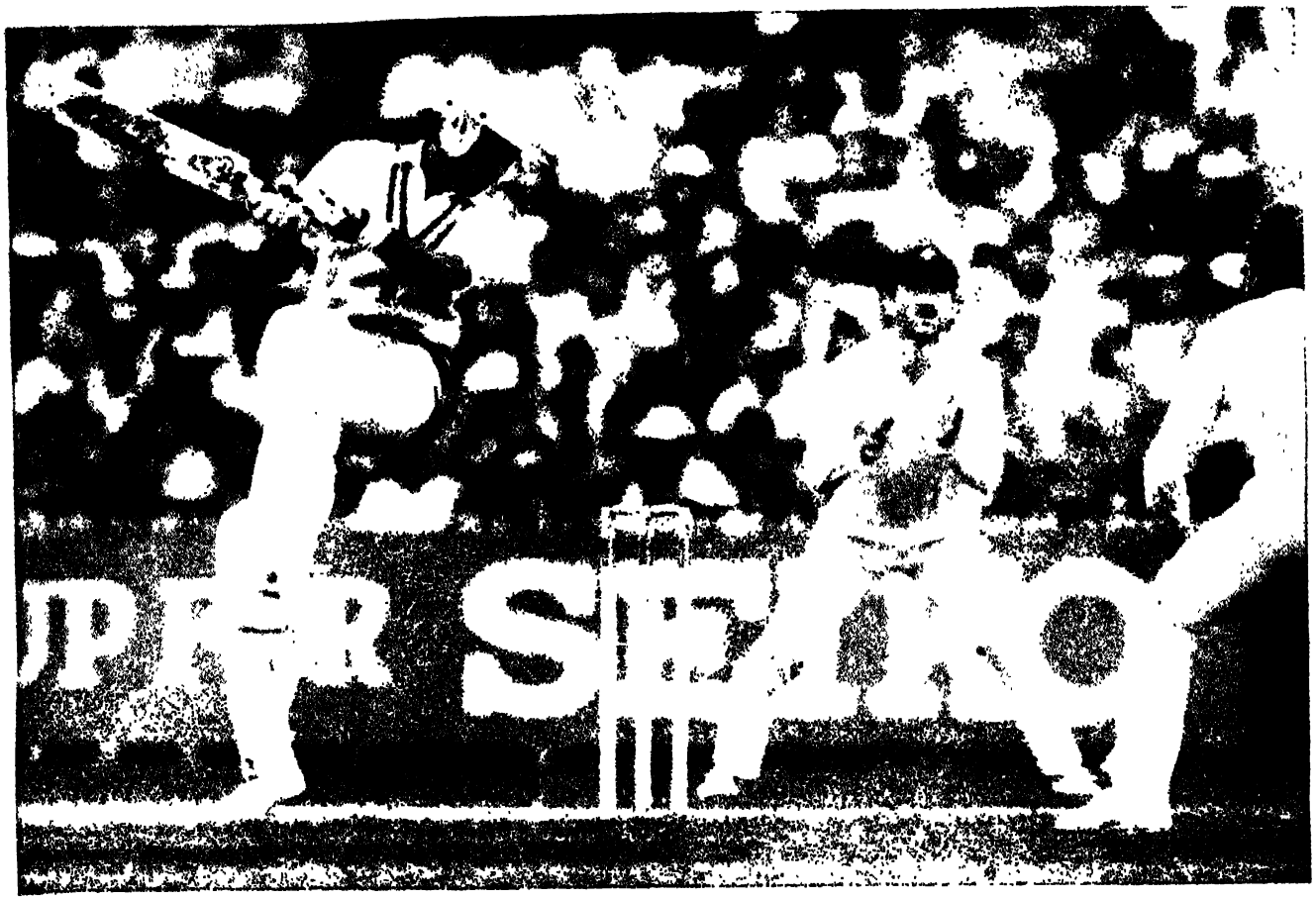
His hundred came off an electrifying 97 balls and he continued in this cavalier vein till he tried to pull a ball from the persistent Bruce Reid, pitched outside the off-stump, but only succeeded in dragging it on to his stumps. He was out for 116. The knowledgeable crowd, gave him a standing ovation, just the way in which they had greeted his hundred.

The opening partnership of 191 was a record for India in Australia and soon on the second day a more voluminous stand was on view—that between Gavaskar, who after giving two chances in his first 27 runs proceeded to a masterly 172 (his tennis elbow problem in his left arm, seemingly, no longer hampering his driving), and Mohinder Amarnath, who got 138 after two 'lives' and an escape from the dreaded finger, who realised 224 for the second wicket—the best for any association by India against Australia.

But it was also in the midst of this record-breaking that India somewhat lost their way, scoring only 81 runs in the first 150 minutes on the second day, and that despite both batsmen being more than well set. Amarnath, was the principal culprit, adding just 18 runs to his overnight score of 72 in the session before lunch and requiring 164 minutes to unleash his first boundary of the day—after he had rather selfishly got his 10th hundred.

As a consequence, it was Kapil himself who entered the stage at the fall of Gavaskar's wicket—bowled round his legs by Holland to try and take the game by the scruff of the neck. He got a quick 42, which was admittedly a minor contribution compared to the centuries by the first three batsmen—only the fourth such example in Test history—but went a long way at a crucial time to repair the damage of the morning.

But Kapil, like Amarnath, fell to Dave Gilbert, playing over a yorker—Amarnath had perished flicking to square leg. There was no need to despair, however, for the Nizam of Hyderabad, young Mohammed Azhar-



'Better not to look'. Vengsarkar evades a McDermott flier

uddin, was in one of his generous moods. He showered his bounty on the spectators with a stunning knock of 59 not out in just seventy eight balls.

Ultimately the gigantic total of 600 for four at a rate of around four runs per over—it was also easily the highest by India abroad and the second biggest anywhere—was almost a breaknock effort by modern day standards. But for a team attempting to snap the deadlock in the series, at least an hour's fling at the weary Australian batsmen would have been tactically wiser instead of the less than 20 minutes granted to the Indian bowlers. It was, undoubtedly, logical on the part of Kapil Dev to think at the outset of the game that the wicket would turn nightmarishly for batsmen from the third day. But once he saw the track ease out into a batting paradise, he should have been wary of it not deteriorating that fast.

As it was, not a single wicket fell in the first session in the first three days and in the entire third day. Indeed, only eight wickets went down in the first four days, turning this phase of the match into an absolute leather-hunt. But at the same, the scenario could well have been different if the catches had been held. India, too, permitted at least a half a dozen chances to slip by—Marsh and Border being the main beneficiaries—a luxury one could ill-aford on a wicket like this with Siva being a mere shadow of his erstwhile self.

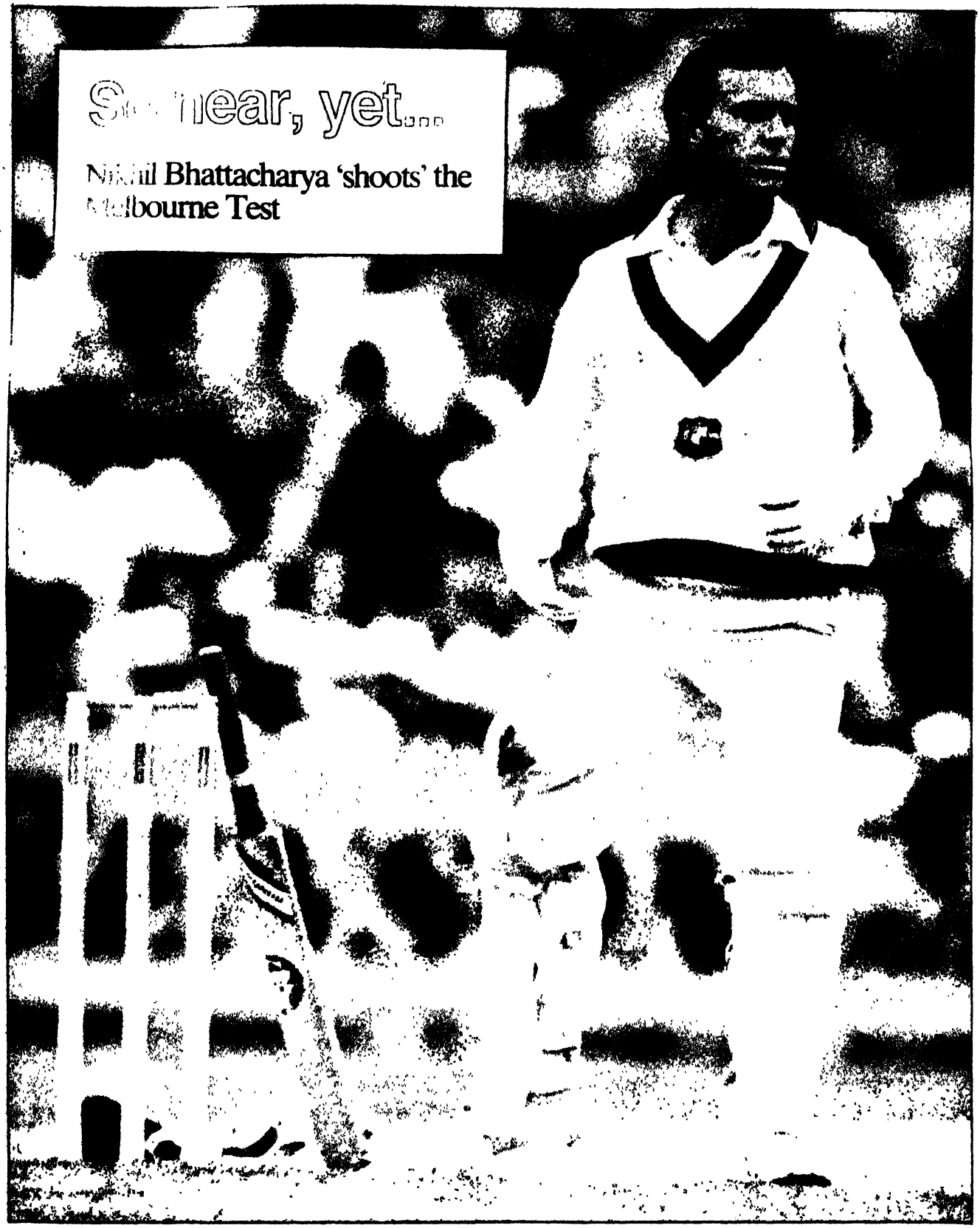
But Australian batting collapses have become quite common these days. Another dubious demonstration was provided on the fifth morning, when their last five wickets disintegrated for only nine runs, Yadav grabbing four of them in 35 balls. This off-spinner almost induced a repeat performance the same afternoon returning, as he did, the remarkable figures of: 33-22-19-3. But after the three-day marathon of 95.3 overs, one could not expect this increasingly confident cricketer, or for that matter the resilient Shastri, to exhibit the freshness of mind and motion.

And so, with the Australian score on 119 for six in the second innings, the curtain came down on this last India-Australia Test. It was a golden opportunity for India to register a first-ever series win in this country, and win it two-nil. Instead, the record books will show that all the three Tests ended indecisively.

But I suppose, the statistician can take solace from the three huge stands—the one between Boon and Marsh was the highest first wicket partnership for Australia against India, the third highest for any wicket by Australia versus India and the fifth highest opening partnership for Australia against any side—from Boon's two hundreds in the series, which were also the first two of his Test career, from Gavaskar's Bradmanesque attainment of his 32nd Test ton and centuries at each of the Test match centres in Australia. And last but not the least, from the rapidity of Srikkanth's innings, which if recycled in the one-dayers will leave them with little leisure at their jobs

So near, yet...

Nikhil Bhattacharya 'shoots' the Melbourne Test



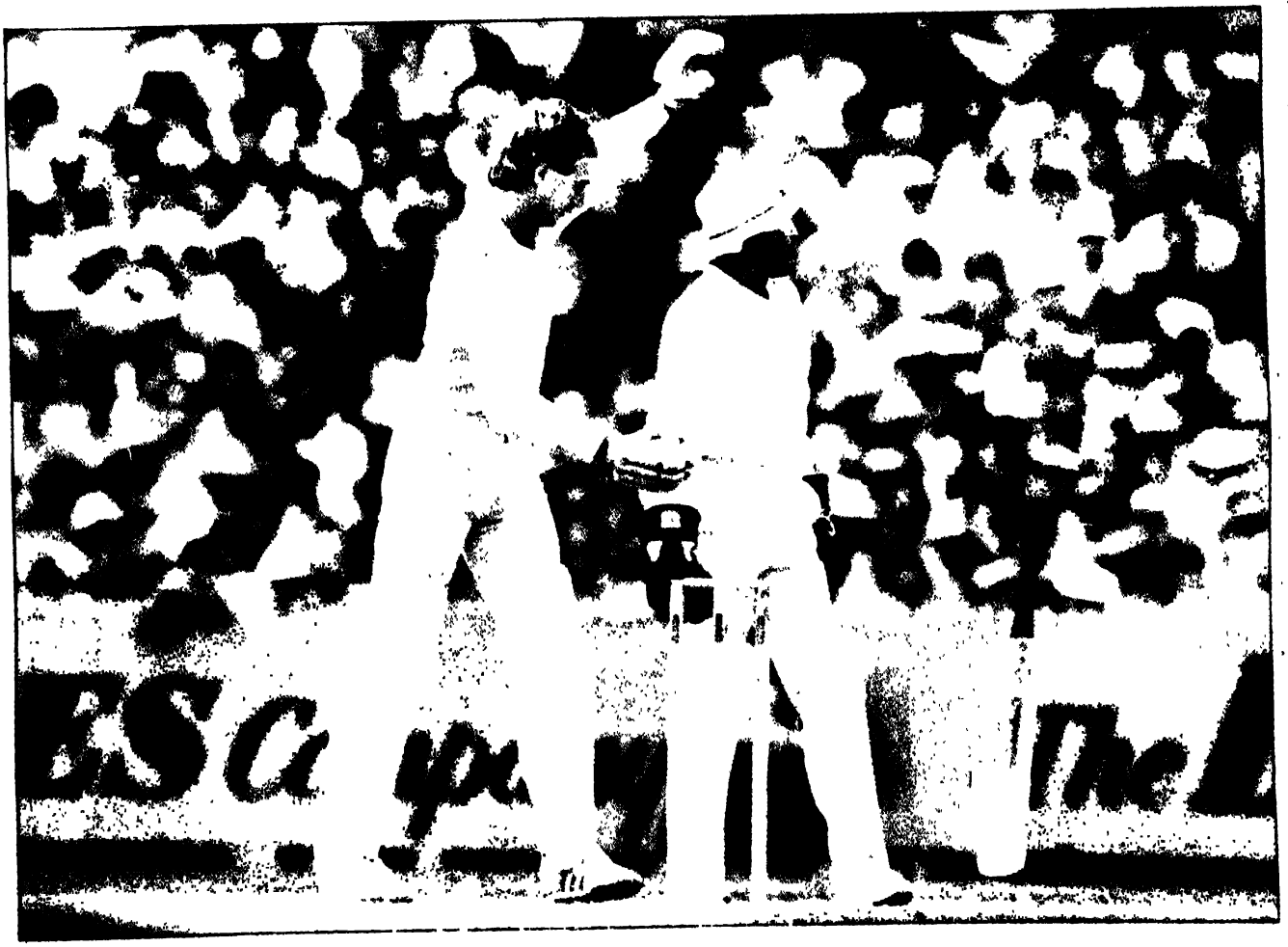
Australia on a ball's edge. Greg Matthews takes a breather



Greg Mattnews sweeps during his century



David Hookes launches into Yadav



One flew over Kirmani's head! Wayne Phillips loses control of a pull shot off Yadav









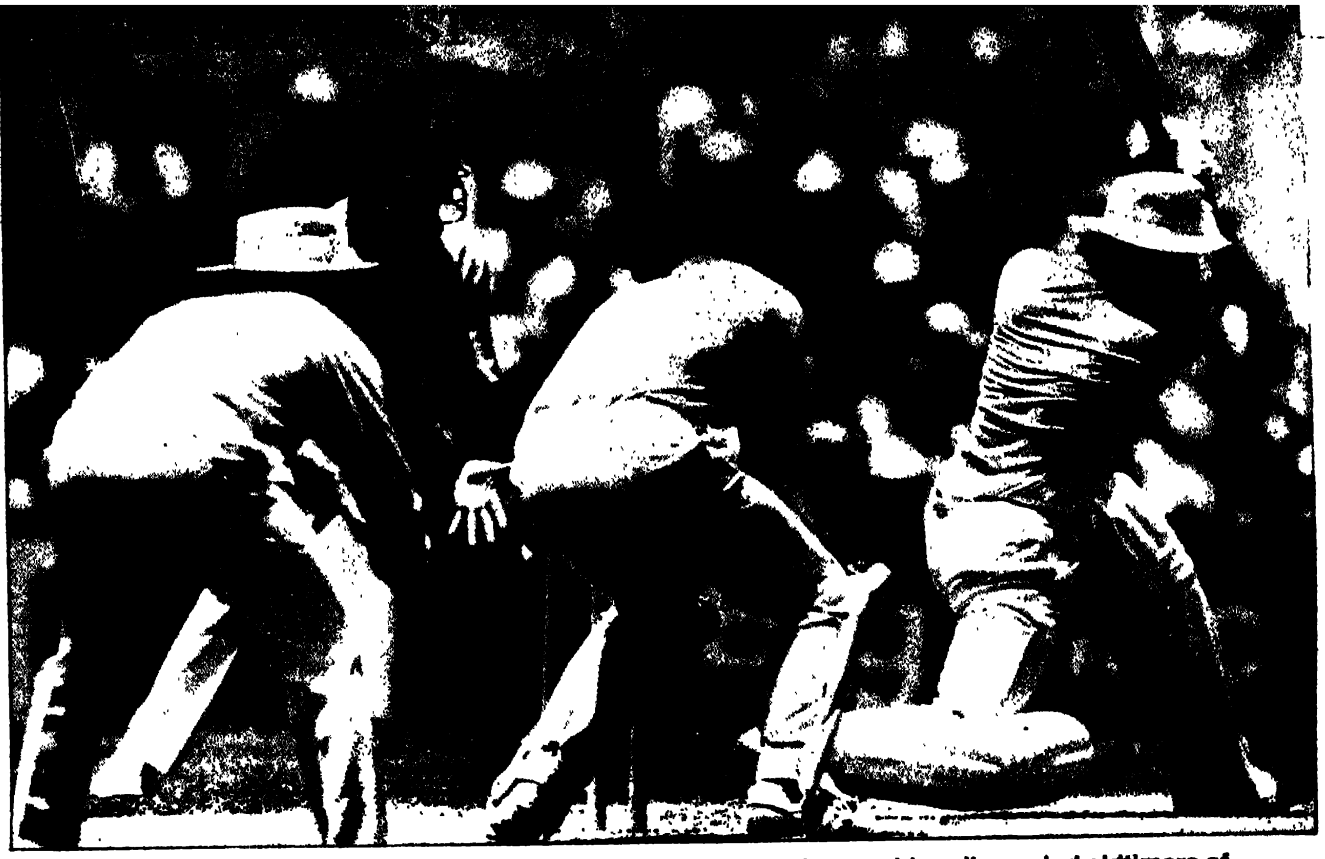
K.K. Srikkanth on the assault in Melbourne. If the Aussies thought that his 86 was the last word in attacking cricket, then there was more in store. Last picture: Srikkanth leaves, dismissed



Exit Dave, Gilbert, caught Kirmani bowled Yadav

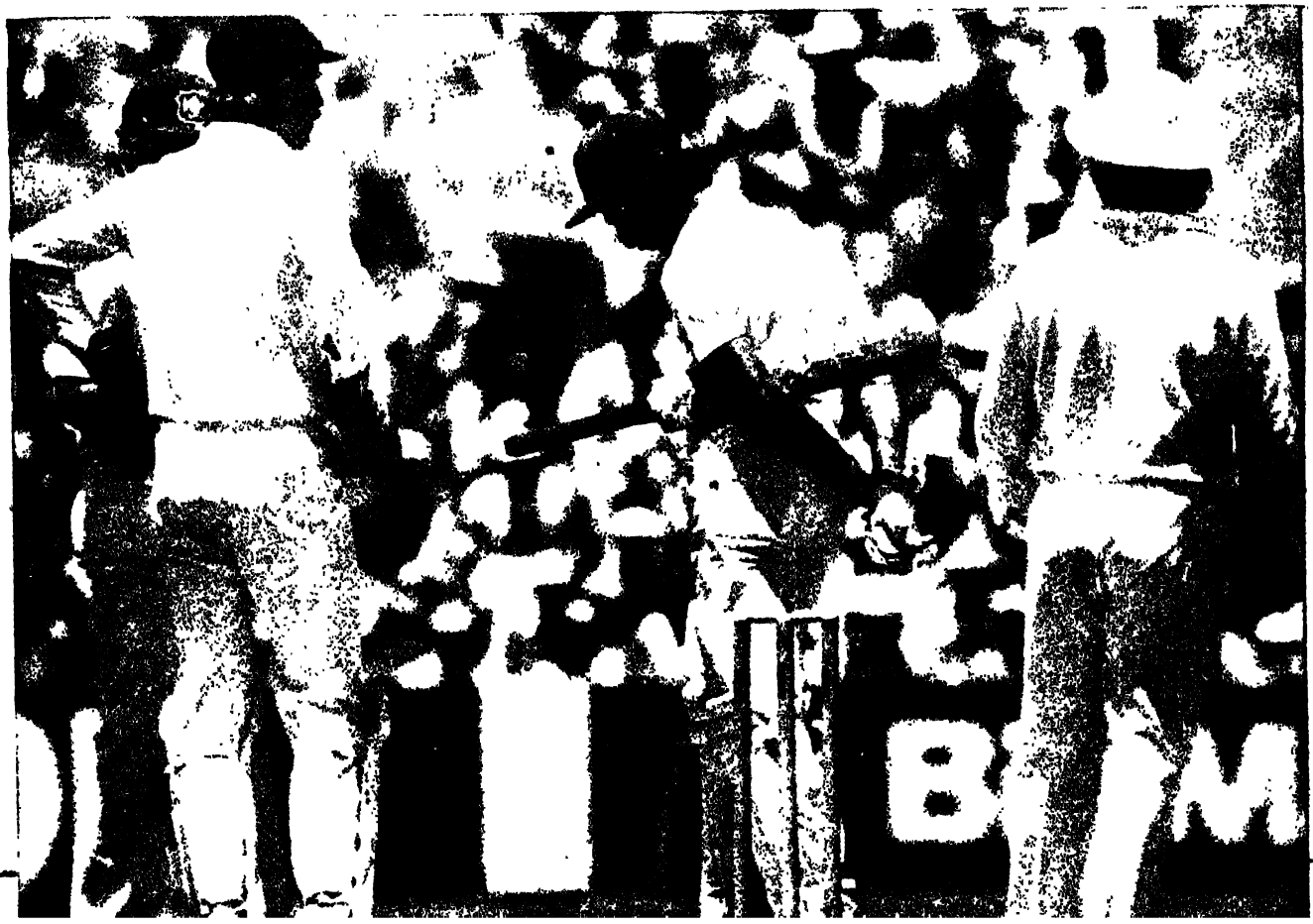


One run round the corner for Matthews



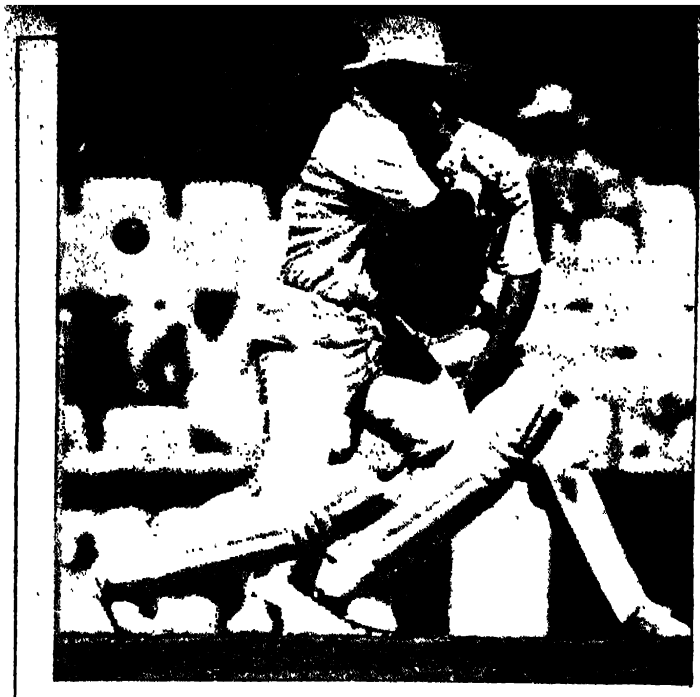
Vintage Gavaskar. The Indian opener launches into a stroke that would easily remind oldtimers of Wally Hammond with Bert Oldfield crouching behind

'Pray, what is the fuss and ado about?' Srikkanth is not impressed with an Australian appeal





From the Master to his pupil. Sunil Gavaskar almost does a goose-step while greeting Srikkanth after the latter had got his elusive Test century





Put down at three and 27, Sunil Gavaskar square cuts in the Sydney Test en route to this 32nd Test century. Gavaskar and Srikkanth put on 191 runs for the first wicket, one short of India's best first-wicket stand against Australia and the highest by any country at Sydney in the last twenty years.

Uttarpara
Kalpriksha Public Library



Srikkanth in a familiar pose. While Gavaskar was stagnant, Srikkanth moved from 26 to 68! O'Reilly felt that it was one of the most exciting batting performances seen at the SCG

PRESS CLIPPINGS

The turf at the Melbourne Cricket Ground has been considered the most expensive in all Australia. The Central Soil Research Organisation took charge of the wicket some time back, studied the soil and the grass. A true and fast wicket was attempted at—but without luck. In fact, each time the strip was put to use it behaved most unpredictably. The last time the Indians played a Test at the MCG before this tour ended in favour of the Indians on the last day. Bruce Yardley was bowled by one that never went higher than his ankle. The Indian bowlers had a field day and Australia, chasing 143, was shot out for 83. The square has been relaid twice in eight years with repairs having been carried out on the surface several times. Without success.

One of the reasons attributed to the freakish behaviour of the square is the pounding that it takes from Rules Football in the Australian winter months. The underground heating system based on the steam pipe layout was attempted to keep the grass alive and growing. In fact, this year the curator brought in couch grass from the Albert Ground in South Melbourne to salvage the strip.

From what appeared from the game between India and Victoria at the MCG, the wicket appeared to have a lot of runs in it. From what was evident from the first first-class game of the season, the selectors were impressed enough to leave spinner Bob Holland out of the second Test match.

And how they missed him!

FOR the first time in India's cricketing history, her first three batsmen scored centuries in the same innings at Sydney.

The first to do so were Hobbs (211), Herbert Sutcliffe (122) and Frank Woolley (134 not out) playing against South Africa for England at Lord's in 1924. Australia achieved the landmark twice. Colin McDonald (110), Arthur Morris (111) and Neil Harvey (133) did it against the West Indies at Port-of-Spain in 1955. Ten years later between Australia and West Indies, Lawry (210), Bob Simpson (201) and Bob Cowper (103) repeated the effort.

For the statistically-minded, Gavaskar and M. Amarnath improved on India's—and their own—record for the second wicket against Australia by putting on 224 in 322 minutes off 72.2 overs.

India's 600 for four declared was her highest outside India, bettering 520 in the first Test at Adelaide on this tour. Their best at home is 644 for seven declared against the West Indies at Kanpur in 1978-79.

BHAVIN Radia made an impressive first-class debut for Saurashtra in the Ranji Trophy. Chosen to play against Gujarat at Rajkot, the Porbandar offspinner picked up five wickets for 61 runs off almost 30 overs. Radia was so effective that Ashok Patel, himself an aspiring Test bowler and stand-in captain for this game, was forced to continue with Radia. Radia's performance is all the more creditable since five out of the first eight fell victim to his guile. Interestingly, two were stumped (Surinder Amarnath being one of them), two leg before and one bowled.

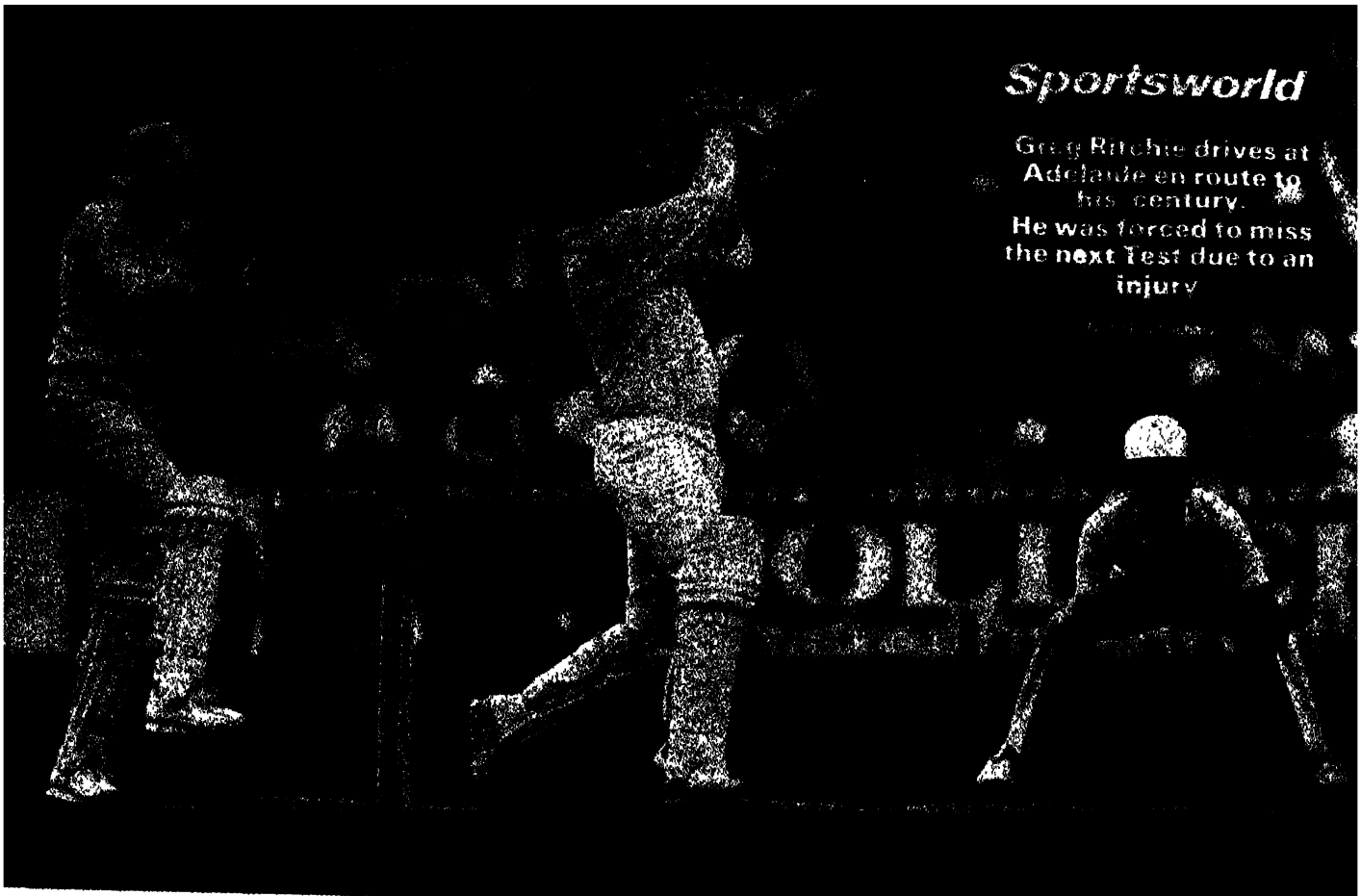
Dilip Doshi, now playing for Saurashtra, was not in the side playing the game. Doshi had played the earlier game against Maharashtra and had a trying time, picking up three wickets in one innings while yielding more than a hundred runs.

"OF all the cricket playing nations in the world, the Australian Test players must be the crudest of the lot," wrote Roadrunner in *The Times of India*. "...the Australian Test players as a whole are enough to make others sick. Take the latest offensive rubbish that their new captain, Allan Border has given expression to. What a line of captains! First there was macho man Ian Chappell, then there was his brother who was not much better. Only Kim Hughes had an innate sense of courtesy and suffered because he was not 'hard' enough.

"Now Border! First he says, the Indians somehow bring the 'aggro' out in the Aussie side? What on earth does he mean? Well, it is fairly obvious. If Border ever got up the nerve to say the same thing about the West Indies, their fast bowlers would make him eat crow time and again. But the Indians with their image of 'gentleness' (and their lack truly of a fast bowler) would seem to be easier meat. Then what does he say to justify the silly behaviour of Merv Hughes about a wind-blown bail when Kapil was batting? "Anyway it's not fair to blame Hughes alone. We've all had our hackles up against the Indians." Really? Hackles up for what?"

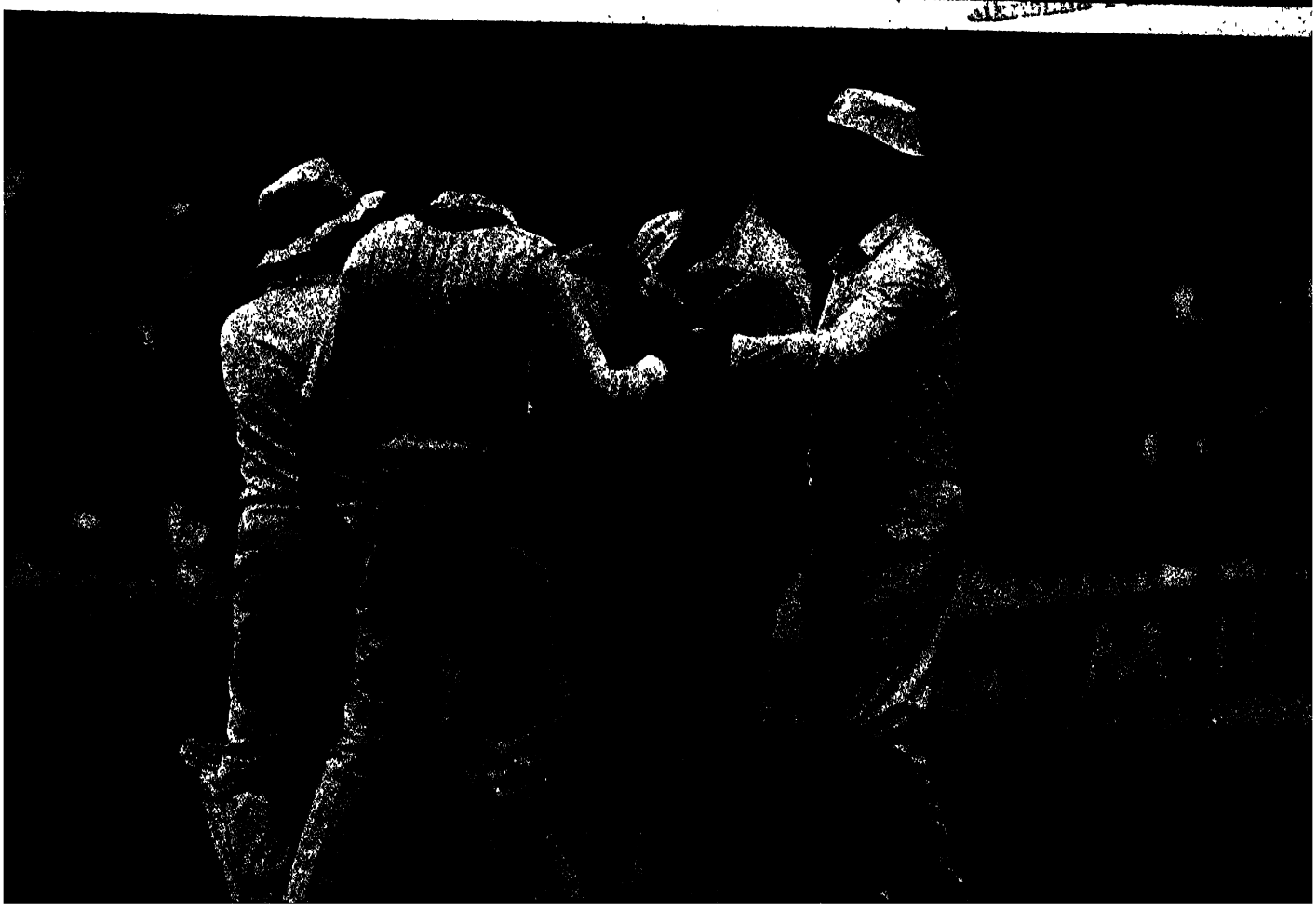


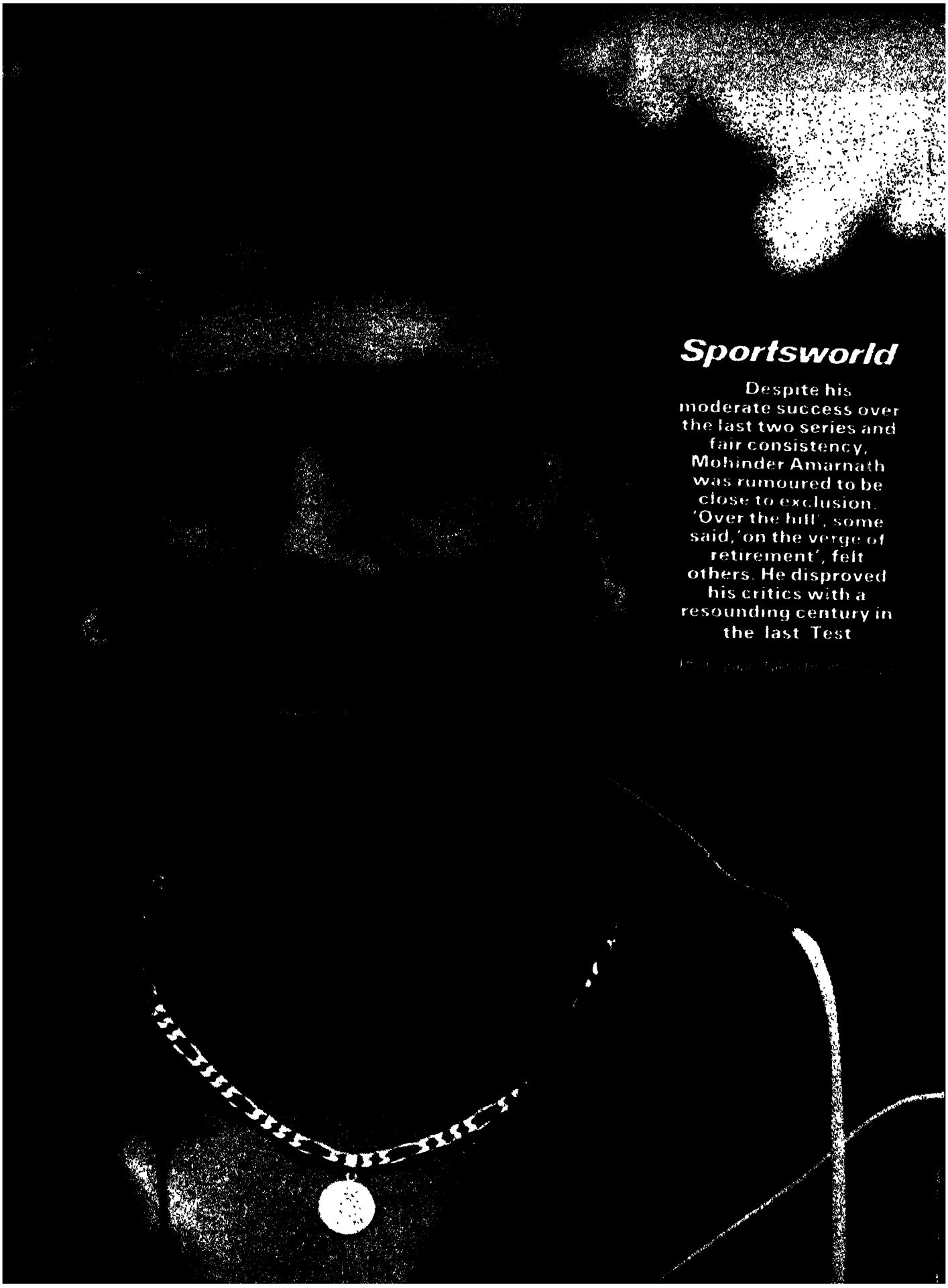
Gavaskar is bowled in the Melbourne Test. The last time the Indians played there, the ball did all sorts of things, bowling Bruce Yardley on the last day with one that never bounced above the ankles! This time the Aussie selectors felt that the pitch would play true and left out spinner Holland.



Sportsworld

Greg Ritchie drives at Adelaide en route to his century. He was forced to miss the next Test due to an injury





Sportsworld

Despite his moderate success over the last two series and fair consistency, Mohinder Amarnath was rumoured to be close to exclusion. 'Over the hill', some said, 'on the verge of retirement', felt others. He disproved his critics with a resounding century in the last Test

In the fast lane

Haresh Munwani speaks to sprinter Adille Sumariwalla

FOR the present, Adille Jehangir Sumariwalla will have to rest content with the tag of being the fastest man in India. And had the elements not conspired against him, the 28-year-old bespectacled athlete could well have been described in the sports pages of the nation's newspapers as the fastest man in Asia.

Looking back on his stint as a sprinter, Sumariwalla can boast of winning the 100m event at the Nationals since 1978 for a record seven consecutive years. In fact, such has been his domination that at the Jalandhar Nationals he triumped despite the fact that he had been laid low by chicken pox a month before the event. In addition, he ran the race in defiance of expert medical opinion just so that his winning sequence was not interrupted.

"Currently, all my training is being done with the 1986 Seoul Asian Games in mind" he says. "I know my timings are better than anyone else in this subcontinent but unfortunately I do not have a gold medal to substantiate my case. This is why I consider the injury I suffered a few days before the 1982 Delhi Asian Games as undoubtedly the biggest setback to my career."

While practising the baton exchange for the relay event at the Asian Games Village track, he twisted his ankle when his foot hit a pothole thereby rupturing the ligaments of the ankle. This injury eventually sidelined him from his pet event and to rub it in, Sumariwalla had the mortification of seeing Malaysia's Rabaun Pit winning the gold medal in the 100m with an effort of 10.67. What made it worse was the knowledge that his own timing that year had been 10.4 seconds.

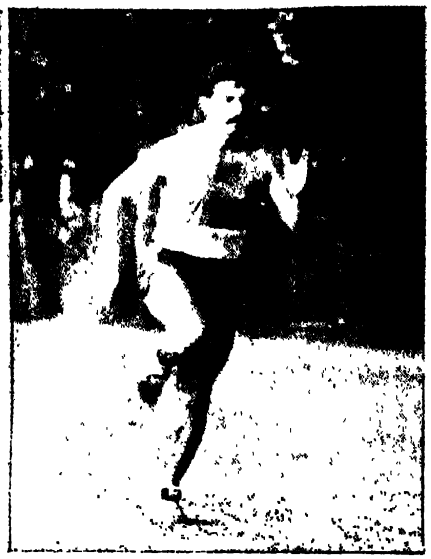
Timing, medals and records apart, this sprinter, who stands 169 cm in his shoes and who touches 70 kg on the weighing scale, is convinced that his countrymen's interest in athletics is growing. "How else can one explain the increasing number of records that are being toppled at athletic meets. Look at the boost that has been given to women's athletics in India today. P.T. Usha and Shiny Abraham are both big names in international meets. In the men's section too, there has been a vast improvement, except for the legendary Milkha Singh's record which has stood the test of time."

But while Indian athletes have im-



Mukesh Parpiani/The Daily

The newly married couple


Mukesh Parpiani/The Daily

"Currently, all my training is being done with the 1986 Seoul Asian Games in mind. I know my timings are better than anyone else in the subcontinent, but I do not have a gold medal to substantiate my case"

proved by the inch, their foreign counterparts have improved by the yard. Discussing this, Sumariwalla points a finger at the country's athletics setup. "The less said about the knowledge of our coaches, the better. Nevertheless, these guys insist on being treated like God Almighty. Touching their feet is a compulsory ritual. Some of them take it as their birthright to help themselves to the tracksuits and kits that are meant for genuine athletes. I refused to bow down, which is probably why things have not gone smoothly between the Amateur Athletic Federation of India (AAFI) and myself. It has always intrigued me as to why the AAFI does not invite capable foreign coaches to India for any length of time."

Be that as it may, Sumariwalla is against the concept of interminable coaching and training camps. "Taking an athlete to a Godforsaken place is not the best way to go about the job. People in authority must realise that by doing so they are keeping sportsmen away from their families and—perhaps what is more important—away from their coaches too. Here you have a situation where a man trains with a certain person for a considerable period of time, only to go to another place and work under another coach who sometimes advocates radical changes without bothering about going into the basics. The end result is a confused athlete. Besides, more often than not, the infrastructure, facilities and conditions are worse than those the athlete is used to in his daily life. What then is the purpose of these compulsory camps?"

Far from sounding anti-establishment, Sumariwalla has taken on the unenviable job of improving the lot of the Indian athlete, simply because with his background he has little to lose. A Christian education and a degree in commerce, combined with his running prowess helped to secure a job with the industrial house of Tatas. This in turn means that as far as career and finance are, he is not soleyly dependent on the AAFI.


Mukesh Parpiani/The Daily

Track and field was his first love. Such was his obsession with sport that not only did he defy the wishes of his family, but also very often went to the track on the pretext of going to the school's science laboratory


Mukesh Parpiani/The Daily

At the Jalandhar Nationals he triumphed despite the fact that he had been laid low by chiken pox the month before. He ran in defiance of expert medical opinion just so that his winning sequence was not interrupted

"Adille has always believed in calling a spade a spade irrespective of the consequences" says Joe Crasto, a former national champion and currently the athletics correspondent of *The Times of India*. "But having said that, let me add that Adille is a powerful and graceful sprinter. His dedication and singlemindedness are qualities rarely seen in Indian athletes."

These virtues notwithstanding, it is perhaps not surprising that Sumariwalla's idols are Jesse Owens and Ed Moses. "The type of background Owens came from and the manner in which he had to struggle time and again to get his due rewards is simply amazing. Moses on the other hand is the epitome of consistency, winning over a hundred international in the last decade," explains Adille.

For someone who took to sprinting at a rather late age, Sumariwalla has come a long way. Since he was prone to asthma and sinus in his early years, it was only logical that his parents prohibited him from excessive physical activity. Though he was a very good student, track and field was his first love. In fact, such was his obsession

with sport that not only did he defy the wishes of his family, but also very often went to the track on the pretext of going to the school's science laboratory. While his classmates were studying the speed and force of other moving objects, Adille himself was engrossed in discovering how to harness his body muscles to improve his own speed and power. Therefore, very few eyebrows were raised when in 1975 Sumariwalla opted out of an engineering career at IIT preferring instead to switch to commerce just so that he could pursue athletics.

It was around this time that coach V. Bala Govind entered the picture and helped the young athlete to reach his potential. Soon enough, the teenager was champion in the 100 metres in both the men's category as well as the boys' with a timing of exactly eleven seconds. Following his 10.7 seconds performance at the Jalandhar Nationals in 1978, Sumariwalla was invited to a camp, prior to the Bangkok Asian Games. "The chief coach over there for some reason or the other did not like me and I was sent back home without a trial. Ironically enough, the best timing in the 100 metres at Bangkok was 10.67 seconds" explained Adille.

In the years that followed, not only did he prove consistent, he also achieved a timing of 10.4 seconds in 1982 at Calicut. Then followed the injury at Delhi which prevented him from running at the Asian Games. Soon after, while on a holiday in Cologne, West Germany, he clocked 10.2 seconds.

Came the time for participation at the Los Angeles Olympics. In what is still regarded as a mystery, the AAFI first set the Delhi Asian Games gold medal performance as the qualifying mark, before suddenly changing it to the eight place performance of the 1976 Montreal Olympics, which meant once again that Sumariwalla had missed the Boat. "Obviously at Los Angeles, where Carl Lewis won in 9.99 second, I would not have done too well but the fact remains that running in that company would have boosted my morale" opines Sumariwalla.

However, Adille—who has won eleven Nationals—is not invincible. At the recent National Games in Delhi, he lost to Rami Reddy in a photo finish while earlier on at one of the trials for the 1982 Asian Games Anand Shetty beat him to the tape.



Mukesh Parpiani, The Daily

Sumariwalla after he lost to Rami Reddy at the 1985 National Games. Both men thought they had won the race. They were credited with the same timing but Reddy was awarded the gold medal

While triumph and defeat are part of the game, Sumariwalla scores over others because his priorities are realistically linked to his goals. "Being asthmatic, I realise that I start well but tire faster than others. This leaves me with very little in reserve for the last burst to the tape, so I capitalise on a strong start". For added effect, Adille's training schedule is geared to his physical condition. Twice a day, the ace sprinter builds the various muscles that are vital to his future by doing sand running, hill running, lifting weights and generally improving his speed. "Preparing an athlete is very much like sharpening a knife. The sharpness of the cutting edge has to be to the desired level for maximum effectiveness."

Probably because Adille is conscious of the lack of good coaches in India vis-a-vis the requirements of the sprinter, he has taken three promising sprinters under his wing. As he explains, "A sprinter is very difficult to understand because everything about him is attuned to speed. He gets excited before others, he cools down quickly and his reflexes are faster than those of other human beings. To operate on the same wavelength with an athlete, you should have experienced every trauma, pain, mental block and triumph. Sitting on the sidelines and shouting orders without understanding the situation will not produce winners."

Hirjee Nagarwalla (22), Sunil Rao (20) and Merzi Dubash (25) are at present benefiting from Sumariwalla's experience. Not only is he giving a new edge to his professional personality, but to his private life as well. In mid-January this year Adille married Armaity Sam Rao, an architect by profession.

It is now up to Adille to prove that despite all this diversification, the burning urge to win still burns as brightly as before it, he wants to fulfil his cherished dream of being the fastest man in Asia.

Sudden Impact

It was only fitting that the Bochum XI chose Calcutta as the stage for displaying their true colours

AS we inched our way through one traffic snarl after another on our long tortuous route to Salt Lake, a colleague took it upon himself to keep the conversation going among the bored, irritated journalists huddled inside a small Matador van. The topic was the Bochum XI and how good they really were. My knowledgeable friend took considerable pains to convince everyone, especially this writer, that the Germans were no good, explaining how the Tatas were taking the public for a ride.

Two hours later, on our way back, the car was slightly less crowded than before. Someone was missing. Do I have to say who it was? Or why?

It would have been interesting to know how the Tatas were faring at the Lyons Range on the afternoon of January 5. At least, at Salt Lake they were doing booming business. If goodwill and publicity were all that they wanted to gain through their costly Super Soccer project, the Tatas got every bit of their money's worth.

It takes a lot to get over one lakh people to make a bee line all the way to the Salt Lake stadium. It means even more when they return home contented. There cannot be worse critics than the Calcuttan soccer fan; neither can there be better connoisseurs of quality football than the swarming multitude who tolerate any inconvenience to watch entertaining soccer. Wherever. At Salt Lake, on January 5, football reached an all-time high. And a capacity crowd blessed the sponsors for a treat that was relished; even cherished. Success has become a slave of the Tatas.

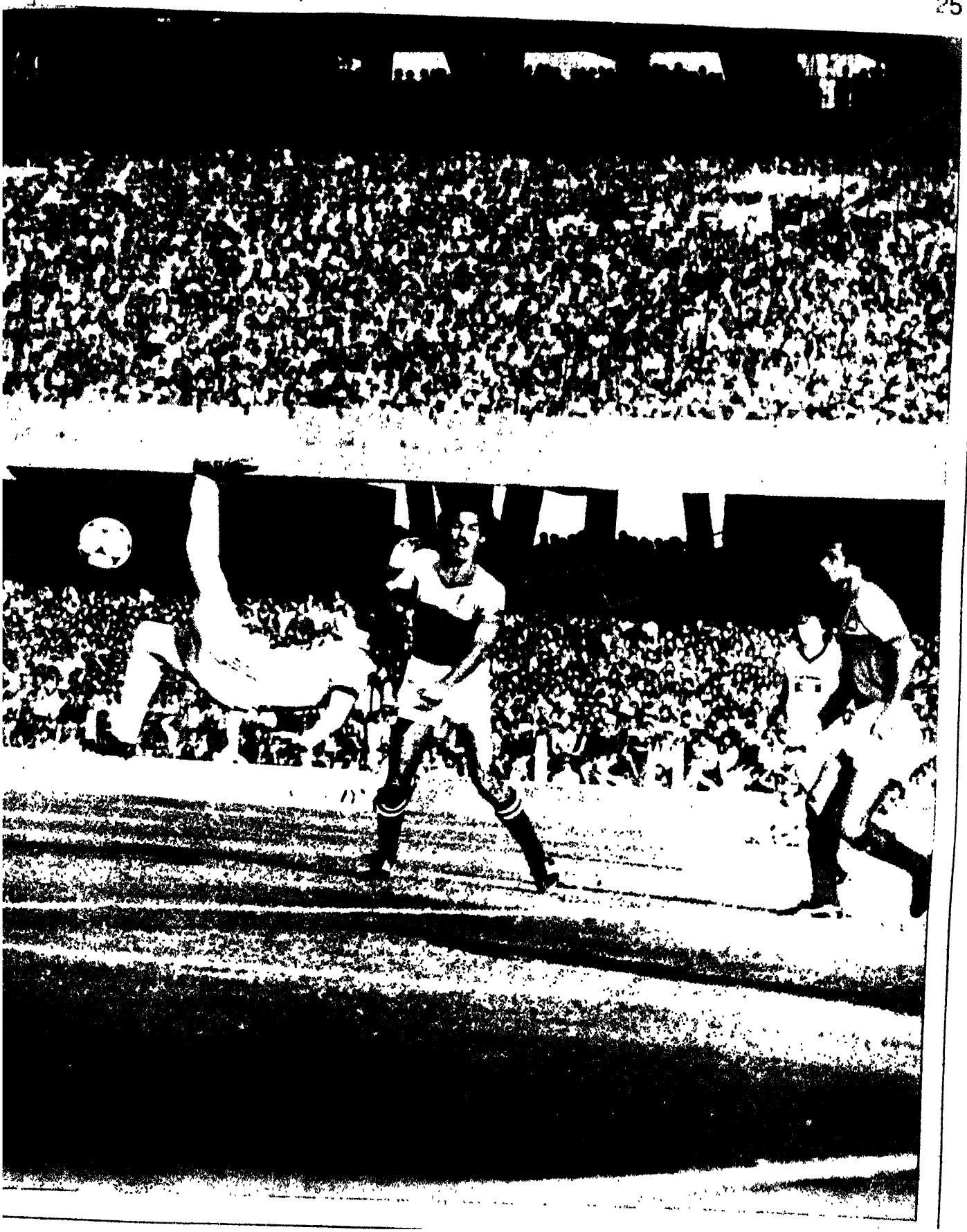
What was it that prevented the Germans from showing their true colours in Delhi or Bangalore? Ground conditions were surely a discouraging factor at Bangalore, a city which, for all its rich heritage of football, does not have a stadium exclusive to the game. But what about Delhi's Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium, the turf of which should be a delight to any footballer in the world?

The explanation provided by the Bochum coach sounded rather intriguing. He complained that the Indians were unnecessarily defensive, contrary to the spirit of the occasion. Hence, their failure to dominate. It was an exhibition game, and only an 'open' game would have been consis-

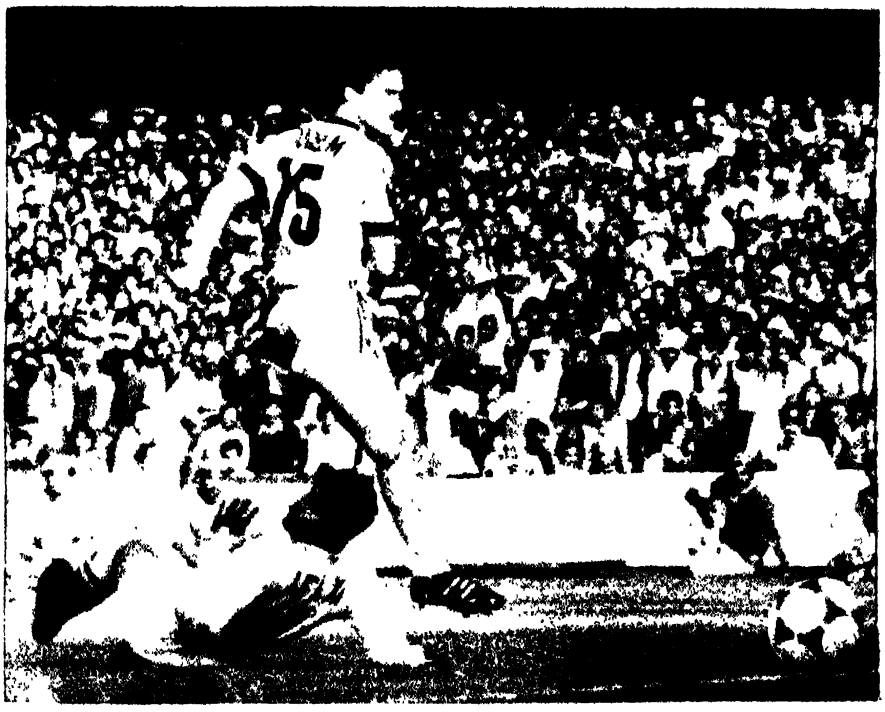


An unsuccessful bicycle kick by a Bochum forward (right); Celebrations after the conquest of Calcutta (below)









(Clockwise from bottom left) Another goes past Bhaskar Ganguly; the Bochum goalkeeper Zudmick foils a Jamshid move; an injured Sudip Chatterjee limps out of the ground; Bochum's former World Cupper Klaus Fischer on the attack

tent with the mood, he contended.

If it was an explanation, it was debatable. If an excuse, lame. But, if it was a tactical move, it was superb. Defensive football is not alien to the game in our time, exhibition or otherwise. The Bochum XI would have been idolised had they been able to humiliate the Indians who faced them in Delhi, just as they did the motley IFA XI in Calcutta. Rather, let us give credit where it is due. In Delhi, the Indian XI met fire with fire, leaving no scope for the Germans to come out of their shell. In Calcutta, the star-studded IFA XI made a laughing stock of themselves trying to play an 'open' game, without estimating the real





might of the Germans, or even worse, without building even a semblance of teamwork before going into the pitch. In that sense, the IFA XI really approached the match in its true spirit and if the statement of the Bochum XI coach, criticising the 'closed' game of the Delhi boys was a ploy, the IFA boys simply fell for it.

This, however, is not to belittle the Bochum boys. It is only to point out that the IFA XI were the first to let the Germans unfold their magic at their own expense. True, it was an exhibition match, but it hurts all the same to see the home team, star-studded as they are, to be humiliated 6-0. A one-sided match can never give you real satisfaction, no matter how dazzling a show the winners produce. Calcuttans were just as dejected to see the discomfiture of the home team as they were thrilled by the Bochum brilliance.

The problem was, perhaps, inherent in the very idea of an IFA XI, comprising the cream of the Calcutta Big Three. It was a motley crowd; nothing more. That there would be an appalling lack of understanding was a foregone conclusion. And it was all too palpable when the entire IFA XI defence was found stranded each time the Bochum XI scored.

Sheer speed put Bochum in the driver's seat. The lush turf of Salt Lake is always a stimulating factor to any footballer worth his salt. And, admittedly, the Bochum boys were just waiting for something like it. They set off to a hot pace and went full throttle as soon as the mess in the IFA XI defence was exposed.

It is intriguing to think how fast the Germans figured out the weaknesses of the IFA players. They could by no means have anticipated it, given their experiences at Delhi and Bangalore.

More important, the Germans taught their Indian counterparts a valuable lesson in possession football. They just did not take any chances, denying their rivals any room to consolidate their game. And the IFA boys played to their tune by making umpteen misspasses, the main reason for which was certainly their failure to cope with the Bochum XI's speed.

They were put in a position where they were required to make snap decisions. Else, the ball would change hands immediately. But how could one expect the home side to suddenly drop the long-acquired habits.

The marauding Germans proved superior in ground coverage also, which, again, was because of their speed and all-out tactics. But if there was anything stupendous about their game, it was their quick-silver style of scoring. The only way you do justice to a ball received in the opponents' danger zone is sending it home. The Germans demonstrated—unforgettably—that not only did they believe in this theory; they were also capable of practising it.

Suprakash Ghoshal

Double-international vanishes!

PERRY MASON would have been impressed. Just the atmosphere to prove his credentials once again. The 89-year old double international C. Ramaswami has been missing since 14 October 1985. He represented India in cricket and lawn tennis.

Ramaswami was last seen at 5.30 pm on the date mentioned above. Wearing white shorts, a blue T-shirt and chappals, he left his house in Adyar, South Madras, for his usual evening stroll.

Following intimation to the police, announcements in the local newspapers and over the radio and television, there were certain unconfirmed reports that the veteran was seen in Ooty and Tiruvannamalai in the North Arcot district, 100 miles south of Madras.

About the only clue that Perry Mason would have found relevant would have been letters left behind by Ramaswami. Ramaswami was finding it difficult in being ' a burden on his family', as a family member put it.

With old age catching up on him, Ramaswami had been hard of hearing for some time now. This correspondent, who interviewed him for this publication in September 1983, had to put the questions directly into his ear to get the answers. Of late his eyesight, too, started failing him.

Otherwise, Ramaswami was fit for his years. Finding it easy to drive the family car till quite recently in addition to not missing his daily walk, Ramaswami stood tall, erect and shook hands firmly. A month prior to his disappearance, he was present at a TNCA function to felicitate old cricketers where he was seen chatting and joking with the other veterans Gopalan, A.G. Ram Singh, S.V.T. Chari and others.

So by all accounts, the depression that crept in must have been a recent one.

He seemed to have become increasingly discouraged by his failing health. In letters written to his grandchildren and nephews, he drew attention to attemps to take his own life at some stage or the other by swallowing pills or by drowning himself. With the beach only three kilometres away from his house, the police was asked to keep a special vigil on the fringe in case the veteran decided to enforce the latter threat.

Ramaswami's son Lakshman Swaroop says that the police is confident that the veteran is still alive. What is baffling is that despite an extensive search he is nowhere to be found. Police officials feel that had he ended his life, his body would have been traced by now.

Son of Buchi Babu Naidu, the 'Father of Madras cricket', Ramaswami represented India in the Davis Cup in 1921 and played for India against England in 1936 in a couple of Test matches, aged 40. He headed the averages ahead of C.K. Nayudu, Vijay Merchant and Mushtaq Ali with scores of 40, 60, 29 and 41 not out.

Ramaswami later managed the Indian team to the West Indies in 1953 and served on the national panel of selectors for the major part of the Fifties. One of his sons in turn represented Andhra in the Ranji Trophy in the Fifties and the Sixties.

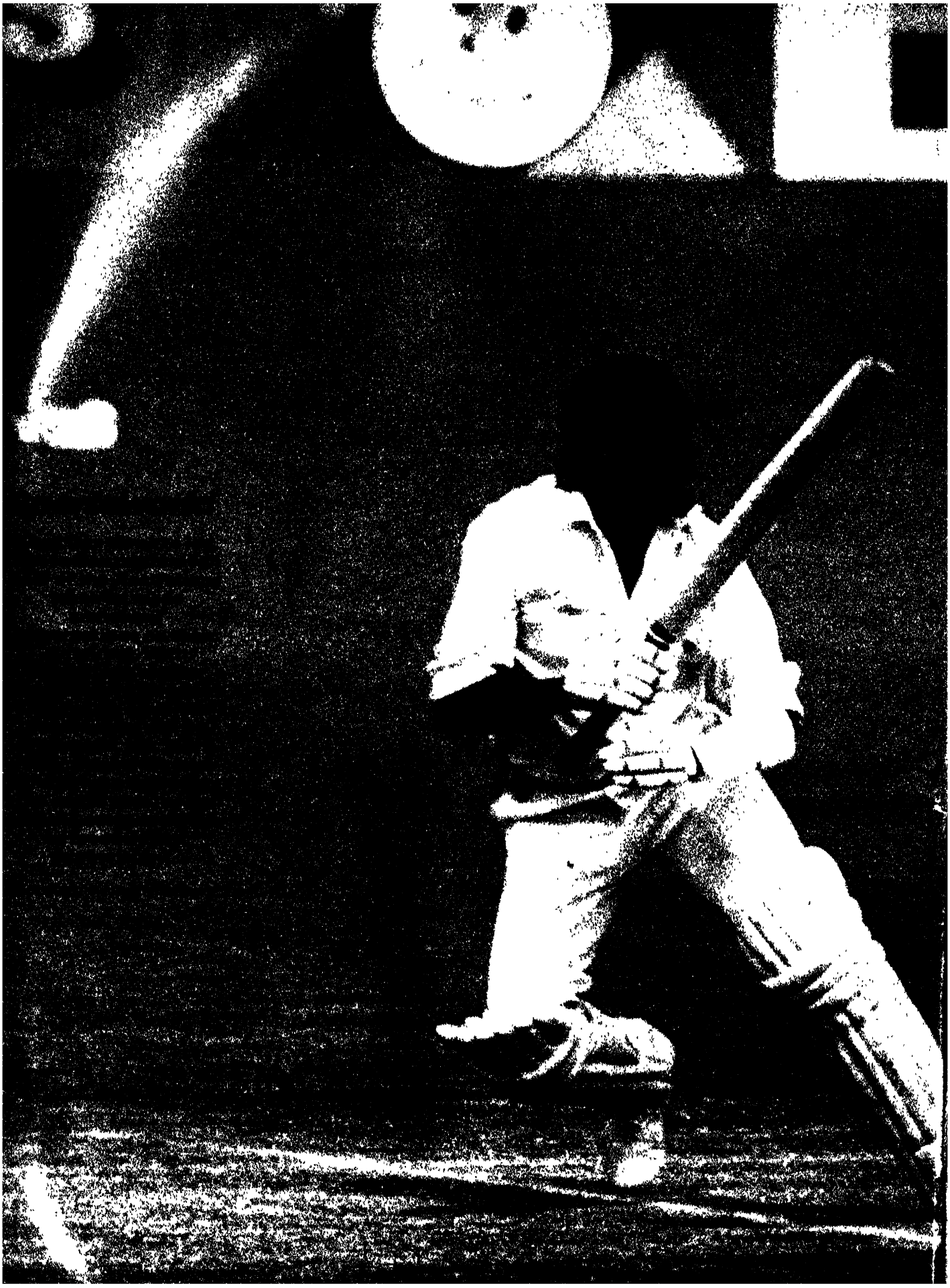
In his 90th year, Ramaswami is India's oldest living Test cricketer if he is still alive.

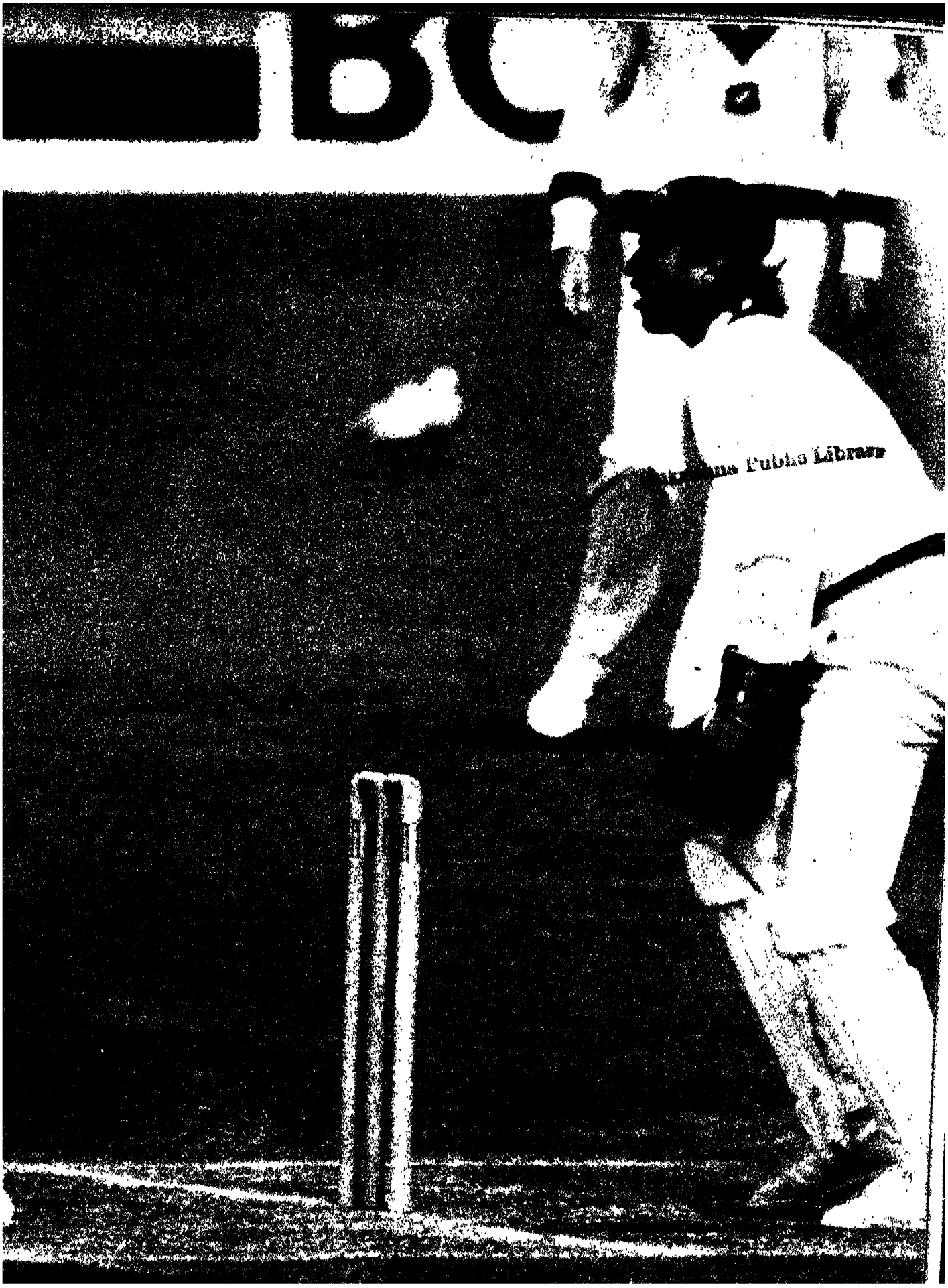
By Mudar Patherya. Reported by Partab Ramchand.

In the West Indies, 1953. At extreme right is C. Ramaswami









Sportsworld



The super novas: The Bochum XI boys at Delhi's Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium (below) and their star player former World Cupper Klaus Fischer (inset). They had to overcome tremendous heat [illegible] to beat the Indian XI consisting [illegible] Asiad probables

Photographs: Rajesh Kumar

All that is gold does not glitter

M.P. Suresh feels that the Jawaharlal Nehru Gold Cup may be losing its glamour

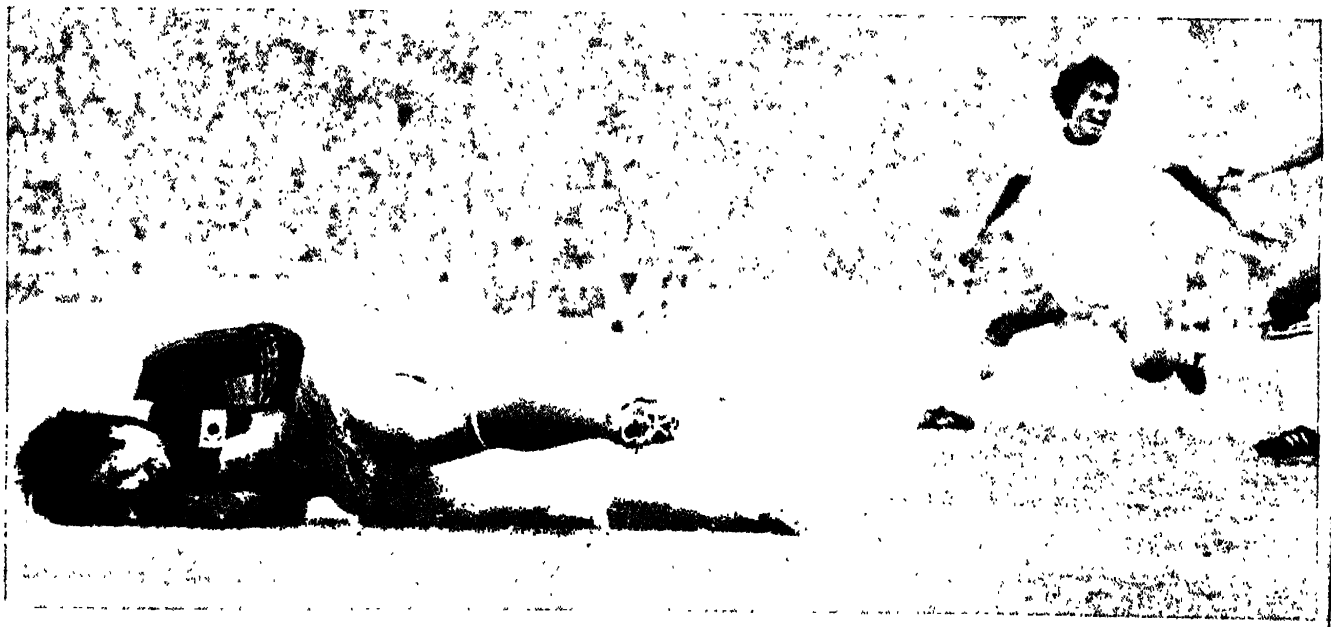
TRIVANDRUM, the capital city of Kerala, is being given some sort of a facelift as it prepares to host the Jawaharlal Nehru Gold Cup football tournament for the first time. The Gold Cup which has become the most prestigious tournament in the country, is scheduled to begin on January 17th. In 1983 and 1985 the tournament was held at Ernakulam and on both occassions the organisers made a good profit in spite of having to spend several lakhs of rupees for erecting temporary stand . The tournament this year will be played at the Chandrasekharan Nair Stadium under flood lights. The seating capacity of the renovated gallery will be about thirty two thousand and the total cost of the renovation project is estimated at about two crores of rupees. However only a part of the project is being carried out. The organisers had to go through a harrowing time to get permission to get the project passed. A number of social organisations raised objections at allowing a permanent structure being built in the heart of the city. Their argument was that this would contribute further to the congestion in the city. They even took the matter to court and did their best to get a 'stay order'. The work however, went on as the problems were finally sorted out.

Unlike the two Gold Cups played at Ernakulam, where eight teams took part, at Trivandrum only six teams will be in the field. The six teams will play a round robin, with the first two qualifying for the final.

The total budget for the tournament is a mammoth 75 lakhs, but still less than the budget for the fourth Gold Cup which was 93 lakhs. Another change from the previous tournament is that students will not receive a concession on the entrance tickets. The organisers however claim that the minimum cost of a ticket is fixed at Rs 10 which is reasonable enough even for students.

The standard of soccer is expected to be fairly high because of the presence of a team from America. It does come as a disappointment that the five foreign teams will be bringing amateur sides and this will obviously make the football a lot more unprofessional. It would be some compromise if the teams from outside have atleast a handful of Olympians and players from the National team. Though the Asian Football Confederation has repeatedly requested the A.I.F.F. to invite only National sides of countries, the former does not seem eager to take any serious steps as far as screening the players who will be participating in the tournament.

This will result in there being a number of sub standard players in some of the teams and eventually the class and the glamour that one normally associates with the Jawaharlal Nehru Gold Cup will be lost. It will soon become just another tournament in the crowded soccer schedule. The A.I.F.F. should stick to tradition and insist on countries sending their National team only, thereby ensuring that it remains a prestigous tournament with a touch of class.



Action from a previous tournament. It is doubtful whether the stands will be packed at Trivandrum this year as the standard of soccer is expected to be much lower than of other years

On New Year's Day

"DADDY, I'll [illegible] with the gold shirt."

"All right [illegible] it's a fiver."

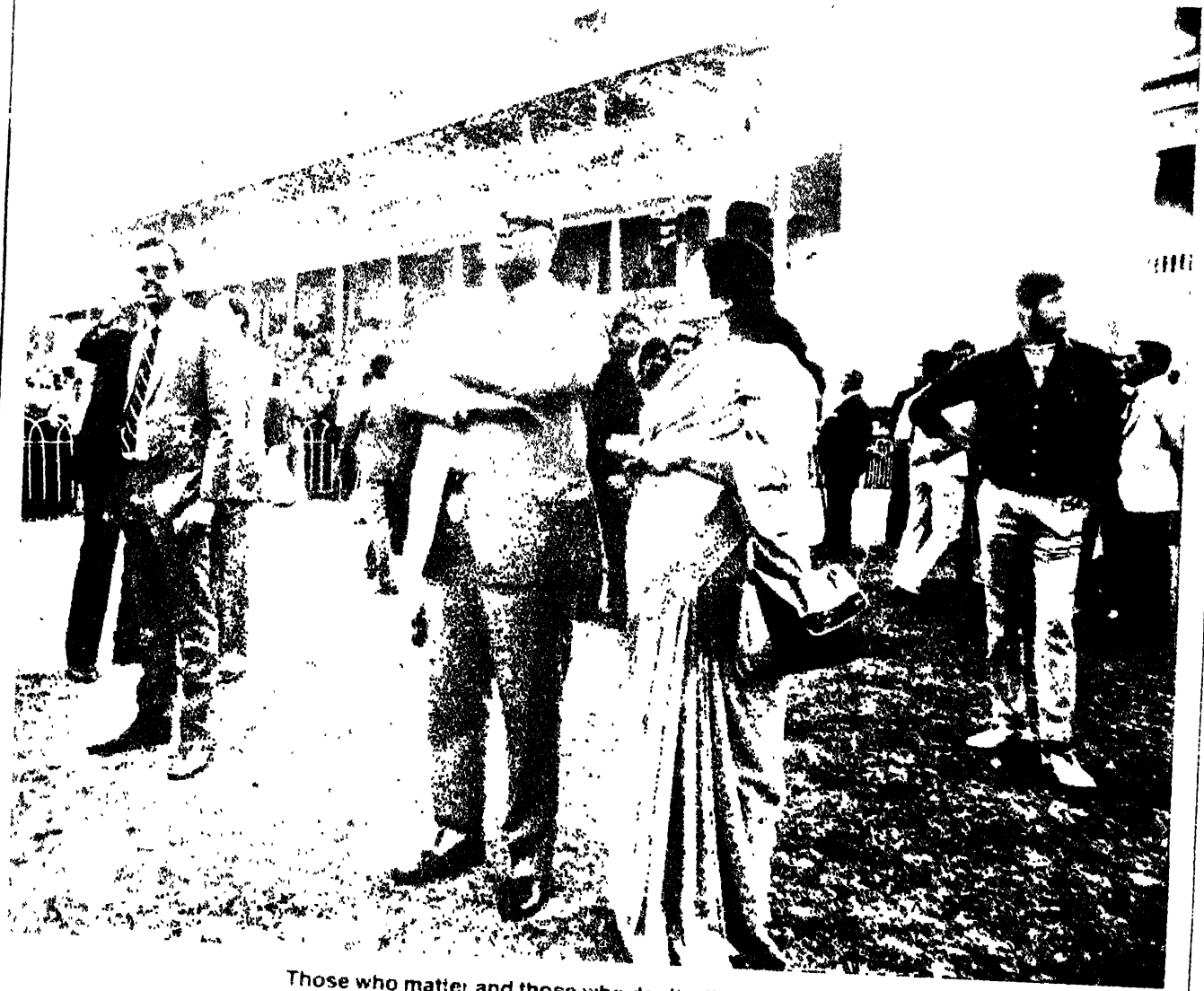
"But wh[illegible] what do I do?"

RA[illegible] the Calcutta Race C[illegible] New Year's day is esse[illegible] day for the novice punter when you are more concerned about the correctness of the knot in your tie than your horse's action. A day you are willing to pay five rupees for a chicken roll!

This year was no different. Lightning Sketch had the distinction of being the first horse out of the starting blocks in 1986. But very soon it became obvious that the race was between the favourite Royal Glory and outsider Jacana. The experience of jockey Nicholls almost started the year with an upset, but Panjwani had other ideas. Bringing the favourite heavily under the whip, he finished strongly to win by a neck.

"Aplomb can't lose the second race." Or so I was told. And so everybody was told. But a minute before the buzzer signalling the start of the race, a fellow punter whispers, "Hey, hey, do you like number three Guy Fawkes?" To be very frank I didn't even know that a horse by that name was running the race. It was Guy Fawkes all the way, showing a clean pair of heels and winning with aplomb. I burnt my fingers.

The big race of the day was the George Williamson Indian Produce Stakes for three-year-olds, run over a distance of 1200 metres. The on-money favourite was Adytum, trained by Inayathulla, with Robin Corner up. Going by the handicaps, it looked as though Adytum was well past the post. The only challenger seemed to be Copper Magnate from the south. But in their last meeting the latter had only managed a ¾ length win over Adytum with a handicap of 1 kg. This time out the difference in weight was



Alokesh Coomar

Those who matter and those who don't—they were all there

5½ kilos in favour of Adytum. The only other horse with an outside chance was Ivanoe. For a punter who went solely by breeding, Ivanoe was the best bet. (By Everyday II out of Salome). But with twelve horses in the field and Adytum with a bad draw of 10, the race was more open than it seemed.

Being a cricket fan my money was partly on Chetan and partly on Azhar. At the start of the race it seemed as though my partiality to cricket was going to pay off. Chetan hit the front, followed by Copper Magnate and Ivanoe. Jockey Nicholls, who was confident of beating Copper Magnate but equally sure of losing to Adytum, wasn't willing to take any chances. With the favourite out of the race well before the half way mark, he took his mount to the front. And that's where he stayed for the rest of the race.

Copper Magnate, heavily under the whip of jockey D'A roy, was good enough only to finish a length and a quarter behind Ivanoe. While regular punters learnt that a race is not won till it is over, I too learnt a lesson. Never back a cricketer at the race course. Not even someone as good as Azhar!

As is traditional on a Calcutta race day, the last race on the card is always very exciting. When someone with the class of Jagdish is on a favourite, it



Bookies had to work overtime

is very seldom that something goes wrong. But in the Young Lady Handicap, the five-year-old Matador looked as if it was well on its way to victory. With less than a hundred metres to go, Engineer seemed to be coasting to a fairly easy win. But the race was far from over. Jagdish brought for moment Charmer within striking distance. The favourite seemed to be gaining ground with every stride. Metres from the finish, it looked as though Jagdish had made his move a little too late. But there he was right at the finish urging Charmer to stick out his head a little further. And that's exactly what the horse did to win the race by a head. The capacity crowd applauded. The champion jockey acknowledged.

Barry O'Brien



Akkesh Coomar

The Racing Guide is not always right

Test of greatness

E.M. Wellings spells out the biggest challenge facing Ian Botham

MANY superlatives, many superlatives have been used to depict Ian Botham the player, with others to explain the off-the-field Botham. Most are undoubtedly deserved, but there remains a nagging doubt, the lingering suggestion of an Achilles heel – a weakness and suspicion which could be exposed this winter.

Botham has all the qualities of the greatest players, abundant natural ability matched by confidence and assurance. In the field a keen eye and instinct alert him more quickly than others to the half catching chance and a batsman's point of vulnerability; at the wicket those qualities as speedily reveal the ball to be thumped.

Botham's triumphs against his Test opponents have been thoroughly convincing– with one important exception. He has yet to prove himself against the West Indies, the one side today against which greatness is to be truly measured.

Failure in one series is excusable even in the greatest. Victor Trumper, Australia's pride in the Golden Age, averaged under 20 against England in 1905, and Wally Hammond averaged little more than 20 against Australia in 1934. Denis Compton is acknowledged to have been one of the greatest batsmen, and he suffered the worst single series failure of all leading players. Against Australia in 1950-51, when he was vice-captain, he scored only 53 runs and averaged 7.57.

The status of English players used to be established against Australia. Today the only team unquestionably of authentic Test quality is that of the West Indies, now that Australia have plunged to their lowest point since the Packer upheaval. While they have slipped ever lower– category 'C' here last summer—India, New Zealand and Pakistan have climbed, but not far enough yet to compensate for the defection of Australia.

A player then has to earn the 'great' label by his deeds against the West Indians. There lies the one peak which Botham has still to climb. In three series against those truly testing opponents he has not quite been at his buccaneering best. A batting average of 25.12 from 628 runs and a bowling record of 47 wickets at 32.85 are not figures comparing well with his super superlative feats against other countries.

This winter's Tests will be the acid test for Botham, and his admirers will expect him to romp through examination. He could look to Maurice Leyland for inspiration. Judged by deeds against the toughest opposition Leyland, and not Hammond, was England's leading batsman in the 1930s. His was indeed the wicket which Australian bowlers most coveted



'Botham s triumphs against his Test opponents have been thoroughly convincing with one important exception'



Ian Botham meets his press. "A player has to earn the 'great' label by his deeds against the West Indians. There lies the one peak which Botham has still to climb. In three series against those truly testing opponents he has not quite been at his buccaneering best.

In all cricket Leyland averaged above 40. In Tests against South Africa, West Indies and India his batting average was 34. Against the might of Australia, however, he hit six of his nine Test hundreds and averaged 56.8, scoring many of his runs when England were in dire trouble.

On two other fronts, Botham should do some rethinking: his attitude and his cricket for Somerset. A great player should not be seen on TV quarrelling with an umpire, nor called by the toothless TCCB to answer disciplinary charges.

Botham is not the only leading player of his time for whom Championship cricket seems to figure as an afterthought. In 16 seasons, Bob Willis took only 449 Championship wickets while treating England handsomely to 325.

Last summer, Botham did indeed hammer many runs off County bowlers, but in 11 matches he bowled only 130.4 overs and took but 11 wickets at 12.18 in the Championship.

A great hunk of manhood cannot lack the strength and stamina to play through a full programme in top gear. His illustrious predecessors had no difficulty in doing so. Fred Trueman's peak period was in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Alongside his work in Tests he regularly exceeded 700 overs for Yorkshire and was a steady 100-wickets-taker. Across the Pennines, Brian Statham was performing similarly at that time for Lancashire, and he was not physically robust.

Alec Bedser's greatest season came in 1953, when he took 39 Australians wickets at 17.48 in the Tests. In Surrey's Championship matches that summer, he sent down 722 overs and took 84 wickets at just under 17 runs each.

Those bowlers, it is true, were not allrounders as Botham is. They could recharge their energy while others were making the runs for their side. That was not the case of Maurice Tate, the amount of whose allround play might be seen as sweated labour.

In 1923 Tate embarked on an unparalleled batting and bowling spree. He was then 29, the age which Botham recently left behind, which suggests that the latter has now come to his peak, just in time for conquest in the Caribbean. In three seasons Tate took 652 wickets at only 14.25 and bowled 4773 overs. He also made 3877 runs, and in 1924 he was both leading bowler and leading batsman for Sussex.

During those three years Tate also had a triumphant tour of Australia, where his 38 Test wickets were not matched until the series were increased from five to six matches each.

Tate played in 39 Tests, most of them after he reached Botham's present age, and already Botham had doubled his score. Today's plethora of Test cricket is calculated to distract a leading player's attention from more mundane matters.

A great cricketer, however, must demonstrate his greatness at Taunton and Bath no less than at the Test centres – Taunton, where Jack Hobbs equalled and exceeded W.G. Grace's record 126 centuries with two hundreds in the same match in 1925.

'Ours is a tennis home'

The Junior National tennis champion—Zeeshan Ali, gives his first interview to **Barry O'Brien**

THE knees were not fully bent, the follow through not complete, the foot well over the baseline while serving. The little nine-year-old looked like any other enthusiastic schoolboy tennis player. Or so everyone thought. Did I say everyone? Well, almost everyone. The sole exception was Ramanathan Krishnan. After watching the youngster partnering his father and winning the Parent and Child tournament at the Saturday Club, Calcutta, Krishnan remarked to the father "Take good care of him. He's going to be a great player some day."

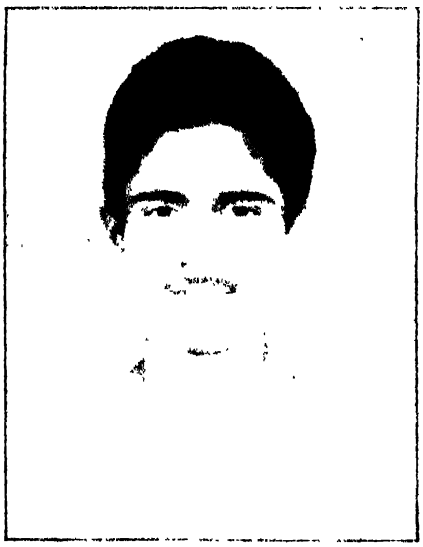
Had that comment come from anyone else, it would have been disregarded by Akhtar Ali, the father, as a rash and unduly optimistic exaggeration. But as the senior Ali was aware, very few people understand the game better than Ramanathan Krishnan. Without wasting time, he put Zeeshan, his only son, on the road to serious tennis. That was seven years ago. Today, sixteen-year-old Zeeshan is the holder of the Under Sixteen, as well as the Under Eighteen, singles titles.

Having just returned from a week's holiday in Allahabad with his grand parents Zeeshan looked rested and fresh as he sipped orange juice and readied himself for what was going to be his first interview. The setting was ironically the Saturday Club, venue of his first tournament win.

The shy, soft-spoken Calcuttan immediately strikes you as being a teenager who isn't really tuned in to the conversation and the people around him. But that's where you are mistaken. He is alert and the frown on his brow indicates that he is thinking all the time. When asked about the weaknesses in his game, Zeeshan paused a while before replying smilingly, "Wouldn't you like to know?" A thinker, as we were telling you.

As with his tennis, he took time to settle down with the interview. But once the ice was broken and he had relaxed, he was talking even more than his informally garrulous father. Zeeshan, who is in his final year at Krishmont School, Calcutta, admits that he finds it difficult to cope with his academics as he now has to travel a great deal. "But I have no problem with attendance as the Principal is very understanding and she is willing to compensate as long as I am playing well, and doing reasonably well in class. I am truly grateful to her," says Zeeshan sincerely. Whenever he is in Calcutta he attends classes regularly and catches up with the missed class work, with a little help from his friends.

On the subject of friends he admits, "I don't have any really close friends. But I am relaxed in their company as they treat me as just another buddy." Then he looks proudly at his father and says, "My closest friends are my parents. My father has taught me the game, taught me how to win and—more important—how to lose. My mother in her own quiet way encourages and consoles me." Zeeshan and his father get along like a house on fire. In fact, there were times during our conversation when father and son had to be interrupted when they got started on some of the game's finer points. Akhtar explains that the only time he caned Zeeshan was when it was apparent that the lad was not trying hard enough.



Uncle Vijay (Amritraj) is too nice a person. I am very fond of him. Only he's superstitious and I'm not

When your father is a former Davis Cupper and the present coach of the national team and all your uncles are associated with the game, you don't have much of a choice while selecting your line. Without hesitation Zeeshan says, "Ours is a tennis home. Apart from my mother and sisters, everybody eats, sleeps and thinks tennis. Naturally, therefore, I grew interested in the game. Now I simply love it."

TENNIS is all that matters to the young champion. Even in his spare time he is either thinking or playing tennis. He plays every morning and evening, usually with his father though he doesn't mind playing with anyone who can give him a good workout. "Unfortunately" says father Akhtar "there are not many players of a good standard in the state, and this does pose a problem."

While on the subject of problems faced by up and coming tennis players, an angry Akhtar Ali retorts, "What is the Bengal Lawn Tennis Association doing to encourage youngsters? Nothing, absolutely nothing. They do not sponsor any promising players, and that's what makes players approach companies for help."

This is precisely what Zeeshan has had to do. At first, there were companies who sponsored his trips abroad, but as things got increasingly difficult, he needed more monetary aid. McLeod Russell, a Calcutta-based tea company has now agreed to sponsor the new tennis sensation. The sponsorship came into effect on 1 November 1985, with the company taking care of all Zeeshan's tennis-

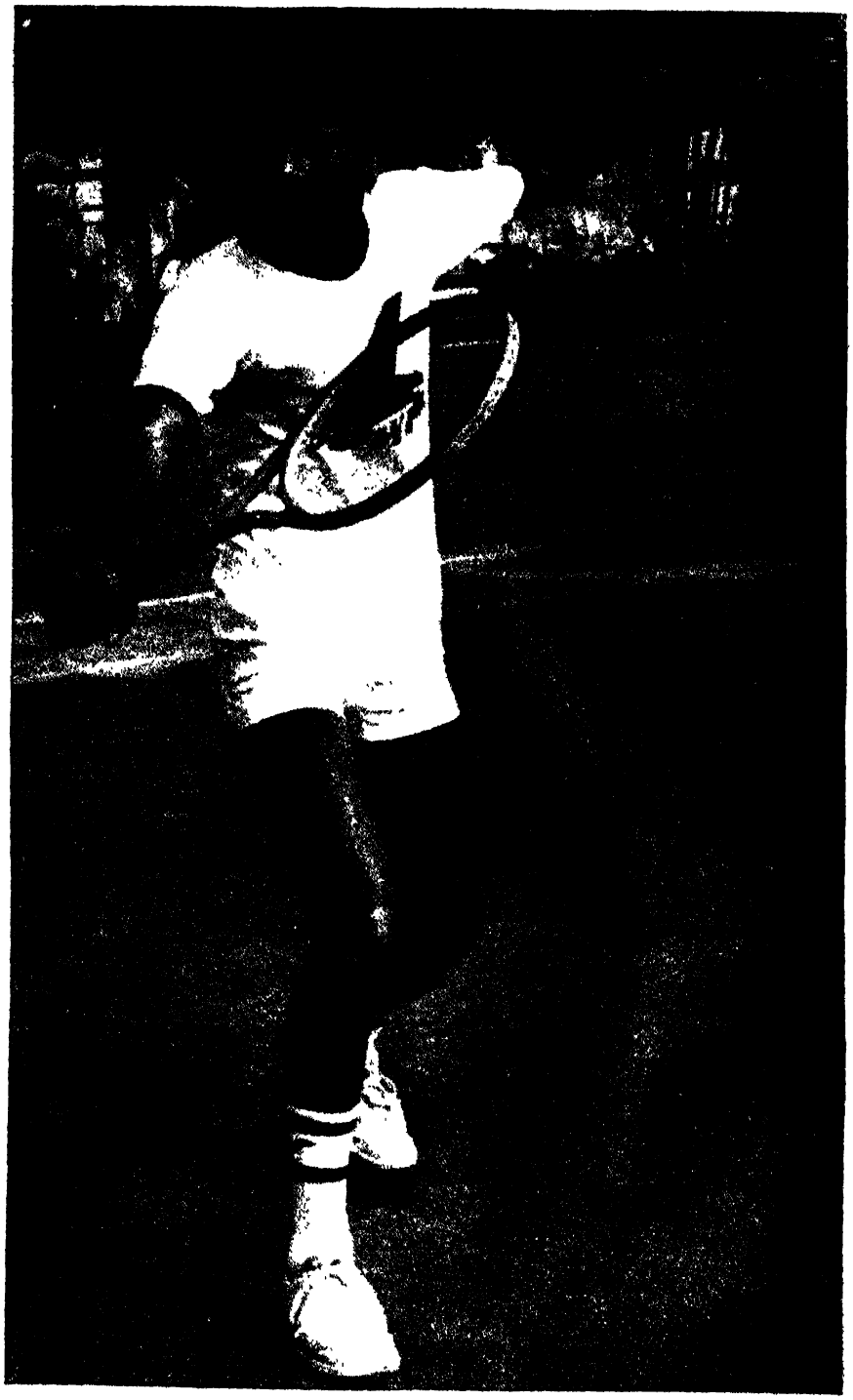
related expenses. Zeeshan is well aware of the fact that his playing career would be stalemated without this monetary aid. He says, "Don't forget to write about the generosity of McLeod Russell. It is only due to them that I will be able to try and make it to the top."

Zeeshan is also very grateful to Arun Kumar Ghosh, whom he visits three times a week to workout in the Eastern Railway gym weight training and physical fitness have today acquired new importance as part of a tennis players' training schedule and Zeeshan is fully aware of it. He has a strenuous hour and a half session under the watchful eye of Mr Ghosh. Zeeshan is no exception to the rule that young players who take the game seriously invariably run into injury-related problems. Despite the accent on fitness, he still has the occasional muscle pull or strain but they are more rare than before.

Coming to his exploits on the tennis court, one could say he has been fairly successful. It would be of interest to football fans to know that Zeeshan represents Mohun Bagan in the loc al tennis league. He played for the country at the World Youth Cup 1985 and managed to win all his Singles games. His best win he says was over the Russian Junior champion. Though he went to Wimbledon last year he failed to get through the first round. He hopes to do better this year.

What attributes of the world's best players fascinate the young Ali? "Lendl's forehand and McEnroe's all-round game," answers the lad who has one of the most powerful forehands in the country. His game, he feels, really matured after his two visits to the late Harry Hopman's camp in Florida. It was there that he had the opportunity of playing against people of the calibre of Scott Davis, Peter MacNamara and Andres Gomez. He feels that he also learnt a great deal about the game while picking up balls for Vijay Amritraj and Vitas Gerulaitis while the two were practising for Wimbledon three years ago.

"I'm willing to wait, I'm willing to learn," says a quietly confident Zeeshan, for whom the next two years are going to be crucial. Whether his hard work and dedication will prove fruitful or not, one thing is for sure: Zeeshan Ali has what is lacking in most Indian tennis players—a killer instinct. In his own words, "Uncle Vijay (Amritraj) is too nice a person. Nowadays winning should be the main goal. Of course, this has to be done within the limits of decency." And the difference between Zeeshan and Vijay? "I am not half as superstitious as he is."



Jayanta Sen

He is without doubt his father's son. Not only has he picked up the game from his father, but he has also learnt the tricks of the trade from Akhtar. They agree with each other on all issues. Did I say all? Well, almost all. The only time father and son try to outdo one another is when each one wants to hear the music of his choice. It's Phil Collins against Ghulam Ali. The former is invariably the winner.

High-speed Camelot

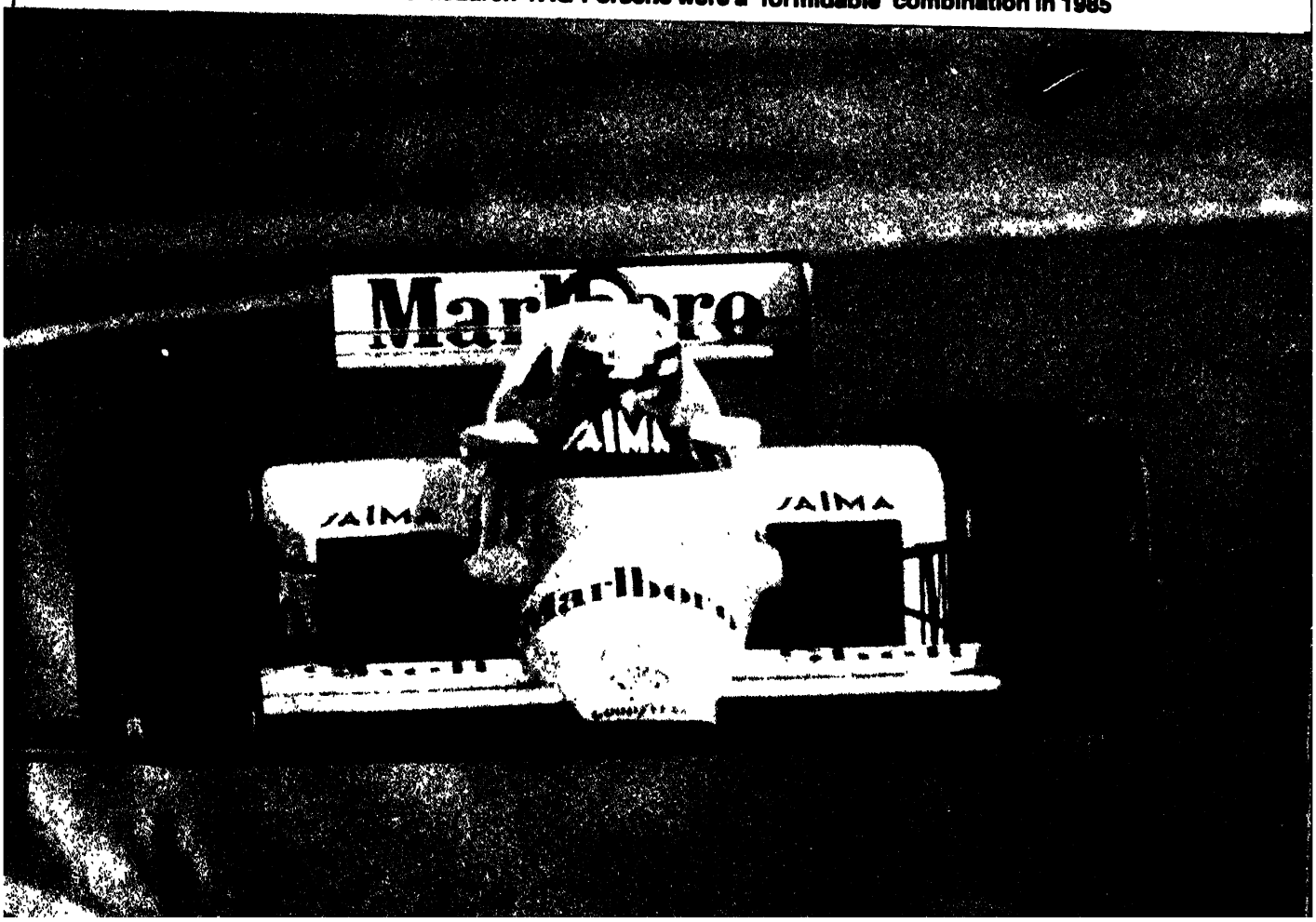
Pradeep Paul looks back on the realm of Formula One racing and the men and moments that made the 1985 season

FORMULA ONE will never be the same. They say that after all the heroes quit or die. They said so after Jim Clark died when his car spun off a wet, flat-out circuit at Hockenheim during the Deutschland Trophy event in April, 1968. They said so when Stirling Moss retired in 1962 after barely surviving critical head injuries sustained when his car spun off a fast bend to hit an earthen bank. They said so when Jackie Stewart hung up his helmet after winning the drivers' world championship for the third time in 1973.

I guess, now, they'll say so again. The retirement of Niki Lauda while the 1985 Formula One season drew to a close, almost certainly prompted racing experts to mumble the usual cliches about the racing circuit never again seeing the likes of this man. The man who was christened "The Fox" because of his cool driving. The man who distributed every single one of his trophies to his mechanics because he was adamant they deserved them far more than he did. But, great though Lauda was—so were they all, all great men—his name will go into the history books and his presence will be replaced by a new champion. A hero goes, another is born. The phoenix that sustains Grand Prix racing does not allow the presence of a void.

But Lauda will still be missed. The man who survived one of the worst crashes in the history of Formula One racing. Racing at Nurburgring during the German Grand Prix he went into an uncontrollable spin and was trapped in the burning car. Had it not been for the timely—and extremely courageous—intervention of **fellow drivers** it might have all ended there. As it was, Lauda suffered third degree burns on his face and scalp and was horribly disfigured. He became a virtual recluse. Time eventually did its work and Lauda was back on the scene in 1981 after a layoff of almost five years. The visible scars may not have healed but the inner agonies had been conquered, as he proved when he captured the world drivers' championship in 1984, beating Alain Prost by a whisker—half a point.

Alain Prost and his McLaren-TAG-Porsche were a formidable combination in 1985



IT all started way back in 1895, in France. A group of hardy pioneers. A wild impulse. An impetuous decision, spur of the moment. A race from Paris to Bordeaux and back again, encompassing a distance of 732 miles. History has no mention of the winner's name, but that does not really matter. What matters is that it was the earliest organised form of motor racing that preceded the present era of Formula One heroics.

Eleven years after that historic event, France hosted the first Grand Prix. A triangular course (not far from the present-day Le Mans circuit) was the venue on which Francois 'Ference' Szisz of Hungary earned the distinction of winning the first Grand Prix event. Twelve laps, which covered more than 770 miles in two days, made for an average speed of 63 mph. Not too exciting from the point of view of today's pace, but fast enough in the days of parasols and wing collars.

As speed increased, the need for better safety prompted the conversion to closed circuits, the first of which was Monza, traditional home of the Italian Grand Prix since 1922. And, as if to prove that politics was not his sole interest, it was Benito Mussolini himself who was the strongest advocate of the idea. Germany followed suit in 1927, christening its own venue Nurburgring, while it took over twenty years for the British to convert a former airfield into what is now one of the most famous venues for motor racing all over the world—Silverstone.

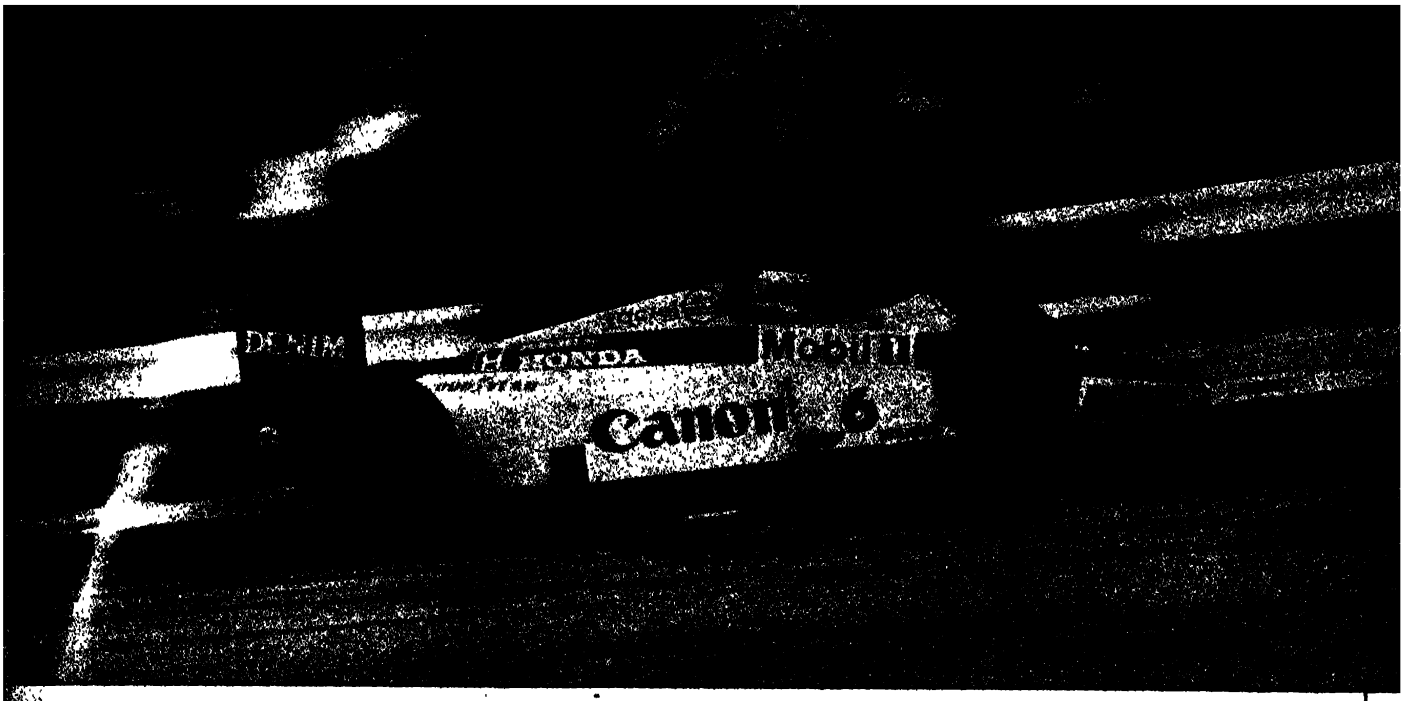
All the Grand Prix courses are currently enclosed with the sole exception of Monaco, whose Grand Prix consists of one hectic, meandering round-the-houses stampede and which, as if to add to the excitement, is often held in pouring rain. Winding through and round the streets, the route moves along the harbour and through a tunnel, forming a tortuous, exhausting maze. Now a rarity, this course has had to be altered but still provides one of the most difficult challenges to drivers, not merely be-



Nelson Piquet of Brazil had a lacklustre season

McLaren-TAG-Porsche mechanics celebrate Alain Prost's Formula One drivers' championship title





Finland's Keke Rosberg flashed down the straight to win the Australian Grand Prix in his Williams-Honda

cause of the high speeds but, in addition to the frequency of corners, total concentration and the need for continual gear changes.

The need for concentration was emphasised when Alberto Ascari, the Italian driver, skidded his Lancia-Ferrari and ended up in the harbour in 1955. Fortunately, he was rescued unhurt, only to tempt fate again and die while practising at Monza.

The next innovation on motor racing circuits was banked corners. Italy built an autodrome with a banked track and christened it Monza, but this had to be demolished to accommodate road circuits and a fresh Monza track was built in 1955. The advantage of banking was that the track was tilted at an angle at high-speed corners, thus preventing cars from skidding off the track. This did not, however, stop the daredevil drivers from executing deliberate skids, giving rise to the technique of four-wheel drifting or sliding. While this was guaranteed to make a spectator's hair stand, it was the fastest way through the trickier bends.

Around the time that banked tracks came into use, pit stops also made their appearance. These derived their names from impromptu pits dug at the side of a convenient straight, where trained mechanics could wait in case a car needed attention during a race.

Michele Alboreto of Italy, driving a Ferrari, was Prost's main contender for the drivers' championship in 1985



The pits have now taken a more permanent structure in the form of wooden or concrete enclosures where the respective pit crews attend to their cars in isolated safety during a race. With the races becoming increasingly competitive, pit crews also began playing an important part in Grand Prix races. By the thirties, pit crews had perfected their art to such an extent that they were capable of changing all four wheels and refilling the tank in well under sixty seconds. Hotshot mechanics of that era would be amazed at the extent of automation in today's pits, leading to same task being done in roughly a quarter of time.



Alain Prost shakes hands with Pope John Paul II during a private audience at the Vatican

1985. The year they said would decide the very future of Formula One. As more and more sponsors cried off in the last twelve months, it now seems like only a matter of time till the field is reduced to just a few McLarens, Williams-Hondas and Ferraris. The chequered flag at the Australian Grand Prix—the last race of the season—also bid farewell to two premier names in the Formula One bracket, Renault and Alfa Romeo. Buckling under bureaucratic and financial pressures, these companies are now eliminating motor racing from their annual budgets. Formula One is no longer a sport; it is a business.

What of the people who *are* the business. The people who sit in coffin-like furnaces and hurl themselves around bends at 250 kmph. The people who race in driving rain. The faceless heroes who shelter behind fire resistant driving masks and full-face helmets. The Formula One drivers.

They sometimes lose their identity as the press and the public get engrossed in the eternal battle of car versus car. The drivers are a breed who stare death in the face every time they strap themselves into the cockpits of their machines. Sixteen times a year they thrill motor sport enthusiasts as they compete against each other for the Grand Prix Formula One events.

Alain Prost, Niki Lauda, Michele Alboreto, Ayrton Senna, Keke Rosberg, Nelson Piquet, Nigel Mansell. The men who dominated the Formula One circuit in 1985. Very early in the season, the Brazilian Grand Prix set the trend for the entire year with Frenchman Alain Prost notching up his first win and Michele Alboreto coming in second. These two kept scoring consistently to end the year with Prost winning his first Formula One drivers' championship and Alboreto content with second place after fighting Prost neck and neck till the Austrian Grand Prix.

In the fast, taxing, fiercely competitive Formula One world, there is no room for mistakes. Not even the best can rest back and enjoy the race, as Prost found out during the Portuguese Grand Prix. Driving in fierce rain, Prost suddenly lost control and aquaplaned off the track, as did many others. There were no serious injuries, but during the German Grand Prix he spun off the track once more as he made a valiant effort to catch Alboreto. It was the latter's turn in the Belgian Grand Prix. Forcing the pace in the fourth lap with rain adding to the hazards, he lost control to spin off.



Nigel and Rosanna Mansell celebrate his European Grand Prix win. His first Grand Prix win in 72 attempts.

But danger has always attracted man. If this were not true, there would not be a steady influx of new drivers to take up where the veterans leave off. The names Alboreto and Senna would strain the memory of someone who followed racing in the seventies. But now on their shoulders rests the responsibility of keeping the hero cult alive.

With Michele Alboreto finishing second in the overall drivers' world championship with consistent drives throughout the season and Ayrton Senna almost always grabbing pole position with consistent qualifying rounds, it was obvious that the time was drawing near for the changing of the guard. So it came as no surprise when Niki Lauda announced his retirement soon after the Austrian Grand Prix, having won 24 Formula One races and three drivers' world championships.

But there was to be no fairytale ending for Lauda. Placed sixteenth on the starting grid in the last race of the year, he worked his way up to take the lead in the 56th lap. Two laps later he lost his brakes and went headlong into the guardrails. Lauda came through unhurt and walked away from the car—and his racing career—without even a backward glance.

Photographs on page 40, 41, 42 by Colorsport

Wet Christmas

Premen Addy



IT wasn't a white Christmas but it certainly was a wet one. With grounds up and down the country awash with flood waters, the football fixture list was partly ruined with a string of postponements. But nature had still more fun and games up her sleeve the following weekend when the weather turned Arctic and grounds were transformed into skating rinks. Once again a number of key matches were called off, including Manchester United's away tie with Newcastle.

However, it would be wrong to present a wholly dismal picture. Footballers, especially in this part of the world, are a tough breed and have been braving the natural hazards for decades. Still, when winter sets in it tests the strength and endurance of players to their limits. By the time spring follows, only the fittest remain to enjoy it on the field. The rest are either crocks who sit out their time on the manager's bench or else nurse their bruises and broken bones at home before a television set.

Well, the much heralded half-way point in the English soccer season has arrived. What portents do they hold for the game's diviners? Only this, that Manchester United without the services of their midfield ace and captain Bryan Robson continue to falter and stumble, a side unrecognisable from the one in September and October which moved with the power, speed and assurance of a Japanese bullet train. Today it wears the look of an overworked jalopy with.

On Boxing Day, United were well beaten by Everton; the score 3-1. The League leaders went ahead with a Frank Stapleton goal but Everton, who are getting better with every game, foraged busily in the middle of the park. Upfront, Gary Linekar, Kevin Sheedy and Graham Sharp savaged United's defence. The 24-year-old Linekar, a late season buy from Leicester in June 1985, has repaid Everton's confidence by leading the First Division's table of goal scorers. With Mexico and the World Cup beckoning next summer we may be seeing a superstar in the making.

But to matters of the moment. Sharp equalised for the Merseyside Blues and a minute before halftime Linekar put them ahead. Two minutes after the interval Sharp increased the margin with a superb header off a Sheedy lob and thereafter Manchester United merely fretted and both McGrath and Olsen were booked for fouls.

Elsewhere it was a case of follow my leader, for Liverpool also lost. They were surprisingly beaten 1-0 by lowly Manchester City, while West Ham's 18 match unbeaten run finally ended when Tottenham Hotspur beat them by a solitary goal scored by Steve Perryman minutes before the end.

Thanks to this tremendous run the Hammers have moved up from 17th position to third.

There were panic stations at Manchester the Saturday afterwards as manager Ron Atkinson dropped goalkeeper Gary Bailey for the fixture against Newcastle. The weather earned them a reprieve but for how long, one wonders? Again, United's challengers performed dismally. Liverpool visited Nottingham Forest and were a goal down early in the game. They were extremely fortunate to salvage a draw with a late equaliser. The Merseyside Reds appear to have gone off the boil and have recently missed at least three opportunities of overtaking Manchester United. Against Forest, player-manager Kenny Dalglish put himself on in the second half in place of Paul Walsh, but Liverpool's lacklustre performances have surely been caused by Ian Rush's complete loss of form.



Liverpool falter yet again. A worried manager Dalglish (left), and coach Ronnie Moran

Rush, normally so lethal in front of goal, looks tame and jaded. He certainly has lost confidence and as mind usually controls matter, Liverpool's star striker has ceased terrorising opposing defences.

Thus with Liverpool faltering and West Ham without a game. Chelsea and Everton moved up the table to second and third positions respectively. The south London club under manager John Hollins, once a Chelsea star of the 60s and 70s, has recaptured some of the style and goal scoring ability which made them such an attractive side in the days of Peter Osgood, Alan Hudson and Charlie Cook.

On Saturday, against Tottenham, they showed that their recent rise has been no flash in the pan. Spurs were convincingly dispatched 2-0. Kerry Dixon, one of the season's prolific scorer s who won his international spurs for England not so long ago, got Chelsea's first goal which was followed by Spackman's penalty seven minutes before the final whistle. Spurs were kept under control and only the introduction of the Argentinian Osvaldo Ardilles in the second half kept their slender hopes of a late revival alive. But these were scotched by Chelsea's pro-

fessionalism. They kept their heads and their lead.

Everton continued with their winning surge when they vanquished Sheffield Wednesday 3-1. Linekar scored twice and Gary Stevens got the third goal, while Stevens' own goal enabled Wednesday to put themselves on the scoresheet.

The top of the English First Division now reads: Manchester United 49 points from 23 games; Chelsea 47 from 23; Everton 46 from 24, followed by Liverpool, West Ham and Sheffield Wednesday with 46, 45 and 42 points respectively.

Norwich and Portsmouth share top place in the Second Division with 45 points from 23 games. The latter thrashed Shrewsbury 4-0 with their exciting new discovery, the 21-year-old striker Paul Wood scoring two of the goals. Norwich meanwhile had their match postponed on account of an unfit surface caused by the appalling weather. Wimbledon in third place beat Barnsley by one goal and have 42 points from 24 games.

North of the border, the snow and ice wrought even greater havoc with the fixtures. Of the matches played in the Premier Division, Celtic beat Clydebank 2-0; Dundee United overcame Dundee by a similar margin, while Hearts also won 2-0 against Rangers. Aberdeen's game against Motherwell fell victim to the weather.

Last week due to a slip (not Freudian, I assure you!) I placed Hibernian at the top of the Scottish Premier Division. All the encomia I heaped upon them were in reality meant for Hearts, the Edinburgh club who for the first time in their history sit perched up there. Their victory has done their cause no harm whatever. With 26 points from 21 games they still remain in front with Dundee United in second place with 24 points from 19 games and Aberdeen, a point behind, in third. Celtic have 22 points but have played only 18 games.

Hearts may not be able to retain their lead once their rivals play their postponed fixtures and gather points. But they will have warm memories of riding astride their more illustrious rivals for a heady few weeks. Or, then again, they may make the appropriate New Year resolution and decide to carry away the League trophy. That, indeed, would be the most effective way of thumbing their noses at people who make a habit of underestimating the meek. For the meek, as the good Lord prophesied, shall one day inherit the earth. Come on, Hearts.....



Everton's Gary Linekar is the leading goal scorer in the First Division League

Chart Three of the 5BX Plan

NOW we are moving onto the more serious stuff. While the last two charts did not even feature flying crew, this one at least caters to the requirements of flying crew who are over forty years of age. If you have been following this column, you will realise that the exercises are getting progressively tougher. And if you suddenly decide to get onto the bandwagon, you may find that things are not as straightforward as you expected.

Look through the age groups and find the right one for you, get on your track suit and find yourself a bit of place to start your workout. These exercises are published by Penguin Books in *Physical Fitness*.

Age Groups

12 years maintains D+
13 years maintains C+
14 years maintains B+
35-39 years maintains B
40-44 years maintains C

Flying Crew

40-44 years maintains A+
45-49 years maintains B

LEVEL	EXERCISE					1 mile run	2 mile run
	1	2	3	4	5	In minutes	
A+	30	32	47	24	550	8	25
A	30	31	45	22	540	8	25
A–	30	30	43	21	525	8	25
B+	28	28	41	20	510	8¼	26
B	28	27	39	19	500	8¼	26
B–	28	26	37	18	490	8¼	26
C+	26	25	35	17	480	8½	27
C	26	24	34	17	465	8½	27
C–	26	23	33	16	450	8½	27
D+	24	22	31	15	430	8¾	28
D	24	21	30	15	415	8¾	28
D–	24	20	29	15	400	8¾	29

1) Stand with your feet about shoulder-width apart and your arms held above your head. Bend from the waist and touch the floor six inches outside your left foot, then between your feet, pressing once there and then repeating the first part, this time six inches outside your right foot. Then lift your upper body and bend back as far as you can. Repeat as many times as your level dictates, reversing direction after half the number of counts.

2) Lie flat on your back with your hands clasped behind your head and your feet kept six inches apart. Tensing your waist, sit up to a vertical position, keeping your feet on the floor. If you find that your feet automatically tend to rise off the floor, hook your feet under a chair to give you additional support. But do this only if absolutely necessary.

3) Lie on your stomach with your hands interlocked behind your back. Lift your head and shoulders off the floor simultaneously with your legs, making sure that your chest and thighs are not in contact with the floor.

4) Lie on your stomach, keeping your palms on the floor just under your shoulders. Touch your chin to the floor in front of your hands and then touch your forehead to the floor behind your hands while balancing on your toes. Then straighten your arms fully. Note: there are three definite steps to this exercise—chin, forehead, arms straightened. Do not do it all in one continuous movement.

5) Stationary run. Run in the same place, lifting your feet about four inches off the floor, counting a step every time your left foot hits the floor. After every 75 steps or so, do about 10 half knee bends. Repeat this sequence until you complete the required number of steps.

Exercise One



Exercise Two



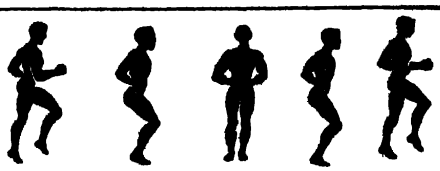
Exercise Three



Exercise Four

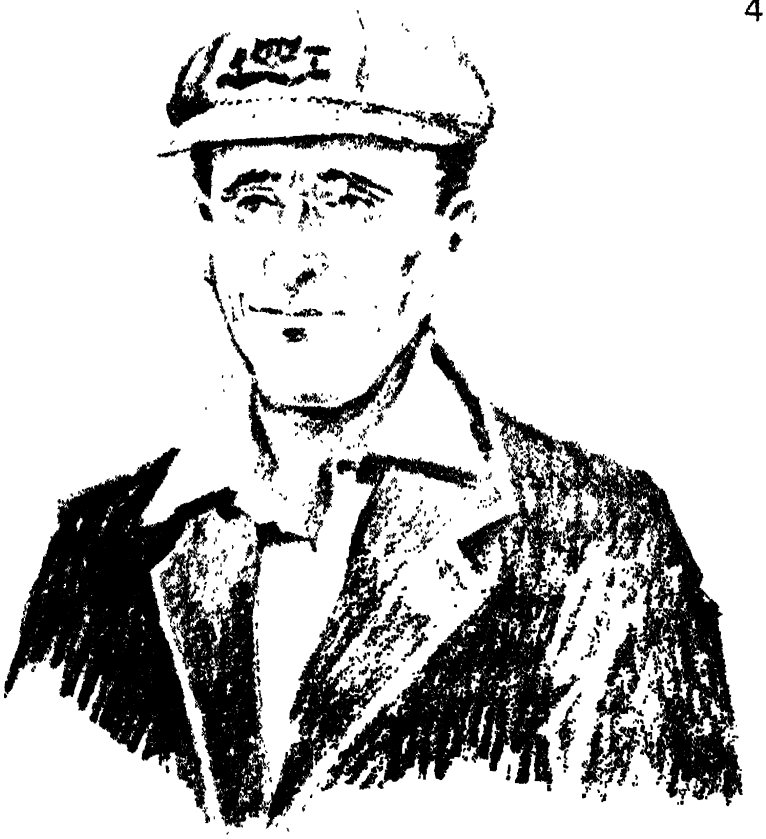


Exercise Five



CLARRIE GRIMMETT

BOWLING LEG BREAKS AND VARIATIONS WITH A LOW ARM ACTION AND UNUSUAL ACCURACY. GRIMMETT CLAIMED 216 WICKETS IN ONLY 37 TESTS THIS HAS PROMPTED CRITICS THE WORLD OVER TO REGARD HIM AS THE GREATEST SPIN BOWLER TO PLAY FOR AUSTRALIA. GRIMMETT COULD VERY WELL HAVE PLAYED FOR NEW ZEALAND. AS HE WAS ORIGINALLY FROM THAT COUNTRY AND PLAYED FOR WELLINGTON BEFORE WORLD WAR I. HE THEN MOVED TO AUSTRALIA.





STRANGELY ENOUGH, HE DID NOT PLAY A TEST UNTIL HE WAS 32 YEARS OLD. AND HE WAS STILL PLAYING FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA IN THE SHEFFIELD SHEILD WHEN HE WAS ALMOST 50.

GRIMMETT REACHED HIS PEAK IN THE EARLY 1930'S. IN ENGLAND HE TOOK 29 WICKETS AND FOLLOWED IT UP WITH A RECORD HAUL OF 33 WICKETS AGAINST THE TOURING WEST INDIES. IN 1931-32 THE SOUTH AFRICANS WERE ALL AT SEA AGAINST HIS MAGIC. IN THE FIRST FOUR TESTS HE TOOK 33 WICKETS

Illustration Subrata Gangopadhyay

A record of sorts

NEW YORK: There are records and there are records but a record of the number of times that you get hit by pitches does seem too be stretching it a bit too far. But that doesn't stop Doc Baylor of the New York Yankees from claiming that he set a new record when he was hit by a pitch for the 190th time in his career in American League baseball. The previous record was held by Minnie Minoso who had 185 while the major league record is Ron Hunt's 243. To prove the absurdity of the whole thing, the baseball fans are also keeping track of the record for getting hit the most number of times in a single season. The record was held by Norm Elberfeld who got hit 24 times in 1[illegible] and Bill Freehan tied the record in 1968.

Gutsy people

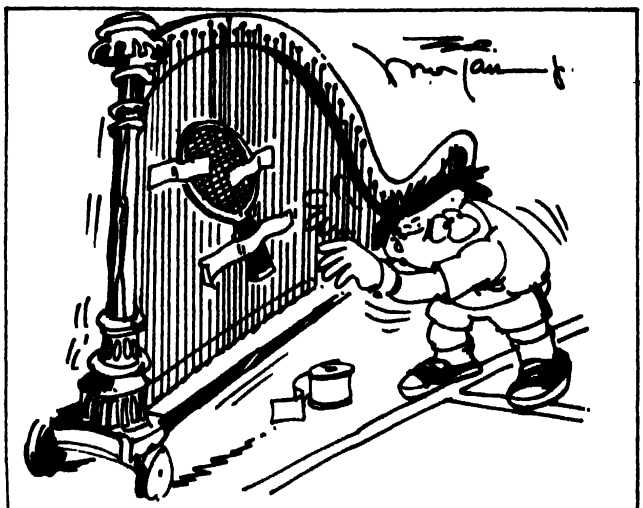
NEW YORK: Some of the best quotes come from sportsmen. And what better person to quote than an aggressive American tennis player. No, not John McEnroe, but the enigmatic Jimmy Connors.

After the last U.S. Open, Connors went on record as saying, "When you play in New York, they come to see two guys kill each other. They know I'll go out and spill my guts to win. At the French, if you spill your guts, they'll just ignore it. And at Wimbledon, they'll just ask you to clean it up.

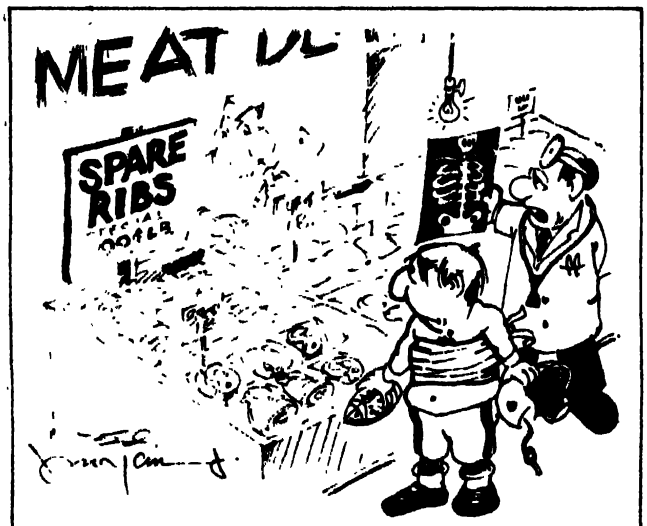
Pradeep Paul



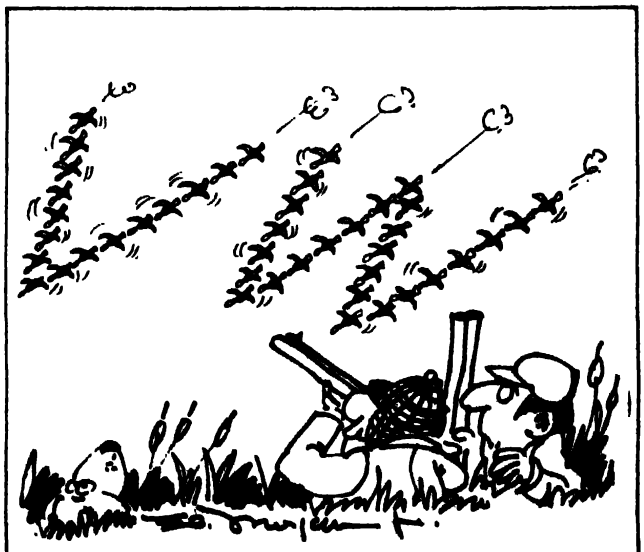
"Fred covers the action above the basket, you've got mid-court, and I'll check out things under the hoop."



In a desperate attempt to return his opponent's serve, Clyde restrings his racket between games.



"Looks like we'll need about half a dozen, Frank."



Goose-hunting in West Germany.

On a tight rope

Sixes and sevens

FRANZ BECKENBAUER is on a tight rope. As West Germany's team chief without an official title, because he does not hold a coaching licence, he has presided over the worst run of performances in the history of post-War German football—six matches without a win. Consequently, demands for his removal are threatening to explode into a crescendo. Not only the fans are restless, now even some players, so far loyal to the country's record capped player, are beginning to voice their criticism of Beckenbauer's methods of selection and tactics.

In fact, 'Kaiser' Franz has adopted selection methods so experiemental in nature that he was liable to draw immediate fire in case of failure. Beckenbauer discarded experienced players and then brought them back. He experimented with teenagers, dropped them and then recalled them again. He introduced new patterns of play, announced a rejuvenation of the side and then returned to the old hands constantly switching his formation. The uncertainty of all this gradually unsettled the team, now in need of a morale-boosting victory.

It was only by virtue of Germany's qualification for the World Cup that the former star has retained his position as the German team boss. But he will surely be one of the most worried men in Mexico, for the Germans even in their darkest days are not satisfied with anything less than win.



Never-say-die

Comeback at 44

AMAZING, isn't it? A footballer making a comeback at the highest level of English soccer at the age of 44, quitting his job as a BBC TV commentator.

The former Arsenal and Scotland goalkeeper, Bob Wilson, is determined to make a comeback as a player in the FA Cup. Persuaded by close friend Bobby Gould, the manager of Bristol Rovers, Wilson decided to go on stand-by for the third round tie against Leicester. And, in a bid to solve Rovers' goalkeeping crisis, Wilson was promptly registered as a non-contract player.

Goodluck, Wilson. Victory is for the brave.

Notoriety vs. celebrity

Thompson lashes out

"I DON'T think notoriety should make you the highest paid athlete". No, surely not, but who's listening?

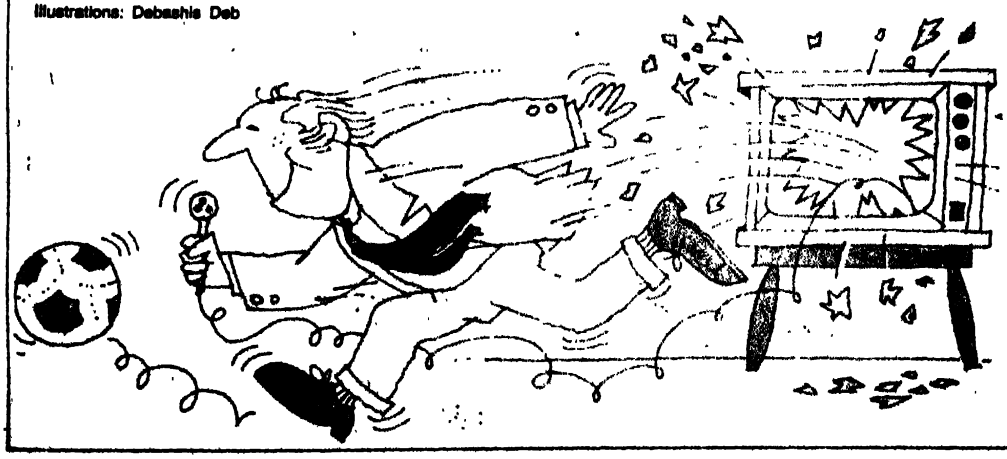
Of late, this basic norm of sportsmanship is being brazenly flouted by the world athletics bosses much to the indignance of stars like Daley Thompson, who made the above remark, pestered by an aggressive interviwer.

The target of the remark was obviously Zola Budd, the South African-born runner, who is being offered mind-boggling amounts of cash to take part in competitions. Does she really deserve it?

At least, Daley Thompson does not think so. In his estimation, Budd is merely a good athlete. "And if you're paying her some $90,000, then what should you pay Steve Cram?"

Or Thompson, of course.

Illustrations: Debashis Deb



1 January S. Venkataraghavan, the manager of the Indian cricket team currently touring Australia, is caught on the wrong foot as he has to disclaim the apology he had tendered a day earlier. He now says that he hadn't apologised but merely clarified that Kapil Dev had said all that he did at Melbourne in the heat of the moment.

The NEFF XI bounce back from their 1-2 loss to the touring West German football team, Bochum XI, in the first game at Delhi to hold them to a goalless draw in the second exhibition match at Bangalore.

The Indian hockey team leaves for Dubai where they will be participating in a four-nation tournament. The team has been strengthened by the inclusion of Zafar Iqbal, Marcellus Gomes and Topno.

2 January India make merry on the first day of the third and final Test against Australia at Sydney with Srikkanth thrashing 116 off just 117 balls and Gavaskar scoring his 32nd century. At close of play, India score 334 for the loss of just one wicket.

Bangladesh create a furore about the inclusion of four English cricketers who have played in South Africa in the team that will be playing some exhibition matches in Dhaka. The Bangladesh government announce that they are refusing Martyn Moxon, C.L. Smith, C.W.J. Athey and K.J. Barnett entry.

3 January The Indian batsmen carry on in the same vein on the second day of the Sydney Test as Mohinder Amarnath crawls to a century and Kapil Dev and Azharuddin help themselves to some runs as India declare their first innings closed at 600 for four. In the 17 minutes that remain, Australia manage 4 for no loss.

India start their bid for the Emirates International hockey title with a 1-1 draw with West Germany. Taking an early lead through Jalaluddin, India let their opponents equalise through Fischer.

England react to the banning of four of their B team players being barred by Bangladesh by calling off the entire tour.

Joe 'The Animal' Laurenidas, a professional American wrestler, is sued for $8,50,000 by Carol Hoschutz, a housewife, for hitting her and spitting on her after he had bounced out of the ring during a bout at Indiana.

4 January Australia repay India in the same coin as they also consolidate themselves in the first innings of the Sydney Test. At draw of stumps on the third day, an unbeaten century by David Boon takes them to 169 for no loss.

India stay on course for the Emirates International hockey title beating Britain 4-1 in their second match at Dubai.

Mats Wilander and Boris Becker enter the semifinal of the $1,50,000 Young Masters tennis tournament at West Berlin. Also in the semis are Jakob Hlasek of Switzerland and Emilio Sanchez of Spain.

5 January The final Test at Sydney meanders towards a draw as the end of the fourth day's play finds Australia at 347 for four.

India fail to hold onto a 2-0 first half lead and draw their last match against Pakistan but are still good enough to win the Emirates International hockey tournament.

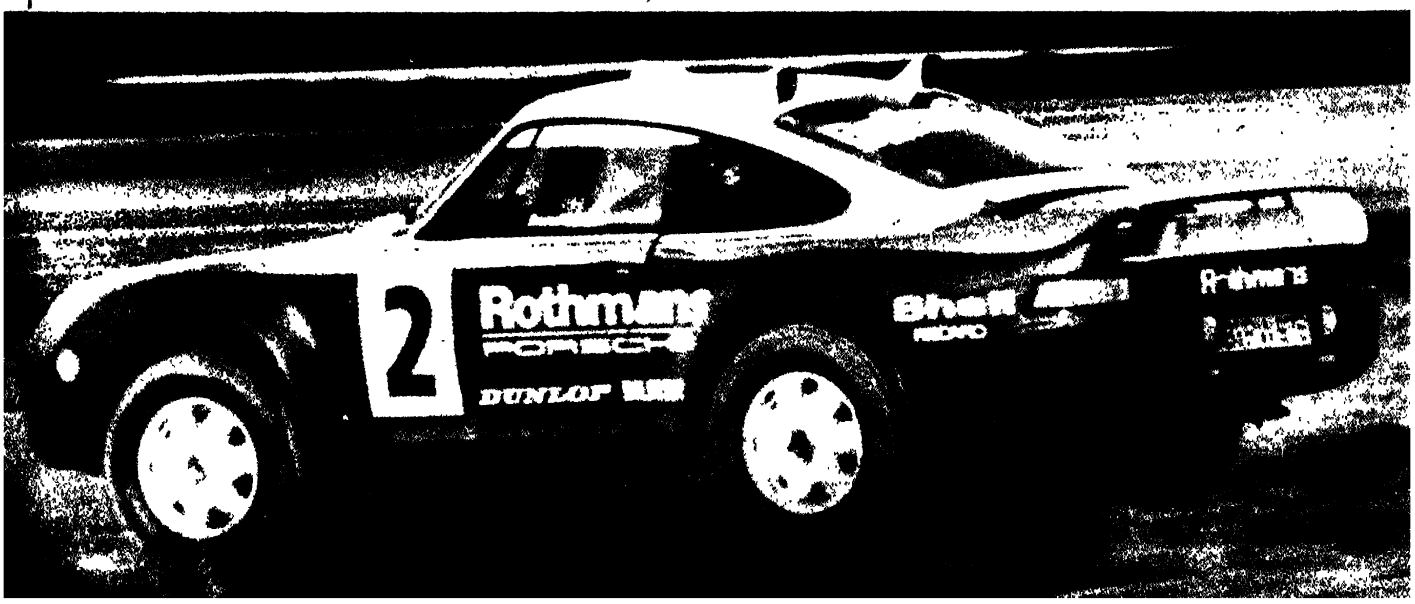
Boris Becker plays almost perfect tennis in the first and third set to demolish Mats Wilander 6-1, 7-6, 6-0 in the final of the Young Masters tennis tournament at West Berlin.

6 January The last Test at Sydney takes an interesting turn with the Indian spinners scuttling out the Australians to enforce the follow-on and then taking six second innings wickets for 119 runs before time comes to Australia's rescue.

7 January John McEnroe comes back to tennis after his 21-day suspension to beat Kevin Curren in straight sets in his opening match at the eight man round-robin Atlanta challenge men's tournament.

Punjab emerge as the champion state, as the 31st National School Games draws to a close at New Delhi, with the best overall performance.

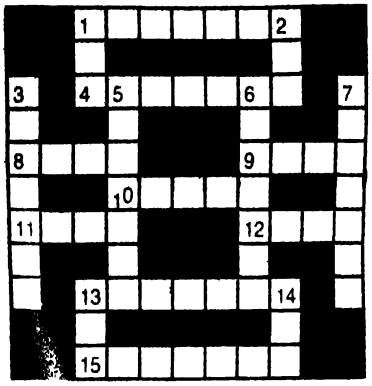
Three of these Rothmans Porsche 959 supercars are currently participating in the 8th Paris-Dakar rally. Leading the Rothmans-Porsche team is veteran Jacky Ickx and his co driver, and French movie star, Claude Brasseur



CROSSWORD

Mudar

319



ACROSS

1. Knighted English batsman ends in the Business Standard (1,1,5)
4. Racecourse in Cambridgeshire might be mistaken for a fire-ravaged shopping complex (1,6)
8. Olympic venue returns (4)
9. West Indies' reserve wicketkeeper on one of the tours to India may be mistaken for a French city (4)
10. Italian soccer star for Keith Miller's middle name (5)
11. English medium-fast bowler between the Wars gives the impression that he has eaten (4)
12. Hockey playing 'ullah' from Pakistan has something in resemblance with the mascot of the Los Angeles Olympics (4)
13. European Footballer of the Year 1984-85 ends in the singular (7)
15. Great tennis coach, late and lamented returns (1,6)

DOWN

1. Why this Wimbledon champion of the Seventies reminded you of the calendar (3)
2. Tennis unit of scoring (3)
3. Football Association side has some connection with cricketer Weekes (7)
5. Cricket photographer, but not Eagar (7)
6. Kent bowler, with an amazing average on top last season, ends in a heir (7)
7. The oldest hockey Cup between two countries has something in common with a former sports journalist (7)
13. What bowlers, especially the quick, look for on an early morning, ascending (3)
14. Hyderabadi cricketer laments, coming up (3)

Excellent: 17-16, Good: 15, Fair: 14.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1. Which is the only European football club to have won all the senior trophies that they were entitled to participate in—World Club Cup, European Champion s Cup, European Cup-winners' Cup, UEFA Cup, European Super-Cup, domestic league and Cup?
2. For what is the Toyota Cup awarded?
3. Who is credited with the highest total of goals in the European Champion Clubs Cup so far?
4. What is the FIFA-Coca Cola Cup?
5. Who is the first player to be sent off in a F.A. (England) Cup final?
6. What is the Kodak Cup?
7. Which Indian team was the first to win all the three football Nationals—senior, junior and sub-junior in the same year? Which was the year?
8. What is the WFFI?

ANSWERS

1. Juventus of Italy (World Club Cup in 1985, ECC in 1985, ECWC in 1984, UEFA Cup in 1977, ESC in 1984, domestic league 21 times and domestic cup seven times.
2. The Japanese sponsors' trophy for the World Club Cup winners
3. Alfredo di Stefano (Real Madrid), 49 goals.
4. Trophy for the World Youth Soccer champions.
5. Kevin Moren of Manchester United (in 1985).
6. Trophy for the World under-16 soccer championship.
7. Bengal, 1977.
8. Women's Football Federation of India

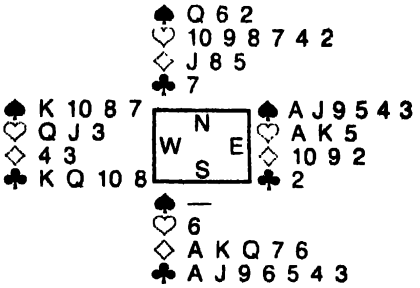
SOLUTION 318

	A	D	V	A	N	T	A	G	E	
C			I				R			K
O			N	O	B	L	E			N
W			E		B		N			U
C	U	T	S		E		A	M	A	R
O				P	A	R				S
R	O	A	D		M		E	C	A	P
N			A		O		W			E
E			K	E	N	D	O			L
R			A				D			L
	H	A	R	L	E	Q	U	I	N	

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Certain forms of play are described in books but seldom seem to appear, or at any rate to be recognised at the table. But one did occur—and was brilliantly managed—during the final American trial for the world championship in Sao Paulo at the end to October



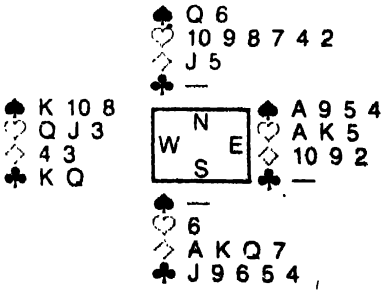
South was the dealer at game all, and this was the bidding at one table

South	West	North	East
Bergen	Woff	Cohen	Hamman
1C	pass	1H	2S
3D	4S	pass	pass
4NT	pass	5D	dble
pass	pass	pass	

South's 4NT, in this sequence, was not Blackwood but asked partner to choose between the minors, knowing that the clubs were longer. West led a low spade. East put in the jack, and South ruffed. He cashed ace of clubs and ruffed the next club with the 8 of diamonds

Now if East overruffs and plays another spade. South can ruff the third club with the jack of diamonds and, since the remaining trumps are 2-2, can escape for one down But if East overruffs and returns a trump the best South can do is draw trumps and concede two more clubs, for 500.

Bob Hamman didn't play either of these defences· he declined to overruff dummy's diamond 8! Observe the declare's position now.



South can ruff one more club with the jack of diamonds and score the trumps in his own hand, but that is 800. At the other table the same contract was two down after a trump lead.

CRICKET CONTRASTS

FROM CREASE TO COMMENTARY BOX

In retrospect, cricketing comparisons amuse the most. 'How would Keith Miller have fared against Ian Botham?' has been debated time and again. In the second extract from his book, Jim Laker indulges in a favourite pastime. The book is published by Stanley Paul and priced at £7.95

FOR all the changes that have taken place in the game of cricket, I have always maintained that good players would have been good players in whatever era they appeared. Good batsmen would always have scored runs; good bowlers would always have taken wickets.

People of my generation, including many of my illustrious England contemporaries, will probably consider it sacrilege for me to talk in the same breath of Sir Leonard Hutton and Geoffrey Boycott, Freddie Trueman and Bob Willis, Keith Miller and Ian Botham, Peter May and David Gower, Tony Lock and Derek Underwood, Godfrey Evans and Bob Taylor, Richie Benaud and Mike Brearley. But times have changed and I would never attempt to disparage the performances of the present-day players who have rather more complex problems to face than we ever did.

Benaud and Brearley

During this series of comparison, I have touched on the subject of captaincy as it affected such great cricketers as Len Hutton and Geoff Boycott, Ian Botham and Bob Willis, Peter May and David Gower. And they all tended to prove the general rule that it takes a great side to make a great captain.

But there are exceptions. Richie Benaud, the greatest Test captain I ever came across, made an average Australian side into a very good one. And when Mike Brearley, the most effective England captain I have seen, returned in 1981, he worked wonders with a side that had to be considered below average.

I have always maintained that Stuart Surridge was the best captain I ever played under, though he did have a quite exceptional Surrey side at his command. So one had to marvel at the



achievement of Benaud who took over the Australian captaincy when Ian Craig, their youngest ever skipper, fell ill, and led them to victory in four successive series, starting with a 4-0 triumph against England in 1958-9.

Looking back, it is hard to believe now that Benaud's appointment came as something of a surprise since most people had thought that Neil Harvey would get the job. As things turned out, he was a revelation. I never actually played with him but I am told by people who did—not just Australians but many others, including Englishmen, who took part in various tours under him—that he was a quite superb leader.

Having been closely associated with him for many years now as a television commentator, I know that Richie is a great stickler for detail. He likes everything to be just right, sport on. That is the way he runs his life, and that is the way he ran his cricket. He had everything worked out, including the opposition on whom he did his homework so that he had a mental book on all the batsmen and bowlers.

Playing against him, one had the impression that he was alive the whole time, whether he was changing his

bowlers, moving his fielders or switching his batting order. And like all the best captains he had the happy knack of being able to deal with different individuals in different ways, knowing which players needed encouragement and which ones needed the hard word. I would not say he was a brilliant judge of wickets but he did not make a lot of mistakes when he was putting the opposition in. He put them in an awful lot of times with an awful lot of success.

On top of all that, he was an inspiration himself. He developed into just about the best spin bowler in the world and with batting explosive enough to bring him the third fastest century in Test history he became the only Australian to take 200 wickets and score 2,000 runs in Tests. And added to his 248 wickets and 2,201 runs were 65 catches—another Australian record proving the magnificent example he set in the field.

Richie had courage, too, as he proved in one of his most memorable performances at Old Trafford in 1961. He was still suffering from fibrositis in his right shoulder which had prevented him from playing at Lord's when England were set to score 256 in little over even time to go 2-1 up in the series. We had reached 150 for one, thanks to a superb 76 in 84 minutes by Ted Dexter, when Benaud, knowing that the Ashes were at stake, took the ball. Bowling round the wicket into the rough, he dismissed Dexter, May, Brian Close and Raman Subba Row in five overs, finished with six for 70 saved the Ashes for Australia and brought his playing career to a perfect climax.

It came as no surprise to anybody that he went on to make such a success of his career in writing and broadcasting where his observations are always shrewd and well worked out—and invariably correct.

So what of the England captains I played under? Well, it will probably surprise many people to learn that the one who impressed me most was Norman Yardley who led England to a 3-0 victory over South Africa in 1947 but then had the misfortune to come up against Don Bradman's Australians in 1948 (losing 4-0) and John Goddard's West Indians in 1950 (losing 3-1).

I played in only three Test matches under Yardley but they were enough to convince me that he was a far better captain then he was given credit for. Bearing in mind that in 1948 he was in almost as hopeless a position as David Gower found himself against the West Indies in 1984, I thought Yardley did very well. He was a man you could listen to and learn from, and he was probably the best judge of a wicket I ever met.

But I have to admit that the best England captain I have seen was Brearley, a real mastermind whose recall in 1981 inspired Ian Botham and Bob Willis to such extraordinary heights that England won three successive Test matches against Australia to save the Ashes. Poor Kim Hughes, the Australian captain, must have wondered what had hit him when he suddenly found himself confronted by a grey-haired philosopher with all the qualifications that go towards making a good cricket captain, plus the most formidable brain that has ever been applied to the problem of winning Test matches.

You never want an idiot captaining a side of course, and the better the brain the better you are going to do. But Brearley was also into psychoanalysis, and when he applied that kind of specialist knowledge to the handling of his players, the results were absolutely staggering, none more so than in the third Test at Headingley. With Australia needing only 130 to win, he first deprived Willis of the new ball, then put him on up the hill and into the wind. Only when his leading fast bowler was thoroughly browned off did Brearley let him loose at the other end—and Willis responded with a match-winning eight for 43, the best figures of his Test career.

It was indeed heady stuff, and total justification of the policy of picking a captain who many felt was not worth his place in the side. I never believed he was worth his place as a batsman because I did not think he was a player of Test class. But there are other aspects of the complex game of cricket that have always got to be taken into consideration, and Brearley's unique style of captaincy was one of them.

Brearley first deprived Willis of the new ball, then put him on up the hill and into the wind. Only when his leading fast bowler was browned off did he let him loose at the other end...

Miller and Botham

In terms of statistics, Ian Botham is the most phenomenal all-rounder Test cricket has ever known. At the end of the 1984 season, he had scored 4, 159 runs, including 13 centuries, and taken 302 wickets, including five or more in an innings 24 times, in 73 Test matches. Only two other cricketers have completed the double of 2,000 runs and 200 wickets in Test cricket. Sir Garfield Sobers scored 8,032 runs and took 235 wickets in 93 Tests; Richie Benaud had 2,201 runs and 248 wickets in 63 Tests. Among England all-rounders, only Tony Greig (3,599 runs and 141 wickets) and Trevor Bailey (2,290 runs and 132 wickets) stand anywhere near Botham's record.

Yet there are still plenty of people around who refuse to recognize Botham as one of the all-time great players. They point to the weakness of the opposition, especially Australia, at the start of his Test career which happened to coincide with the decimation of the Australian team by Kerry Packer; and they remember his alarming slump in form, which happened to coincide with his period as captain in two successive series against the West Indies, without question the best team in the world.

For my part, I must make it clear that Sobers was the greatest all-rounder I have ever seen, and am ever likely to see. But I rate Botham highly enough to compare him with the greatest of my generation and probably the greatest Australia has ever produced—Keith Miller.

Botham had nothing in common with either Sobers, the left-handed genius who could do anything on a cricket field with bat or ball, or Benaud, probably the last of the great leg-break and googly bowlers. Nor was there much similarity between Botham and either the flamboyant, controversial Greig or the tough, unflappable Bailey. But the comparisons with the dashing Miller are endless.

Both Miller and Botham are cricketing cavaliers with an enormous zest for life. Miller was a pilot during the war; Botham is taking flying lessons in pursuit of an ambition to pilot himself around the world. Miller was a gamb-

ler, as familiar at Ascot or Epsom as he was at Lord's or the Oval; Botham knows his way to the racetracks too—and as an owner, at that. Both of them were irrepressible—yet take their cricket more seriously than some people imagine. Both have powerful views on the game. And both were born colossal cricketers.

Their records tend to suggest that Miller was the better batsman with 41 first-class centuries, seven of them double hundreds, and Botham the more effective bowler. But in reality it is the other way round. Miller formed one of the most famous of all fast-bowling partnerships with the legendary Ray Lindwall while Botham is maturing as a batsman with each season that goes by.

Miller, to my mind, was a superb natural bowler. It seemed to come so easily to him that he did not even have to bother to mark out his run. He could simply set off from anywhere he liked without any apparent effect on the superb high action he retained until the day he finished playing. Nor did it interfere with his beautiful rhythm and uncanny accuracy which allied to the lift and movement he could extract from the deadest of wickets made him a bowler capable of destroying any side.

His great strength was his sheer unpredictability. He could bowl just about everything, and often did, sometimes to the extent of sending down six different kinds of delivery in the same over. He was so audacious that I remember him once letting David Sheppard have a googly in the first over with the new ball at Lord's—and getting him out with it! It was as cheeky as Botham playing that reverse sweep shot of his at a crucial stage of a Test match, though I don't think even Miller thought of that.

Botham, of course, also liked to experiment with his bowling, especially in his early days when it was at its best. He would bowl in-swingers and out-swingers, varying his pace and using the full width of the crease to change the angle of delivery. But the demands of one-day cricket have obviously had an adverse effect; and the fact that he has never been as lithe or loose-limbed as the athletic Miller may explain why he suddenly seemed to lose his ability to bowl the out-swinger.

He claimed he was as fit as he had ever been—thanks to his football training with Scunthorpe United—



They say that Miller once put a ball over the roof at Lord's. But for sheer strength, Botham is miles ahead of him.

when he set off on the 1983-4 tour of New Zealand and Pakistan. But his bowling was still nowhere near as effective as it used to be and one can only hope that the cartilage operation, for which he returned home early, solved the problem.

In many ways, the 1984 season was seen as a crisis point in Botham's career, especially since he decided to take a break at the end of it and declared himself unavailable for the winter tour to India. But although he had already scored all those runs and taken all those wickets, it was important to bear in mind that at the start of the 1985 season he was still only 29 and should have plenty of good years in front of him. I have always believed that he is a lot better batsman than some people imagine and even though his bowling seems to be in decline his batting could still improve.

It was a lot easier for Miller to indulge himself as a batsman in a line-up that included Sidney Barnes, Arthur Morris, Lindsey Hassett, Neil Harvey and Don Bradman than it has been for Botham in an England side not known for its solidity. Miller probably had more shots, too, including the late cut which he played as well as anybody, but he never hit the ball as hard as Botham does. They say that Keith once put a ball over the roof at Lord's. But for sheer strength and consistency of hitting, Botham is miles ahead of him.

Finally, there is the question of captaincy. Underneath the extravagant exterior which Miller loved to present to the crowds was a very astute cricketing brain and Richie Benaud, for one, has told me that Keith was one of the best captains he ever played under. Botham cherishes a dream of leading England again to prove to everyone—himself, included, one suspects—that he can make a far better job of it than he did last time. He could hardly do worse, but only time will tell.

Hutton and Boycott

At the risk of provoking another outbreak of civil unrest in Yorkshire, I have to confess that I have idolized Sir Leonard Hutton ever since I was a schoolboy, and if Geoffrey Boycott carries on playing until he is 90, he will never surpass him in my estimation. When I was 14, I could sit and watch Hutton bat all day. And though he was only 19 himself, he was quite capable of doing it.

His batting technique was the best I have ever seen. He had every shot in the book, although on occasions he was loathe to use all of them. The key was his footwork which I believe to be the most essential part of batting. Whether he was attacking or defending, Len's was a joy to watch. Once you get your feet in the right position—and in Hutton's case the initial movement was usually slightly back and across with the right foot—what follows seems to be that much easier.

I think his greatest joy was in his cover and off driving which were masterpieces of placement and timing. I can still vividly recall a century he made against Surrey at the Oval when he almost reduced Tony Lock to tears. He would move to the pitch of a ball slightly outside off stump and hit it gloriously through extra cover. To counter that, Tony would move his extra cover a bit straighter, so Hutton

would delay his shot just a fraction of a second and hit it four or five yards squarer. In fact Hutton was able to play this shot anywhere in an arc stretching from point to mid-off.

Most top batsmen over the years have agreed that the most difficult deliveries to play are the late out-swinger and the variations of the top-class leg-spinner—and nobody has played them better than Len Hutton. This was because he was able to delay his stroke until the last possible moment to take into account the swing or the spin, whereas less-gifted players tend to commit themselves to early. If there was a chink in Hutton's armour, it was surprisingly against the in-swing or off-break bowler. And I have often wondered whether this could have had something to do with his wartime accident as a PT instructor which left him with his left arm weaker and fractionally shorter than his right.

It certainly affected his hooking. In his early days he used to play the shot magnificently. But later on he just about eliminated it, even when he was on the receiving end of as many bouncers as any batsman of his day. Lindwall and Miller, especially, gave him a torrid time when they were at their fastest and it is a further tribute to his remarkable footwork that I cannot ever recall him being hit.

Having said that, however, I do not believe he ever had to face the kind of sustained, short-pitched hostility which confronted Boycott on his return to Test cricket in 1977 after his self-imposed three-year exile. When most of the top fast bowlers were playing in Kerry Packer's World Series Cricket, former England captain Tony Greig made the jibe that Boycott had deliberately avoided them. But that lie was nailed in 1980 and 1981 when Boycott took on the Australians and the West Indians in successive series at home and abroad without ever backing away. In fact I have never detected any shortage of courage in Boycott's make-up and would suggest that his technique against such fearsome batteries of fast bowling as Holding, Roberts, Croft and Garner of the West Indies and Lillee, Thomson, Lawson and Hogg of Australia was vastly superior to that shown by anyone else.

Yet highly as I regard Boycott's batting, I do not think he has ever achieved the stature of Hutton for two reasons. First, he has never had to face up to the class of spin bowling that confronted Hutton; second, he has never had as many shots as Hutton, who was consequently a much more fluent scorer.



Miller probably had more shots, including the late cut, but he never hit the ball as hard as Botham does

The tragedy of this is that Boycott could have been a far more prolific stroke-player, for there have been few greater one-day innings than his 146, including three sixes and 15 fours, against Surrey at a waterlogged Lord's in the 1965 Gillette Cup Final.

Whereas Hutton was a natural batsman, a schoolboy prodigy who made his first-class debut at 17, Boycott is a self-made cricketer who did not get into the Yorkshire first team until he was 22, a year older than Hutton was when he made his 364 against Australia. But there are certain similarities. Like Boycott, Hutton went out to open the batting with every intention of staying all day. But whereas Boycott will be upset all day if he gets out early, Len's disappointment would not last much longer than half an hour. Like Boycott, Hutton was also a bit of an introvert. But, again, he did not take it quite to the same extreme as Geoffrey.

No one, not even Boycott, has ever taken his cricket more seriously than Hutton did. Naturally he was very raw at the start of his career and it took him some time to adjust to a completely different way of life from the one he had known as a carpenter's son at Pudsey. But he educated himself through cricket. A careful man in every way, he gave a great deal of thought to everything he did. Even when he was England's captain, he would lie awake at night, wondering and probably worrying about what he was going to do next day.

He had some extraordinary theories about the game, one of them being that you needed brown eyes to make runs in the West Indies. All the great batsmen of the Caribbean from Weekes, Worrell and Walcott to Sobers, Lloyd and Richards have tended to prove his point I suppose. But I don't know what he made of it when the blue-eyed David Gower played one of his finest innings—154 not out—in Kingston Jamaica, in 1981!

Nor has Len ever been the kind of man to give too much away, as my Surrey colleague Micky Stewart discovered during his early days at the Oval. Micky, who had not been in the game very long, was worried about some particular aspect of his batting so when I saw Hutton approaching I thought it would be a good opportunity for the youngster to learn something. Having made the introductions I left them to it and was pleased to see them deep in conversation for a good half-hour.

When Micky came back, I said: 'Well, let's hear it, then. What have you learned?

Stewart looked puzzled. 'He just talked on and on about the new lbw rule,' he said, shaking his head. 'I'm no wiser about my batting now than I was before.'

Hutton kept his opinions to himself when he became England's first professional captain, sensibly taking no part in the fierce controversy that raged over such a break with tradition. But he was a proud man. And, as one might have expected, he did a typically professional job.

I do not think he rated me very

highly at the time and consequently I had a few ups and downs with him. But later on in his reign, he went to the other extreme and I felt that I could do not wrong. It took me a long time to convince him that I could bowl, mainly because he was not to interested in spin bowling. He had been through the fast bowling fire of Lindwall, Miller and big Bill Johnston so that when he got the opportunity to lead England with Trueman, Statham and Tyson at his command, he relished the possibilities. And it was one of the greatest moments of his life when he returned home with the Ashes after Tyson and Statham had destroyed Australia in 1954-5.

But the great thing about Hutton as a captain was that whatever he thought about them professionally the players like him—and I'm afraid that could not be said about Boycott for most of his time in charge at Yorkshire and in the three Tests in which he led England after Mike Brearley had broken his arm. Boycott simply could not abide failure—or even the thought of failure—and sadly that paranoia has always seemed to affect the people around him.

May and Gower

It was somewhat appropriate that Peter May should have been chairman of the England selectors wheh David Gower was appointed captain in 1984. For there are certain similarities between the two, even though the former was a tall, cultured right-hander from Charterhouse, Cambridge University and Surrey and the latter is an elegant, blond-haired left-hander from King's School, Canterbury, London University and Leicestershire.

Both of them were well educated at good cricketing schools before going on to university; both of them succeeded to the captaincy of their country when they were still in their mid-twenties; and both of them were hailed as the finest batsmen of their generation.

But while Gower may be the best batsman England have produced in recent years, there is no doubt in my mind that May is the best batsman we have had since the 1939-45 war.

Peter Barker Howard May had more competition, for a start. Among his contemporaries were the likes of Ted Dexter, Colin Cowdrey, Tom Graveney and Ken Barrington, yet from the day he picked up a cricket bat



Hutton's technique was the best I have ever seen. He had every shot in the book

for the first time it was obvious that he was something special.

I think that nearly all great batsmen are born not made—very few, though there have been one or two, become great as a result of intensive coaching—and Peter was a prime example. He could not have done much better than go to Charterhouse and Cambridge where he learned to play on very good pitches, and in that respect, I suppose, he was a prime product of top-class public-school and university cricket.

But I remember talking to George Geary, the former Leicestershire and England player who became the coach at Charterhouse, and congratulating him on what a great job he had done on Peter May as a schoolboy.

'I did nothing,' said George. 'He was such a marvellous, natural player that I could find very little fault in him from the first time I saw him play. I did give him a little bit of advice here and there but it was never a question of standing in a net and coaching him.'

Peter May played the game in a fairly simple manner. He would never hook and seldom pulled. And one very rarely saw him play a cut. He just hit the ball in an arc from cover point to mid-wicket, reducing his chances of error by cutting out those sort of shots where you are forced to play across the line. That was his great strength, and it was small wonder that in his capacity of chairman of selectors he almost despaired of the number of England batsmen who seemed incapable of playing straight.

It is fair to say, I suppose, that David Ivon Gower probably had more of a natural flair for the game—and, perhaps, even more inborn talent—than P.B.H. May. But by the time he became England captain, David had in no way shown the same kind of ruthlessness, the killer instinct, that was such a feature of Peter's play.

Nobody can ever have timed the ball better than David Gower does. I will never forget the first time I saw him bat—in a John Player League match at Leicester on a wicket with no pace in it at all. The ball just was not coming on to the bat and several of the senior players I spoke to said it was obviously impossible to play strokes in such conditions. Then in came this blond, curly-haired 18-year-old at number four or five to stroke his first ball through the covers off the back foot for four and go on to time it as sweetly as though the ball was coming on fast and true. In my position in the commentary box, you sit up and take notice when you see anything like that, and it's the only time in the past ten years that any batsman has made that sort of impact on me.

It is such a pity that he has so far failed to fulfil his enormous potential through some strange lapses in concentration—made all the more annoying by the fact that he has shown himself capable of overcoming this weakness in pressure situations all round the world. In the West Indies, for instance, in 1981, only a fortnight after his twenty-fourth birthday, he batted through the last seven-and-three-quarter hours for 154 not out to make sure of an honourable draw in the last Test in Kingston; in Australia in 1982—3 he was easily England's most consistent batsman; and after a dismal tour of New Zealand in 1984, he went to Pakistan, took over the captaincy from the incapacitated Bob Willis and inspired a stricken side with 152 and 173 not out in successive Tests at Faisalabad and Lahore.

Those two innings suggested that his form would not be affected by the cares of captaincy—as Ian Botham's had been against the same intimidating

West Indian opposition four years earlier. But then Gower went and let himself down again by getting out to two loose shots in his very first Test as captain in his own right and left everyone wondering whether the selectors had got the right man after all.

Another thing I am sure about, too. Gower's task on taking over the England captaincy was fifty times harder than May's was when he took over from Len Hutton in 1955. He went on to captain England a record 41 times and while I never considered him to be a great captain, he was certainly a very good one.

Laker and Emburey

To illustrate the point, let me start this series of comparisons by admitting that I would have found it much more difficult to break into first-class cricket in the eighties than I did in the fifties. When I joined the Surrey staff, a county's season consisted of 33 three-day matches played on uncovered wickets. There was no such thing as one-day cricket. And every encouragement was given to the young spin bowler.

A look at the first-class averages for 1951 shows how many of them took advantage of the situation. Bob Appleyard, an off-spin bowler of uncommon pace, and Johnny Wardle both took more than 150 wickets; I had 135 and Tony Lock 125. And also figuring high on the list were the likes of Jim McConnon, Roy Tattersall, Fred Titmus, Alan Oakman, Jack Young, John Mortimore, Bomber Wells, Johnny Lawrence, Edwin Smith, Doug Wright, Eric Hollies, Sam Cook and Malcolm Hilton.

You can only gain confidence as a spin bowler by taking wickets, and in those days you got far more chances to bowl in helpful conditions than you do now. You might struggle for a couple of weeks on good wickets but generally in an English summer you were soon going to come across a rain-affected wicket when it was not uncommon for a good spin bowler to pick up seven or eight wickets. The same would apply if you were fortunate enough to bowl on one of the lesser-known grounds where the wickets were not so good. On top of that, it was rare in county sides to find anyone after no. 8 having any great pretensions as a batsman; in fact they were little more than rabbits. Gloucester, for example, could



Boycott never had to face up to the class of spin bowling Hutton faced.

guarantee half a dozen cheap wickets in a match by courtesy of F.D. McHugh, Cook and Wells. These days, nos. 9, 10 and jack tend to come in and push up and down with a straight bat.

At the outset of my career, I used to bowl the same way on every type of wicket because I believed the only way to succeed as a spin bowler was to spin the ball as much as I could. I had the advantage of being able to spin it more than anyone else at the time and would concentrate on bowling accurately with the spin. It meant that on good wickets I was reasonably economical and if the pitch was at all helpful I was able to come into my own.

One of the reasons why there has been such a dearth of top-class off-spinners in recent years is their unwillingness to stick to a basic method with the right degree of patience. Pat Pocock, who is as talented as any England have produced in the past 20 years and must have considered himself unlucky to have played in no more than 17 Test matches, all but three of them abroad, until his recall in 1984, is a prime example. Even at the start of his career, he was prone to too much variation which, for an inexperienced bowler, usually meant at least one bad ball an over. The same criticism applies to New Zealand's John Bracewell, who obviously has a lot of ability but on the last England tour was guilty of trying to do too much too soon.

As an off-spin bowler, Emburey is somewhere in between Hugh Tayfield, who took 170 Test wickets for South Africa, and myself in that he spins it rather more than Tayfield did but not as much as I did. His height is an advantage because it enables him to get extra bounce and he is also blessed with a good temperament which means he can take the kind of hammer that so easily undermines the inferior bowler. His successes in Australia and South Africa show that he has the technique to adjust to different wickets which I always found to be the most difficult part.

It goes without saying that Emburey has been badly missed by England after being suspended for three years for taking part in the rebel tour of South Africa. But, happily, his best years should still be ahead of him. In fact he should now be approaching his peak if my experience is anything to go by. I believe that I was in my thirties before I reached my best, and that I bowled as well as I ever did in my life on the 1958-9 tour of Australia when I was nearly 37.

Now, 25 years on, I am forever being asked how I think I would have coped with the demands made on the modern off-spinner; how I think I would have adapted to bowling in a five-day Test and a 40-over knockabout on a Sunday afternoon. I would like to be able to say that it would not have made a scrap of difference to the way I bowled. But clearly that would be nonsense. I have given it a lot of thought, and come to the conclusion that I would have had to cope in the same way as people like Emburey and Pocock have done by increasing their pace and bowling a fuller length at middle stump or middle and leg. In all honesty I cannot think of any other answer to the off-spinner's problem. If I bowled as I used to do in a county match with three men out on the fence, I would back myself to take five wickets. But those five wickets would probably cost me 60 runs. Limited-overs cricket is more about containment than bowling sides out, and one for 25 would be a far better performance.

freewheeling

"Ajj race khelega," (I shall bet at the races) I told myself. Just like that, offhand y' know, after having swung a non-stop shoe till the early hours of the opening day of 1986.

Forty winks and ten hours later, I was prepared for the occasion; flannels, cream coat, matching tie. Plus my Raybans and Zeiss held glasses to round it off. Then I hared off to the race course—for the first time in my life.

I was in good company. The lawns of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, mown and manicured, could have been mistaken for an impromptu setting at a "Made for Each Other" contest. Sexy young swingers, handsome young men. Pastel pink drainpipes resting delicately on slender stilettos; sober neckties snug between blazers with gold buttons. Elderly ladies, red lipsticked and immaculate, flitted about with their large dark glasses perched fashionably on the edge of their noses. Grey-haired gentlemen congregated in animated huddles, peering into the racing guides referred to as Bibles. Meanwhile, I circulated.

At almost every turn I kept bumping into *dalals* from the stock market. Lyons Range must surely have closed for the day, I deduced. Colliding into my broker was a pleasant surprise. The conversation went: *"Tandonji kya lagta hai? Koi tip vaghaira?* Royal Glory *kaisa lagta hai?"* (What do you think? Any tips? How do you fancy Royal Glory?)

The Tandon*ji* in question, portly and moustachioed, brow furrowed as he contemplated the race, whispered in true stock market vein: "Royal Glory *mein apna dhyaan kuch mamla hai."* (I have a bearish view of Royal Glory).

I had to see the place where bets were laid. A large circle with bookies forming the circumference grew progressively more crowded and noisy. Desperate punters shoved their wads of rupee notes in front of the bookie's very nose; being a special day at the races, it was more than he could handle. Some were refused, others accepted, receipted in the swiftest and most liberal scrawls on small memo pads. The slate had chalked out the odds: Lightning Sketch 2:1, Jacana 8:1, Royal Glory 1½:1, Ave 3:1, What's Up 3:1, Acropolis 15:1.

A colleague explained the mechanism: If you bet Rs 50 on the favourite at 1½:1 and the horse won, you got back Rs 112.50. A little distance away was the official betting counter. The bets balanced themselves there, I was told. If a particular horse started at 4:1 with Rs 1000 having been out on it, followed by further punting worth Rs 10,000 then the odds would automatically be pruned down. In this case, the odds at the start of the race would be considered final.

I walked away to the paddock. The horses paraded around, the cynosure of all eyes, some curious, some admiring. The inspection done, the horses trotted out to the track. I followed. Intrigued.

The light music on the public address system stopped. "Calling your attention to race number one..." A familiar voice; I had heard it before somewhere. And then it dawned on me—why, Don Manuel, disc jockey at Pink Elephant, the hottest night-spot in Calcutta.



The race of the afternoon was the last. Charmer strode in as favourite at 2:1. Meanwhile, we had been tipped off with Matador at 4½:1. My fat friend, masticating on his *paan masala*, banged Rs 250 down on the bookie's table. *"Mama, andar ka khabar hai,"* (It's grapevine stuff) he whispered when nobody was around.

From the time the bell went, Matador looked a winner. I trained my binoculars on the advancing horses, Calcutta's skyline making an impressive background...hmmm Tata Centre, Virginia House, that's the Reckitt and Colman Building...uhh where are the horses...oh, Matador still in the lead. The horses turned the bend for the home run. I put aside my binoculars and ran to the rails. The crowd surged forward. "Come on, Matador!" "Come on, Charmer!"

With twenty yards to go, Matador looked a clean winner. An upset on the cards. But Charmer was coming close. Now they were level. And then came Charmer's masterstroke. When an inch or two behind Matador and one stride away from the line, the rider jerked Charmer. Matador whizzed past the end. But the photo-finish had the last say: Charmer's head had fractionally inched ahead of Matador's at the line. Charmer had won.

My fat friend spat red in disgust.

Back home, the dialogue went thus:
Fat friend (sarcastic): "Any more 'tips'?"
Voice: "Yes. Hindustan Motors, opening price at Lyons Range tomorrow!"

Mudar Patherya

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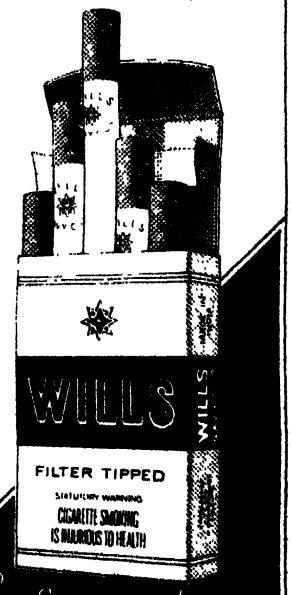
Winner of an award of Rs 25,000 for his article "The other side of the medal" published in Business Standard (Sunday Magazine) of August 19, 1984.

1985

With this, the first Wills Award for Excellence in Sports Journalism, Wills pays tribute to the wordmakers who recreate for us the magic moments sports abound in.

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This year, the entries were judged by an eminent panel comprising Mr AFS Talyarkhan, Mr Pearson Surita, Mr Rajsingh Dungarpur and Dr MAM Ramaswamy. Wills thanks them for their time and effort and all sportswriters whose entries helped to make this such a successful event.



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Cover transparency by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Chief Sub Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O'Brien Pradeep Paul
Correspondents: Bombay Haresh Munwani, **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Will Lendl come?

CZECHOSLOVAKIA are scheduled to play India in India in the 1986 Davis Cup. Though the venue has not been fixed officially, one feels that the tie will be played in Calcutta on the grass courts of the South Club. It is rumoured that the Czechs will be coming without their top player Ivan Lendl. If this turns out to be true then Calcuttans will be deprived of watching the number one player of the world in action while actually holding that position. Young players in the country would gain a great deal from watching the champ play. While there is no doubt that Vijay Amritraj, Ramesh Krishnan and company will be hoping that Lendl doesn't play the lead singles for his country, tennis lovers in the country will undoubtedly be hoping for all to go smoothly and Lendl to make the trip India might lose but at least we will have the good fortune to see some really top class tennis, for a change

BARUN RAY,
Calcutta.

Wrong choice

IN the last Test match of the series between India and Australia, a wrong decision has been made while nominating the Man of the Match' and 'Man of the Series'. Yadav should have been declared 'Man of the Match' and Gavaskar alone should have been 'Man of the Series.' It could be seen from the super performance of Gavaskar that there could be no hesitation in declaring him 'Man of the Series. It, however, Srikanth was to be chosen' Man of the Series, then Gavaskar should hav shared it with Srikkanth and not Kapil. Kapil Dev's performance was not so good and his captaincy also was not upto the mark.

M.S. MURAD,
Calcutta.

This is Cricket

WHAT a fascinating and unpredictable game this cricket is! This was proved once again at Sydney on Jan.6 when India almost snatched a victory in a high voltage match. Who had expected that the Aussies will be forced to follow on and lose 12 wickets in a single day and escape from the jaws of defeat when only 8 wickets had fallen in the first four days. Cricket is alive today despite being labelled as a dull and dreary game, because of these glorious uncertainties and the superlative performances of players like the LittleMaster Gavaskar, the flamboyant Srikkanth and the ever dependant Allan Border who have the capacity to transform the game to greater heights of ethereal glory and gamesmanship.

P.B.L. MURTHY,
Secunderabad.

The Leftover XI

THOUGH the Indian cricket team touring Australia is strong and well balanced for the traditional five day game, I feel it is not the best side for Limited Over cricket. Many promising youngsters have been left behind to play domestic cricket.

It would therefore be interesting to pick a team from the players who have been left behind and call them 'the Leftover XI." I do hope that it will force cricket lovers in the country to ponder over the fact that the team that left the shores of the country was not the best for the faster version of the game. My team in batting order would be: Lalchand Rajput, Surinder Khanna (keeper) Padam Shastri, Sandeep Patil (vice-captain), Yashpal Sharma, Kirti Azad, Bhaskar Pillai, Madan Lal (captain), Manoj Prabhakar, Gopal Sharma and T.Shekhar. not a bad side at all don't you think?

AMARJIT SINGH,
Patiala.

Please go changing

THOUGH the contents of the inside pages of your esteemed weekly are distributed to cater for diverse sports interests and promotions, one thing I have noticed is that its glossy cover always has a cricketer and that too sometimes boringly repeated in a fortnight's span! To prove that point Allan Border showed his gloomy face on the December 11 17' issues and when 'happy new year's champagne was uncorked all over the world, *Sportsworld* alone came out with that dejected look of Border yet again, How about a deviation sometimes just for a change, as you had befittingly done years back in an issue? (1-7 feb: 1984)

MOHAMMED ARANGODEN,
Kerala.

I make mistakes if I play defensively

Confesses K.K. Srikkanth. **Noel Mengel,** editor of Australian Cricket, profiles him

KRISH SRIKKANTH doesn't enjoy playing defensively, as if you couldn't guess. That's earned him his fair share of criticism since coming into the Indian team, but the Australian crowds this summer have been witness to the full bloom of his talents, and that's without him changing his style.

As he prowls the wicket area while at the crease, glancing occasionally up to the skies, or as he watches the progress of another full-blooded shot, we have seen in Australia a man determined to play the game his way, and if that's totally unorthodox for the traditional opener's role, well that's too bad.

He doesn't enjoy playing defensively, and his team has come to recognise that. In an interview with Australian Cricket magazine last month, Srikkanth said: "I don't play a good defensive game and I think it bores the crowd. If I try and defend I make mistakes and will still get out, maybe for 10 instead of 50."

Perhaps a middle-order batting position might suit this explosive player better, but he recognises that their aren't many vacancies further down the list.

With scores of 51, 86, 38 and 116 in the Test series against Australia, and named as joint Man of the Series, maybe Srikkanth can now lay claim to a middle-order position. But he's certainly not unhappy about opening the batting (who would be after that masterful 116 in Sydney?)

Srikkanth denies he has been criticised by his teammates for his attacking batting style. "I have been given a specific role," he says. "I must take the shine off the new ball and a few hard hits are actually a good way of doing that.

"Next, I must score runs quickly. If I'm out after 15 overs with the score on 70 then at least we have the runs on the board. That talkes the pressure off those batting after me.

"The middle-order players are all good defensively and can play that way if the situation requires it. To win matches you have to bowl out the opposition twice and five days is often not enough. The quicker you can score your runs the better." Srikkanth has been dropped in the field a few times this summer: but mostly close to the wicket. The ball was motoring a long at such a pace that it was pretty unlikely anyone was going to wrap their paws around it

Next on the agenda for this fascinating player is the tour of England, when he can show his tremendous power in the home of the game. He'll probably have a few of the traditionalists at Lord's coughing and spluttering into their gins, especially if he's hundred by lunch on the first morning.

He could also catch the eye of talent scouts from the England County scene, even though with the overseas-player limit these days, contracts are hard to come by. But his undisputed talents as a one-day player would make him invaluable to any County team.

"I have no real preference for the one-day game or Test Cricket," Srikkanth explains. He just loves playing cricket. One thing is certain. He will be entertaining crowds in every corner of the cricket world for some season to come. But he won't be changing the way he plays. He only wants to do it better.

And that's an ominous sign from a man who is restructuring the traditional role of the opening batsman.



"I have been given a specific role. I must take the shine off the new ball..."

India v Australia

Toss winners, match winners

Dilip Rao files his despatch on India's progress in the triangular tournament in Australia

AFTER Australia had beaten New Zealand under the Sydney lights in mid-week to follow up their weekend win over India at Brisbane, Allan Border said: "We've got our act together"—and the Australian press echoed his optimism.

But the raised Australian expectations were not fulfilled, for India extracted revenge at the M.C.G. in a rain-shortened match played before an enormous crowd of 52,612. After five matches in the competition, India and Australia were level on wins (two each) but Australia led the table by a point which they salvaged from a washout in their opening tie, against New Zealand.

The second meeting between Australia and India was settled partially by the favours of luck and, to a larger measure, by the experience and expertise of the two elder statesmen of international cricket, Sunil Gavaskar and Mohinder Amarnath.

India won by eight wickets, with 4-2 overs to spare, but their victory was not quite as clear-cut as the margin would indicate. It was not until they were within 50 runs of their target, that their authority became unquestionable.

Where luck played its most important part was in making the coin fall the right way for Kapil Dev. The toss was particularly crucial because rain was forecast for the first half of the match and therefore batting second was going to be advantageous in coming to terms with any re-adjustments in the quota of overs.

Wins in their two previous matches disguised the fact that Australia had batted inconsistently and had got away because they were both low-scoring matches, thanks to the aberrations of their opponents. At the M.C.G., this time, they were under dual pressure because the threat of rain required them to provide for loss of overs and therefore reach a high striking rate early in the innings.

Beginning with the seventh over of their innings, a series of batting errors reduced them to 50 for five. They should have been 50 for six, but Wayne Phillips was missed off the first ball he faced from Shastri and although he did not score many, he stayed to collaborate in a stand of 50 with Steve Waugh.

Now the only frontline batsman remaining, young Waugh carried the innings on his back, scoring 51 of the 85 runs Australia were able to add. He remained not out with a valuable 73, made from 104 balls.



There was much more than just the cricket at the Gabba on 12 January between India and Australia

Australia's ... re flected to ... India's weal ... sot the last bem ... vs lack of mutu ... l the Au str ali ... tottering and ... ll in sight, he sh ... me back to b ... portion of his th ... nning overs ... h the 29th Ravi ... mished yet another ... ble pell Instead he ... n Chetan Sharma

Also he should have ... ed a mid off inste ad of a ... ng off to prevent the tail enders taking singles in that area and giving Waugh the strike Daring the beleaguered batsmen to hit over the top might have brought results

However Kapil again let things ride seemingly complacent that his batsmen would surpass whatever score the Australians could assemble

The Indian bowling was up to the mark with Kapil and Sharma outstanding The inclusion of the off form Sivaramakrishnan however was quite unexpected But a worthwhile risk in view of the M C G s long boundaries

Although Siva was brought on soon after two heavy showers when the ball was slithery the little leg spinner bowled with better control than at any time on the tour But he was at his most valuable in the field his outstanding achievement being the run ning out of David Boon who with 22 looked set for a big score

Three chances were dropped and the ground fielding too was not the most alert A pulled muscle suffered in Brisbane kept Kirmani on the sideline but he was not miss ed for Kiran More after one Test in which he kept quite superbly showing his class in his dismissal of Greg Ritchie

When India set out on their reply their target of 162 in 45 overs looked eminently gettable However the foundations to the Indian innings were not too easily laid in the difficult light at twilight

Moreover with the ball moving about in the dampness left by the rain Craig McDermott and Simon Davis who opened the attack as well as Bruce Reid who came on in t change were at their hostile best

Srikkanth s flailing bat could hardly make proper contact and Gavaskar too had moments of grave anxiety But again luck stepped in Srikkanth s mishits carried for fours and the ball kept missing the edge of Gavaskar s bat



From five for 48, Australia recovered to beat India in Brisbane, Greg Matthews not out with 46

At 35 got from 15 overs Srikkanth was put out of his agony eliminated by Gavaskar s reluctance to go for a possible single Batting was not easy at least not until the Australian bowlers became resigned to the inevitability of defeat But masters of their craft Gavaskar applying the principles of Test match play to his difficult task—and Amarnath took India within 36 runs of their objective

By the time Reid had Gavaskar edging a true beauty to Phillips Amarnath was in full control Azharuddin s younger, keener eye quickly put him into stride and the remaining gap was comfortably bridged

Australia's first defeat in the competition posed their selectors with the problem of retaining or dropping Wayne Phillips, whose wicket keeping deficiencies are more acutely felt by Australia for his failure to make runs

If the selectors have been patient with him it is because they appreciate that they themselves forced the wicket keeping role on a brilliant attacking batsman It is only because his wicket keeping lapses have damaged his confidence that Phillips has not lived up to his reputation as a batsman

India v N. Zealand

WHILE positions in the Benson and Hedges table were not altered by the Perth leg of the triangular competition Australia consolidated their position at the top and New Zealand strengthened their challenge to India with a narrow win in the first of two matches in the Western state

A feature common to every match in the current competition is that victory has gone to the side winning the toss In each instance the lucky captain has put the opposition in The toss factor so pleased New Zealand s skipper Jeremy Coney who had so far lost every one of them that he deputised Richard Hadlee to perform the ritual in the match against India

Hadlee laid the jinx and asked India to bat on a pitch that was newly laid and which was so green and grassy that but for the presence of the stumps and the creases it would have been difficult to tell it apart from the outfield Moreover it withheld a lot of moisture from its preparation



Jeremey Coney's luck with the coin forced him to utilise Richard Hadlee instead

This pitch was not palpably easier when New Zealand batted after lunch having dismissed India for a meagre 113 well within their overs limit But where New Zealand derived an advantage from winning the toss was in knowing how many runs they wanted and being able to pace their innings accordingly

India's innings began disastrously with the run out of Srikkanth before the scoreboard had moved It came about not from misjudgement but from Srikkanth's failure to anticipate conditions underfoot and going out to bat in shoes with a synthetic sole rather than firmer gripping spikes It is infuriating when an experienced cricketer ignores such basics Srikkanth was like a motorist venturing out on an icy road with bald tyres

Again batting as sensibly as they did against Australia at Melbourne in the previous match Sunil Gavaskar and Mohinder Amarnath took the score to 23 in the 12th over and then justifiably sought to accelerate The outcome was the dismissal of Gavaskar whose forcing on side shot was mistimed because the ball moved off the seam

Both Australia and New Zealand have discovered a weakness in Amarnath's on side technique in that he tends to play the ball uppishly in flicking off his legs A trap was laid and it worked

With almost half their overs spent and the score no more than 58, Azharuddin had not the score to steady the ship again He had to press on and missing a leg side deflection in the next over was bowled

There followed a worthwhile partnership between Ashok Malhotra playing his first innings for well over a month and Ravi Shastri Malhotra's excellent sense of timing rose above the problems posed by the pitch He stroked the ball sweetly and the total crept towards the three figure mark

The growing assurance of the fifth wicket pair prompted Coney to bring back Hadlee His first two overs applied the brake but did no damage In his third, however Malhotra took the liberty of driving on the rise and got himself caught at cover The next ball Kapil Dev tried to turn off his legs and made contact with the leading edge to lob an easy catch on the off side

It was not the most sensible shot to play but, with overs running out, did Kapil have a choice? With his exit India had no potential to pick up momentum and the innings petered out

New Zealand lost their openers in consecutive overs the tenth and eleventh John Wright falling to an outstanding catch at short mid wicket by Kapil Dev whose bad knee took some jarring as he landed on it to reach the ball one handed

These successive blows were made light of by Martin Crowe, who again batted with awe inspiring authority With the youngster playing so well, the off form John Reid had to do



Time to relax when the big boys are batting. From left are Raju Kulkarni and Siva. Kiran More is prostrate

little more than keep his end up and at the half-way mark of their innings New Zealand were only 39 runs from their first win.

They were not to complete it easily. New Zealand were required to run the gauntlet of a do-or-die effort by Kapil Dev, who had five overs of his quota left and who now returned to deliver them at one stretch, setting a full cordon of slip fielders.

Kapil, bowling with fire, took a wicket in each of his first three overs, all his victims, Reid, Martin Crowe and Jeff Crowe, being caught in the slips. The younger Crowe, top scorer in the match with only 33, was quite magnificently held by Azharuddin diving low to his left.

With the exit of Jeff Crowe, New Zealand were 86 for five and it was a miracle that Jeremy Coney, who eventually steered his side home with 19 not out, survived the next over from Kapil Dev in which he time and again played and missed and also survived a vehement appeal for caught behind.

I do not think New Zealand could have withstood the loss of their gritty captain at that stage. While Kapil Dev was wreaking such havoc, Ravi Shastri kept the other end firmly sealed. When Kapil ran out of overs, Chetan Sharma replaced him and bowled as if determined to carry on Kapil Dev's gallant effort.

With 19 runs still wanted, he ripped one through the gap between Hadlee's bat and pad and bowled him to raise hopes of an unlikely Indian win. He struck again four overs later but, by then New Zealand were on the very threshold of winning.

Kapil, bowling with fire, took a wicket in each of his first three overs, all his victims, Reid, Martin Crowe and Jeff Crowe, being caught in the slips. With the exit of Jeff Crowe, New Zealand were 86 for five. Jeremy Coney survived the next over from Kapil Dev in which he time and again played and missed

On the next day, Australia and New Zealand did battle on the same pitch. The temperature soared close to the 40 degrees mark, but the grassy surface was no easier for all that and scores were again low, although there was an innings of over 50 played on each side, by Jeff Crowe and Allan Border.

Both matches provided exciting finishes, but these were not sufficient compensation for batsmen playing a very subservient role. Condemnation of the pitch was unanimous. Border, captain of Australia, who made the most profit from the two days at the W.A.C.A., decried it as unequivocally as the Indians and the New Zealanders.

India v Australia

AGAINST Australia, at Sydney, India suffered a defeat as heavy as any they sustained in the bad old days when they were regarded the rabbits of one-day cricket.

Kapil Dev had previously joined the chorus of his fellow captains in their justifiable complaint about the quality of the pitches. But when India did strike a good one, they were not able to exploit it and lost by the overwhelming margin of 100 runs.

India's third loss in five matches and their second in-a-row was accompanied by further, self-inflicted damage, in that they wantonly decreased their overall scoring rate for the competition: which could adversely affect their prospects of qualifying for the finals.

After Kapil Dev was fourth out, Sunil Gavaskar and Mohammed Azharuddin, who remained unbeaten, played only for survival, adding just 34 runs from the last eleven overs. Either they did not know, or were not briefed, that in the event of two countries fininshing level in the table on points and number of wins, the tie-breaker is the faster scoring rate. Only two conclusions can be drawn from this situation. Either, team meetings are not conducted as thoroughly as they should be or that, selfishness, which cost India victory in the Test series, is being condoned. One way or another, leadership and management of the team are lacking in authority.

This match, which highlighted all of India's weaknesses—the shallowness of their bowling resources and the lack of athleticism in the field and in running between the wickets—was played on the same pitch on which, a week earlier, Australia and New Zealand had fought out a low-scoring match.



Ravi Shastri failed when he was needed most

After a week of further preparation and closer mowing of the grass: it was a lovely surface to bat on, certainly good enough for Kapil to have considered batting first in natural light on a warm sunny day. But he slavishly followed the dictates of history and put Australia in.

From the first ball, a half-volley from Kapil Dev which Geoff Marsh crashed through the covers for four, Australia were gaining ascendancy which India could not contain. The Australians had decied to crush India under the weight of a big score and they were quite relentless in the execution of their plan.

The easy pace of the pitch and its true bounce called for a high degreeof accuracy in the bowling which only Mohinder Amarnath and Ravi Shastri could provide. The rest of the bowling was scattered by the Australian openers, Marsh and David Boon, who put on 152 at almost five runs an over, with Marsh scoring the first century of the series.

This stand, of near record proportions, was followed by another gigantic partnership between Marsh, who was voted Man of the Match, and Allan Border. The boundaries being well policed, fours did not abound, but the batsmen, particularly Border, improvised with imagination and ran daringly between the wickets.

In fact, the running between the wickets was overadventurous and during these two large partnerships, there could have been at least three run outs. But India frittered away their chances from slovenly picking up or wayward returns.

India's chase of the huge Australian total of 292 was effectively ended when Srikkanth was out for 20 in the sixth over. The asking rate kept going up and up with every over as Mohinder Amarnath dawdled for 15 overs getting 16 from 54 balls.

But criticism of lack of initiative on the part of the batsmen must not conceal the fact that the Australians, particularly Simon Davis and Bruce Reid, bowled admirably. Davis' performance was the greater for the fact that his father had died on the previous day. He wore a black armband as a badge of his grief.

As for Reid, he has looked a better bowler with each match. He is now able to bring the ball in, which he hardly seemed to do during the Test matches and having gathered confidence, ran in much more purposefully.

With the Indian batsmen so restricted, Border was free to give Greg Matthews, his only spinner, an extended bowl for the first time. Spinning the ball appreciably, which Shastri had not seemed to be able to do in the Australian innings, Matthews too looked so effective in bottling up the runs.

The lesson learnt from this match was that unless Srikkanth comes off or Kapil Dev bowls at his best, India are not the one-day force we believed.

Up and down Kangarooland

Nikhil Bhattacharya drags his lens and luggage to the 'pyjama tamasha' in Australia





Gavaskar sets a scoring pace with four fours and a six against New Zealand in Brisbane before being bowled by Chatfield for 27 (top right). Ravi Shastri's unbeaten 36 stood India in good stead







Richard Hadlee had to hand it to Kapil Dev for pulling off the win (top left). His quickfire 22 (top right) was to little avail as were his 10 overs for 42. In the lower right picture, Hadlee congratulates Edgar (with cap) on a dismissal









As the Crowe flies... Martin Crowe pulls, drives and hooks his way to 76. So powerfully did he stroke the ball that even mishits brought him runs. When he made his exit at 142 for two, more than half the side's total was his contribution







Bruce Edgar manages to get one past a diving Gavaskar at slip

...But finds the end of the road in Kirmani





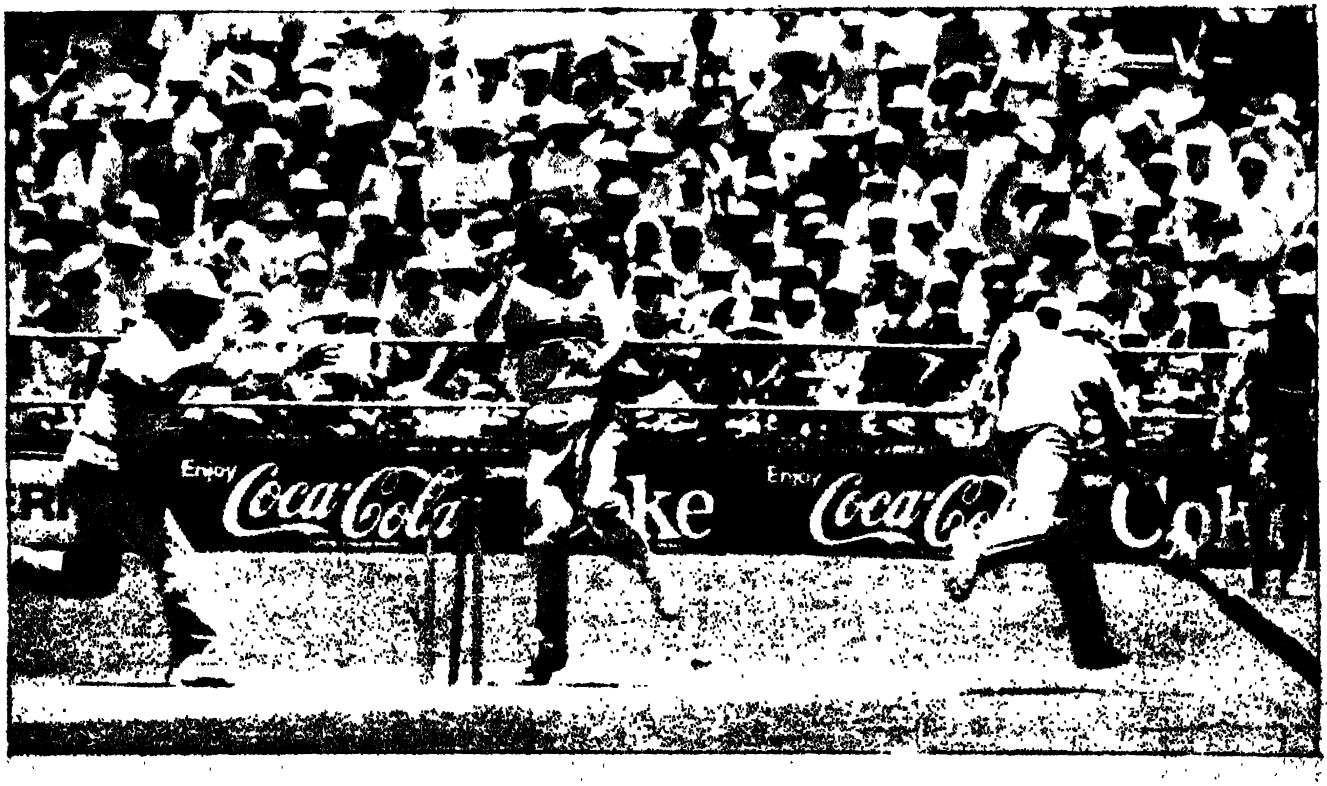
Craig McDermott (left) and Greg Matthews strike a characteristic pose after adding 37 runs and winning the match by four wickets for Australia. And after the winning stroke (below), the deluge...





Allan Border chances his arm during a short innings of 16 in Brisbane. Steve Waugh (2/46) makes an effort to conjure the unexpected

After scoring 16, Kapil Dev was run out by a throw from Allan Border at mid on (left)





Mohinder Amarnath tries to bisect the slips but finds the end in Allan Border who brings off a save. His luck, however, runs out with Gilbert inducing him to nick to Phillips behind (below) for 13 in Brisbane





Allan Border is bowled first ball ! Roger Binny (right) finds himself the centre of unexpected attention



Sunil Gavaskar gets out of way of a Simon Davis flier. "What do I do to get him?" he wonders (right)



Kapil Dev (second from left) is congratulated after running out David Boon for 23. Wickets fall but Waugh defends (right).

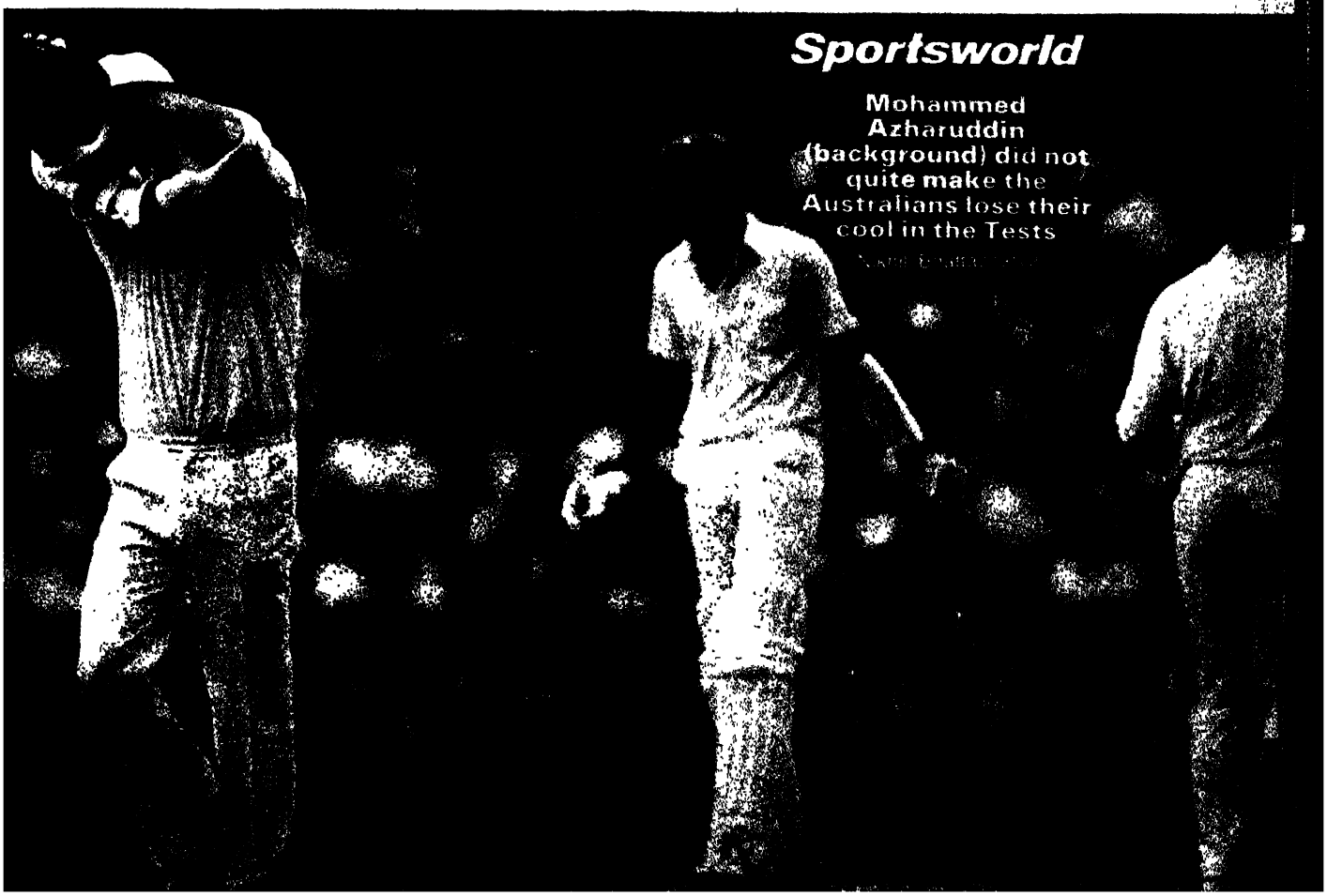


Waugh eventually scored an unbeaten 73 much to More's alarm



Sportswo

Allan Border (left) an Ray Bright have a wo or two during the drinks break in the second Test



Sportsworld

Mohammed Azharuddin (background) did not quite make the Australians lose their cool in the Tests



PRESS CLIPPINGS

Mean machine

THE West Indies fast bowling department, force many batsmen to do things not done before. England are to tour the islands and their preparations are thorough. The Englishmen will be taking their own bowling machine to the Caribbean in a bid to counter the famed West Indies pace battery on the forthcoming tour. The machine can deliver balls at speeds of up to 90 miles (144 km) an hour.

The idea is to give the England batsmen who set off on the tour on January 25 a chance to practise against the pace and variations they will meet in the West Indies.

England used a bowling machine during their tour of Australia in 1983-84 and found that it enabled them to acclimatise quickly to local conditions.

Over and out?

IS Prakash Padukone over the hill? Perhaps the answer lies in the news that the Indian badminton ace is not keen on staying permanently in Denmark and is likely to return home for good at the end of this year.

A member of Padukone's family said that Prakash would complete his six years as a licensed player in Copenhagen in December.

He has recovered from the knee trouble which had forced him to withdraw from the Kuala Lumpur championship recently the relative added.

Also, there was a recent addition to the Padukone family last month—Prakash and his wife had a daughter.

Knee break

INDIAN cricket captain Kapil Dev intends pulling out of the Asia Cup and the Australasia Cup next April according to the *Hindu*'s cricket correspondent. Kapil is convinced that the only way to rest his doubtful right knee, on which he has been placing a lot of stress in Australia, lies in taking a break from the game. The skipper believes the tour of England this summer is far more important and that he should preserve himself by keeping away from the strenuous limited-over championships.

It is also becoming apparent that the Indian team is being pressurised into playing in Sharjah where the Australasia Cup will be held. India were originally not playing the tournament but the plans have been changed.

Priorities

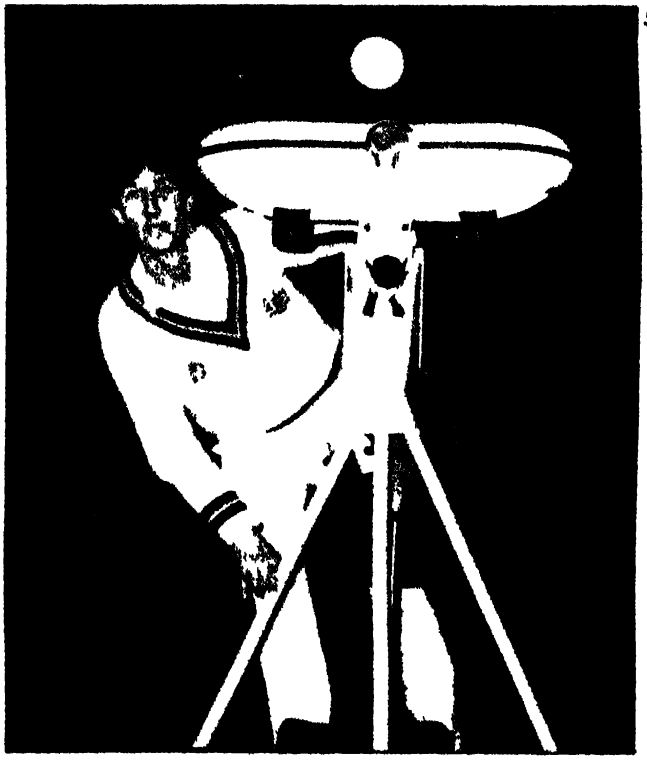
DICKY RUTNAGAR writing for *The Telegraph* reports that the Australian Cricket Board is seriously considering day-night Test matches Frequent stoppages for bad light during Test matches in what has been a poor summer has forced the ACB to consider using floodlights in future Tests in Sydney and Melbourne.

The suggestion came under discussion at the ACB's executive committee meeting. If it finds favour, a proposal will be put to the annual meeting of the International Cricket Conference at Lord's in June.

The Australian proposal will not be met with ready acceptance internationally because floodlight is not effective in conditions of semi-darkness and provides best vision only in total darkness. This problem is being faced in the present day and night one day games.

The other related problem will be the colour of the ball. The rest of the Test-playing countries would not be agreeable to using a white ball for part of the match, mainly because a temporary change would be unfair.

Australia's current low fortunes in Test cricket have urged their Board to step up the development of their youth cricket. Sponsorship has been found to host a tour by an under-19 team from India which will play ten matches including three four-day internationals.



Syndicate International

It looks nothing like Joel Garner or Malcolm Marshall but it will prove just as fearsome to the English cricketers on their tour of West Indies. This is Bola the bowling machine

Darker side

THE Paris-Dakar car rally has given rise to uncontrolled moral outrage The death in a helicopter crash of Thierry Sabine, the organiser of the rally and of four others as they followed the participating cars has created a furore in France.

When super cars, symbols of the most advanced technology backed by "sumptuous expense" and hordes of mechanen, whiz gratuitously through poor, malnourished countries, in the grip of famine and want, they raise moral questions

The 15,000km 22-day high risk race begins in France and crosses Algeria, Niger, Mali, Mauratania and Guinea, before reaching Dakar

Derby on the rails

"YES, they will refund the money I bet on Tug Of War. They might return my entrance fee. But what about my taxi fare? What about the three rupees I spent on buying the day's race book? What about the fact that I have taken leave without pay?" Hamid Bhai was one of the many thousand racing enthusiasts at the ill-fated Calcutta Derby, but he certainly was not the most disappointed punter at the course on the second Saturday in January. There were some who had flown in from other cities; still others who had even planned their annual visits to Calcutta, keeping in mind the magnitude of the occasion.

They were all there. The novice, shoes polished, hair in place. The expert, homework done, strategy perfected. Preliminary pleasantries exchanged, the former was ready for the biggest social outing of the year. The latter, on the other hand, was set to get down to the game seriously. Very seriously. Or so he thought.

The moment of truth drew nearer. Who would win the Derby, the blue riband of the Calcutta turf, which carried as prize money a sum of Rs 2,42,550? Would it be the fancied Tug Of War or would Far And Above live up to its name? Time no doubt would tell, but nobody specified when. Even while pundits contemplated last minute variables, the officials of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club (RCTC) had their hands full. Their problem however, was of a more serious nature. Would the Derby be run at all?

By 12.45 pm it was apparent that all was not well. Doubts surfaced, only to be quelled by the knowledge that never in the history of Calcutta racing had the Derby been called off because of a lightning strike by the syces. Yes, they had furrowed the brows of the authorities on previous occasions, but events had never been cancelled as a result. This time, however, things took a different turn.

In the week preceding Derby Day, there had been a whisper that the day's card would ultimately be scrubbed, but in the light of history, this had not seemed possible. Despite the optimism of the racing public, there was no denying the fact that there had been periodic rumbling in the administrative background. October 1985 had witnessed the end of a two and a half month strike by the trainers' employees, namely, the syces. If at the time punters thought that racing would continue uninterrupted because of a signed agreement, they were wrong.

First and foremost they had forgotten that they were dealing with a labour problem in Bengal. Sure enough, two and a half months after an agreement had been signed, things were back to square one.

As a result of the 1985 strike, six syces had been disqualified and forbidden from entering the stable complex as it was felt that they were the cause of the trouble. The remaining syces then decided that unless the six were taken back with immediate effect, they would go on strike once again. The agreement that had been signed just over two months previously, now meant precious little.

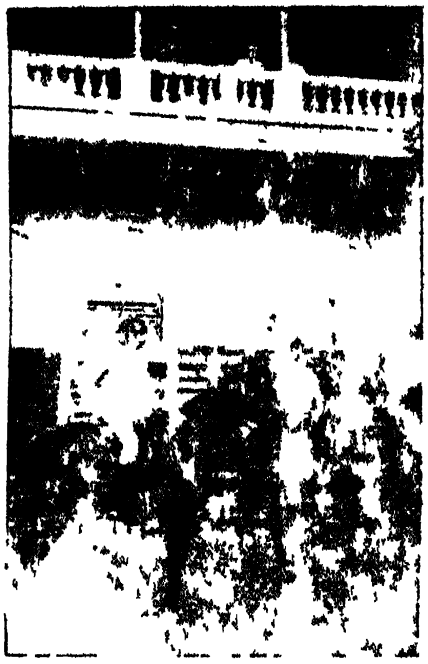
The stewards of the Turf Club had contributed further to the complication of matters. They were taking their own time about considering the appeal of the six disqualified persons who had applied to have their case reconsidered. Instead of looking into the problem immediately and giving it first priority, they chose instead to keep the decision pending. They were possibly of the opinion that by intentionally leaving things open, the storm would be weathered. How wrong they were would soon be apparrent.



Believe it or not, this picture was taken on Derby day at the Calcutta Race Course

As the matter is still in court, the syces would have been well advised to demand that a reasonable time limit be installed, whereby the stewards would have had to decide whether they would take the six disqualified persons back or not. Instead, the syces decided to find their own solution to the problem and on New Year's Day this year, more than fifteen thousand people held their breath as the syces brought the horses to the course behind schedule. Though the races finally did get under way, they did so well behind schedule. The threats had started. The pressure was on. The authorities were informed that unless the six disqualified syces were reinstated, racing in Calcutta would come to a grinding halt Yet the syces allowed the racing on New Year's Day to continue uninterrupted. The possible reason for this is that they are paid on the sixth of every month, hence had they not worked on 1 January, they would certainly not have been paid their salary for December. Moreover, the intention seemed to be to cause a major embarrassment on Derby Day.

The big day arrived and the test of nerves had begun A mere half hour before the start of the first race the RCTC Racing Manager and Secretary rushed across to the stables to meet representatives of the National Union of Racehorse Employees of India At approximately 1.30 pm. a special officer appointed by the court had



The only horses o view were those belongir to the mounted poli

apparently convinced the two leaders to sign an agreement with the authorities which would ensure that racing would go ahead as planned

However, speaking to one of the trainers who claimed to have been present during the negotiations, I learnt that the minute it was announced that the reinstatement of the six disqualified syces would be considered in court the following Monday, all hell broke loose. From that point on, it was obvious that no amount of negotiating would solve the immediate problem.

As racegoers milled around the course, ignorant of what was happening, there were two announcements that the start of the day's events would be delayed. Not till later in the afternoon was the crowd told that the races scheduled for the day had instead been cancelled. If this was the case, why was the announcement about the cancellation not made earlier, thereby saving the patient crowd the agony of having to wait indefinitely? The reason given was that the special officer would issue such an order only when the syces walked out of the negotiations. Only when the officer was convinced that the situation could not be resolved did he finally issue the order to cancel the races for the day.

This historic announcement was made at 2.45 that afternoon. Would the crowd go beserk? Many felt they had good reason to, but better sense prevailed. Sad and shocked, slowly, very *slowly*, they began to wind their way home.

Racing in Calcutta continues unabated. Will the 1986 Calcutta Derby be run after all? Your guess is as good as mine But if and when it is run, I'll be there. I'm sure so will everybody else. Even Hamid Bhai.

Barry O'Brien



For the bookies it was a rest day

Battered and shell-shocked

I SHOULD have known it would be difficult to find out the latest cricket scores. Only an hour ago my eyes were glued to a television screen, watching Kapil Dev and his gang performing their heroics in Australia. I was then in Madras, about to set out on the second phase of my journey to Trivandrum. When I arrived here I realised I would have to wait for the next day's paper to discover whether India had won or not. I am not too sure how large or committed a following cricket has in this state. Indeed, if there *is* a following, it certainly does not show.

But if soccer is your cup of tea, well then it's a different matter altogether. A whole new ball game, so to speak. Here in Trivandrum over the last few weeks Diego Maradona has been locked in a keen publicity war with none other than Pope John Paul II.

The papal visit, scheduled for the second week of February is anxiously anticipated by the sizeable Christian population here. In this light, therefore, there is no reason to be surprised by the huge portraits of the Pope that adorn most local road intersections. What was really astonishing was the fact that pictures of Maradona decorated the Nehru Gold Cup publicity posters. Maradona? What has he got to do with the Nehru Cup anyway?

Seldom has the All India Football Federation been able to attract genuine star sides comprising even the most obscure World Cuppers. Not that Kerala's soccer devotees have ever needed the excuse of glamour sides to be drawn towards football. Soccer to them is always attractive; a major touring side would be but a welcome bonus. You do not need to invite these people to a soccer match. They'll be there anyway, just for the sake of watching the game.

But there is always a limit to things. Never in the past has a Nehru Cup tournament started on a more desolate note. Never before has such a sense of futility gripped all and sundry on the very first day of this international tournament.

India's 6-0 defeat (no, it wasn't tennis) cast a sudden, devastating pall of gloom. And how ironic it all seemed when at the hotel - this writer recalled a conversation with a garrulous P.K. Banerjee, coach of the Indian team, a few hours before the match.

PK had been in a rare mood, uncharacteristic of him on a day when his boys faced a major challenge. In an unguarded moment of pride and arrogance, PK claimed that no team under his wing would ever have



By evening it was all over. PK was a shattered man

conceded six goals to the likes of the Bochum XI, the sensational Germans who set the nation's soccer pulse racing earlier this month. "And where are all those people who bought a coffin for Indian football at Cochin last year?" He had yelled, "Let them see its rebirth this evening."

By evening it was all over. PK was a shattered man.

BEING associated with Indian soccer is an extremely risky proposition; something like working in a boobytrapped room by the light of a pocket torch. You never know when you are going to be caught on the wrong foot. No advice, suggestions, or criticism could possibly make sense against the background of inconsistent and unpredictable performances by the Indians.

Strident criticism was once levelled against the AIFF for persisting with established stars in international tournaments instead of giving young, second string players the sort of exposure they needed in a higher class of soccer; a theory that did not find favour with P.K. Banerjee or whoever else was then at the helm. Of late, though, there has been a definite shift of emphasis. Since the camps for the Asiad were launched by the chief coach in September last year, the younger group has always stood a better chance of breaking through to the national squad. New faces entered the limelight; new names made frequent headlines. Two prime examples are Benny Francis and Mastan Ahmed, both virtually unheard of till India's success in the recent SAF Games.

And then came the 6-0 defeat. The champions of the youth cause retreated, keeping a low profile. On this occasion the absence of the stars—the largest constellation of which currently shines for East Bengal—was rued.



Pictures of Maradona(!) decorated the Nehru Cup publicity posters

After the defeat, PK was reflective. "The Russian rout came just when I was gaining confidence in my younger players. No doubt I was a little worried about not having some of the best players in the country. Tarun Dey, the chief source of strength in any defence and Aloke Mukherjee, a most versatile defender, were not with us, let alone the other departments where we could have had far more accomplished players than we had in the camp. It certainly is a good idea to try new faces if one is to think of the future. How hard these boys worked, month after month. It was extremely unfortunate that they suffered such a shock. Now I've no reason to hope."

Yet, even in his hour of trial, it was heartening to note that PK had more friends around him than foes. In the conspiratorial world of the AIFF, this was a rare gesture, one which should have helped the coach recover his confidence. It was clear that even in the event of a move to nullify PK's efforts, the AIFF will stand by the coach in the pursuit of his goal.

But the gloom that enveloped the Indian camp was hard to combat. For the oldtimers like Prasanta Banerjee or Parminder Singh, it was clear that they were at a dead end; to those whose careers had seemed just about to take off, it was a numbing shock. And worst of all, a deep sense of frustration gripped even the ever-optimistic PK, leader of a defeated army whose labours had been reduced to naught in a ninety minute massacre.

Suprakash Ghoshal

England for Wales

Lawrie McMeneny

MUCH as I admire Brian Clough, I wouldn't like to see him succeed Mike England as manager of Wales.

To me England, whose contract expires during the summer, has done an excellent job considering the critical financial problems experienced by his FA. There is a thin line between success and failure. I find it quite disturbing to think that but for that hotly-disputed Davie Cooper penalty near the end of Wales's crucial World Cup tie against Scotland (which put the Welsh out of the competition), England would now be as secure as any manager. As it is, his job will now become a part-time post...and some Welsh FA officials have made no secret of the fact that they want Brian Clough to fill it.

I feel Brian would make an excellent international team manager. He is a master at bringing the best out of players. But I don't think that even he could have produced a more effective Welsh team than England has.

Not only this, I find it very hard to imagine an Englishman being in charge of a Welsh national team, even though Mike Smith was once in that position.

At Football League level, I have long felt that there are some clubs who badly need managers with an intimate knowledge of the towns or cities in which they are located and, more specifically, the characteristics of their inhabitants.

That is definitely true of Newcastle and Sunderland. Only the pros who have been born in this part of England, or worked here, can fully appreciate what the game means to the general public in the north-east, and what they expect from their teams.

As far international football is concerned, the same applies to the Welsh and Scottish teams, both of whom function in the most nationalistic environments.

That's why there didn't seem much point in Brian Clough recently insisting—in a newspaper article—that he would jump at the chance of being Scotland's manager, or assisting their present boss Alex Ferguson. It's impossible to visualise the Scots ever taking him up on the offer!

It's every manager's dream to take charge of his national team, and I know that Brian has always been a bit frustrated at never having been given the chance to run the England side.

Just how much this means to him was emphasised to me when he, Bobby Robson and myself, were inteviewed for the job at the F. A. headquarters in London, after Joe Mercer's spell as caretaker-manager. In those days, Brian was liable to turn up for important meetings in his track suit—he has never been one for convention—but on this occasion he was immaculately dressed in collar and tie!

The F. A. of course, eventually decided to appoint Ron Greenwood...and with respect to Bobby and Brian, I think that the best decision they could have made at the time. It needed someone like Ron to steady the England boat, following the trauma of Don Revie's departure to the United Arab Emirates, and I feel he did that exceptionally well.



Kerry Dixon: Opportunist

In retrospect, I doubt whether the more forceful style of management of Brian, Bobby and myself would have been as effective as Greenwood's approach in that situation.

I also consider that the right man got the job when Bobby was appointed to succeed Greenwood after the 1982 World Cup.

There have been disappointments during Bobby's reign like England's failure to qualify for the 1984 European Championship finals—but generally I cannot help but applaud the progress he has made in terms of producing a team to do well in the Mexico World Cup. The present XI are quite capable of getting to the quarter finals again, or the semi finals, and that would be a considerable achievement in view of the difficult conditions in which the matches will be played.

Make no mistake... none of the countries who have clinched a Mexico place will relish being grouped with England.

The presence of England, Scotland and Northern Ireland in the World Cup finals is a marvellous boost to the image of English football, and the First Division in particular. It's a pity that Wales and the Republic of Ireland have not got there as well because I am convinced that both would have given a good account of themselves in Mexico.

The Republic, of course, are also thinking of appointing an English manager. The difference between them and Wales, though, is that it will be a full-time post and, through the money raised by a national lottery, they will be paying the successful candidate something like six times as much as Mike England or his successor will be getting!

England has already intimated that he would be prepared to carry on for half of his existing salary (around £10,000), which shows the depth of his feeling towards his country.

That, in itself, is a good reason for keeping him in the job.

NONE of the youngsters hoping to break into the England squad for the World Cup finals can have a better chance than Paul Walsh.

Indeed, in view of his recent form it will be surprising to say the least if the 23-year-old Liverpool striker isn't included in the squad for the match in Egypt this week.

Walsh has long been regarded as one of Britain's most exciting young footballers. It is no secret, though, that Bobby Robson has had reservations about Walsh's attitude...and I must admit that I have shared Bobby's misgivings.

When footballers attract a lot of attenton at an early stage of their careers, there is a tendency for them to take too much for granted. While they might not appreciate it at the time, they need strong handling.

That's why I admire managers such as Nottingham Forest's Brian Clough and Watford's Graham Taylor, two strong-willed men who don't stand any nonsense from anyone.

And that's why I applaud Bobby Robson's decision to cold shoulder Walsh since the latter pulled out of the England Under-21 squad—at the time of his £400,000 transfer from Luton to Liverpool in May 1984—on the grounds that he wasn't in the right frame of mind.

In fairness the Walsh, he does seem to have matured...and I think he deserves another England chance.

Walsh had only made three previous England appearances—on the 1984 close-season tour of Australia—and definitely suffered through not having a more accomplished international alongside him.

It was every man for himself once France had gone ahead, and to a great extent, Walsh and Brian Stein had to fend for themselves. There is no doubt that he has tremendous talent. The fact that he is keeping Dalglish out of Liverpool's team speaks for itself!

I like his positive attitude—he is never afraid to try a shot—and the way he uses his pace, sharpness and tight ball control to turn opposing defenders. When he was at Luton, I felt that he was inclined to hold the ball too long, thus allowing defenders to direct him into blind alleys. It is inevitable that he should have improved this aspect of his game at Liverpool, because they have always put the emphasis on one and two-touch football. In the football sense, their motto is: Simplicity.



Colorsport

Paul Walsh: Ready to break into the England team

At this stage, Everton's Gary Lineker and Chelsea's Kerry Dixon must be at the top of the list of contenders for the England central strikers' roles. If they maintain their present success, it will be virtually impossible for Bobby Robson to leave them out of the side in Mexico.

As for Dixon, I was interested to read the comments of Sir Alf Ramsey. In a national newspaper Sir Alf said that he didn't think Dixon was good enough to play for England in Mexico. "He lacks mobility and his first touch lets him down," Sir Alf explained.

I take the point. In the Mexico conditions, it will be important for players to conserve their energy through retaining possession of the bal for long periods.

Dixon's control isn't outstanding, but it's not bad for a big man and I can't help wondering whether Sir Alf just happened to see him on a bad day. Not only this, one cannot ignore his excellent scoring record.

If anyone criticised him, he'd just say: "Look at the number of goals I score." Kerry Dixon should be judged in the same way.

ALL roads lead to Mexico for one of the greatest sporting events; the World Cup Soccer. The draw has been made and the teams now know their first round fate.

World Cup holders Italy will play Bulgeria in the opening match on May 31 in the Estadio Azteca in Mexico city. The doubtful privilege of playing the opening match always fell to the hosts until 1974 when the holders were handed the most unenviable game in the finals.

But there was much confusion over the draw. Players, officials and media all agreed that Group E with West Germany, Uruguay, Scotland and Denmark, was the toughest and that England got off quite lightly. So also did hosts Mexico.

But Mexico's Yugoslav boss Bora Miltutinovic refuted suggestionsthat his team had been given an easy draw.

"Paraguay are one of the best teams in South America. Belgium are a very competitive side and the problem with Iraq is that no one really knows enough about them," said Bora.

But the truth is that his first sentence is far from the truth. His second obvious, as all teams that have made it to Mexico are bound to be competitive. His third is more than overdone.

Mexico do have any easy draw. So much so that Iraq feel it is no longer impossible for them to reach the second round.

ONE issue remained confused. According to *World Soccer*, all the early reports coming out of Mexico, and fixture schedules sent around the world by international agencies, failed to note venue switches affecting group D and F.

Although all the group D games are set for Guadalajara's two sadia, the June 12 fixture between Spain and Algeria will be staged in the Technologico stadium up in Monterrey, the venue of group F. So, the group F June 11 match between Morocco and Portugal is being sent to Guadalajara.

"The reason for these apparently unnecessary and financially wasteful excursions", writes Peter Chapman, "is to prevent a repetition of the West Germany v Austria fix which scarred the game's image in Spain in 1982. So FIFA has decided that the last pair of matches in each group must be played simultaneously."

The Draw

Group A (venue: Puebla and Mexico City)
Italy, Bulgaria, Argentina, South Korea
Group B (Mexico City and Toluca)
Mexico, Belgium, Paraguay, Iraq
Group C (Leon and Irapuat)
France, Canada, Souiet Union, Hungary
Group D itl0(Guadalajara)
Brazil, Spain, Algeria, Northern Ireland
Group E (Querefaro and Neza)
West Germany, Uruguay, Scotland, Denmark
Group F (Monterrey)
Poland, Morocco, Portugal, England

Top two in each group plus four best third-placed teams will go through to the last 16



Top FIFA officials announce the seeded teams for the Mexico World Cup

Another thing to note is that this time there is no round-robin second round. It's direct elimination knock-out once the first round groups are completed. This should certainly step up the dramatic content.

THERE still are areas of doubt with regard to Mexico's staging preperations, especially in the area of communication. Preperations to beam the games to the outside world have long since been lagging behind and the earthquakes which sliced Mexico city recently have only complicated the situation further. This is bad news for the 5,000 mediamen expected in May and June. Latest reports say that "international telephone lines are being restored gradually," but the feeling among the mediamen presently in Mexico is that the authorities will have to do a lot more to get things back to normal.

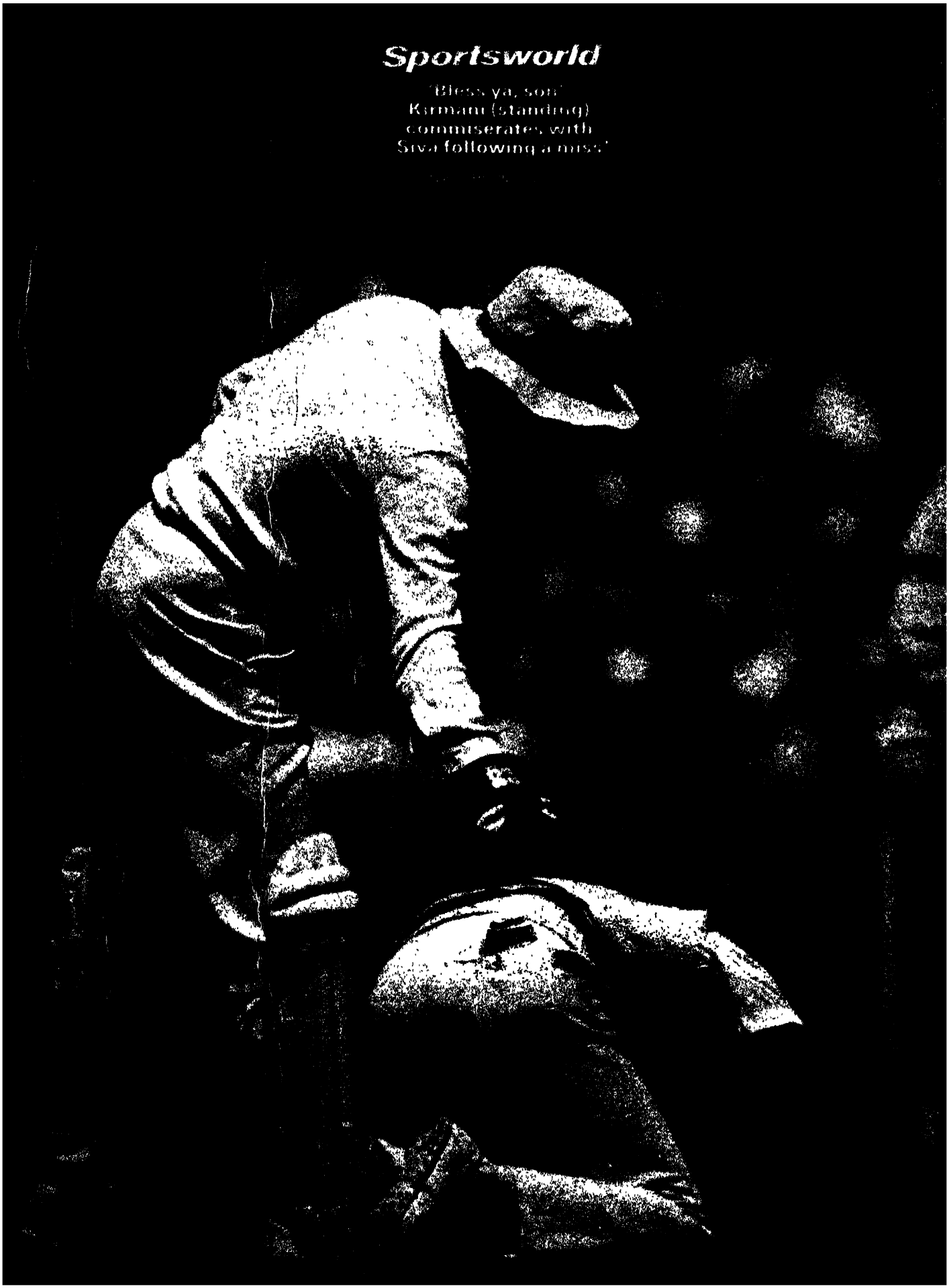
For those thousands of fanatics willing to make the trip to Mexico, there is an assurance by tourism officials that they will have no difficulties in finding accommodation, especially if they come on the tour packages. Those who just turn up might however have problems. In Mexico city itself 80 of the 180 hotels allotted for the use of visitors were either damaged or destroyed by the earthquakes.

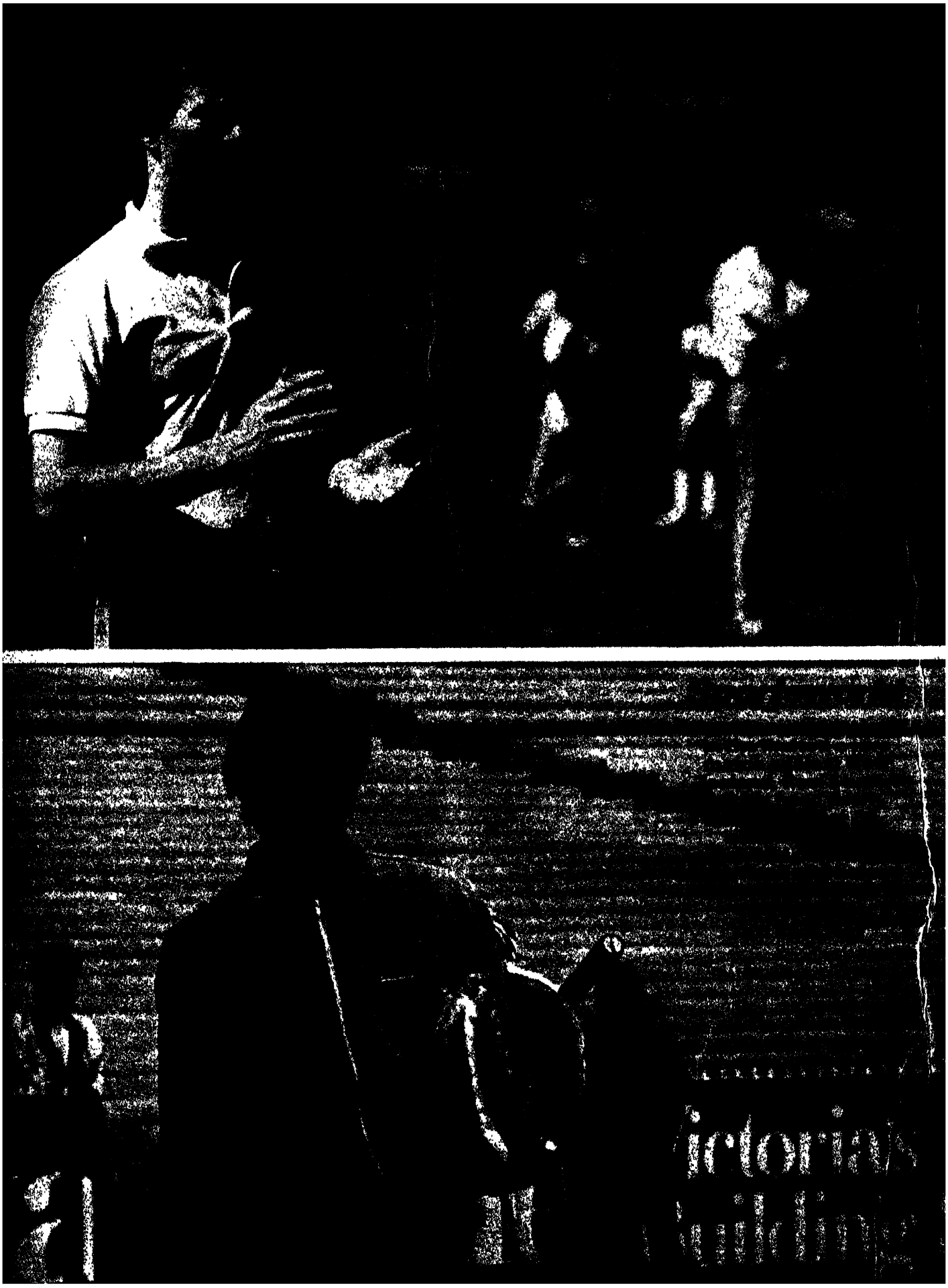
And finally no promises can be made about the likelihood of further earthquakes. Perhaps the best idea would be to watch the proceedings from your drawing room armchair.

Here are the latest betting odds: Brazil 5-2; Argentina 11-4; Uruguay 8-1; Mexico 10-1; Italy and France 10-1; Denmark 14-1; England, Soviet Union and Belgium all 25-1; Scotland 66-1; Northern Ireland 150-1.

Sportsworld

'Bless ya, son.' Karmani (standing) commiserates with Siva following a miss.'




irtorial
building

I want people to know, through my autobiography, what I have gone through—the setbacks and humiliations. They couldn't digest me going up. Jealousy, you see. But I'm like wine-getting better and better over the years.

Indian wicketkeeper Syed Kirmani in the *Express Magazine*

I have all the qualifications needed. In fact, I'm more English than Allan Lamb

Nottinghamshire and South African cricket captain Clive Rice on his desire to play Test cricket for England

He's more than just a sports page person. He's front page personality

Bjorn Borg about John McEnroe

I owe it to myself to be the best I can be. The idea of sport is to try to be the best you possibly can

John McEnroe

I went out of my way and did extra things to try and catch up with him Now it's his turn to do extra things and see if he can catch up to me.

Ivan Lendl on John McEnroe

Australia (the cricket team) plays like an accident waiting for somewhere to happen

Terry Brindle in *The Australian*

As a lad of 16 I had a great ambition to play senior cricket in my country town, but the nearest I could get to the firsts was as scorer. That presented no problem because my best subject at school was mathematics and I could always add up faster than any of our batsman could score

Sir Donald Bradman breaking a decade of silence to the press. He later went on to score faster than many could add

I have retired, but I seem to be just as busy

Jockey Lester Piggott on his farewell riding tour of the world

It's absurd. It is hard to believe that Brazil, of all people, will arrive in Mexico without proper training. But that is my fear

Pele on Brazil's preparations for the Mexico World Cup



Lester Piggott



Syed Kirmani



Ivan Lendl



John McEnroe



Alan Border

This is the last game in the qualifying section and we're not going to accommodate yellow cards any more...We will try to intimidate, the same way as anyone else in this kind of game

Frank Arok, Australian football coach to his players, before his team met Scotland in their World Cup qualifying play-off

We have done very well. We played better than Australia. We did everything but win and I would like people back home to realise this

Kapil Dev in *India Today*, telling us something we didn't already know

All cricketers, according to one school of thought, are flannelled fools, but these in addition are faceless. It is all a far cry from the days when Australia sent real cricketers, men whose names were household words...

South African journalist John Scott in the *South African Cricketer*. The magazine was banned from being sold at the stadia where the visiting Australians played because the visitors took offence to the article

I must have been at a different game to the one he (Kapil Dev) was at

Umpire Dick French

From seven in the morning till midnight these days, there's hardly a slot left when someone isn't thumping the ball over the nets Why, if we kept the courts open the whole night through they would have been booked out

Indoor court operator in West Germany on the Becker-mania

The defiant that neither Australia nor the world can beat

Marcus Williams about Sunil Gavaskar in *The Times*

I don't know why we tend to become more aggressive against them, but it happens every time we play the Indians

Allan Border

Are the Indians really appealing?

Banner on Australian cricket ground being 'punny' about the Indian cricketers overdoing the appeals

Predict and be damned!

Who'll win next? No one's sure

IN the winter of 1984, Alexander McNab wrote an article entitled, "What Tennis needs is Parity at the Top". McNab's major grouse was that in 1984, John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova had been winning with such metronomic regularity that tennis had become boringly predictable. McNab went a step further by defining his "ideal" 1985: eight different winners—men and women—in the four Grand Slam championships. Most readers dismissed that ideal as farfetched and unrealistic, more so because McEnroe and Navratilova had just completed seasons characterised by some pretty authoritative and, on occasion, intimidating tennis. Going into 1985, this fearsome pair looked strong candidates for a unique "Twin Grand Slam".

With good reason then, *Tennis* readers the world over must have scoffed at McNab's suggestion and turned to more pressing matters. Lo and behold, at the end of a topsy turvy 1985, McNab's prayers had been answered (well almost). There were seven champions for eight Grand Slam titles. Navratilova was the spoiler, winning the "Grass Slam", Wimbledon and the Australian Open.

But even she could not detract from the enormity of what had happened. A seventeen year old German being crowned king at the All England, two Czechs winning at the US Open and four Europeans, all raised on clay, battling it out for top honours at the Australian Open on grass. The pattern of events defied all logic. At every Grand Slam event, unpredictability became the norm. "Expect the unxpected" became everyone's credo.

At the very first Grand Slam halt, Stade Roland Garros for the French Open the hefty lefties, McEnroe and Navratilova, took a tumble. A hitherto out of form Mats Wilander put McEnroe's French Open dreams into cold storage for yet another year with a forthright and businesslike victory over the favoured New Yorker. Far more surprising was Chris Lloyd's triumph over Martina Navratilova in a titanic battle lasting two hours and forty five minutes. The advantage swung from one side of the net to the other. Lloyd looked as if she had the match in the bag at the end of the second set and then again when she led 5-3 in the third. Martina showed rare tenacity in equalising and then forging ahead with triple breakpoint in the eleventh game of the final set. Eventually, Lloyd came through 6-3, 6-7, 7-5. Tennis writers rationalised Navratilova's loss with facile explanations of how the inordinately windy conditions had thrown her off her game. With rare candour, they admitted that they had been more than a trifle presumptuous in underestimating Chris Lloyd and ignoring her record on clay which had included an unbeaten streak over five years, 1973-78. As the year progressed, the press was forced to eat humble pie too often for their liking.



With rare candour, the Press admitted that they had been a trifle presumptuous in understimating Chris Lloyd and ignoring her record on clay

The scribes arrived at Wimbledon confident that their crystal gazing powers were intact, and adopted a "business as usual" posture as they set about their previews with a renewed sense of purpose. The overwhelming verdict from the Press Box was McEnroe and Navratilova once more, in a canter. Well, at least Navratilova kept her part of the bargain. In the men's draw, someone played a cruel joke on the pundits because they came out of the All England Club with their reputations tarnished...and it wasn't because of the strawberries and cream. Upset follwed upset. Two of the top four seeds, Lendl and Wilander, were knocked out before the quarters. Those remaining, Connors and McEnroe, had the misfortune of running into an inspired Kevin Curren. The hapless Americans fell to a serve and volley barrage as Curren powered his way into the final.

The South African held his serve 44 times consecutively but Boris Becker was not impressed as he broke Curren in the very first game of their final without much ado. As far as the precocious West German was concerned, he had paid his dues on the way to the final. Indeed he had, defeating Nystrom and Mayotte in prolonged five-setters before quelling the dour Jarryd in four sets. Against Mayotte, Becker had hurt his ankle late in the fourth set. For a moment he had panicked, walking up to Mayotte to default the match, but wiser counsel prevailed as coach Gunther Bosch and manager Ion Tiriac persuaded him to avail the "time-out" (Had it not been for their intervention, we might well have been deprived of an altogether unique champion). After that momentary lapse, Becker came back to win in five. Many observers felt Becker would be overawed by the

pressure of the final, but it was Curren who suffered from nerves. Becker was everywhere at once, falling down, picking himself up, hitting the most audacious volleys off his shoelaces.

Becker's performance at the Big W earned him accolades from all quarters of the tennis community, not least from a typically gracious McEnroe, who said "What impressed me is that he doesn't look or act 17. When I was 18 or 19, I was acting 18 or 19. The way he talks, the way he carries himself, there is a certain maturity. I wish the guy a lot of luck...God bless him if he brings the game to another level, because that's what it's all about." When the two met off-court for the first time after Wimbledon, McEnroe warmly shook the youngster by the hand and said, "Nice going"

Meanwhile, the media hype at the US Open was reaching a frenzied pitch as the Fourth Estate, unrepentant despite the debacle at Wimbledon, looked ahead to the projected quarter-final clash between McEnroe and Becker. CBS executives went so far as to reschedule the telecast so that it could be televised during prime time. Once again the Press was taken by surprise as the unpretentious Nystrom up-ended Becker with a workmanlike four-set win.

At the bottom of the draw, Lendl, untroubled by media overexposure, was making quiet progress to the final. For the title bout, McEnroe was regarded the firm favourite primarily because he had come to New York, buoyed by two straight wins over his Czech rival at Vermont and Montreal. Then again, only the foolhardy would have put their money on Lendl in a Grand Slam final, given his tendency to play inept tennis when it really counts—right?? Wrong again. Towards the end of the first set, it became all too obvious that McEnroe was suffering from the after effects of the previous day's exertions against Wilander in 118° heat. Equally apparent was the fact that Lendl could do no wrong on that fateful day. As he remarked later, "I felt there was no ball I couldn't get to and no shot I couldn't hit." Lendl was in an extraordinarily pugnacious mood. It was fitting then, that his winning stroke on match point should be an altogether out of character punched volley. McEnroe confirmed that Lendl had rarely been so aggressive: "Lendl played one of the best matches I've ever seen him play. He hit the ball as hard as he ever has against me."

Lendl's mercurial compatriot, Hana Mandlikova was causing an even greater stir in the women's championship. Mandlikova, who was long regarded as the sort of player who could hit the lines on a good day and the fences on an off day. Only twice before—the Australian Open in 1980 and the French in 1981—had she strung together enough good days to win a major title. In two days of sublime tennis, Mandlikova overcame the formidable hurdles of Lloyd and Navratilova. Pitted against the latter in the final, Mandlikova raised her game to incredible heights as she flirted with perfection. Martina was playing in fourth gear but good as she was, Hana was always that much better. It is a moot point whether two women had ever played the serve-and-volley game with such aplomb and power.



At the end of a topsy-turvy season, the prayers had been answered (well almost). There were seven different champions for eight Grand Slam titles.

At 5-0 in the first set, Mandlikova was within a point of handing Navratilova a rare piece of humiliation. Martina rallied to 5-5 and then had eight break points before Mandlikova wrested the set, 7-6. In the final set, the younger girl served for the match at 5-3 before Navratilova staged another recovery, only to be pipped at the post yet again, the scoreline reading 7-6, 1-6, 7-6. Mandlikova's triumph at the US Open was significant in that it broke the Navratilova-Lloyd streak; between them, they had won 15 consecutive Grand Slam championships since the US Open in 1981.

Thus at the year's three-quarter mark, McNab's idle banter looked like it might well become reality. At the Australian Open Lendl was firm favourite, coming off one of the hottest streaks ever, reminiscent of Guillermo Vilas tearing up the summer circuit in 1977. McEnroe was seen as a spent force (how remarkably fickle is the tennis fan). At any rate, he added fuel to fire by suffering an ignominious defeat to Slobodan Zivojonovic, with a 6-0 fifth set. Becker suffered an equally humiliating defeat at the hands of the unknown Michel Schiapers. The focus then shifted to Stefan Edberg, who accounted for Lendl on his way to the final, where he deprived good friend Mats Wilander of a triple crown at Kooyong.

Looking ahead to 1986, there is a whole array of variables making any attempts at prophecy even more perilous than in 1985. What implications would the responsibilities of marriage and fatherhood have on John McEnroe's game? What implications would superstardom have on young Becker's sensitive psyche? Would Lendl be equal to the task of handling the pressures of Number One? All these questions remain unanswered. All that can be said with any degree of confidence is that the glorious uncertainties of tennis will receive full rein yet again. And with the axis shifting irrevocably away from the United States to Europe (only one of the Grand Slam titleholders was born in America), one more thing is certain. At last, tennis has parity at the top.

Rahul Jacob

Dunk the foreign tours

That is what **S. Padmanabhan** feels after India's pathetic performance in the 13th Asian Basketball Championship at Malaysia

THE formation of the Asian Basketball zone saw, in the last two decades, a good many countries participating in the ABC championships. The Filipinoes ruled the roost for the first ten years closely followed by the Koreans and Japanese but the last decade saw China reign supreme for the five ABC meets from 1975.

This year during the Silver Jubilee Year, the Filipinoes were on top, assisted by two American players (now settled in Philippines) Still and Moore to regain the title. Needless to say, they were sound in fundamentals, footwork and the percentage of shooting was high besides being backed by fine teamwork. In short, their involvement in the game was deep.

The Koreans who were known for their speed and excellent ball control besides accurate in shooting finished in second place though they fought till the very end to lose in the last minute. Spearheaded by Lee Choung Hee, a very sharp shooter who was not only all over the court but uncanny combined court craft with unerring pot shots, the Koreans secured a placing.

No, they are not the Harlem Globtrotters but Filipinoes



Although Lee Choung Hee missed a few baskets early in the game against the Filipinoes, the naturalised players Still and Moore used their height to advantage to win 72-76 and give Filipinoes a rude shock. Against the Chinese team, Korea as well the Philippines showed their class and won convincingly and China had to satisfy themselves with third place. While the first three in this meet qualify for the World Cup at Barcelona, another team who did extremely well was Malaysia who placed fourth. Though beaten by all the top three—Philippines, Korea and China—they tried hard and . were earlier responsible for India's defeat. Even with the easy pool, our country failed to beat even Iran to whom they lost their opening match.

India, in this 13th ABC meet, failed to make any impact. It must be said that much was expected since they had been to Malaysia in August last year and placed fourth. Eight of those players who were in that team found a place this time but it was a poor show. A loss to Iran with the robust tactics by the Iranians preventing India from giving off their best, highlighted the lack of a good leader in the team. Panda, as well as Ajmer Singh and Sajjan Singh were not up to the mark. The coach, too, was stale and could not effectively adapt good strategy to match the opponents. On the other hand, the skipper of the Iranian team, a 37-year-old veteran, was a tower of strength in the defence. An excellent leader who initiated many a move, he instilled in them a tenacity to fight besides a 'hate to be defeated' mental

frame that gave them victory.

India now had to beat Malaysia to stay in the fray. Having lost to them every time they had met in earlier ABCs, this psychology plus a superb game by the Malaysians put India out of the last four. Rajan, whose one hand jumpshot is good, was not fully utilised early and one wonders what our coach had in mind for four of the players who were 'Bench Warmers'.

It is time that people in the game give some serious thought as to why India has performed so poorly to finish as low as 10th in this championships. Of course, we always have officials and coaches who always give reasons for our defeat and this time they will complain of not getting the correct pool (in spite of it being the easiest pool) and also blame the officiating. Lapses do occur but, there is stagnation in the game in our country and while we were 5th or 6th normally, now even that has been denied for this Silver Jubilee year saw placed 10th in a 15th nation contest. Can this be rectified and does it justify these tours?

India joined the ABC family in 1965 and invariably could not secure a good placing till the 1975 ABC meet where we were 4th. But on all other occasions, it was much below.

The NIS and the BFI have got good schemes on the charts to train the selected players. While, in the yesterye ars, we had superb ball players like Abbas Montasir, Kataria, Gurdayal Singh, Sarbajit Singh, Suri, Vijayaraghavan, Narasimharajan, Haridut, Omprakash Sr. And Kushiram, now the team members are seemingly selected on quota basis and even to show off that we have seven-footers like Panda. The tendency to drop talented players and using those who have failed on the court coupled with the coaches' inability to give his best in times of crisis has made the nation look very insignificant in the international arena.

Times have changed. Lack of team work, speed, footwork, ball handling and reflexes—all hamper our team. Although sticking to the saying 'catch them young, coach them right', there is pathetically little between the coach and the players. The controlling body, as well the people in authority who give the clearance, should revamp their strategy and not send teams abroad for the next five years. The time and money spent on these tours could be utilised in a systematic selection of promising players with inherent talents, groom them, secure a good foreign coach (making our dedicated young coaches work under him as understudies) hold camps in the four zones (25 or 30 boys to each zone) right through the year make them play among themselves. Besides teams from Korea, Japan and China could be invited to play in India thereby exposing our players in large measure to the competition.

It is time that we plan more activity for the juniors. The idea is to spot talent early besides planning tournaments exclusively for the Public Sector, Railways, Nationalised Banks and Zonal teams. The tendency to only meet during the nationals should be altered and we should hold a pre-Asian as well as Inter Zone. Only dedicated training and getting top players now working in Banks, Public sectors besides Services and Railways will help us to form the nucleus of our future team. If this is done, then in another decade we could possibly improve in a big way.

Basketball is game of a few dribbles, quick passes and accurate shooting and with India's height advantage, and the ability to score round the 'D' three points area. With the grooming of promising ball handlers, besides inducting tall players who have both offensive and defensive rebound reflexes, India is bound to do well. All this calls for sacrifices and the affiliated units who guide the destiny of the game should come forward to shoulder greater responsibility—and locate sponsors. Then, the day will not be far away when India will be the dark horse in this sport.

Malaysia and South Korea: Two rising powers in the game



The United touch

Premen Addy



IT appears as if Manchester United are at least emerging from their tunnel of darkness. They were for a time level with Oxford United in an away tie, yet came out 3-1 winners in a display which showed moments of their old verve and confidence. Amid rumours that their goal scoring maestro Mark Hughes was going to the Spanish El Dorado in search of millions of pesetas, United were reminded just how severe would be their loss if he departed when the Welsh international scored what can only be described as a champagne goal.

It was in fact a volley from a corner by Gibson and so sweetly was it struck that the ball hit the roof of the net before goalkeeper Judge could lift a hand. Before this Whiteside had opened proceedings for Manchester United by getting his foot to a Moran header and thence into an empty Oxford net past a stranded goalkeeper. Leworthy equalised for Oxford and for a time it seemed as if their midfield quartet would simply outrun those of their more illustrious opponents, before Hughes, conjured up his magic and Gibson made the match absolutely safe with a downward header from a Stapleton cross which caught Judge in no man's land.

The same afternoon Manchester midfield ace and captain Bryan Robson, whose inspiration and vision had much to do with the current English First Division leaders' early season surge, was back again with the club's Reserves against Swansea, the first outing he has had in two months since a couple of niggling injuries laid him low. Without him, Manchester United was very much a team that was tempest tossed. That they still retain their pre-eminent position is largely due to the inability of their principal challengers to take proper advantage of their setbacks. It was as if they were paralysed at the prospect of heading the league table. So when United faltered, the others like Liverpool, Everton and Chelsea followed suit. Now Manchester United have 55 points from 25 games, to Everton's 50 from 26, Chelsea's 50 from 24, West Ham's 48 from 24 and Liverpool's 47 from 25.

How important the midfield are to the success of outstanding sides has been demonstrated time and again. In Liverpool's case, the transfer of Graeme Sounness to Italy deprived the Merseyside Reds of the vital cog in their machine. Impressive though they are



United's Mark Hughes scored one of the best goals of the season

on occasions, without Sounness they have lacked that blinding consistency which has taken them in the recent past to the heights of English and European soccer.

But spare a thought for Liverpool's arch rivals Everton. Champions last year, they started their present campaign in September modestly enough, but in recent weeks they showed a new head of steam, gradually climbing up the table from somewhere in the middle. By beating Queens Park Rangers 4-3 in a thriller, the Merseyside Blues showed their true mettle. Today they stand second to Manchester United.

The match itself may well be likened to a rhapsody in blue, as Everton's strike force of Sheedy and Lineker blew the QPR defence wide open with a succession of brilliant goals after the visitors had taken the lead through a Byrne shot which left Southall in the Everton goal motion - less. QPR did come back in the dying minutes with a sort of consolation goal through Bannister's shot off a Fereday centre, but by that time the issue was no longer in doubt.

Perhaps the match of the day in terms of reputations overthrown was Nottingham Forest's 3-0 trouncing of Tottenham Hotspur at White Hart Lane. It was truly an afternoon when Forest wore the spurs as the home side sank virtually without trace. They had their usual array of glittering stars on view. Hoddle, Ardiles, Roberts, Chiedoze, Mabbutt and the rest. Obviously for them the flesh may have been willing but the spirit was weak.

Forest on the other hand had little to offer by way of the truly exalted, unless one counts manager Brian Clough. Nevertheless, spirit can triumph over matter, as Davenport, Clough junior, Birtles, Metgod, Butterworth and their colleagues rode all over their illustrious star studded hosts.



Will Geoff Boycott be as successful and as controversial in his new role as a pressman?

Spurs are having a nightmare of a season. All they have at the moment is a toehold in the F.A. Cup. They are otherwise out of the reckoning for all the remaining honours. Spurs are 12th in the league to Forest's 9th.

The Second Division had its high points of drama. Norwich, the leaders maintained their winning ways with a convincing 2-0 victory over Middlesborough which keeps them in top position with 51 points from 25 games, followed by Portsmouth who have 49 from the same number of matches. Wimbledon in third place are a long way behind with 42 points. Portsmouth could only draw 1-1 with lowly Fulham, while Wimbledon went down 1-2 to Oldham.

In the Scottish Premier Division form was subject to few upsets as championship contenders Aberdeen and Celtic battled it out for a 1-1 draw and so maintain their second and fifth places respectively. Aberdeen have 27 points from 22 games and Celtic have 25 from 21. Top of the table are Hearts who once again proved their toughness by salvaging a 1-1 draw against the redoubtable Dundee United. Thus the Edinburgh club, who head the league for the first time in their history, have 31 points from 24 games. Their rivals all have two to three games in hand.

However, amidst this football one of the week's eyecatching headlines concerned cricket. One of Fleet Street's tabloids ran a story that England's forthcoming tour of the West Indies was one more in doubt as certain Trinidad trade unionists threatened to institute a boycott and harassment of the English team. More reliable news since, shows that the man in question was a fringe leader and that every Caribbean government, with the exception Guyana, had accepted the English team. The Bangladesh and Zimbabwe scares may yet blow over although one can never be sure about a region noted for its volatility and its hurricanes and tornadoes.

If the tour for some reason should be cancelled and the international cricket fraternity divided along colour lines, the South African establishment will have registered its most notable victory in the last decade and a half. Wars tend to be long drawn out affairs. History shows that they are usually won by men with cool heads, strong hearts and an eye for the opportune opening. Apartheid in sport can only meet its defeat at the hands of such people; it will certainly not be brought down by cheap shots from a demagogue's peashooter.

A postscript to this is the news that Geoff Boycott will be covering England's Caribbean tour for the *Observer* which is published every Sunday. He could turn out to be the eye of any possible storm. Not for the first time either.

PREVIEW

CALENDAR

Cricket: Ranji Trophy, two pre-quarter final matches will be held from 7 to 10 February. Four quarter final matches from 14 to 17 February. Venues and fixtures yet to be decided as zonal league matches are still in progress. Vizzy trophy, inter-zonal competition for Universities from 21 to 28 Feb. Semi-finals from 21 to 23 Feb., North Zone vs South Zone and East Zone vs West Zone. Four-day final from 25 to 28 Feb.

Polo: Classic trophy annual match at Jaipur polo grounds, race course, Delhi on 15 Feb. Visiting Pakistani team vs President's Bodyguards.

Hockey: Pakistan team to tour India for three Test matches from 12 February onwards. 1st Test match at Hyderabad on 15 February. Final of Sr. national championships for the Ranagaswamy Cup on 1 Feb.

Football: 42nd senior national championship for the Santosh Trophy to commence simultaneously at Jabalpur, Bilaspur and Bhilai from 26 Feb. onwards. It will be played on a new pattern with the top ten teams getting byes into the quarter-final and the remaining 18 to compete in the preliminary round to be held on a league basis. Teams are divided into six equal clusters. Cluster 1 and 2 at Jabalpur, cluster 3 and 4 at Bilaspur and cluster 5 and 6 at Bhilai.

International events

Cricket: Details of Benson and Hedges one-day World Series Cup triangular contest: 2 February, India vs New Zealand at Launceston, Tasmania. 5 February. first final between two top finishers of league at Sydney (d/n match). 9 Feb second final at Melbourne (d/n), 11 Feb third final at Sydney (d/n)

Australia's tour of New Zealand: 15 February. vs Auckland (at Auckland), 16-18 Feb. vs North Districts at Hamilton, 21-25 Feb: 1st Test match at Wellington, 28 Feb 4 March: 2nd Test match at Christchurch.

England's tour of the West Indies:

1—4 Feb vs Windward Islands at St. Vincent, 7—10 Feb: vs Leeward Islands at Antigua, 13-16 Feb: vs Jamaica at Sabina Park, Kingston. 18 Feb: 1st one day international, at Jamaica, 21—26 Feb: 1st Test match, at Kingston, Jamaica 28 Feb—2 March: vs Trinidad at Port of Spain.

England B tour of Sri Lnka: 1 Feb: vs Sri Lanka at Colombo, one-day fixture, 4 Feb: vs Sri Lanka at Colombo, one-day fixture, 10-13 Feb: vs Sri Lanka, unofficial Test at Kandy. Rebel Australian tour of South Africa:

1 Feb: vs South Africa, 5th one-day international at Johannesburg, 3 Feb: vs Griqualand West at Kimberley, 5 Feb: vs South Africa, 6th one-day international at Pretoria.

Bowls: Embassy World Indoor Singles championships at Coatbridge, England from 1 to 9 February.

Athletics: Tokyo Marathon on 9 February. African cross-country championships at Nairobi, Kenya on 16 Feb. European indoor championships at Madrid, Spain, from 22 to 23 Feb.

Badminton: Thomas Cup (men) and Uber Cup (women) European qualifying tournaments at Mulheim, West Germany from 19 to 23 February Asian qualifying tournaments for Thomas and Uber Cup at Bangkok, Thailand from 19 to 23 February

Golf: International golf show at Barbican, London from 4 to 6 February. Andy Williams Open at La Jolla, California from 6 to 9 Februray. Nigerian Open at Lagos from 13 to 16 February. Hawaiian Open at Honolulu from 13 to 16 February. Honda Classic at Coral Springs, Florida from 27 Feb. to 2 March.

Chess: World chess championship re-match between Garri Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov from 10 February. Venue to be confirmed.

TELEVISION

Live telecast of India's fixtures in the Benson and Hedges one-day World series (for programme see Calendar). Telecast of three finals will take place only if India reaches the final in the triangular preliminary series. To be relayed by Doordarshan Kendras all over India. Live telecast of the final of senior national hockey championship for the Rangaswamy Cup, at Bangalore on 1 February. National and international sports events to be telecast at 4.00 p.m. in the World of Sports programme on the following Sundays; 2, 9, 16 and 23 February.

RADIO

Daily sports programmes

6.30—7.00 p.m.: Khel Seva, a Hindi sports programme consisting of interviews, discussions and commentaries on local sports tournaments on 294.9 metres, Delhi D.

7.05 p.m.: Sports news in Hindi on Vividh Bharati, 219.3 metres and Delhi D 294.9 metres.v

8.05 p.m. Sports news in English on Yuva Vani, Delhi D, 294.9 metres. Running commentary of final of senior national hockey championship on 1 February. Commentary in both Hindi and English to be relayed on the national hook-up to all stations of All India Radio.

National Sports Programmes: 9.30 p.m.—10.00 p.m. National sports magazine, a programme of new, views and interviews broadcast on Friday, 7 February on 450.5 metres, Delhi B and relayed on the national hook-up by all additional frequencies. Programme to be repeated on Saturday, 8 February at 7.02 a.m.

9.30 p.m.—10.00 p.m. Khel Jagat a Hindi spots programme broadcast on Thursday, 20 February, on 366.3 metres, Delhi A, and by all additional frequencies on the national hook-up. Programme repeated on Saturday 22 February, at 7.02 a.m. on 450.5 metres Delhi B.

BOOKS

The Game Is Not The Same, Alan McGilvray's autobiography written with Norman Tusker, published by Pitman Publishing Pvt. Ltd., 158 Bouverie St. Carlton, Victoria 3053. Price 19.95 Australian dollars.

Australia's legendary cricket commentator reveals some time-honoured secrets. The most memorable anecdote is about Bradman's 100th century. McGilvray recalls broadcasting the match between an Australian XI and the Indian tourists in 1947-48. Bradman was batting with Keith Miller and a big crowd had come to watch. Bradman hit his 100th run just after a horse race had started in Sydney. The ABC had switched over for the race description. Alan McGilvray screamed down the line for them to return to cricket. The studio controller had the intiative to cross back, so "I described the run, caught the crowd's reaction to history they had seen created, and still got back to the race for the last furlong."

McGilvray's greatest regret missing the Tied Test with the Windies at Brisbane in 1960. Keith Miller and he left the ground with a couple of hours to go on that fateful afternoon to catch an early plane back to Sydney. The book contains the reflections and judgements of veteran and perceptive cricket commentator, who made his first broadcast in Brisbane in 1935-36 in the Sheffield Shield tie betwen NSW and Queensland. The most amusing insights are about Kim Hughes' impulsiveness, Don Bradman's astute captaincy and the signals of umpires Col Egar and Lou Rowan whom he rates as the best umpires he saw. The book is a must for both the connoisseur and the historian.

Compiled by Novy Kapadia



Sportsworld

Though Kapil Dev chipped in with a quick 55 in Tests against Australia, it was as a bowler that he made a greater impact. His eight for 106 is the best analysis by an Indian Down Under

Nikhil Bhattacharya







Vidarbha's national cyclepolo champions

NAGPUR

Triumphant Host

VIDARBHA'S dream of lifting the Krishna Challenge Cup for the National Cyclepolo championship came true recently at Hinganghat, 75 kms from here, when they defeated the Territorial Army team 8-4 in the final before five thousand spectators.

Title holders for five successive years, Rajasthan, was dethroned by TA earlier in the semifinals. So Vidarbha's only hurdle, after moving past a new-look Kerala team (8-6) in the other semis, was the Territorial Army team.

Organised by Maharashtra Cyclepolo Association, this senior nationals attracted twelve state teams, the Indian Air Force and the Territorial Army. The Cyclepolo Federation of India vice-president, Maharaja Sultan Singh, who came with his wife from Jodhpur to assist and advice the organisers as well as the players in the six-day meet, was very happy with the arrangements made at Hinganghat. But he must have been a bit disheartened to know that the number of participating teams was reduced from 15.

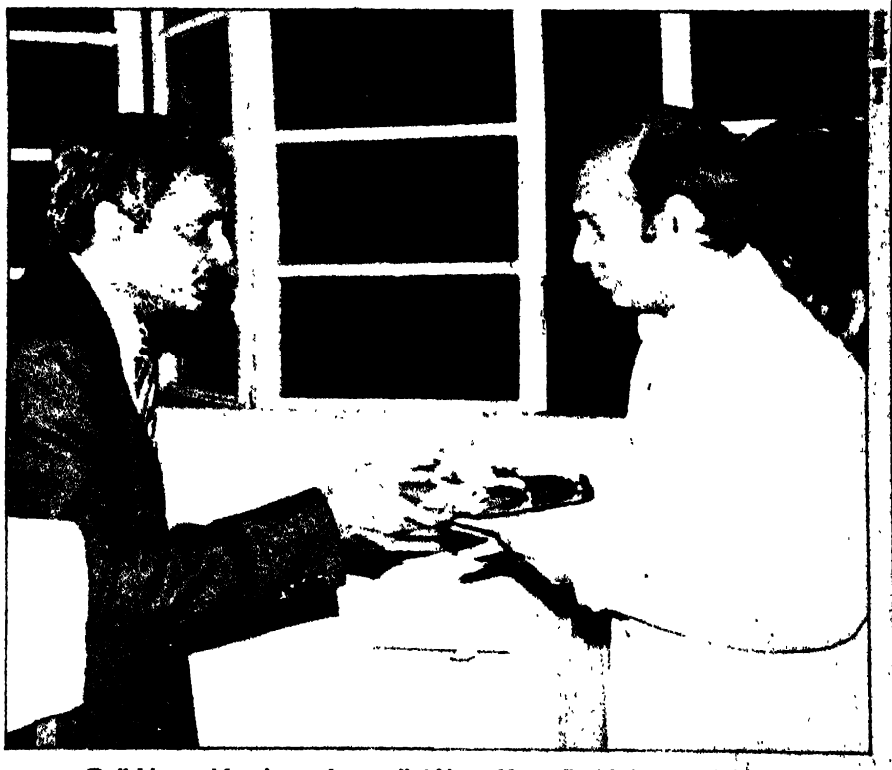
Vidarbha and Kerala had earlier won the subjunior and junior national championships respectively, which were held in Nagpur.

The CPFI policy of alotting all three national meets to only one region (though the junior and subjunior nationals were conducted by Vidarbha Association-a separate unit), is good for promoting the game all over the country And it also seemed queer to many people that holders Rajasthan came to Hinganghat without much practice. If the trend persists in Rajasthan—the home of cyclepolo in India it may spread to other regions as well in the near future, official told this correspondent.

In the final of the subjunior nationals. Vidarbha downed Kerala 6-5. Earlier, in the semifinals, Vidarbha beat Maharashtra 12-2 and Kerala ousted Rajasthan 11-1.

In the final of the Junior Nationals, Kerala beat Maharashtra 10-6. In the semis, Kerala trounced Rajasthan 8-4 and Maharashtra beat Vidarbha 8-7.

Rajkumar Sarkar



Delhi-based freelance journalist Novy Kapadia (right) receiving a cheque for 25,000 rupees from Mr J. Narayan, director ITC Ltd. Kapadia, who has contributed many writings to *Sportsworld*, won the Wills Award for sports journalism for his article 'The other side of the medal'



If you don't let me win, I'll kill myself! Actually it's just Jimmy Connors clowning around during the final round play of the AT&T Challenge tennis tournament against Ivan Lendl. Lendl won the match 6-2, 6-3

Gert Bo Jacobsen of Denmark connects with a powerful right as he dethrones Rene Weiler of West Germany with a TKO decision in a lightweight title fight at Randers, Denmark





The leading doubles team in the business today. Switzerland's Heinz Guenthardt (left) and Hungary's Balazs Taroczy hold WCT World Doubles tennis championships trophies aloft after beating USA's Paul Annacone and South Africa's Christo Van Rensburg in a five-setter

Leaders after the seventh stage of the Paris-Dakar rally, Rene Metge and Dominque Lemoyne of France tackle the Sahara desert in their Porsche 959

All photographs by Associated Press

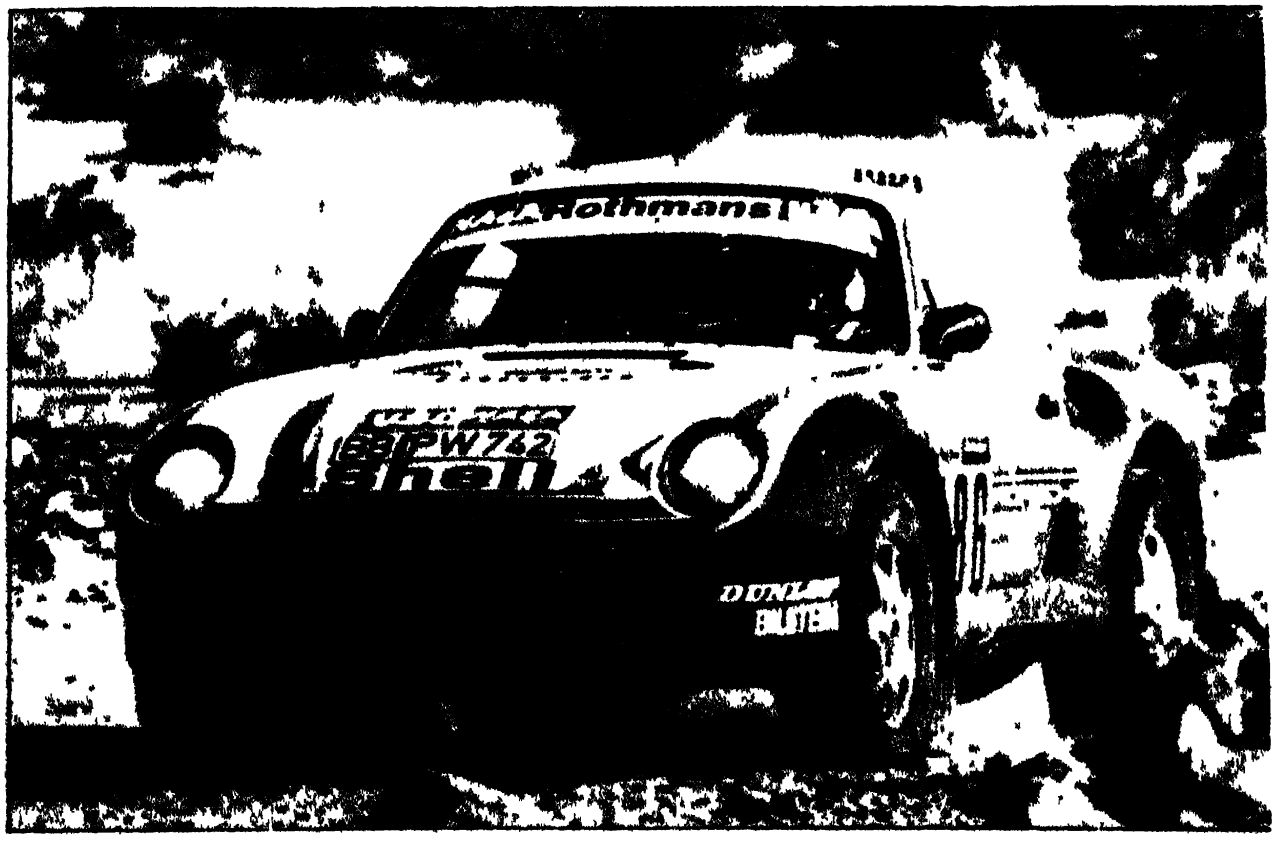


Chart Five of the 5BX Plan

COMING to the second-last chart in the 5BX series for men, it is only natural that the exercises get progressively tougher. As it is, the fourth chart itself was enough to make the average person gasp for breath. The fifth is even more demanding with five exercises that are quite similar to the ones outlined in the other charts, but are a bit tougher.

The 5BX series of exercises that we have been serialising for your benefit is courtesy *Physical Fitness* which is published by *Penguin Books*. This set of exercises were developed by the Royal Canadian Air Force, the internationally used programme for getting fit, feeling fit and staying fit. In fact, it worked out so effective that the 5BX Plan has been adopted by many other air forces of the world.

Age Groups

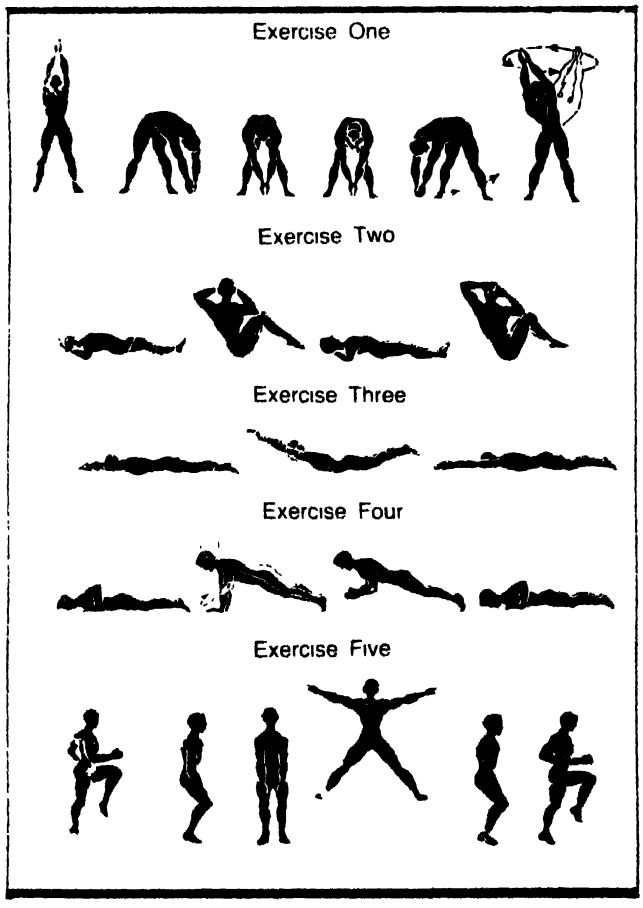
18-25 years maintains C

Flying Crew

Under 25 years maintains B+
25-29 years maintains D+

LEVEL	EXERCISE					1 mile run
	1	2	3	4	5	Mins: Secs
A+	30	40	50	44	500	6:00
A	30	39	49	43	485	6:06
A–	30	38	48	42	475	6:09
B+	28	36	47	40	465	6:12
B	28	35	46	39	455	6:15
B–	28	34	45	38	445	6:21
C+	26	32	44	36	435	6:27
C	26	31	43	35	420	6:33
C–	26	30	42	34	410	6:39
D+	24	28	41	32	400	6:45
D	24	27	40	31	385	6:51
D–	24	26	39	30	375	7:00

1) Stand with your feet kept shoulder-width apart and your hands kept together above your head. Bend over from the waist and touch the floor about six inches outside your left foot, then between your feet, pressing once, and then six inches outside your right foot. Straighten up and circle your arms over your head, bending backwards as far as possible.
2) Lie flat on your back with your hands clasped behind your head and your feet together. Sit up from the waist, raising your legs to a bent position. At the same time twist to touch your left knee with your right elbow and then relax. The next count requires the same movement although the left elbow should be touched to the right knee. Keep the feet off the floor when the elbows touch the knees.
3) Lie on your stomach with your arms extended over your head. Raise your arms and your legs simultaneously, making sure that both your chest and thighs are not in contact with the floor.
4) Lie on your stomach with your hands under your shoulders and palms flat on the floor. Push yourself off the floor, clapping hands once before landing back on your palms. The body must be kept straight during the entire movement
5) Stationary run. Counting once every time your left foot touches the floor, run on the spot, lifting your knees at least waist high. After every 75 counts do about 10 'semi spread jumps', repeating the sequence until the required number of steps are completed. Semi spread jumps: Stand with your feet together. Drop to a half crouch with your hands on your knees, arms straight. Jump up with your feet astride and swing your hands over your head in mid-air, returning directly to the starting position.



GREG CHAPPELL

AFTER PLAYING 60 TEST MATCHES HIS BATTING RECORD READ: 107 INNINGS, 17 CENTURIES, 5065 RUNS AT AN AVERAGE OF 55.05. DOES THAT LEAVE ANY DOUBT THAT GREG CHAPPELL WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST BATSMEN EVER? HE ALSO CLAIMED 40 WICKETS AND TOOK AS MANY AS 87 CATCHES. A COMPLETE CRICKETER!

HE WAS PERHAPS UNLUCKY AS HE WAS INVARIABLY COMPARED TO HIS BRILLIANT BROTHER IAN. LIKE IAN, HE LED BY EXAMPLE, AND ALL TOO OFTEN IT WAS ONLY A DEDICATED INNINGS BY CAPTAIN GREG THAT SAVED AUSTRALIA FROM DEFEAT.

HE WAS ONE OF ONLY SIX AUSTRALIANS TO HAVE SCORED MORE THAN 5000 RUNS IN TESTS. HE IS ONE OF THE SELECT ELITE WHO HAVE SCORED A TEST CENTURY ON DEBUT. IN THE FIRST TEST AGAINST NEW ZEALAND AT WELLINGTON IN MARCH 1974 HE SCORED 247 AND 133 GIVING HIM THE HIGHEST AGGREGATE IN A SINGLE TEST BY A BATSMAN. MORE ASTOUNDING, BROTHER IAN SCORED 145 AND 121 IN THE SAME MATCH, MAKING IT THE ONLY INSTANCE OF TWO BROTHERS SCORING CENTURIES IN BOTH INNINGS OF THE SAME TEST MATCH. THE YOUNGER CHAPPELL SCORED A CENTURY IN EACH INNINGS AGAIN IN 1975 AGAINST THE WEST INDIES IN BRISBANE, WHICH WAS INCIDENTALLY HIS FIRST TEST AS CAPTAIN. HE ALSO HOLDS THE WORLD RECORD OF SEVEN CATCHES IN A TEST MATCH, THE HIGHEST BY A FIELDSMAN.

CHAPPELL, WHO RETIRED PREMATURELY BECAUSE OF BUSINESS COMMITMENTS, WAS INVARIABLY IN THE NEWS, EASILY THE MOST UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT IN HIS BRILLIANT CAREER WAS WHEN BROTHER TREVOR BOWLED THE FINAL DELIVERY OF A ONE DAY GAME AGAINST NEW ZEALAND UNDERARM, ON HIS ADVICE AS ELDER BROTHER AND CAPTAIN. EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE INCIDENT WHICH WAS IN EXTREMELY BAD TASTE, HIS WAS A CAREER ANY CRICKETER WOULD ADMIRE.



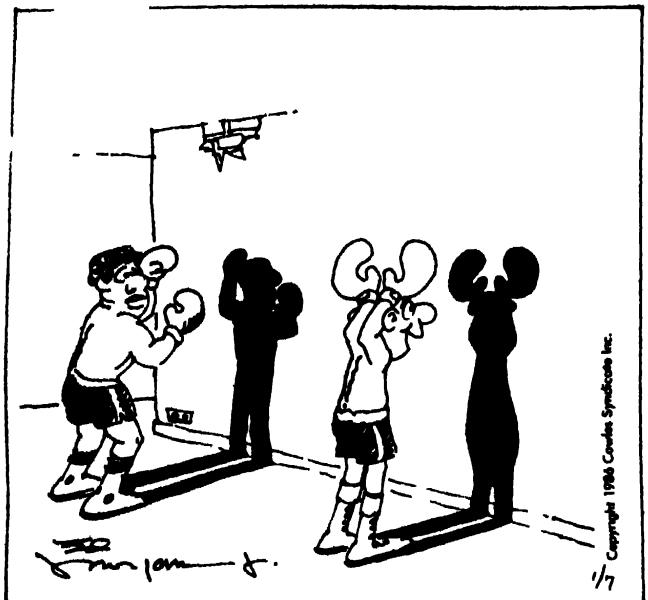
Illustration by Subroto Gangopadhyay

No Fun Run After All

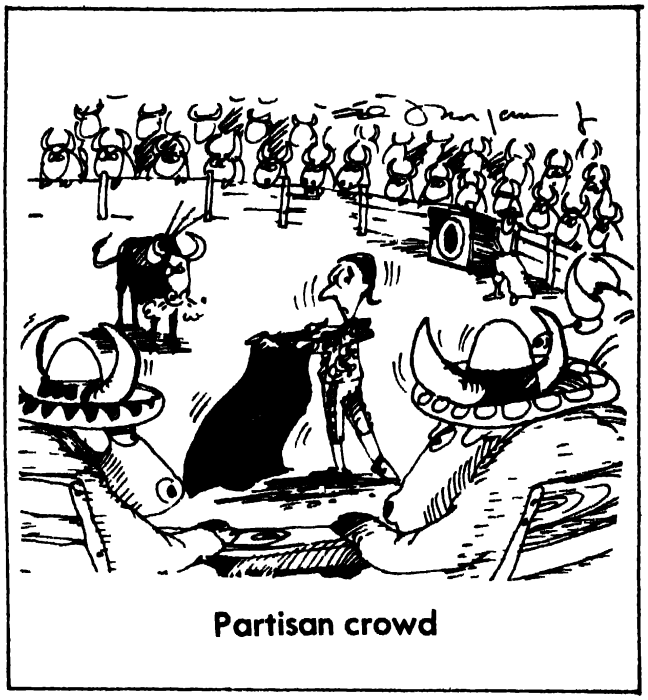
PATNA: In India you can't expect to have much fun running, what with the population and all. Thus, the much-publicized run for-fun' organized in Bihar by the State Sports Department, meant to popularise sports among youth turned out to be less than funny considering the number of participants—15,000 to the expected 5,000—which turned up And at the end of it there was a virtual stampede for the food packets distributed free.

Chinese Checkers

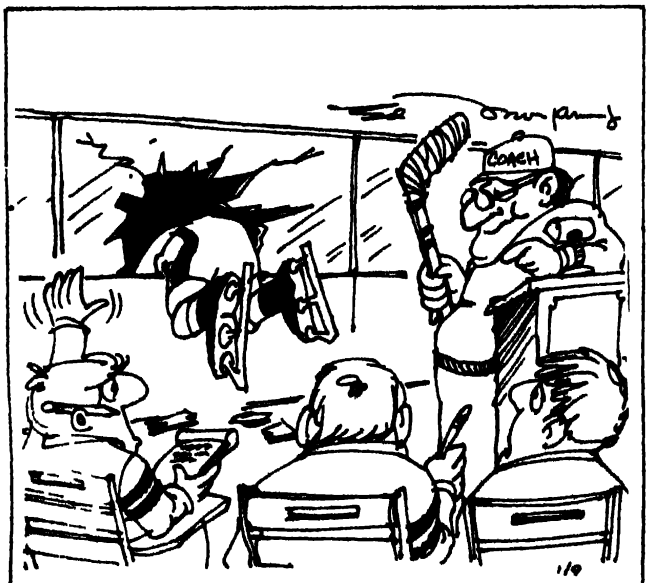
SHANGHAI: Thanks to the new liberal winds blowing over the land, gambling is in full swing in China with stakes of $100,000 in clandestine luxury clubs. Despite an official ban, new clubs are springing up all over the city, fully equipped with telephones and air-conditioners, playing host to hordes of rich entrepreneurs who arrive complete with body-guards. After all, what's a little gambling between friends—and of-course, good old cops?



"Hey look, a moose."



Partisan crowd



Boarding school



Journalist Aids

Sun-set

THE Australian journalists apparently love sensational news and this tendency has resulted in one of the most incredible stories appearing in the Sydney-based eveninger *The Sun.* And what's more the article was taken as gospel truth by the cricket loving Aussie public because the man writing the article was Phil Wilkins, one of the most respected cricket journalists.

The story goes like this. R. Mohan of *The Hindu* group was asked by Wilkins for some interesting tit-bits on the Indian batting hero Krish Srikkanth.

Mohan told Wilkins of how Srikkanth had been dropped and then reinstated in the team that was due to play Sri Lanka in the second Test of India's 1985 tour. The team as finalised by the "brains trust" of the side did not include Srikkanth.

"Jaisimha, the manager of the team, and I were having a few drinks in my room at the hotel," Mohan told Wilkins. "I told Jai how regional considerations should not have played a part in team selection and that Srikkanth deserved to be in the side." The Indian journalist went on to reveal that the two had called skipper Kapil Dev to the room, well after midnight and that Kapil had agreed. in the interests of the team, to include Srikkanth the next day.

The Sun splashed the somewhat incredible tale across its front page.

Time Out

Head over heels

POOR John McEnroe seems to be going through bad times. Things are so awful that he wants to take two or three months complete rest from tennis. This was his immediate and emotional reaction to the stunning 5-7, 6-4, 6-1 defeat he suffered at the hands of Brad Gilbert in the first round of the Nabisco Masters.

"I need to stop for a while because if I go on losing to the Gilberts of this world, I'll want to stop for good," said a dejected McEnroe.

"I've just got so much else on my mind right now, there's no way I can do justice to my tennis. I'm just not fit. Half the time Tatum feels sick. I feel sick, too. I'm not joking They say there is such a things as sympathetic pain, don't they?

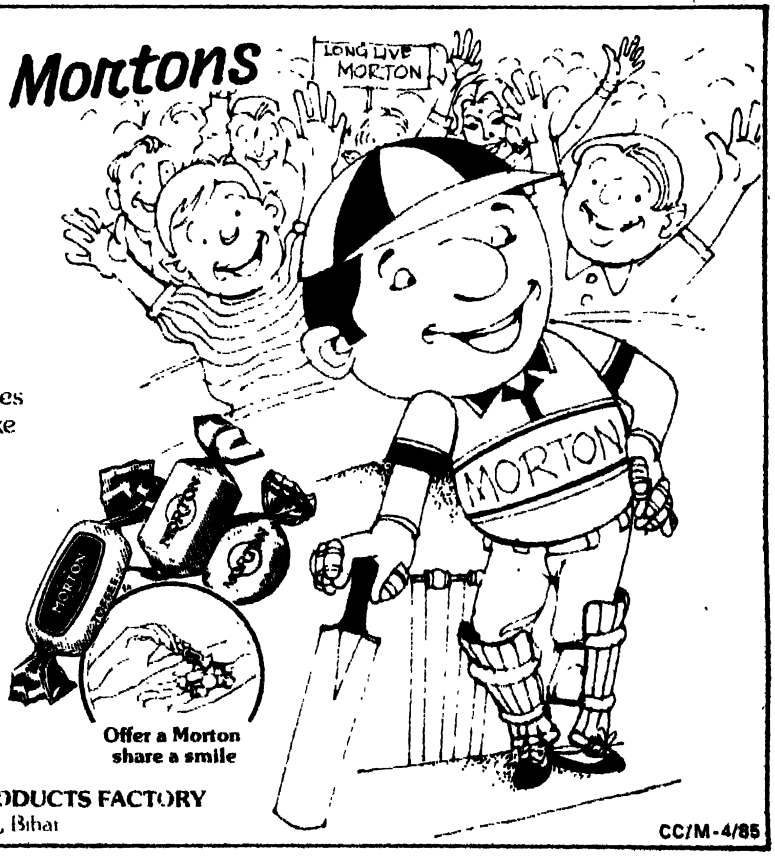
There are many people who think the same way too, Mr McEnroe.

"I went out there saying to myself, 'Now lets just play tennis and get on with it'.

And what happens? The same old thing. I blow up at the people in the stands. I yell at thelinesman; the umpire could have defaulted me. I must be crazy."

Bjorn Borg feels that "everything is jumping out at him (McEnroe) at this time and it will only be a matter of time before McEnroe sorts things out. Lets 's hope so, or else the world would lose one of the greats in tennis.

Sunny smiles-with Mortons



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15 January The English Women's Cricket Association bans 12 English women cricketers currently touring South Africa from representing their country against India this summer.

The Australian State Planning and Conservation Ministry decide to preserve all the former homes of their hero, Sir Donald Bradman. This is being done as part of the country's heritage.

Stefan Edberg is upset by Johan Kriek in the Grand Prix Masters tennis tournament at New York. Also crashing out of the Masters is Henri Leconte, who loses to Andres Gomez. Other seeds who move up are Mats Wilander and Boris Becker.

16 January India return compliments to Australia with a eight-wicket win over them in a one-day WSC game at Melbourne. Sent in to bat after Border lost the toss, Australia are shot out for 161 and India overhaul the score with ease.

John McEnroe, currently seeded number two in the world, still cannot find form as he goes down 7-5, 4-6, 1-6 to Brad Gilbert in the first round of the Masters tennis tournament.

17 January The 5th Nehru Gold Cup soccer tournament gets under way at Trivandrum with hosts India getting a 0-6 drubbing at the hands of Soviet Union. Scoring thrice in each half, the Soviet team totally dominate the game witnessed by over 35,000 people.

The recent suspension does not seem to have done much good to John McEnroe as he notches up another $ 1,000 fine for making an obscene gesture during his match against Brad Gilbert at the Masters tennis.

18 January India fail to set up a decent total against New Zealand and lose their WSC one-day encounter at Perth. Batting first, the Indian batsmen make just 113 runs to let the New Zealanders romp to victory.

China manage to keep ahead of South Korea by the odd goal in three to win their match in the Nehru Cup soccer tournament

The Australian Cricket Board announce their itinerary for the forthcoming Australian cricket tour to India starting on 2 September. Scheduled to play three Tests; on 18 September, on 26 September, and on 16 October, they will also play five one-day internationals as well as some minor matches.

19 January Australia confirm their place in the Benson and Hedges WSC one-day cricket tournament as they beat New Zealand by four wickets at the WACA ground, Perth. This takes the Australian points tally to seven, a clear three ahead of India who, in turn, are one ahead of New Zealand.

East Germany squeeze past Peru by a solitary goal in the round robin league match of the Nehru Gold Cup soccer tournament at Trivandrum.

Syed Modi makes it six-in-a-row as he wins the men's singles at the Badminton Nationals at Kota. Also retaining her title is Madhumita Bist, who beats Ami Ghia in the women's singles final.

Former England opener, Geoff Boycott, is richer by £1,00,000 as a spinster fan, Phyllis Culpan, had made out her will in favour of the Yorkshireman. Also benefitting from the will is Boycott's companion Anne Wyatt, who gets £3,000 for visiting Ms. Culpan everyday while she was ill.

Ivan Lendl collects his third Masters title as he beats Boris Becker 6-2, 7-6, 6-3 in the final of the Grand Prix Masters tennis tournament at New York.

20 January India are beaten 0-2 by South Korea in the Nehru Gold Cup soccer tournament at Trivandrum.

21 January Australia score a huge total of 292 and intimidate India to surrender the fight and manage just 192 at the end of their 50 overs in a WSC match at Sydney. With this 100-run victory, Australia are well set in the points table.

Claudia Khode-Kilsch makes Martina Navratilova fight for the New England Virginia Slims tennis title as she goes down 6-4, 1-6, 4-6 at Worcester.



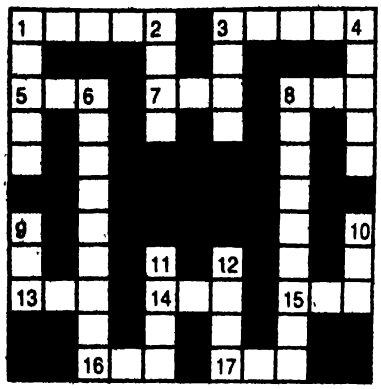
Associated Press

No, it's not a good touch-up job. Sixteen-year-old Grant Moodie of Sydney actually plays tennis, and two other sports, for his school although his right leg had to amputated when he was just three because of cancer. No wonder his schoolmates nicknamed him 'Iron Man'

CROSSWORD

Mudar

321



ACROSS

1. Destination of swimmer crossing the English Channel from Calais (5)
3. 'Phantom' cricketer (5)
5. Left armer's ball that does not deviate (3)
7. Court divider (3)
8. Limb fracture for a cricketing break (3)
13 and 15. Coolie for an Australian cricketer who toured India in 1979-80 (6)
14. Country in which the first international cricket match was played (1, 1, 1)
16. You need a strong 'this' game to win in chess (3)
17. Squash player Bey starts before noon (3)

DOWN

1. He played bowls while the Spanish Armada drew nearer (5)
2. Bjorn Borg's middle name (4)
3. Unpunctual cut shot in cricket (4)
4. Kushti in Iran, Sumo in Japan, Sambo in Russia. What is it in Turkey? (5)
6. Venue of the 1956 Olympic Games (9)
8. Actor Burt may be mistaken for a cricketing venue in Australia (9)
11. Flower to be for a naturalised British runner (4)
9 and 10. Stan McCabe, Cricketer, was nicknamed this(6)
12. Hockey player to have played for India and Pakistan (4)

Excellent: 17-16, Good: 15, Fair: 14.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1. Which was the first club to beat the formidable Real Madrid in a European Cup tie?
2. 'TT' stands for a particular trophy. What is it?
3. Which was the first large football stadium in Brazil constructed by a club?
4. Who is the bowler to have got a Test hat-trick dismissing Goddard, Ramadhin and Gilchrist?
5. In which year was Garfield Sobers knighted?
6. In the 1982 World Cup soccer, Hungary was managed by one of its great former internationals. Who is he?
7. Three English cricketers made their debut in the Test which was W.G. Grace's last. Who were they and when did it take place?
8. Who scored the first Test hundred for South Africa?
9. Long before the famous West Indian speedster, a "Hall"—he also was a bowler—had played Test cricket. Who was he and which country did he represent?

ANSWERS

1. Barcelona.
2. Tourist Trophy (motor-cycle race on the Isle of Man)
3. Morumbi Stadium (Sao Paulo FC owns it)
4. Peter Loader (Headingley, 1957)
5. 1975.
6. Kalman Meszoly
7. Trumper, Tyldesley and Rhodes (vs Australia at Nottingham on June 1, 1899)
8. J.H. Sinclair (vs England at Cape Town in 1898-99)
9. A.E. Hall (South Africa)

SOLUTION 320

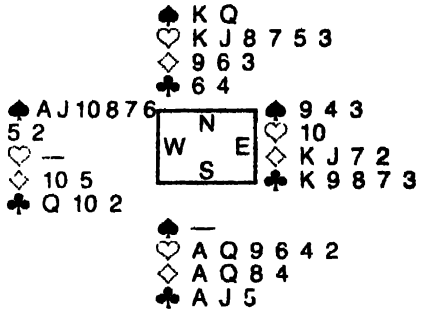
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BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

The Swiss team was less successful than usual in the European Championship, but their 25.5 victory over France will be ample compensation. (This really means 25-0, as anything less than 5 for the losers would have been a minus score under the old system.)

A substantial gain for the winners came from a deal that will be the best remembered from the championship:



South was the dealer and East-West were vulnerable. There were no great sensations in the closed room where the bidding went.

South	West	North	East
Perron	Collans	Chemia	Catsets
1H	3S	4H	pass
4S	pass	5H	pass
6H	pass	pass	pass

The North hand could hardly have been more disappointing. A low club was led and South could not avoid losing a club and a diamond 50 to Switzerland

At the other table the bidding was:

South	West	North	East
Bernos-coni	Soulet	Doche	Lebel
1H	3S	4H	4S
5D	pass	6H	pass
7H	pass	pass	pass

North's jump to six hearts is difficult to understand. At this vulnerability he can hardly have been expecting to trap the opposition into a foolish sacrifice. However...

Soulet led, of all cards, the 10 of clubs. Lebel quite naturally, let this run to the jack. Bernascon ruffed spades in his own hand and played off dummy's trump. Still thinking that he had to keep two cards to guard his king of clubs. East parted with diamonds. That was 1510 to Switzerland and a 17-point gain.

CRICKET CONTRASTS

FROM CREASE TO COMMENTARY BOX

In the fourth edited extract from his book, Jim Laker profiles the gentlemen of the press who share the box with him now. The book is published by Stanley Paul and priced at £ 7.95

I HAVE lost count of the number of people who have envied me my way of life over the past 30 years. Many of them, naturally enough, are those people who spend most of their lives working in some job for which they have no great love and can hardly wait for the weekends to indulge their sporting fantasies or simply get away from it all by watching their particular counties. Others are prominent personalities in the worlds of business, commerce or the arts who have risen to the very top of their chosen professions. And it never ceases to amaze me how many of them would have sacrificed everything just for the chance to play in a Test match at Lord's or tour Australia as a member of the England team.

Personally, I always felt that if I had not been lucky enough to be endowed with sufficient skill to play the game at the highest level, the next best thing would certainly have been to write about it. So I consider myself doubly fortunate in that I was invited into the Press Box as long ago as 1961 to cover all five Tests against Australia for the now defunct *Daily Sketch* and am still enjoying the company of the gentlemen of the Press in my work for the *Daily Express*.

It never occurred to me that I should ever talk about the game or be asked to commentate on live action and it was quite by chance that I drifted into television, which has suited me far better than radio would have done. There are no problems 'talking over' or 'filling in' for a few minutes on television but to keep going for such lengthy periods as the commentators do on radio has never really appealed to me. I do have the utmost admiration for those who can sustain the listeners' interest and in this respect John Arlott has had no peer. He remains for me our number one broadcaster.

With this sort of background—player, pressman and broadcaster—I feel I can claim some sort of authority to assess the varied contributions made by my colleagues in the media, though I appreciate that it means treading on a fairly slippery slope. Ever since the game began, there has been an element of distrust between players and Press, and most cricketers tend to avoid discussing the relationship for fairly obvious reasons.



Yet it seems to me that the rapport has improved greatly in recent years. And I have to smile when I hear some of the present-day England players—notably Bob Willis, Ian Botham and David Gower, none of whom seem to have had an awful lot to complain about—moaning about the treatment they have received from the media. They will never believe me, I know, but I can assure them that it was a lot more vicious in my day.

We hear a great deal of the word 'pressure' from today's leading sportsmen yet I find it hard to comprehend that there has been any more pressure on, say, Willis and Greg Chappell than there was on Len Hutton and Don Bradman. The Don, in particular, was never free from the attentions of the Press and at one time what he had

for breakfast was considered to be a news item.

The enormous increase in radio and television coverage has obviously made extra demands of the players but it does not cause the same kind of aggravation as there was when there were so many more newspapers—and consequently pressmen—for ever on the look-out for any scrap of information. Most of the national dailies, including the *News Chronicle*, the *Daily Herald* and the *Sketch*, which all bit the dust in rapid succession along with several Sunday papers, employed not only a cricket correspondent but often a 'name' writer as well who had to have his 'ghost' with him And London alone could boast three evenings, the *Standard*, the *News* and the *Star*

So when we went to Australia in 1958, for instance, the players were outnumbered by the Press by something like three to one and you can well imagine what it was like spending three weeks at sea on board the *Iberia* surrounded by 40 or 50 newspaper men all under pressure from their offices to provide a different story every day I well remember one of the London evening paper writers showing me a cable he had just received from his editor It contained just two words 'Remove digit' In the circumstances, it was not surprising that there were a few incidents not conducive to good player—Press relations

I had been tipped off about one particular Australian columnist—a certain Jim Mather—who had established quite a horrendous reputation among the England cricketers because of his slanderous 'scoops' Apparently on one tour before the war, he so incensed many of the players that he was last seen being pursued down a single-track railway line by a murderous-looking posse led by Bill Voce before disappearing into the bush They obviously failed to catch him—for when we arrived in Sydney there was Jim waiting to greet us

Yet I never had any problem with him Whenever I had a bit of information—never sensational or scandalous but quite newsworthy all the same— I used to slip it to him and consequently he never plagued me There were still the usual scandalous stories about late night parties, drinking bouts and the rest which inevitably began to appear when things are not going well on a tour, but one learned to live with those, and hope that the little lady 13,000 miles away would do the same Even so, it was not difficult to envisage the situation on a miserable, bitterly cold February morning back home when the milkman, having just digested his morning papers, would treat her to a wry smile and words to the effect that at least the old man appeared to be enjoying himself.

Bob Willis's team got a taste of how bad it used to be on the 1983-4 tour of New Zealand and Pakistan which was soured by all kinds of wild allegations about sex orgies and pot-smoking, but they were the work of 'hard' newsmen and so-called investigative journalists and thankfully the days of the sensation-seeking cricket writers seem to have gone. And consequently relations between players and Press have become far more harmonious.

There has been a considerable change in the kind of people filling the Press box seats these days When I was playing, the majority were journalists who had arrived in the traditional manner from the ranks of junior reporters on provincial newspapers, learning their trade the hard way before breaking into Fleet Street Alex Bannister, Crawford White, Frank Rostron, Bill Bailey and Bruce Harris are names that spring to mind Such people still form the backbone of the present-day correspondents, such as my own colleague Pat Gibson, Michael Carey, Peter Smith and Alan Lee, the last two having benefited, like several others, from early training at Reg Hayter's long-established London agency

Alongside them are to be found a batch of former first-class cricketers who have taken up the pen after distinguished playing careers Robin Marlar, Tony Lewis, Jack Bannister

I well remember one of the London evening paper writers showing me a cable he had just received from his editor. It contained just two words : 'Remove digit.' It was not surprising that there were a few incidents not conducive to player-Press relations.

Eric Hill and Tony Pawson are among them, though Richie Benaud and the late Jack Fingleton cannot really be placed in that category since they were trained reporters before starting their cricket careers. Yet another grouping contains Peter Laker, John Thicknesse and Henry Blofeld, good cricketers who did not quite make the first-class scene before embarking on journalistic lives

Finally, it is easy to recognize the old—or should I say former—Test cricketers who almost make up a team themselves as their number steadily grows They supplement their incomes with frequent and sometimes highly critical observations, and not surprisingly the current players seem to take far more exception to their writings than some of the more bona fide journalists

Yet nothing is more certain than in the next decade we shall see the Willis's and the Gowers replacing the Truemans and the Comptons and they in turn will come in for the same kind of complaints It all adds to the continuing debate about the game of cricket, probably better represented in the Press than any other sport.

Most reporters, if they are honest, will admit to having their own particular favourites on the cricket field, and I am no different from other cricketers who have their own particular favourites among the Press

I mourned the passing of Neville Cardus—not that I ever had a high regard for his technical knowledge. Some of his writing was unforgettable and I know almost by heart his autobiography which includes the account of the last Roses encounter before the 1939—45 war On the same pedestal as Cardus, I would place R C Robertson Glasgow, John Arlott and Alan Ross for their books Ross's Cape Summer, published back in 1957, is a classic

For the day-to-day reporting of the game, I was always an E W Swanton fan When it came to producing a fair and accurate account of a day's play, he did it better than anyone else, even though some of the old 'professionals' believed there was a certain bias in favour of the amateur There is no doubt that there are distinct advantages in working for a paper like the *Daily Telegraph* which gives a massive amount of column space to cricket and allows its men to cover play in much greater detail. Many of their daily newspaper colleagues are

allowed only seven or eight paragraphs in which they can only highlight the outstanding events and I am sure that several would have been much more highly rated had they worked for the *Telegraph*, *The Times* or the *Guardian*.

For many years, Alan Gibson has been a prolific writer and commentator, a man of great talent whose wit appeals to quite a cross-section of the community. And as a purely professional journalist, the late Brian Chapman was superb.

I first saw Brian during the England tour of the West Indies in 1953 when he joined us because it seemed there might be some political problem in Georgetown. He had held senioreditorial appointments in Fleet Street but had tired of being desk-bound and relished the freedom of a trip to the Caribbean. But he freely admitted that his knowledge of the game was infinitesimal and made it clear that any help would be appreciated. None of us had ever heard anything like that from a reporter before and the team took to him immediately.

He became a cricket convert and graced the Press box for the next 25 years. To watch him work was a revelation, to me at least. He would sit quietly for most of the day, just taking the odd note. Then, well into the last session, out would come the typewriter and, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, his copy was pounded out and phoned through and he was on his way almost before the players had finished their showers.

As a bowler of off-spinners, Robin Marlar was an enigma. On his day, he was in the very top flight and could consider himself most unlucky not to play for England. There were other days, though, that were best forgotten. And I cannot help thinking that in many ways his writing has followed a similar pattern. Blessed with a brilliant academic mind, he has produced some real masterpieces, but some of his theories I have found difficult even to follow never mind to understand. Still, I turn most readily to my *Sunday Times* each weekend.

It was for an entirely different reason that my old friend and colleague Alf Gover was for a long time the envy of all his colleagues in the Press. He held the position of cricket correspondent of the *Sunday Mirror* and throughout the summer he would either drive or take a Saturday morning train before settling down to write



Radio's team is led by Brian Johnston, the youngest 70-year-old in the business whose enthusiasm for the game has never wavered

his Sunday feature without ever having the harassment of such daily problems as deadlines, constant rewrites or difficult subeditors. A winter tour almost amounted to a six-month paid holiday with a luxurious three or four-week cruise to enjoy before settling down in Australia where he was only required to produce copy once a week. The story got around that he knew every grain of sand on Bondi Beach and eventually became an honorary member of the Beach Club.

On a sad note, I must mention two gentlemen of the Press who wrote their final paragraphs at an early age Ron Roberts and Clive Taylor were held in the highest regard by the players as well as the whole of the media and both have been greatly missed. They made their contributions to the memorable phrases and sentences I have read over the years—though the author of the one that springs most readily to mind had better remain anonymous. One evening in 1950 after a hard day in the field against the West Indies at the Oval, I sank into a corner seat on the train home, unfolded my copy of the *Star* and read: 'Bedser finally clean bowled Weekes with a ball he should have left well alone'. I suppose it could have been a bad line between Kennington and the copytaker.

More recently—and more amusing—was Michael Carey's description of Derek Pringle pulling a muscle while writing letters, though in the Essex all-rounder's defence I was a witness when Johnny Wardle damaged a cartilage while playing snooker and also missed a Test match.

Pat Gibson brought howls of delight to many dressing rooms when covering the Headingly Test between England and Pakistan in 1982. Poor Vic Marks was utterly perplexed facing the spin of Abdul Qadir who finally bowled him with a googly. 'I am not quite sure what Vic Marks was reading at Oxford,' wrote Pat, 'but it was certainly not leg-breks and googlies.'

One aspect of cricket reporting which I am sure will surprise many current England players as much as did me when I first encountered it is the 100 per cent loyalty to English cricket to be found in the Press box. Without exception, the English journalists are desperately anxious to see their side come out on top, and it is never more obvious than when we are doing well and there is a solid representation of overseas reporters present.

Their criticism of England teams when we are not doing so well can often be measured in terms of disappointment and I always felt that a good example of this was provided by the attitude of one of the most controversial characters ever to write about cricket, E.M. Wellings of the London *Evening News*. In his early days, 'Lyn' Wellings was a very useful cricketer, both at Oxford and on occasions with Surrey. No one could ever doubt his great knowledge of the game and few people were more in love with it than he was — though he may not have admitted it too often. The problem was he set standards for all our players possibly on too high a plane and if anyone fell short of those standards he could become both vicious and cynical. In Australia, he could not be described as England's most popular or diplomatic ambassador but the feeling was mutual and his most sleepless nights would occur when we were getting a hammering. Like all the players, I would come under the whip myself every now and again, yet for all that I have to say that I always found E. M. W. interesting

and very readable.

It would probably be interesting to hear his views on another section of the media whose status seems to have grown dramatically in recent years—the scorers or, to be more exact, the statisticians. Gone are the days of the scorers pure and simple, treasuring their small, greenbound books. They have been overtaken by men with much more sophisticated methods, originated soon after the war by Arthur Wrigley, Jack Price and Roy Webber and developed to a highly professional level by Bill Frindall and Irving Rosenwater. It is strange that the first three named all died suddenly at an early age between 1962 and 1965 and the same fate befell Michael Fordham in 1982 when he was only 53. With Irving Rosenwater emigrating to Australia to join the Packer gold rush, the way was clear for Wendy Wimbush to become the first full-time professional lady scorer and add her name to the illustrious list

Most of us on radio and television watched with amusement the intense rivalry that existed for several years between Frindall and Rosenwater on radio and television respectively. The enormous amount of detail pertaining to cricket statistics and the glut of Test matches these days means that records are going by the board almost every day and it became a battle royal as they tried to scoop one another.

As individuals, they are poles apart. Irving's profound knowledge of the game is largely based on hours of study, prolific reading and the most conscientious obervation as a spectator. His playing career was of a limited nature, though he gives us all constant reminders of the slip catches he used to take off the bowling of Ken Higgs in Services cricket. But, more than anything, his biography of Sir Donald Bradman, skilfully researched, packed with detail and compiled almost as a labour of love, epitomizes the man. At the drop of a hat, he could supply some little known fact about a certain player—yet the odds would be stacked heavily against him recognise the same player should he suddenly appear in the commentary box.

Bill Frindall is a completely different character who will go down in cricket history as the first person to make a profitable living from keeping the score. Hard-working, conscientious and very, very profesional, he has probed the depths of the game's statistics as no man before him and for his industry alone he is deserving of his success. In a changing world, he has become almost as well known as the players who supply his needs.



The impact that Arlott had made for the best part of 40 years was immense and there was no way he could ever be replaced

One has to wonder, though, how valuable are the thousands of facts and figures so readily supplied by these diligent individuals . They must be extremely valuable to radio commentators who have time to fill, and on television too I must admit they do help to fill in some awakward moments, but with so many flying through the air on any given day it is vital to be able to sort out the relevant ones. Heaven forbid that one day we shall be told that David Gower has just made his 1,000th stop in the gully. On the other hand, it is of interest to learn that a certain batsman has been repeatedly caught by the wicket-keeper of if Trueman and Bob Willis have both exceeded 300 wickets in Test matches. But it took Fred 67 Tests to reach 307 wickets and Willis nearer 90 to overtake him. And if you look further back you will discover that the great Sydney Barnes took his 189 Test wickets at seven per match. At that rate, he would have collected 469 wickets in 67 Tests whilst in 90 his would have been no fewer than 630, or more than double Willis's striking rate!

Elsewhere in this book and in various other publications, I have discussed television coverage and the people involved. But I would like to say a word or two on behalf of our colleagues on the radio who have come in for some pretty harsh criticism from various quarters during the past year or so. They have been accused of falling standards, yet that was only to be expected after the departure of John Arlott. The impact he had made for the best part of 40 years was immense and there was no way in which he could ever have been adequately replaced.

The critics suggest that the radio commentators get themselves involved in too many peripheral subjects rather than concentrating on the game itself and consider that few people are interested in lengthy chats about the state of health of Fred Trueman's dog or the quality of the latest batch of cream cakes. But I consider that they have a more exacting task than we do on television. And, quite frankly, I should like to hear some of the more strident critics keeping rigidly to the game itself throughout a six-hour day as four fast bowlers dawdle back 30 yards to deliver each ball.

Radio's team is led by Brian Johnston, the youngest 70-year-old in the business whose enthusiasm for the game has never wavered. He is a perfect example of the many people in the media who would willingly have sacrificed most things in life to have been a Test cricketer. One writer and broadcaster who was, of course, is Trevor Bailey who, in my view, stands head and shoulders above any other radio comments man. He is accurate to a degree in his assessments which are always concise and very much to the point, thereby giving a good balance to the programme.

Finally, no chapter on the media would be complete without a mention of the two leading photographers—Patrick Eagar and Adrian Murrell. It was Patrick who first brought a new dimension to cricket photography and with Adrian emulating him in recent years they have built up a library containing examples of their art which have enriched the game to an extent that the great players of the past could never possibly have dreamed of.

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THE older I get, the better a cricketer I seem to become. People remember the great days—such as when I took eight wickets for two runs in the England Test Trial at Park Avenue, Bradford, in 1949 and 19 wickets for 90 against Australia at Old Trafford, Manchester, in 1956. But they tend to forget that there were bad days too—such as when I finished with match figures of three for 206 as Australia reached a record 404 for three to beat us at Headingley, Leeds, in 1948 and when I took two for 154 facing that great West Indian triumvirate of Weekes (206), Worrell (167) and Walcott (124) at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, in 1954.

Cricket is unique in this respect: no other sport seems to live so much in the past, glorifying the old, disparaging the new. When I was playing, grown men would come up to me asking me for my autograph for their sons; nowadays small boys approach seeking my signature for their dads! And although it is now more than a quarter of a century since I played in my last Test match, I find myself in greater demand than I have ever been.

In recent years, I have been as far afield as Auckland, New Zealand, and Cape Town, South Africa, just to speak at cricket dinners. I have arrived in Edinburgh in deepest winter to find cricket fanatics travelling 30 miles or more through several feet of snow to hear me talk about the game. And I have now found myself part of a new cricket phenomenon—nostalgic evenings hosted by Brian Johnston which have attracted huge audiences all round the country. One February night at Bristol, getting on for 2,000 people were at the Colston Hall to hear Tom Graveney, Ray Illingworth and myself yarning about the old times. In other words, there were twice as many people ready to turn out on a winter's evening to listen to us talk about the game than seem prepared to sit in the sun and watch some of the greatest cricketers of the day actually playing the game against Gloucestershire!

I am not complaining. Cricket's grip on the public's affection has enabled me to make a reasonable living as a television commentator, newspaper columnist, after-dinner speaker, raconteur even—all roles in which I never quite envisaged myself when I was playing. But I do think that we need to get things into perspective. And that is why I want to use my own career to illustrate just how much the game of cricket has changed during the past 30 years.



I mourned the passing of Neville Cardus — not that I ever had a high regard for his technical knowledge. Some of his writing was unforgettable

Some things have changed for the better; some for the worse. And while these developments have inevitably changed the character of cricket and cricketers, I consider myself lucky to have enjoyed the best of both worlds.

For today's cricketers live in a different world from the one I knew during my playing days. Now, sponsors seem to provide for their every need from the cars which they drive to the equipment they use, not to mention the clothes they wear both on and off the field. Then, I travelled to my first Test match at Lord's on a no. 157 bus. I had to buy all my own clothes from shirts and trousers down to socks and jock-straps. And the only equipment I was ever given was one bat per season.

Now, England players are paid upwards of £1,500 for appearing in a Test match, thanks to the magnificent sponsorship of the Cornhill Insurance Company, and more than £10,000 for going on an overseas tour. Then, I received £75 for my first Test—plus a third-class rail ticket to get there from the preceding county match—and £300 for my first tour.

As an illustration of the enormous difference in remuneration, I have worked out that after 13 years in the game I earned £15,070—made up of £2,370 for playing in 29 Tests, £2,700 for five overseas tours and £10,000 for 13 seasons with Surrey—though I was fortunate that my benefit in 1956 coincided with my taking those 19 wickets against Australia at Old Trafford, as a result of which I managed to make as much as £11,000. At present rates of pay, 29 Test matches (£43,500) five tours (£50,000) and 13 years on a county's staff (£117,000) would bring in a grand total of £210,500. And these days a beneficiary of international standing would be very disappointed if he did not get at least £60,000.

Obviously the cricketer of the fifties was desperately underpaid, despite the fact that we were quite accustomed to playing in front of crowds of 30,000 in County Championship matches. It was not that the counties were mean and miserly. It was simply that players' salaries came solely from gate receipts since there was no such thing as sponsorship let alone the massive share-out of money now received from television and radio.

Having said all that, I must make it perfectly clear that I do not begrudge the blokes one new penny of what they earn today—providing they are good enough to earn it. Players like Ian Botham, David Gower and Bob Willis are fully entitled to the kind of money that comes their way. They have reached the top of their chosen profession and, having done that, there is no reason why they should not be paid as much as the stars in other sports, like tennis, golf and football.

No, there is no jealousy in my mind—for the simple reason that if I had my time again I would choose to play at the time I did play. It was a friendlier game then, for a start. On the field, it was fiercely competitive but we seldom went over the top, as they seem to do so often now, in our reaction to success and failure. Ungentlemanly conduct, bad manners, dissent—call it what you will but it is not nice to see. Off the field, too, there seems to be a growing churlishness in players' attitudes, especially

towards the Press and, indirectly, the public, since they are the people they represent. I had my share of publicity—good, bad and indifferent—at a time when reporters hounded the players to a far greater degree and had to learn to live with it. Once you have become a famous sportsman, not to say a superstar, you must expect to come under close scrutiny from the media.

If it was easier to accept that in the fifties, then I think it is also fair to say that it was easier to become successful than it is now.

The main reason for that was the state of the wickets, which, many people tend to forget, invariably govern the way the game is played. There is no question that, by and large, wickets were a lot better then than they are now. It is very seldom these days, even in Test cricket, that you find a pitch where the bounce is regular, very seldom that a bowler of any class cannot get movement off the pitch—hence the great temptation for captains to persevere with quick bowlers to the detriment of the spinners.

Another important factor in the way the game has changed is the cricket ball itself. My old Surrey and England colleague Alec Bedser has a collection of cricket balls used 30 years ago which bear little relation to the kind of balls they have today. They were all hand-made and hand-polished—and within a matter of 20 overs the shine would have disappered despite all the efforts of the bowlers who used to rub them on their trousers just as frantically as they do now. The seam would soon have been flattened and in places like Brisbane and Barbados the cover would have changed colour from red to brown with little pieces coming out of it from contact with the rock-hard pitch. And there was no question of the fielding side having the ball changed. That just did not happen in those days.

How different it is now. The making of cricket balls by hand is one of the old crafts that has disappeared—again for economic reasons—and we are in the age of machine-made cricket balls coated with polyurethane which retain their shine and seam throughout a full day's play. And still the bowlers are not satisfied, judging by the number of times they want the ball changed.

With the wickets and the balls in their favour, it is just as well that the no-ball law was changed a few years ago, otherwise it would be totally



When it came to producing a fair and accurate account of the day's play, Swanton did it better than anyone else

impossible to bat at all against the kind of fast bowling barrage we are now accustomed to seeing from the West Indies. It is bad enough having to contend with their fearsome pace, dangerous bounce and disconcerting movement off the seam and through the air—but at least they only bowl from 22 yards. Under the old law—which was geared to the back foot being behind the bowling crease rather than the front foot behind the batting crease, as it applies now—they would have been really lethal!

'Dragging'—not to mention 'chucking'—got so bad on England's 1958-9 tour of Australia, when we lost 4-0, that I went out to the middle at the Sydney Cricket Ground to measure exactly where fast bowler Gordon Rorke was landing with his left foot. It was four feet in front of the batting crease, and since he also had an enormous drag it meant he was letting the ball go at the batsman from about 18 yards! And I well remember Colin Cowdrey's remark when one of his clerical friends called to see him.

'Colin,' said the reverend gentleman, 'you are making the mistake of always getting on to the back foot against Rorke.

'I'm frightened of playing forward to him,' explained Cowdrey, 'in case he treads on my toes.'

For all that, I am still convinced that it was an easier game to play in those days—and particularly on tour. They were much longer trips since we went to countries like Australia and South Africa by sea. But at the end of a long, hard season in England, it was really luxurious to put your feet up for three or four weeks on what was virtually a holiday cruise. Once we had three weeks' net practice before we even played a match. And for those who did not strike from straightaway, there were plenty of opportunities to catch up on a tour designed to give everyone plenty of cricket.

My sympathies are very much with the present-day cricketers who find themselves being flown to the other side of the world and expected to play within hours of their arrival. Then, if they don't make an immediate hit, there is so little cricket between Tests and one-day internationals that they are virtually condemned to the roles of drinks waiters and supporters for the rest of the tour. In a way, the players have only themselves to blame since to pay them what they expect means getting the best possible return from their services in terms of revenue. But it does not make their lives any easier.

There is nothing to beat playing the game. But what I have enjoyed more than anything else since I retired is that I have been able to keep in touch with so many old players, colleagues and opponents alike, with whom I might easily have lost touch years ago.

If I go to Trent Bridge, for example, I can look forward to having a beer with Joe Hardstaff. If I go to Australia, I know I will be renewing my acquaintance with the likes of Arthur Morris, Ray Lindwall and Neil Harvey. In Barbados, there will be a welcome waiting from Everton Weekes. In New Zealand, Bert Sutcliffe will revive memories of when we played together during the war. And whenever I return to Yorkshire, I am forever bumping into old cricketers with whom I played as a boy.

An awful lot has happened since then, not just to me but to the game of cricket. And if you have borne with me thus far, perhaps I can tell you what I have made of it all.

concluded

freewheeling

STREAKERS at the cricket are a trifle more frequent than Test centuries by nightwatchmen, but not an altogether extinct breed. For those who stood convinced that the species had vanished, the appearance of the adventurous young man who turned in a thrilling/entertaining (strike out whichever is not applicable) display at Brisbane on 12 January must surely have exposed the naked truth. The streaker has refused to throw in the towel, so to speak.

The World Series Cup match between Australia and India that day was interrupted by a jubilant votary of the buff brigade who raced across the turf, clad in nothing more sophisticated than a gold chain around his neck. Sartorial elegance, or lack of it, began and ended there. If there was any concession made to the dress sense of the majority, it was the pair of red shorts that the young man clutched securely in his left hand as he weaved his way through the astounded cricketers.

Pyjama game or not, this was a touch of colour that not many spectators had bargained for. Having achieved what he had set out to do, the new star of the show paused for a moment by the boundary rope, turned towards the pitch and bowed with all the showmanship and aplomb of a rock star. Then he ambled off, to be taken into police custody.

A sequence of photographs by *Sportsworld*'s Nikhil Bhattacharya provides a vivid record of a feat that is Brisbane's equivalent of Lady Godiva's sensational claim to fame. There is a brilliant shot of the streaker negotiating a set of stumps in the style that one would normally associate with an Olympic hurdler. Unfortunately—and for fairly obvious reasons—it is a glossy print that will never be published, but it makes a mockery of the theory that streakers are out for a lark. Even the slightest margin of error while hurdling three stumps would mean that the aspirant is removed to a hospital bed and not a police cell. Occupational hazards, shall we say?

Cricketing history is not exactly littered with instances of streakers, but there have been a few memorable photographs that come to mind. There is one of Greg Chappell aiming his bat at the rump of an offender who interrupted a Test match. The timing of the photographer was superb, for it seems, at first glance, that Chappell has used his bat to censor the offending portion of the picture.

On another occasion, an English streaker displayed his sprinting talent during a Test, but was too exhausted after his achievement—captured live and in colour by the television crew in attendance—to evade the proverbially long arm of the law. He surrendered meekly to two policemen in attendance, but presented a problem that the constables had obviously never encountered during training. The arrest of a criminal is one thing: but how exactly does one go about escorting a nude youth through a crowd of spectators before bundling him into a police van?

In a display of quickwittedness unlikely ever to be matched by any guardian of the law, one of the officers removed his own helmet and used it to cover the streaker's exposure. As someone once said, the traditional London bobby's helmet has a variety of uses, but this was one that Sir Robert Peel could never have conceived, not even in his wildest dreams.

He (the Brisbane streaker) bowed with all the showmanship and aplomb of a rock star. Then he ambled off, to be taken into police custody



Nikhil Bhattacharya

While there has never yet been a female streaker, Tony Greig once had an experience he is likely to savour forever. Greig, the eternal extrovert, was always swift to exploit a situation, especially if it had potential comic value. Imagine his delight when he was seized by two comely lasses clad in nothing more elegant than brief bikinis. The England captain faked a swoon, only to be told later that he had 'collapsed' with unerring judgement in the arms of the prettier of the two girls.

There has never been an Indian streaker yet, but two college students came close to creating history—however dubious the distinction may have been—in the euphoric celebrations on the night India won the 1983 Prudential Cup. As the Indian innings came to a close, they announced rashly that they would streak around the neighbourhood if India accomplished a victory. A few hours later, when the West Indies had been unforgettably beaten, these two were reminded of their vow. Fortified with equal measures of Dutch courage and Scotch whisky, they strode out onto the darkened streets, only to return meekly when they realised that, despite the hour, the entire city was awake.

Which brings us to the latest rumour. Word has it that the International Association of Cricketing Streakers (as yet unregistered since no one will grant them recognition as a world body) is preparing a handbook on protocol. The first and most essential ground rule?

When apprehended, turn the other cheek.

David McMahon

AN ANANDA BAZAR PUBLICATION

SUNDAY













The Best Reporting

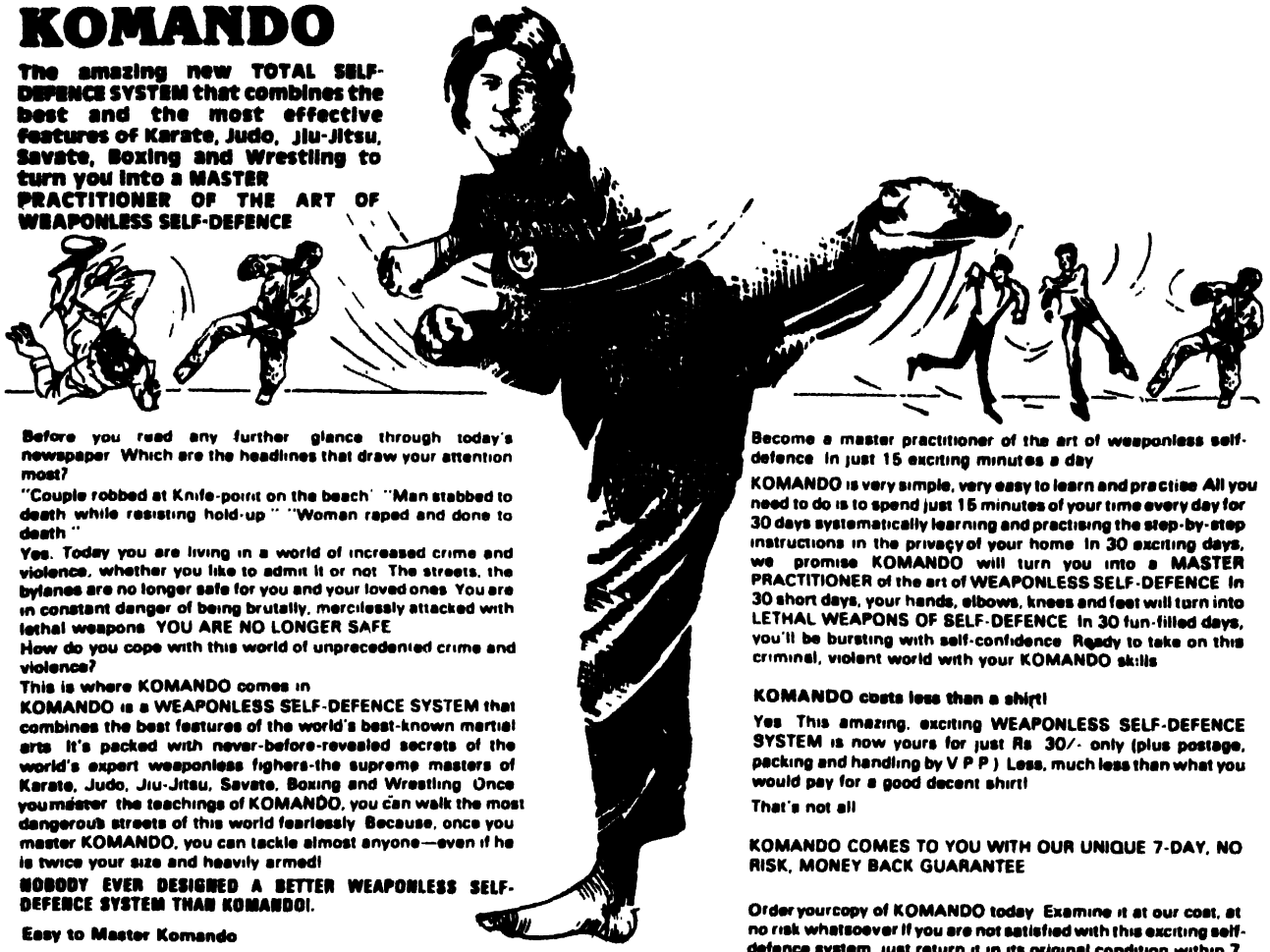

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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O Brien Pradeep Paul
Correspondents Bombay Haresh Munwani **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Channel Nine

IT would not be over pessimistic to conclude that India is not ready to host the 1987 World Cup cricket tourna ment There is no doubt that the Dooordarshan authorities are far from ready to cover a tournament of such mammoth proportions The technical ly excellent and entertaining coverage of the Benson and Hedges Triangular World Series cricket by Channel 9 exposes the weaknesses of Doordar shan even further The camera work and the comments of the commenta tors succeed in making even a dull game an interesting one The differ ence between our coverage and the coverage in Australia or England is not only because of us being technically infe rior but also due to the fact that our cameramen seem to lack the basic necessity commonsense

Our commentators should have learnt by now that the viewer can see what is actually happening and it is not necessary to keep talking as one has to while giving commentary on the radio The expert commentators with the exception of Pataudi and Jaisimha should refrain from merely repeating what the commentator has said or describe the incident that has just occurred They should educate the viewer on techniques and tactics The feedback from the statisticians has to be more responsive and the informa tion dished out by them has to be different and interesting

The timing of the commercials dur ing the matches have to be adjustable If this is not done then it is quite possible that a crucial portion of the game could be missed Quite often a wicket is lost and or a good stroke is played and the viewer is deprived of watching it for no fault of his own

Our fighting and talented band of cricketers alongwith the millions of cricket crazy people in our country are looking forward to the challenges and the excitement that a World Cup brings with it It is time for Doordar shan to start gearing up for this major international sporting event This should be done not only by getting better technical equipment but also by training or instructing the men be hind the camera on how to start thinking for themselves as well as making decisions on their own If efforts are not made in this direction wouldn t it be a better idea to hand the responsi bility over to an external agency?
S M SHIVAPRASAD
New Delhi

Lala and sons

LALA AMARNATH r easily one of the most colourful sport personalitie in the country Mudar Patherya did a wonderful feature on the grand old man of Indian cricket There are not many seventy four year old who can fight a serious ailment r Lala did He treated his fight in his pat like a vital Test knock and he pl yed it wonder fully Besides him all making a vitally important contri ut on In Indian crick et his son M nder under have also to be tions Surinder m n Test cricket ly was one of the bette India has produced in Mohinder of course h o tune and again that he is one of the t players of pace bowling in the wo today His temperament and te que have come to India s re often than not

What more can one ask f n single family? Let s hope good health and Mohind ting the runs that Indi needs
JAYANTHI SU
Madras

Good, getting better

THE quiz magazine has impr d in the last month Now days there seems to be a new kind of line in the colour trans parencies that have been appearing in *Sportsworld* The change is for the better All this while the colour pic tures in your magazine were not of a very high standard The choice of articles have also improved There is now a far greater variety which caters to the likes and dislikes of most if not all sportslovers One only hopes that this is not merely a passing phase and the standard is maintained Please keep it up

The Book Extracts are particularly interesting Gubby Allen s book made good reading material Please con tinue providing extracts of books that readers would like to read but cannot lay their hands on for some reason or the other
ASHUTOSH GUPTA
Patna

We may see two World Cups in future

THIS must be a very resilient game. Within a period of 18 years it has faced two serious crises, and survived them, albeit with some external help. Unlike hockey, which the Western world kindly took to, ensuring that it would not be limited to the sub continent and die as a quiet, indigenous death, cricket took a careful look at itself in the early Sixties, and realised that the traditional concept would have to be altered to meet new public demands. Which certainly did not encompass games lasting 15 hours or more and ending with no satisfactory results.

Limited-over games, with the active help of the media and heavy sponsorship, overcame the first crisis. The second came in the Seventies when Packer challenged the administration. Once again the game survived though not without some heavy bruising, but Packer was only interested in T.V. rights and had no desire to control the game. He was also prepared to pay more than his competitors for these rights which he felt were unjustly denied him. The administration considered him a brash upstart and most disdainfully put forward its views in court where it inevitably lost the case as well as a lot of money. It soon came to terms with Packer, who himself was quietly relieved and returned the players to their respective Boards.

In comparison these were minor threats to the one which is just round the corner. An explosive mixture of money and international politics.

It is of course South Africa attempting to break the basic structure of the game by inducing individuals to play for money. Many players have been unable to resist the lure of Mammon, in spite of ostracism by their own country as well as other nations.

And can you really blame these players, who are likely to make more in two seasons in Cape Town than they are in a life time in their own country? And what about the penalty they face for breaking the spirit of the Gleneagles Agreement. For the likes of Gooch, three years out of the England side (no damage to his purse since he had already made his money) to be followed by an apology, denouncing apartheid.

What is even more galling is that South Africa knows fully well that most cricketing nations will look for a compromise and accept these meaningless apologies just to ensure that the game is not torn asunder. South Africa is also aware that the majority of Caucasians can never feel the humiliation and the injustice of apartheid, never in quite the same way as a black.

As such it is quietly confident that the boycott can be broken. After all where severe economic sanctions have failed to work, can a half-hearted attempt at a sports boycott succeed? It cannot without the full support of every conscientious country, and that seems a little too idealistic. Is there a possibility of the four "white" (including South Africa) cricketing nations, playing in a different league from the darker nations. This is obviously S. Africa's immediate aim and it may well happen, and unless the black is given his full democratic rights as in Former Rhodesia, we may just see two World Cups not too long in the future.

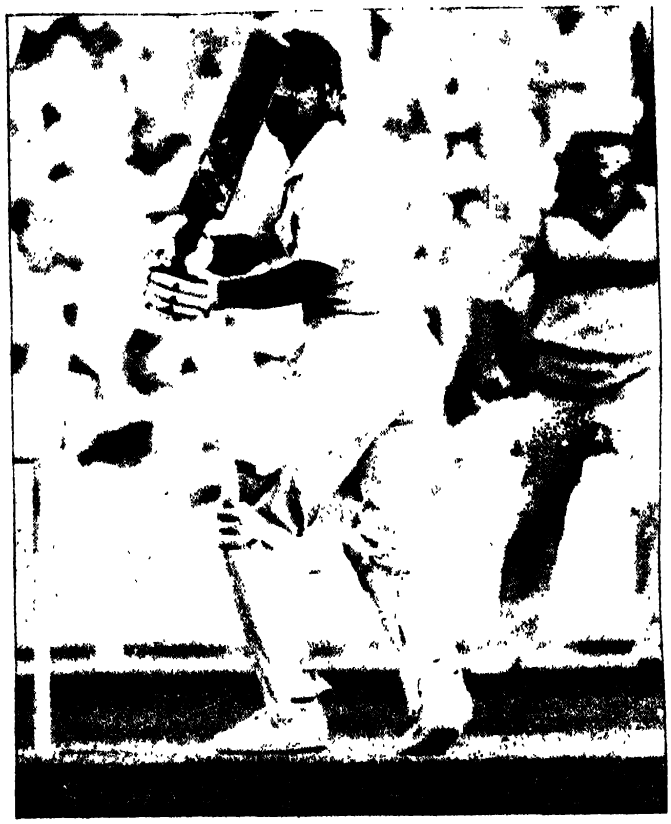


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Wait until dark

Nikhil Bhattacharya finds the day/night matches in Australia a thrilling experience





Pictures in contrast. Srikkanth miscues over slip. Gavaskar prefers the schoolish drive

Phillips has a 'go' at the stumps and Srikkanth is run out for 22 in Melbourne, 16 January





Greg Ritchie walks down to Shastri in the Melbourne game, 16 January



...but driving where the ball no longer is, Ritchie finds More whip off the bails



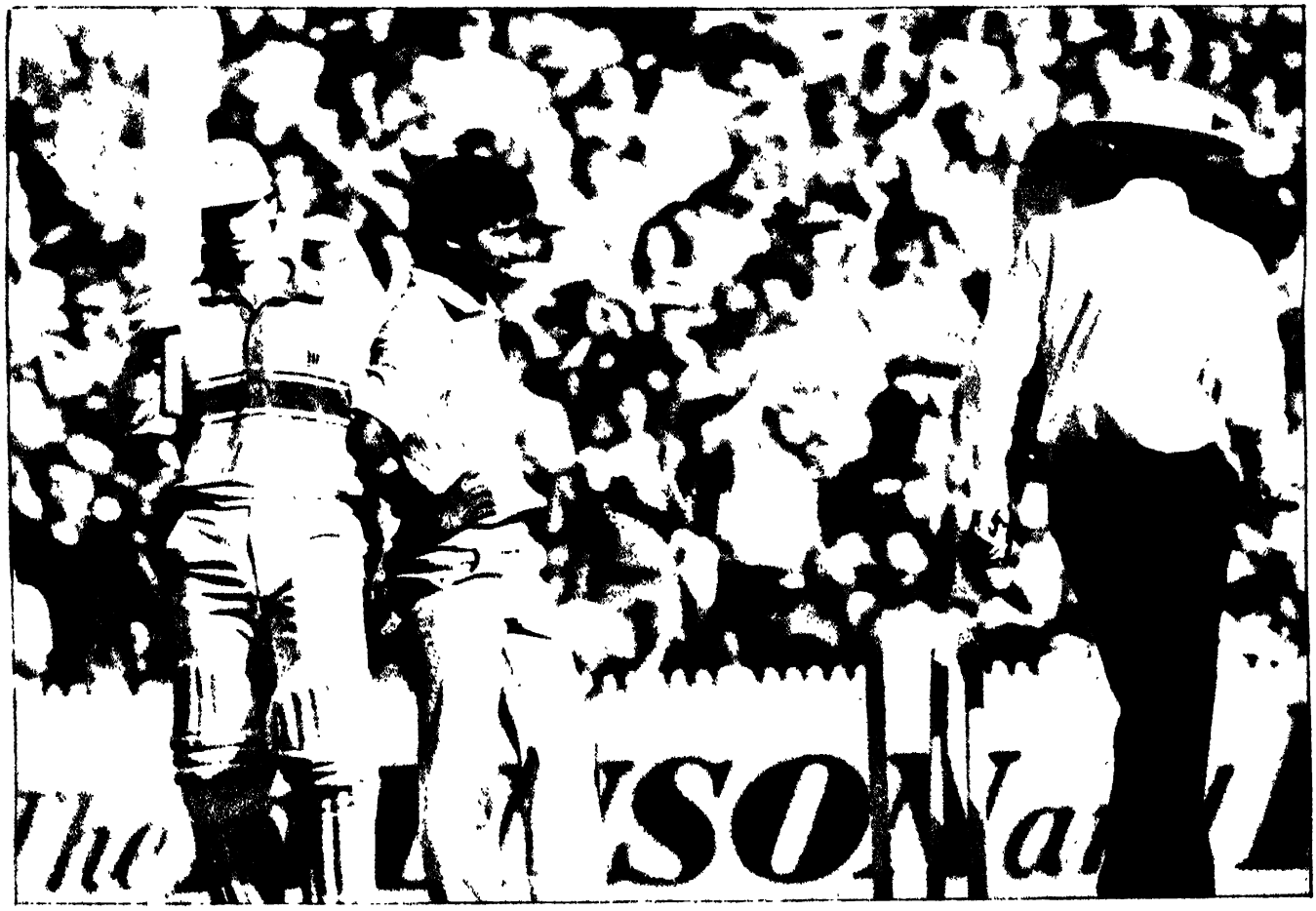
And so begins a long walk back to the pavilion



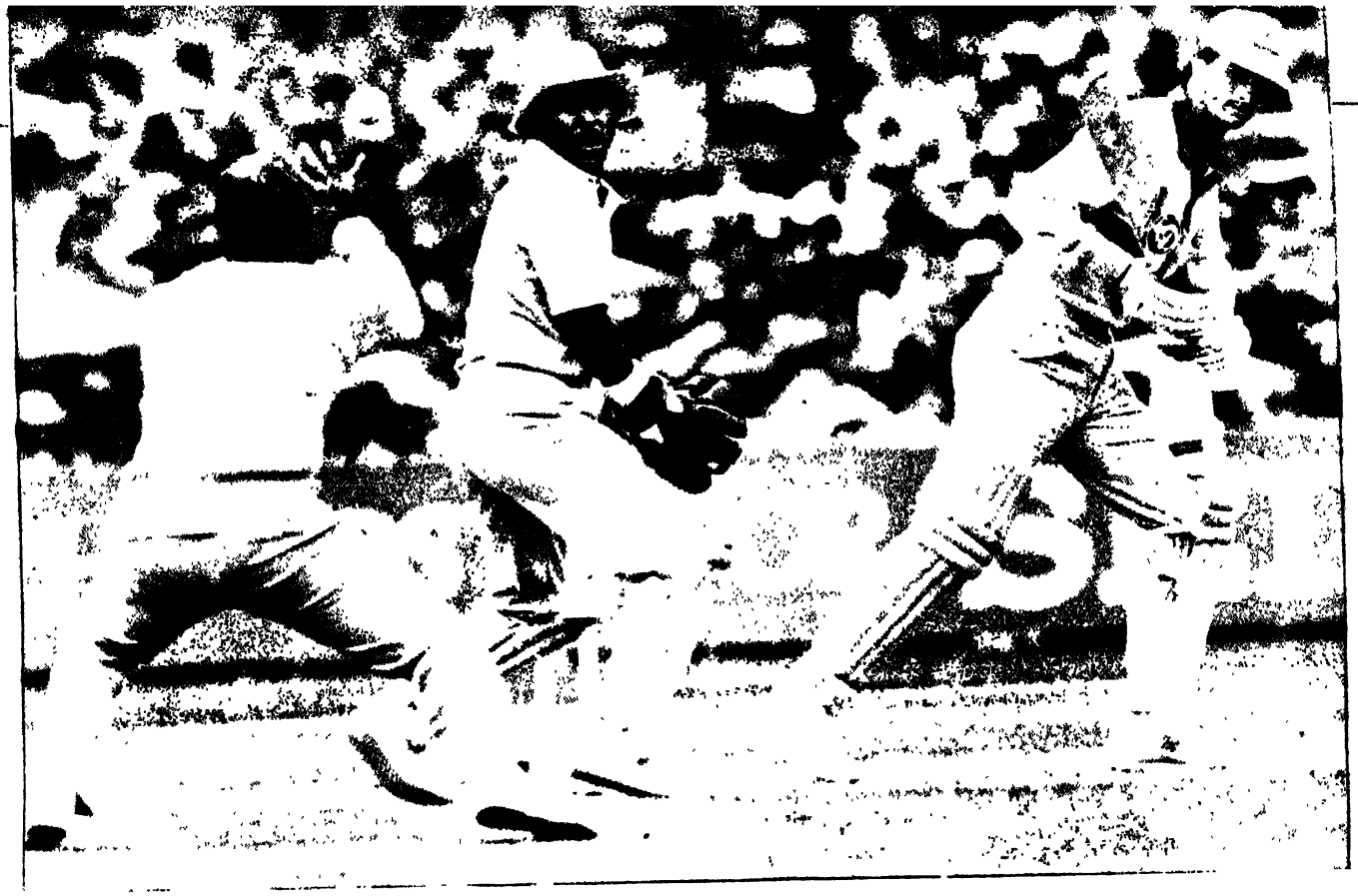
The Indians jubilate as Australia are now 50 for five



Shastri beats McDermott for spin



Steve Waugh acknowledges the cheers for his entertaining 50



"Catch it," appears to shout Kiran More. But it is only off the pads and Waugh remains unbeaten..



Kapil Dev walks in from a preceding match against New Zealand after winning the game for India

Letter from Australia

Noel Mengel uses a rickety machine to type a letter to India

dear mother,

how's things at home? i'm having a great time out here, travelling around to see a bit of the country, and of course, now that i'm staying in sydney, getting to see a fair bit of our boys playing cricket as well. they're to play every other day here now that these slogging matches called the world series cup are on. i think i'll get a job with an airline out here: they must be millionaires!

well, i would have called them slogging matches until i saw my first game under lights in sydney the other night. tip-and-run more, then bash and barge for the last few overs. in our case though, it's tip and stay...

you probably read about that match i went to. i was the one where some freshfaced kid called marsh belted out poor old champs around the park and the aussies set us 293 to win. did i get a rough time where i was sitting? well, trying to sit, on the hill. i felt like i was the only indian face in the place, the way the aussies kept shouting out and grinning at me. still, they haven't had much to cheer lately.

anyway, you being a cricket fan all your life, you'll be able to guess what happened. sunny got up to his old tricks again. you know how he gets going when he's chasing a big score in a one-day game. something comes over like it was the first morning on a green top at lord's facing john snow, and he defends away waiting for someone else to get the runs.

the friends i'd made on the hill weren't too good-natured when we were batting,





i can tell you. the press really went to town the next day—"indian disgrace" they said, and worse besides. of course, six days later it was "australian disgrace" after border's mob tied themselves in knots against hadlee again and got out for 70 on a beautiful adelaide batting wicket. i'd rather be disgraced getting 4-200 chasing 290-odd than getting 70 chasing 270, wouldn't you?

that didn't do me any good at the time though, especially since at tea time i told all my new friends how sunny was a real dasher these days and that my good friend ravi shastri (you know how i exaggerate sometimes) was the greatest six-hitter since sobers...

as sunny plodded away, one big aussie bloke lifted me up and yelled in my ear, "if he's such a great mate of yours, you go round to the dressing shed and tell him to get of here." gavaskar has done his bit in years, but the other players had to let him down, and the bowling was very tight. all my new friends shouted something about horse manure.

they sure can be touchy, these aussies, especially when they think they've wasted fifteen dollars. i can see their point of view though. one poor little fellow sitting beside me worked in a factory right out in the suburbs. this was the only game of cricket he could afford to see all year. he bought his ticket three months ago because the game would be a sellout. he risked the sack, taking the day off to come to the game, and took a train that got him to the city just as the game was starting.

he stood in a queue for an hour waiting for a bus to the ground. he stood in a queue waiting to get into the ground, and missed the aussies batting. he waited in a queue for half an hour to get a beer. it was hot. he waited in a queue waiting for a hot dog. it was cold. he got knocked over by a drunk coming back to his seat and dropped the lot. he was so small he couldn't see anything, whether the crowd in front sat down or not. which they didn't do much anyway. then he had to sit through a few hours of boredom while shastri twiddled his thumbs in the dressing room.

i saw him stumbling off into the distance and asked him where he was going. i couldn't be sure, but i thought he said he was going to get arrested. funny people, the aussies. i still can't understand them!

signed,

your loving son.

p.s. sorry ma, the typewriter packed up. the damn stuff just wouldn't get into upper case.

Win some, lose some

Dilip Rao follows India's fortunes in the triangular competition in Australia

India vs N. Zealand, Melbourne, 23 January.

INDIA'S fortunes remained unchanged. They suffered their third defeat in consecutive matches, their only consolation being that they had lost to New Zealand in the tightest finish the current competition had so far produced. The margin was a large one of five wickets, but the winning hit was struck as late as the penultimate ball of the match.

Still, as New Zealand crept towards their target of 239 it seemed they had some power to spare and a victory for them had looked inevitable almost throughout their innings. With the pitch easy and the outfield fast India needed at least another 20 runs to put them under pressure.

There were two changes in the side one of them of course necessitated by Sunil Gavaskar's back problem. Ravi Shastri moved up the order to open the innings in his place and the vacancy was filled by the re-instatement after three matches of Dilip Vengsarkar, who looked the better for the break.

The other alteration was the replacement of Sivaramakrishnan with Shivlal Yadav which, although it proved of no profit, seemed appropriate in view of the proliferation of left handers in the New Zealand line up.

The basic reason for India's defeat was again the lack of depth in their bowling and less than required agility in the field. But they could have got away with these weaknesses had they set New Zealand even a slightly larger target.

India's failure to make a bigger score was a bad start, which was the outcome of impatience. With the ball seaming around at the start, Coney kept Chatfield and Hadlee on for longer than he normally does and Shastri and Srikkanth, contained to only 14 runs in the first eight overs, became agitated.

Srikkanth, committing himself to the front foot too early, and Shastri missing a straight ball from Hadlee in trying to deflect, were out in the ninth and tenth overs. Coney could not have kept his opening bowlers on for much longer and if only Srikkanth had waited another over or two he could have feasted himself for the rest of the bowling was moderate.

This early crisis and another which developed later when Vengsarkar and Azharuddin got out in quick succession were handled without panic. Mohinder Amarnath and Vengsarkar



Richard Hadlee signs for the benefit of admirers in Sydney

put on 82 for the third wicket, both playing fluently and, for a change, running between the wickets more enterprisingly.

India's position was far from tenable when Azharuddin was fourth out at 115, but Amarnath, who made 73 from 104 balls, with thre fours and six, and Kapil Dev staged another revival, putting on 67 from ten overs.

Amarnath struck a superb cover-drive off Bracewell and a mighty straight six off Coney during their partnership, but otherwise the runs came from adroit placements and it was curious that Kapil Dev made 47 without a single boundary hit.

It would have been idea if Kapil had stayed to cut loose in the final overs but the blow of his dismissal was less severly felt for Chetan Sharma striking out nobly at Hadlee in the last over, which yielded 16 invaluable runs, of which all but two were pillaged by the little quick bowler.

India were lucky that Hadlee, apart from his fine opening spell, did not bowl well. However, Ewen Chatfield surpassed himself and Martin Crowe bowled four tight overs at a crucial stage.

New Zealand thrived on a succession of sizeable partnership. John Wright, hooking and pulling at anything minitely short, provided the early impetus and then Martin Crowe took command to share partnerships of 63 and 64 with left-handers Bruce Edgar and John Reid.

India's outcricket began to wear a look of utter hoplessness during the second of these stands. Yadav bowled at Crowe's leg stump and with his strong bottom hand, he freely kept putting the ball away into on-side gaps.

For Reid, there was a long-off posted although he had shown no inclination to loft the ball and what he did was stroke the ball for one in that region and give Crowe the stike. At one time Kapil Dev was at such a loss to plug the gaps that even Sivaramakrishnan fielding as substitute, began to openly offer advice!

Martin Crowe gave India a chance of getting back in the match by lofting a catch when there seemed no need for an outrageous risk. Another quick wicket and India would have been on top, for New Zealand still had another 54 runs to get, with only 44 balls left.

But Jeff Crowe and Coney kept New Zealand at a gallop. Again India did not field well and the only redeeming performances were a brilliant stumping that More brought about to dismiss Wright, who had dragged his foot beyond the crease in trying to drive Amarnath and Binny's run out of Reid from mid-wicket.



"Ooh, how did that happen?" Edgar is bowled by Kapil in the Brisbane match

India vs N.Zealand, Adelaide, 25 January.

India vs Australia, Adelaide. 26 January.

INDIA's sagging hopes of qualifying for the finals rose again after a handsome five-wicket win over New Zealand. They should have made it a double by beating Australia on the next day, but were delivered by grotesque umpiring decision and a dropped chance.

It was a marked improvement in their outcricket that enabled India to turn the tables on New Zealand, to whom they had gone down in both their last two meetings. A green, grassy pitch prompted the inclusion of an extra seamer in Raju Kulkarni in place of Shivlal Yadav and he proved a valuable addition to the attack which, as a whole, performed admirably.

Roger Binny, a consistent wicket taker in the earlier matches, but also expensive for lack of length, managed in his best performance of the series, dismissing both New Zealand openers for very little and then continuing to bowl meaningly until forced off the field by a pulled muscle in the thigh which also kept him out of the next day's match against Australia.

India's fielding also touched levels not even approached by them in their six previous games. Only one catch was missed but that lapse, ironically, transformed a one-horse race into a contest.

That missed chance at mid-wicket by Srikkanth, extended Richard Hadlee's innings from nine to 71 and New Zealand, who would have been 75 for seven at that stage, went on to total 172. When India replied to this score, the pitch, although scorched by a blazing sun remained lively and bouncy.

Thus their start was as indifferent as New Zealand's. Ravi Shastri, who opened in place of the injured Sunil Gavaskar, Srikkanth and Mohinder Amarnath departing for only 26 runs, which had taken 12 overs to compile. They found runs very hard to come by against Chatfield, who bowled his ten overs for only 13 runs and Gillespie, who picked up two wickets in each of his two spells.

The tide was turned by the magnificent batting of Mohammed Azharuddin, the Man of the Match, who scored 69 not out and shared in two lucrative partnerships with Dilip Vengsarkar and Ashok Malhotra.

While Azharuddin kept the score ticking along with placements off the accurate seam bowlers, he reached his full stature when John Bracewell, the off spinner, came on for the 30th over. Bracewell has a fine reputation as a one-day bowler, but he could not exert any check of Azharuddin who used his brilliant footwork to impose his authority.

Under attack, Bracewell could not find his rhythm and Azharuddin played a series of magnificent drives which time and again pierced the field. Malhotra too set about him freely and India sped along to their first win in four matches.

On the next day, against Australia, Kapil Dev, who has been exceptionally lucky with the coin in this series, again won the toss and decided to put the opposition in. But this time, the seamers bowled less well and Australia got off to a rapid start which pointed to another run riot like the one in Sydney, when they posted India with a total of 292.

Australia's openers, Boon and Marsh took them to 50 without loss and then three wickets fell quickly, including that of Allan Border. But then the match was snatched out of their grip by a magnificent 81, including four fours and two sixes by Stephen Waugh, who was desperately lucky.

Waugh should have gone at four when he and Ritchie hesitated over a run for a square-cut by Waugh. Mohinder Amarnath threw in from third-man with pinpoint accuracy and More had the bails off with Waugh some way short of his crease.

But umpire Ray Isherwood, who had proved so unsatisfactory in the second Test at Melbourne and was fiercely criticised by Kapil Dev on that occasion, ruled in favour of the batsman.

Had Waugh gone then, Australia would have been 86 for four. He had another reprieve at eleven in a total of 106 when Kapil Dev, at short mid-on, put down a stiff chance off Chetan Sharma. Greg Ritchie, who put on 55 runs with Waugh, was run out at 134, but Waugh now found another able partner in Greg Matthews.

They added 92 from only a dozen overs and before the overs ran out, Wayne Phillips launched a blazing offensive in which he plundered 22 runs off only eight balls.

To stay in contention, India needed a contribution from Srikkanth. But it was not forthcoming. What was worse, Mohinder Amarnath succumbed to the very next ball after the dismissal of Srikkanth. A brief revival at the centre of which was Sunil Gavaskar, was followed by two more quick reverses and India were a miserable 75 for four with 19 overs gone.

Still, there was plenty of fight left. Gavaskar, who had hit two crisp fours and a spectacular pulled six early in the innings, and Shastri put on a rapid partnership of 97 although Gavaskar, after reaching his 50 from 67 balls, seemed to tire in the legs and was unable to put the ball away as freely as before.

Shastri, who made 55 from 62 balls, with four fours and a six, and Gavaskar were out within three overs of each other. Gavaskar in the ninth over, when India needed 77.

A typical Kapil Dev innings could still have won the match for India but just as he was about to cut loose, he and Chetan Sharma were out to successive balls and all hope of victory was extinguished.

N.Zealand vs Australia, Adelaide, 27 January.

JUST as India's challenge for a place in the Benson and Hedges final looked to be strengthening again at the weekend with a fine win over New Zealand and a close-run match with Australia, their hopes were dealt a crushing blow by New Zealand beating Australia in the last match of the Adelaide leg of the competition.

New Zealand, a very game side and including two world-class players in Richard Hadlee and Martin Crowe, posssessed the potential to beat Australia in any conditions and their victory was no surprise. But a winning margin of 206 runs certainly made the mind boggle.

Having ensured their own place in the finals when they beat India and gained their fifth win in seven matches on the previous day, Australia were in too

SUNIL Gavaskar missed India's crucial match against New Zealand because of an injury described as pressure on a sciatic nerve in the lumbar region. He said that he had been troubled for a whole week, but found himself in increased pain and discomfort on the morning of the match and unable to walk freely.

It was denied that his absence was in any way connected with his 'go slow' in India's previous Benson and Hedges Cup match against Australia in Sydney two days earlier.

Gavaskar also denied strongly that he had been reprimanded for the incident as manager Venkataraghavan had claimed to have done on the eve of the Melbourne match.

AUSTRALIA:

G. Marsh c Azharuddin b Sharma	125
D. Boon c Amarnath b Shastri	83
A. Border c Srikkanth b Sharma	52
W. Phillips c Kapil b Sharma	7
G. Ritchie run out	1
S. Waugh not out	6
C. McDermott run out	2
G. Matthews not out	1
Extras: (9-lb, 2-w, 4-nb)	15
Total:(for 6 wkts off 50 overs)	292

Fall of wickets: 1/152, 2/273, 3/282, 4/283, 5/283, 6/286.
Did not bat: B. Reid, D. Gilbert, S. Davis.
Bowling: Kapil 10-0-68-0; Binny 7-0-48-0 (2nb), Sharma 9-0-61-3 (2nb, 2w), Amarnath 10-0-36-0, Shastri 10-0-42-1, Sivaramakrishnan 4-0-28-0.

INDIA:

K. Srikkanth c Border b Davis	20
S.M. Gavaskar not out	92
M.B. Amarnath c Matthews b Gilbert	16
A. Malhotra c Matthews b Gilbert	5
Kapil Dev c McDermott b Matthews	28
M. Azharuddin not out	17
Extras: (lb-8, nb-4, w-2)	14
Total: (for 4 wkts 50 overs)	192

Fall of wickets: 1/31, 2/74, 3/93, 4/158.
Did not bat: R.J Shastri, R.M.H. Binny, K.S. More, L. Sivaramakrishnan, C. Sharma.
Bowling: McDermott 9-0-27-0 (1w), Davis 7-0-30-1, Reid 10-0-28-0 (4 nb), Gilbert 10-0-36-2 (1w), Matthews 10-0-49-1, Waugh 3-0-10-0, Marsh 1-0-4-0.

INDIA

K. Srikkanth c and b Chatfield	9
R. Shastri lbw Hadlee	6
M. Amarnath c and b Bracewell	74
D Vengsarkar b Bracewell	43
M. Azharuddin run out	12
Kapil Dev c Bracewell b Chatfield	47
A. Malhotra c Wright b Chatfield	7
C. Sharma b Chatfield	20
R. Binny b Chatfield	11
K. More not out	1
Extras: (b-2, lb-3, w-3)	8
Total: for eight wickets	238

Fall of wickets: 1 15, 2 16, 3 98, 4 115, 5 182, 6 205, 7 205, 8 220.
Bowling: Hadlee 10-1-52-1 (w2), Chatfield 10-2-28-4, Coney 7-0-36-0 Bracewell 10 053-2, Boock 8-0-51-0, M. Crowe 5-0-13-0.
Batting time: 119 minutes.

NEW ZEALAND:

J. Wright st More b Amarnath	39
B. Edgar c Vengsarkar b Shastri	30
M. Crowe c Shastri b Kapil Dev	67
J. Reid run out	35
J. Crowe b Kapil Dev	30
J. Coney not out	27
R. Hadlee not out	1
Extras: (b-1, lb-7, w-2)	10
Total: for five wickets	239

Fall of wickets: 1/49, 2/112, 3/176, 4/185, 5/235.
Bowling: Kapil Dev 10-1-36-2, Binny 5.5-1-31-0, Sharma 10-0-57-0, Amarnath 5-0-26-1, Shastri 10-0-31-1, Yadav 9-0-51-0.
Batting time: 204 minutes.

NEW ZEALAND:

J. Wright c More b Binny	7
B. Edgar c Vengsarkar b Binny	2
M. Crowe c More b Shastri	28
J. Reid c Vengsarkar b Kulkarni	9
J. Crowe c Malhotra b Kulkarni	7
J. Coney c and b Shastri	4
R. Hadlee b Kapil Dev	71
J. Bracewell c Kapil Dev b Amarnath	20
E. McSweeny b Sharma	5
S. Gillespie b Kapil	4
E. Chatfield not out	4
Extras:	11
Total:	172

Fall of wickets: 1/12, 2/13, 3/37, 4/57, 5/58, 6/65, 7/119, 8/130, 9/144.
Bowling: Kapil 9.2-3-24-2, Binny 7-1-19-2, Sharma 10-0-46-1, Kulkarni 9-1-28-2, Shastri 10-1-36-2, Amarnath 4-0-21-0.

INDIA:

Shastri lbw b Hadlee	2
Srikkanth c Coney b Gillespie	16
Amarnath c McSweeney b Gillespie	5
Vengsarkar c M. Crowe b Gillespie	32
Azharuddin not out	69
Malhotra c Reid b Gillespie	33
Kapil Dev not out	6
Extras:	11
Total: for five wickets	174

Fall of wickets: 1-2, 2-25, 3-26, 4/85, 5/158.
Bowling: Hadlee 10-3-28-1, Chatfield 10-5-13-0, Gillespie 10-3-30-4, M. Crowe 4-0-25-0, Coney 5-0-29-0, Bracewell 7-0-44-0.

relaxed a mood. Furthermore, Border having previously declared his intention to experiment in the remaining games, rearranged his batting order and stuck to it in spite of the fact that Australia were posed with a colossal total of 276.

Steve Waugh was promoted to Border's position at number three and newcomer Glenn Trimble was sent in at number four, Border himself dropping down to six and leaving only one recognised batsman, Wayne Phillips, to come in after him.

The experiment was doomed to disaster, Australia being bowled out for only 70, with 23-1/2 overs of their quota left unused. This meant that an enormous holiday crowd of 26,000 which had bought tickets many weeks in advance, was wending its way home by four o'clock in the afternoon.

As Richard Hadlee bowled to take three of the first four wickets for only 14 runs, making the ball seam and bounce on a pitch that had looked completely flat when New Zealand batted on it, it is unlikely that Australia would have got very near their target in any circumstances.

At the same time, there is no doubt that they would have tried much harder if their place in the finals was at stake and officials of the South Australian Cricket Association were highly displeased that the crown had been so badly let down.

India had equal reason to be aggrieved for the New Zealand victory placed a huge barrier in their path to the finals. It now meant that India, to qualify, needed to win both their remaining matches and New Zealand had to be beaten at least once.

PRESS CLIPPINGS

Overbidding

A THREE member Commission of Inquiry of the International Sports Federation expresses "full satisfaction" about the capacity and capability of New Delhi to host the 1992 Olympic Games.

The Commission, also known as the Association of Summer Olympic International Federation (ASOIF), comprised high officials of different international sporting federations.

They told newsmen that they were "more than convinced" that the Indian Olympic Association was capable of organising the Games in 1992.

"If India gets the green signal from the International Olympic Committee on October 17 this year to host the Games we are sure the IOA will do the job magnificently," they said.

MEANWHILE a delegation of the IOA, headed by the president Mr. V.C. Shukla, met the Prime Minister Mr Rajiv Gandhi to apprise him of India's bid to hold the 1992 Games. It was reported that the Prime Minister's reaction to the proposal was "positive". The IOA president was told that the matter was going to be considered by the Union Cabinet shortly.

However, the government is yet to back the IOA bid officially. Unless and until this is done India's chances are zero.

JOHN McENROE, the first player to be simultaneously ranked number one both in singles and doubles on the ATP computer, will not be playing doubles for the next few years.

According to *Tennis*, the largest circulated tennis publication, McEnroe split with his regular doubles mate Peter Flemming, saying, "I think for the first time it (playing doubles) was starting to hurt my singles."

The magazine quoted McEnroe as saying he would eventually return but would, in all probability pair up with younger brother Patrick. Flemming in the meantime has teamed up with John Lloyd, Chris Lloyd's Britisher husband.

Paths of glory

THIS year's Ranji Trophy Zonal championships have seen two dark horse winners. Just a month back the Tamil Nadu Ranji Trophy cricket team was going to Vizag in a first class bogie. Also travelling in the same train but in the second class were their opponents Andhra Pradesh, privileged for only second class fare because of the apparent lack of funds in the Andhra Cricket Association.

Over that four week period the Andhra team has been in the news quite often. They have not only earned the right to qualify for the knock-out stage of the national competition for the first time but have also bagged the South Zone title and along with it the M.D. Sundararajan trophy. The trophy till now had been a monopoly between Karnataka, Tamil Nadu and Hyderabad (who like Bombay have their own team).

Mr S. Sriraman, president of the Board of Control for Cricket in India (BCCI) paid tribute to the Andhra team saying that their success "has really proved what team work can do. Their success has opened an exciting path in South Zone cricket."

Another such path has been opened out in the West with Bombay last year's Ranji Trophy winner being dethroned as the zonal champions. The new champions Maharashtra do not have a single big name in their side but are a well knit unit under the able guidance of Milind Gunjal.



Tim Witherspoon reacts to the announcement that he won a split decision from Tony Tubbs to gain the World Boxing Association heavyweight championship at the Omni in Atlanta recently.

Grand Slam

THIRTEEN years after the Association of Tennis Professional (ATP) boycotted Wimbledon, the players union are united behind a new move that could bring the ATP into confrontation with the world's four grand slam championships.

Writing in *The Times* Richard Evans said that the ATP is asking for money—a share of fractionally less than 10 per cent of the television rights accrued by the grand slam tournaments each year.

With other sports in America parting with a percentage of their television income and realising that the bigger tournaments have massive profits, the players finally decided that they should have a slice of the cake. The money however is to be used "solely for a player's pension fund."

With John McEnroe and Mats Wilander, members of the ATP Board and Ivan Lendl promising his full support the players seem to be solid on the issue and with the kind of popularity the game has gained, it is difficult to see how the tournaments can be refused their demands outright. And no one can afford the damaging effect of another boycott.

No Contest

GARY KASPAROV, aged 22, the new and youngest World Chess Champion has told *The Times*, London that he "cannot and will not" contest the return match with defeated champion Anatoly Karpov.

Nehru Gold Cup Soccer

Value for money...and thrills for free

IT would be significant in a way if the Nehru Gold Cup, the only true international football tournament in India, had to depend on the participation of socialist nations for its survival The first Prime Minister of India was known the world over for his socialist leanings; indeed, no nation cherishes the memory of Jawaharlal Nehru as respectfully as communist or socialist countries. Today, the tournament that derives its name from our former leader can look only to socialist states for quality participants. It is somewhat ironical that a country like India, which clings steadfastly to a fake professional soccer setup should have to rely on the amateurish honesty of totalitarian societies.

Since the inception of the Nehru Cup, the real status of several participants has often been shrouded in mystery. It has been most surprising that the All India Football Federation has often failed to establish the true identities of these teams. It is patently clear that somebody, somewhere, has been playing deliberate tricks to fool the public.

But who? That is the question. The ignorance of the AIFF is understandable to a certain extent, given its inefficient way of handling things over the years. Also perturbing is the fact that the Federation uses a variety of sources—including a well-known travel agency—to get in touch with most foreign teams. A senior official of this agency proudly told an Indian journalist that the Peruvian team comprised no fewer than seven World Cuppers. On close scrutiny, the claim was discovered to be totally baseless. Even more intriguing are the conflicting statements made by most foreign teams, especially those from Latin America, when pestered by journalists to divulge their true identities. Fishy, wouldn't you say? Somebody, somewhere along the line is misleading us, deliberately or otherwise.

In such an atmosphere of suspicion, the socialist participants are reassuringly exceptional. They are the only ones who do not hesitate to speak the truth about themselves. You know precisely whom you are dealing with. The reason for the difference is so simple to figure out. For most non-socialist countries, the Nehru Cup is a money-making binge even though the AIFF cannot afford to pay them as much as leading professional sides would demand. Consequently, many teams that compete here comprise second or third grade professionals who do not mind making some easy money while enjoying a winter holiday in tropical India.

At the same time they do not quite like the idea of divulging their true status. Such an indiscretion would embarrass the players as well as the host federation. By way of contrast, the amateur sides have nothing to hanker for, nor anything to hide.

The East Germans made no secret of the fact that they were a young side consisting of players who are being watched and groomed for the 1988 Olympics. The Russians gave detailed accounts of their boys, only three of whom they described as national players. China made amends for their mistake of last year by bringing their full strength national side. Only the professionals of Peru and South Korea remained suspect.

This brings us to the crux of the problem. In the past, the AIFF has succeeded in bringing a few top professional sides from Europe and Latin America to India. Remember Uruguay of the first tournament? Or Argentina of the 1984 Nehru Cup? What then prevented them from bringing such

Prasanta Banerjee on the goal-line; but Brahmanand does the needful in the game against GDR





Korea's Gon gets the better of Subir Sarkar

teams to Trivandrum? Although some AIFF office bearers refused to admit, one was given to understand that Delhi's refusal to sanction foreign exchange was the main reason for the federation's failure to field better sides. If that is so, what then is the future of the Nehru Cup? In the past the government has not exactly been excessively generous or forthcoming with regard to the required foreign exchange. Now that the AIFF has failed to convince Delhi, the question is whether the Nehru Cup tournament will survive or not. If indeed it does, it might have to depend largely on the mercy of socialist nations.

There is worse news to follow, concerning not just the fate of the Nehru Cup, but of football itself. Till this issue went to press, the AIFF had not received government clearance for the Indian soccer team's participation in the tenth Asiad. Nothing would

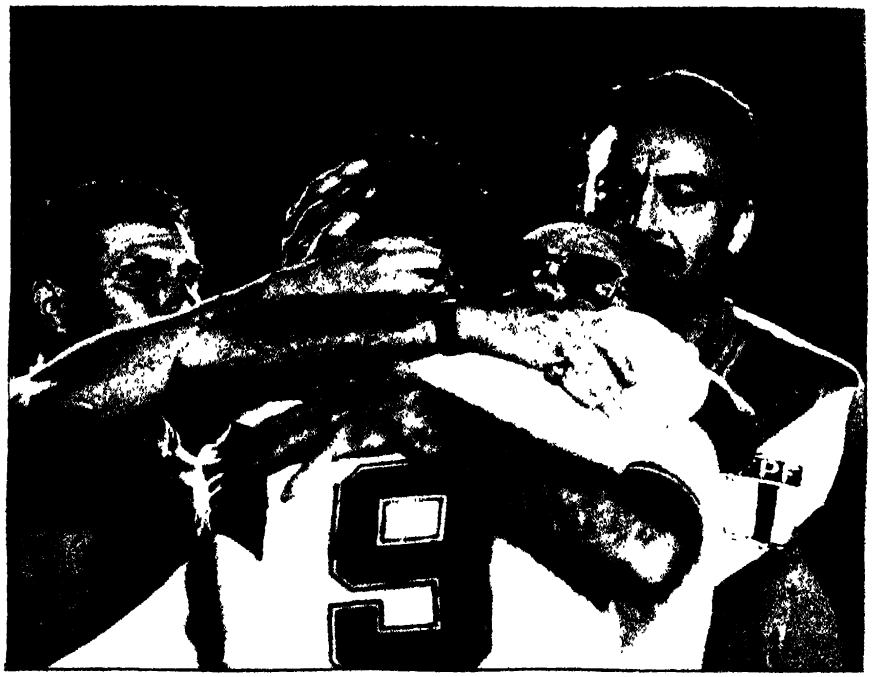
Jurgen of GDR scores his side's only goal against the Soviets



be more humiliating for the Federation chiefs and their coach P.K. Banerjee, than failure to receive this clearance.

SELF contradiction has become a way of life for the Indian football coach. Pressurised by swiftly changing circumstances and provoked by a certain section of the Indian press, PK has continuously been issuing contradictory statements. It was well known how extravagantly PK expressed his confidence in the younger players of the present national side after their success at the Dhaka SAF games. Further praise followed on the eve of the Nehru Gold Cup, but the debacles that followed, against Russia, Korea and East Germany, prompted the coach to make a volte face and condemn his boys. PK certainly had a point when he denounced the juniors, for their inexperience had been cruelly exposed in the first three matches. What was confusing was that, even as he lamented the absence of the senior players who were doing duty for East Bengal at Jeddah, the coach emphasised that the present lot should be persisted with, come what may.

Even worse, PK was reported in a certain section of the press to have expressed his desire to resign as coach. However, in the presence of several media representatives including this writer, the Indian coach repeatedly spoke of his determination to carry on.



The Peruvians congratulate each other as only they can, after beating South Korea

It can be imagined what PK's reply to these charges would be. In the past, there have been occasions when he has complained of being misquoted. It is difficult to establish how far his claims are true, but it is well known that his is the price one pays for being too close to the press. It is time the coach realises that he is not only confusing the public, but harming the morale of his boys as well. It is a known fact that many of the country's leading footballers are upset about PK's penchant of making uncalled-for comments to the Press.

It was also rather unfair that the

The referee asks a Peruvian official to leave the ground during their match against Korea



Indian debacle should have been blown up so disproportionately. Just as everyone was grumbling about the redoubtable status of the foreign teams one should also remember that India herself did not field her best side. If India suffered a setback, it was the failure of an experiment with a new set of players who were by no means mature enough to cope with soccer of international class. When the German team manager during a casual conversation, expressed sympathy for the Indians after they were beaten 6-0 by the defending champions, he could barely have visualised the fate that awaited his own team. In retrospect, after conceding four goals to the Russians, he must have felt that his sympathies were rather ironical, if not misdirected. For by then the Russians had forced everyone with the exception of China, to a state of self-pity.

The Russians had a 'terrible trio' in their ranks: mid-fielder Rates, captain Shavlo and forward Belanov. Together they formed the nucleus of the Russian strength and on most occasions they masterminded the



The picture says it all



Midfield action from the India-GDR match



The Indian players down and out

break down of the opposing defence.

The Russians also possessed the admirable versatility of switching tactics according to the fluidity of the situation. Though their stress was always on long, diagonal passes which were amazingly accurate, the Soviets were adept at making short, swift, closely-knit moves to add variation to their attack. In addition, there were those sudden spurts of individual brilliance; sparkling solo moves by Shavlo or Belanov to tear the rival defence to shreds.

In comparison the East Germans, though well versed in the technique of modern, cerebral football, were less versatile than the Russians. There was a streak of monotony about their game, which failed to match the fluid ease of the Soviets. When they met the Russians, the Germans sought to snatch the initiative through a quick succession of relentless attack on their goal. But the Soviets reduced their strategy to naught by virtue of greater ball-winning power and better co-ordination. German enthusiasm was first restricted, then hammered down, with three goals in the first half itself. The Germans retaliated with a solitary goal, but that was all. The rest was the old, sad story of a good side running out of breath before going down to a faster, fitter and more mature side.

THE Peruvians always looked as if they had a point to prove. They were aware that Trivandrum was the stage on which they had to display their true potential. They wanted to spring a surprise. Clearly apparent in their game was every single characteristic—hustling included—of South American football. The Koreans, when they met Peru, had to give in after a half-hearted attempt to dominate the match. The magic of Latin America, no matter who turns it on, always lends colour to a tournament, anywhere. The Peruvians kept alive hopes of some genuine fireworks in the later stages of the tournament, but the difference of class was all too palpable. Their immaturity was apparent time and again in their inconsistency and failure to maintain their rhythm; an inherent penchant for intelligent, imaginative football their only saving grace.

FOR all the Indian failures over the years, there have always been moments of consolation for the home team in every Nehru Cup tournament. In Trivandrum, such a moment arrived when the final whistle signalled the end of a goalless India China match. It was an honourable draw if ever there was one, for China had earlier held Russia in one of football's stranger equations of comparative performance. If any single player salvaged his reputation in a sudden burst of brilliance in this match, it was Indian defender Krishnendu Roy, a tougher player than his physique suggests. It was he who blunted the Chinese scoring thrusts and except for one mistake that could have proved costly, played an immaculate game. So too did Brahmanand in goal. For some time his anticipation had been in question; so also his flight judgement. But here he provided glimpses of his old brilliance in both these spheres in this match impressed all and sundry.

The floodlights of the Chandrasekharan Nair Stadium have been switched off. Only seven months ago this venue was little more than an open field. Yet, right on schedule it bore witness to a fortnight of exciting if not excellent soccer, thanks to the sharp organising ability of those who control Kerala football. Cooperation and assistance were forthcoming from all quarters. The government promised to stand by in the event of losses being incurred. The police and administration volunteered to take care of every other conceivable aspect, from erecting the stadium to selling tickets.

If only our footballers had given us a few moments of joy.

Suprakash Ghoshal in Trivandrum

Daddy's the boss

Lawrie McMenemy tells of the problems professional footballers face if their father happens to be the manager of their club

IT is never easy for footballers with famous fathers to make progress in the game. But imagine what the pressures must be like when your dad is Brian Clough, and he is the manager of your club!

In view of the manner in which Nottingham Forest's 19-year-old striker Nigel Clough has handled that situation, I have no hesitation in nominating him as my young English League star to watch in 1986.

I can talk with some authority about the problems which this lad has had to overcome in establishing himself as a regular and worthy member of Forest's first-team this season.

Brian Clough, and John Bond, whose son Kevin worked under him at Bournemouth, Norwich and Manchester City (and under me at Southampton) are two of my closest friends in football. In addition to discussing the cases of Nigel and Kevin with them, I had one of my own sons—Chris, 24—on my playing staff at Southampton for two and a half years, and he is now with me again, as youth team coach at Sunderland.

When assessing the disadvantages of that sort of situation, I suppose the best place to start is with Chris, and his 21-year-old brother Sean.

Chris, a midfielder, joined Southampton from school at 16 and there is no doubt in my mind that he was as good as any of our other lads in that age group. He didn't have a lot of pace - his biggest weakness - but that was more than offset by his ability to read the game and his skill on the ball. I am convinced that he would have been able to make a decent living as a Football League pro.

As it turned out, Chris himself decided to call it a day—in favour of playing part-time for Romsey Town in the Hampshire League and developing a coaching career—because he didn't like the intense atmosphere of the full-time game.

It was particularly difficult for him to come to terms with that atmosphere because, as he often remarked to me: "Though being your son, I feel I have to be twice as good as everyone else to be taken seriously."

I consider that Sean, who operated alongside the former Southampton striker Ian Baird (now Leeds United) in his school team, would also have made a good Football League player. But, influenced by Chris's experiences, he turned to a career as a pop musician.

That Nigel Clough and Kevin Bond have done so well is a tribute as much to their single-mindedness as to their ability.

It also reflects enormous credit on Brian Clough and John Bond, in terms of their ability to treat their sons exactly the same as all their other players.

Kenny Swain, the former Nottingham Forest full-back now with Portsmouth, summed it up nicely recently when he said: "Cloughie gave Nigel as much stick as he gave any of the other Forest lads. In fact, I often had the impression that he treated him the same even at home. You know, we'd ask Nigel: 'What's the boss going to do about the match this week?' and Nigel would say: 'I haven't a clue,' or "Well, I asked him last night, and he just told me to.....off".

As for Nigel Clough, I suspect that he has been able to do that just through his performances...and his goals.

When assessing the factors which have boosted their pay packets, players look not so much at the men who have won a lot of tackles, or made telling passes, but those who have repeatedly put the ball in the net. No-one is critical of a player who does that.

When Nigel was knocking in the goals for his school teams, Brian asked me if I would be prepared to give him a trial at Southampton. I agreed to have him at the Dell for the coaching we gave boys during the school holidays and, a month or two later, left a message for him at Forest to remind him of the offer.

Looking at the impact Nigel Clough has made in recent months, I now appreciate why Brian never came back to me on that one!

Nigel Clough—a star in the making



Colorsport

Holding centrestage

Terry Butcher points out the men who could take the place of the injured Bryan Robson in the England squad

IS Bryan Robson irreplaceable? If you were Ron Atkinson or a Manchester United supporter right now the answer would probably be 'Yes'.

I'm sure Big Ron is not the only man worried by Bryan's prolonged absence because of nagging hamstring and calf injuries. For England manager Bobby Robson knows that Bryan is as influential for country as he is for club.

Already there have been rumours that Bryan's injury may force him out of the World Cup.

Well, knowing Bryan as I do, I don't believe that for a minute. He is such a determined character that I am convinced he will beat the injury in time to play enough games for United to be in peak condition by . June. Nevertheless, Bobby Robson may well have to experiment. Fortunately he has a far greater choice of immediate replacement than Atkinson.

For instance, when Bryan was unavailable for the game against Northern Ireland after being injured in the previous game against Turkey, Paul Bracewell came in and did a competent job. Like Bryan, the Everton midfield man is a very physical all-action player. However, he does not get forward with the same force as the England skipper.

He was fortunate that in that game, the excellent attacking form of Glenn Hoddle with Ray Wilkins playing the anchor role from midfield, did much to compensate.

If Peter Reid was fit then I think he would be the automatic choice because of the way he performed during England's summer tour of Mexico and against Rumania at Wembley.

But apart from those two there are several on the periphery who are worth a chance to prove they can take Robson's place should he be unavailable.

England Under-21 International, Aston Villa's Steve Hodge would probably top my list, because he complements the attributes of hard work and defensive qualities with an ability to get into the opponent's penalty area and snatch goals.

He is also prepared to go down the flanks, take opponents on and hit dangerous crosses, which would be an added bonus, particularly if there was only one winger playing.

Chelsea's Nigel Spackman is something of an unsung hero at Stamford Bridge, but I'm sure he could come in and do the job.

He particularly impressed me when Chelsea beat Ipswich 2-0 at Portman Road earlier this season. Playing in a side who employ two wingers he was asked to do an unbelievable amount of work.

Yet Spackman took it all in his stride, won the ball well and had the time and awareness to use it. If I had one criticism, it would be that he does not get forward enough, but then, playing in a side with four forwards he has to be careful not to expose his defence.

A year ago Steve Williams would probably have been the automatic replacement, but since joining Arsenal from Southampton things haven't gone well for him.

Away from football, you could not meet a nicer guy. But, his fiery character seems to have caused him unnecessary trouble on and off the field.

He has suffered a little in the England games he has played because he has been played on one of the flanks, whereas I feel he does a better job in Robson's role at the centre of the action. He has proved he can do it at International level, though, and if he sorts himself out at Arsenal, he has a great chance of getting back in the England squad.

Steve's team-mate at Highbury, Stewart Robson is yet another who has impressed me. He is the ideal man from a centre-half's point of view because he sweeps up so well in front of the back four.

One man I would love to see back in the England set-up, however, is West Ham's Alan Devonshire. He doesn't fit exactly into the Robson mould but if you watch hm closely he does more than his share of defensive work. Given the freedom Robson enjoys in the England side, Devonshire could be just as influential.

I know one thing... there are an awful lot of midfield players who will be battling for a place in the coming months.

Indeed, when I look back to the last World Cup and realise I only established myself in the side two months before the finals and then played in all but one of our games in Spain, it is clear that all the players I have mentioned still have a great chance of making that plane for Monterrey.

Bryan Robson will do his best to be fit



Colorsport

THERE are many surprises in this year's World Cup finals. And Iraq and Canada must surely be the biggest of the surprises.

Iraq is the unknown factor in the tournament and the team playing them first will be taking them lightly. Moreover they are in what seems to be the easiest group of the tournament (Group B: Mexico, Belgium Paraguay and Iraq) and have even become confident of getting into the second round. Cayetano the Paraguayan manager who threatened to quit after he had got his team into the finals but has stayed on, had this to say about Iraq: "That one has taken me a bit by surprise. I know absolutely nothing about them." Ans his words summed up the world's reaction to the Middle-East team.

In their last qualifying game Iraq beat Syria and the country's soccer crazy citizens went berserk.

Wild street celebrations followed Iraq's win and the players were given a hero's welcome on their arrival at the airport. One Iraqi sports daily had warned on the morning of the game that if .... "In case of loss, God forbid, the people will not stand idle but will pelt those who disappoint their hopes with tomatoes and bottles." But that was not to be and Iraq now go to Mexico to show the world the stuff they are made of.

Canada has their toughest game first—against France and then they also have the Soviets who in turn feel that the unfashionable finalists should not be written off. Said one, Soviet official. "Ours is a very even group. We must not discount Canada. I wouldn't be surprised if they upset everybody's calculations."

MOROCCO may have come into the finals from the so called 'third world' section but they will be anything but also-rans—as Group F contenders England, Poland and Portugal should discover.

They have as their team manager the experienced Brazilian coach Jose Faria, but the Moroccans gain a lot of their soccer inspiration from France.

Manager Faria has an impressive track record, which includes a successful spell as manager of top Rio club Fluminense and work in the oil-rich state of Qatar before he took over the top Moroccan club, FAR, in 1979. He took them to an unprecidented league and cup double and thus became the automatic choice to take over the national side.

In Moroccan soccer the stress has been, through the years, more on skill and technique than the other aspects of the game. Many of their star players have even gone on to become successful professionals in France. The best, in the 1950's, was a coloured insideforward named Larbi Ben Barek.

After Morocco gained independence in the mid 1950's, the Moroccan federation joined FIFA.

Still many of their players moved to France—among them current veteran national team centre-forward Merry Krimau. Facing English opposition won't worry him: in 1981 he was a member of the Bastis team, from French Corsica, who knocked Newcastle United out of the UEFA Cup.

In 1970 Morocco reached the World Cup finals in Mexico (their lucky hunting ground, it seems). They lost only narrowly to West Germany, 2-1, leading 1-0 at half time and forced a 1-1 draw with Bulgaria.

But the present team is rated even more highly, apparently by fooball-mad king Hussian II. In goal they have their skipper, Ezaki Badou (called Zaki), the best keeper in Africa at present. In eight matches in the tough African qualifying section he only conceded one goal.

Two of Morocco's top players are based in Switzerland and alongside them is the man described as the current "African Pele." He's 25-year-old Mohamed Timoumi. He has turned down offers from Spain because he wants to go to France after the World Cup to follow the footsteps of his hero Michel Platini.

In spite of their credentials Morocco were not too pleased with their draw. Said Sports Minister Abdul Latif Semlali: "It is a very unfavourable draw for us. But I'm sure our players will do their best to show the sort of progress our football has made in the 16 years since we reached the finals in Mexico before."

What and when

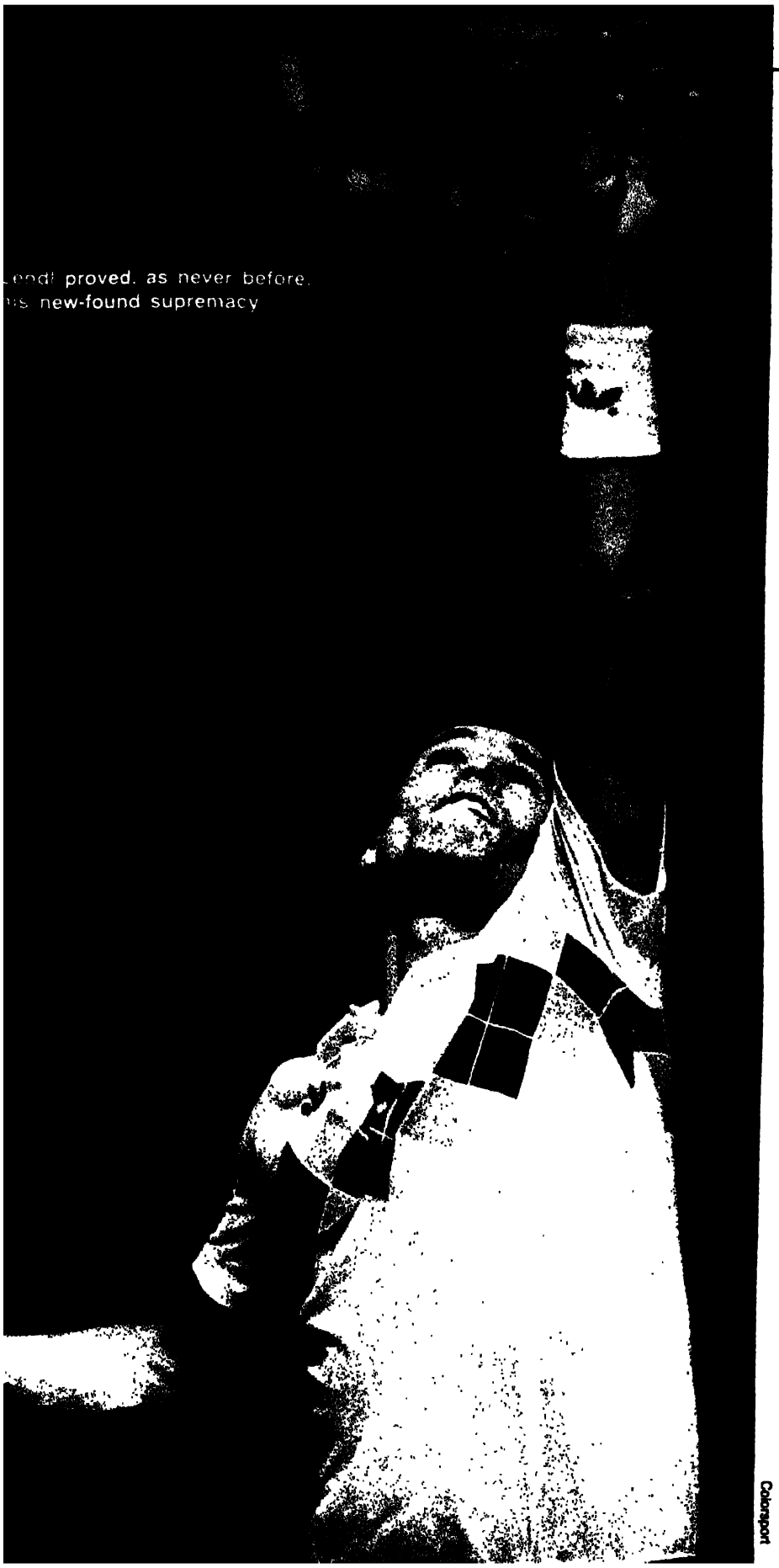
GROUP A: in Puebla and Mexico City
MAY 31: (Aztec Stadium, Mexico City), Italy v Bulgaria (22.30 hrs IST)
JUNE 2: (Olympico, Mexico City) Argentina v South Korea (2.30)
JUNE 5: (Olympico) Bulgaria v S.Korea (2.30)
JUNE 5: (Puebla) Italy v Argentina (22.30)
JUNE 10: (Puebla) Italy v S.Korea (22.30)
JUNE 10: (Olympico) Bulgaria v Argentina (22.30)
GROUP B: (Aztec) Mexico City and Toluca
JUNE 3: (Aztec) Mexico v Belgium (22.30)
JUNE 4: (Toluca) Paraguay v Iraq (22.30)
JUNE 7: (Aztec) Mexico v Paraguay (22.30)
JUNE 8: (Toluca) Belgium v Iraq (22.30)
JUNE 11: (Aztec) Mexico v Iraq (22.30)
JUNE 11: (Toluca) Belgium v Paraguay (22.30)

To be continued



Federico Sordillo, president of the Italian Soccer Federation (left) hands the FIFA World Cup over to Mexico's Antonio Zarquis. The cup will be kept in a bank vault in Mexico till the final





endl proved, as never before,
is new-found supremacy

Colorsport

Nabisco Grand

Czech's E

FOR perhaps the first time, the capacity crowd that watched the Masters final between Ivan Lendl and Boris Becker, caught a glimpse of Becker in a confused tangle. The German wonderboy was flat on his back on the baseline, spreadeagled in the aftermath of a fall that was, at once, both physical and mental. His blond locks were damp. A trickle of fresh blood snaked down his right knee, the result of a headlong crash into one of the fences that ringed the courtside.

The 1985 Wimbledon champion looked surprisingly mortal: even vulnerable. His teenager's face was a mirror that reflected a sudden invasion of emotions that were alien to him. The face showed pain and anger, confusion and frustration, helplessness and anguish. Having done all in his power to bring about the downfall of the vastly experienced Lendl, the young pretender had finally come to grips with the realisation that his arsenal was just not powerful enough.

Becker had stumbled and fallen at the end of the longest rally of the tournament and Lendl was only two points away from victory. Behind the umpire's chair sat Becker's coach Gunther Bosch and Romanian mentor Ion Tiriac—himself a former professional—and it was in their direction that the mercurial German now gazed, as if desperately searching for the inspiration that would help revitalise him. This time though, there was nothing that they—or Becker himself—could do.

In the opening set of the final, it had been quickly apparent that Becker's big service, the axis of his powerful all-court game, was not functioning with any degree of efficiency. To the dismay of three hundred fans who had travelled from Germany to watch him play, Becker dropped serve in the third and eighth games of the opening set, giving Lendl the psychological boost of a quick first set to his credit. Finding his rhythm in the second, Becker led 5-2 but lost the next two games as Lendl fought his way out of a rare patch of mediocrity. At 6-5, Becker had the luxury of a break point, but Lendl put matters on an

Prix Masters

ducation

even keel once more before forcing a ruelly decisive 7-1 tiebreaker.

In the third, Lendl led 3-0 as Becker, desperate to restore some emblance of parity, slipped while hasing a short ball. Aware that his pponent had hurt himself, Lendl rossed to the other side of the court nd helped young Becker to tagger to his feet. The latter opted or the available three minute timeout or injury, then returned to the court o take the next three games in a row. But a break in the crucial eighth game of the set meant that Lendl had neutralised any real threat of Becker clawing his way back into the match.

Although Becker had served more aces and service winners than Lendl, it was the latter's superior service percentage and consistency, coupled with 41 unforced errors from the Becker racket, that swung the title encounter. Hampered by a bout of flu on the eve of the big match, Lendl's policy of slowing down the pace also served to frustrate the younger player. Normally dour and taciturn with the international press, Lendl was surprisingly generous in his praise of Becker when facing reporters after the final. "He was going into a big game and there was a lot of pressure on him," explained the victor. "I don't think he handled it as well as he will the next time."

THE official conclusion of the 1985 season, the Nabisco Masters at New York's Madison Square Garden was a faithful reflection of the year gone by, for it confirmed for Ivan Lendl the world number one ranking that he had earned when he beat John McEnroe at the US Open.

The actual format of the Masters, altered repeatedly since its inception, underwent yet another change this year. In 1970 and 1971 the tournament was meant for the eight men who accumulated the highest tally of Grand Prix points over the season. These eight, the cream of the men's tennis circuit, played each other on a round robin basis, with the Masters title being reserved for the man who scored the most points from among their encounters. In 1972, the players



Debutant Becker could not conceal his disappointment





Colorsport

Unwilling to toe the disciplinary line, the defending champion was thrashed by Brad Gilbert (right)

were divided into two league groups, from among whom the semi finalists played elimination rounds for the title. Even this system had its flaws, and there were allegations that certain players (Lendl among them) were 'tanking' or deliberately throwing away matches in order thereby to meet an opponent of their choice. In 1975, the field was expanded to include twelve men, of whom the top four were seeded through to the quarter finals while the remaining eight competitors played regular elimination rounds. This year a further modification brought a total of sixteen players to New York, where they played the knockout format.

The expanded field posed its own accompanying problems for the organisers Miloslav Mecir of Czechoslovakia had to withdraw because of a knee injury, to be replaced by the talented American, Scott Davis. Jimmy Connors, also among the original sixteen, was a surprise casualty on the tournament's opening day, laid low by fever. His place in the draw was offered to South Africa born Kevin Curren, the beaten finalist at Wimbledon last year. Curren, who has traditionally been openly critical of New York as a sporting venue, declined. With time now at a premium, the vacant spot in the lineup was meant to be filled by Martin Jaite of Argentina, but he found that he did not have enough time to fly to New York. Next in contention was Jimmy Arias, but he was committed to a series of exhibition matches.

It was a sequence of events that resulted in the eventual inclusion of Ecuador's Andres Gomez. A participant in 1983 and 1984 and ranked fifteenth in the world at the end of 1985, his literal eleventh hour inclusion in this year's Masters was a providential break It was merely coincidence that Gomez happened to be in Washington at the time, to attend a lunch hosted by the State Department

Jimmy Connors, laid low by influenza, had to withdraw from the sixteen-man field





Associated Press

Fourteen of the sixteen Masters contenders. Back row: Mayotte, Nystrom, Jarryd, Kriek, Leconte, Gilbert, Davis and Smid. Sitting: Edberg, Noah, Becker, McEnroe, Wilander and Lendl

in honour of his country's president. At four o'clock on the tournament's opening day he received a telephone call informing him of Connors' withdrawal and lost no time in indicating that he would fill in. "I took the five o'clock shuttle flight to New York, went to my hotel, took a shower and went straight out to play. Don't ask me what I am doing in the match; I'm not sure myself" he quipped, moments before causing the first upset of the tournament as he brushed aside thirteenth seed Henri Leconte of France, 7-6, 6-1.

His run of good fortune continued as he beat Johan Kriek in the next round. Facing Lendl in the semi final, Gomez fought a gritty battle before the Czech prevailed 6-4, 7-5. As a mere stand-in, he had performed honourably; even heroically. Having pulled out of a previous Masters because of a nagging back injury, he was quick to laugh at an ironic change of fortune. "This year," he was quick to point out, "I didn't even qualify and I still made it through to the semis". Yet the Gomez-Lendl match carried a controversial tinge. The other semi final match, between Boris Becker and Anders Jarryd, was scheduled to be telecast nationally, but the encounter between Lendl and Gomez was ignored by the TV networks. Lendl, never slow to take a swipe at the media, remarked sulkily, "Television is calling the shots, even if I don't think it's right."

AMERICAN mediamen were suddenly, surprisingly confronted with a situation where the U S did not have a single representative in the semi final lineup. It was a bitterly disappointing tournament for John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors, the traditional standard bearers of the nation's tennis talent. The presence of the veteran Connors in past years was always a guarantee that the paying public would show up in vast numbers, but on this occasion illness was an

Bjorn and Jannicke Borg. "McEnroe is a front page personality; not just a sports page person"



Associated Press

added irritant for the brilliant left hander who had experienced his worst competitive year in a flickering career.

Having toiled through the year's schedule without winning a single title, the Masters was the last chance for Jimmy Connors to redeem himself in the eyes of his fans and, perhaps more importantly, in his own eyes as well. In the final of the $ 500,000 Atlanta tournament the week preceding the Masters, he had been humbled 6-2, 6-2 by Lendl, who blasted thirteen aces past him and broke serve effortlessly on four occasions. Connors, who at age 33 is eight years older than Lendl, struggled against the Czech player's power and confidence at Atlanta and would have welcomed the chance to prove his worth at New York. Instead, his absence nullified any chance that might have existed of the second semi final at Madison Square Garden being telecast live.

Connors' dazzling career graph has encompassed protracted rivalry with three men: Bjorn Borg, John McEnroe and Ivan Lendl. Revelling in total supremacy over the Czech player when Lendl first started on the circuit, Connors gradually found the balance of power tilting in the younger man's favour. In 1974, when Jimmy Connors scorched his way to victory in the Australian Open, Wimbledon and the US Open, winning an unprecedented 99 out of 103 matches in the calendar year and taking the world number one spot in the process, Ivan Lendl was fourteen years old. Now things are slightly different; Lendl, as the world number one, is three rungs ahead of Connors on the Hewlett-Packard computer.

Lendl, who won ten tournaments in the course of 1985, lost only seven of the 87 singles matches he played. Voted for the first time Player of the Year by fellow professionals, his greatest triumph was winning the US Open for the first time, beating McEnroe in the final. It was a victory that erased the bitter memory of three successive losses in the US final, while assuming a deeper meaning as it lifted Lendl clear of McEnroe for the world number one spot.

Yet, Lendl was at the centre of a disciplinary battle in the dying stages of 1985. On 9 December he was slapped with a 42 day suspension by representatives of the Men's International Professional Tennis Council (MIPTC). It was an order that would



Associated Press

Andres Gomez of Ecuador was a last minute replacement

have automatically barred him from participating in the Masters, but on the last day of 1985, Marshall Harper, administrator of the MIPTC, announced at a crowded press conference that Lendl had been reinstated and was therefore eligible to take part at New York.

Becker exults after his victory over Mats Wilander of Sweden. Disappointment followed in the final



Associated Press

The accolades were only just beginning. Having been voted Player of the Year; having been confirmed as the world's top male player; having taken the Masters title for the third time in five years, the honours were still piling up. On 21 January, Lendl was officially named world champion for 1985 by the International Tennis Federation, whose voting panel comprised such luminaries as Donald Budge, Fred Perry, Frank Sedgman and Tony Trabert.

He now makes no secret of the fact that he has his sights on a Grand Slam. After beating Becker in the final at Madison Square Garden, he admitted, "I would like to win all four major titles since it is the ultimate goal of any tennis player. Just to win all four of them in a career is great, but to do so all in one year is really something."

Ever since last year's US Open, Lendl seems to have relaxed as never before. In a conscious public relations exercise, he is anxious to portray a new image, suitably different from the label of a moody, close-lipped hater of press conferences. But even the new Lendl finds no time to preach a message of love and brotherhood for the benefit of arch rival John McEnroe, whom he displaced at the top of the ATP ladder. "I went out of my way and did extra things to try to catch up to him," said Lendl. "Now it's his turn to do a few extra things and see if he can catch me."

MCENROE, who beat Lendl in two successive Masters finals, in 1984 and 1985, went through the season without picking up a title of any consequence. Having been torched by Kevin Curren at Wimbledon, he looked rejuvenated while preparing for the US Open. He seemed to be in rare touch, beating Lendl twice in an eight-day span, in tournaments at Vermont and Montreal. But when it counted most, his form and confidence deserted him at Flushing Meadow.

The former world number one, who turns 27 on 16 February, is unable to pinpoint a specific reason for his plummeting professional fortunes. He denies that this dramatic slump is in any way connected with his alliance with actress Tatum O'Neal, explaining instead that his competitive instincts have been dulled. If his attitude is being questioned, there can be no doubt about his aptitude. McEnroe has never been a man to look for excuses; were he that sort, he could

have made much of a nagging back injury that has troubled him for nearly three years.

One of the most intensely competitive players on the circuit, McEnroe maintains that he can still find happiness in his tennis, even if he is unable to regain the number one spot. Complacency? It is impossible to tell, but the tempestuous American seems to have succeeded in coming to terms with the fact that he is no longer the best in the world. "I've told people that I feel very good about the situation I am in. And if that's what life is all about, I can accept going from number one to number three. It's not that important to my whole life. I can handle not being on top."

Disappointing though last year was for McEnroe, he still found himself entangled in controversy. During the Australian Open in December 1985, his choice of invective during a disappointing loss to Slobodan Zivojinovic meant that he had exceeded the $7500 limit in fines. Suspended for 42 days (this was later cut down by half) he came into the Masters as defending champion and number two seed. Any hopes he might have harboured of retaining his only title were shattered in the tournament's opening round. Losing to Brad Gilbert was bad enough; losing 5-7, 6-4, 6-1 was even more difficult to digest. Annoyed at his performance, or lack of it, McEnroe informed Gilbert that he had no business on the same court as the world number three. An obscene gesture made a dent of $1000 in McEnroe's pocket and when he faced the press shortly after, he was scathing in self-mockery as he ridiculed his inability to beat "the Gilberts of this world."

THERE is one man who understands perfectly the McEnroe dilemma. Bjorn Borg, now remarried and a father, appreciates the pressure that has been piling on McEnroe. After the American had lost to Gilbert at Madison Square Garden, Borg told an Associated Press reporter "This is the first time he's been placed in such a situation. He's waiting to become a father and, at the same time, he finds that he's no longer the best player in the world. Now it's a matter of putting things in perspective. First, you have the family; tennis is secondary."

In New York to promote a sporting goods company, Borg was generous in his assessment of his former rival's problem. But it was the sort of position which the five-time Wimbledon winner (he lost in his sixth straight final to McEnroe) would understand far better than anyone else. In 1980, claiming that constant tournament commitments were taxing him both mentally and physically, Borg cut his schedule and played just eleven Grand Prix tournaments—winning six—as well as appearing in two special events and the Nations Cup. In 1981 he played just nine Grand Prix events, winning three. Required by the MIPTC to play the qualifying rounds of Wimbledon in 1982, Borg decided to bypass the tournament altogether. On 23 January 1983, he told reporters in Bangkok that he would retire officially after playing the Monte Carlo tournament in April. When he celebrated his 27th birthday on 6 June that year, Borg was finished with competitive tennis.

Later, he would admit publicly that retirement did not bring him the peace he sought. There is a strange parallel between the professional careers of Borg and McEnroe, both of whom found their supremacy threatened at the age of 26. Like the Swede before him, McEnroe is taking a layoff from tennis. Although he has been forced to cool his heels because of suspensions and injuries, this is the first time that he is taking voluntary leave of absence from the game. Following his disastrous performance at the Masters, an MIPTC spokesman announced on 21 January that McEnroe would be taking about 60 days off.

Hailed by Borg as "a front page personality; not just a sports page person," McEnroe petitioned the MIPTC for a reduction of his player commitment obligations for the new year and this was subsequently upheld. According to Pro Council rules, players ranked in the world's top ten must play a minimum of fourteen Grand Prix tournaments during a year. There also exists a simultaneous clause whereby players are permitted to ask for curtailed tournament appearances for reasons such as injury or extended rest.

If ever an infantryman needed a furlough from the trenches and gunfire, no one deserved it more than John McEnroe. His defeat at the Masters was one of the lowest points of his career. Never before had he been so decisively beaten at the Masters; not once had he been so humiliated in New York. More important was the fact that he had never lost nine of the last eleven games against a player of Gilbert's standing. "I am embarrassed," he mumbled repeatedly. "I'm just not moving as well as I normally do. I'm not serving well. I'm not hitting the ball solidly. I'm making too many mistakes and my concentration isn't what it used to be in a tournament like this."

Of more significance than his surprise Masters exit was the sudden realisation that there would be no Becker-McEnroe clash. The two players have still not met in a tournament, but Becker's manager Ion Tiriac has pointed out that McEnroe needs to devote a lot more time to physical conditioning. A brilliantly co-ordinated athlete, the American was always content to turn a blind eye to workouts, exercise and diet restrictions. Now, for the first time in his career, he is speaking of the importance of fitness.

What does McEnroe do next? Only McEnroe himself knows the answer to that one. One thing's for sure, though. The comfort of Malibu Beach and the glamour of Hollywood could very well be nothing more serious than passing attractions for a tennis genius reared in the backyard of Forest Hills and Flushing Meadow.

By David McMahon. Reported by George K. George, New York

"I needed a rest"



John McEnroe Tatum O'Neal

FOR McEnroe, the outcome of the Masters was a cruel surprise. "I thought I was playing pretty well when I went to Europe a couple of months ago," he said. "I worked hard with Tony Palafox and I had a pretty good attitude then. It just took a lot out of me because I had to deal with a lot of problems in my private life. I felt like I was playing good tennis, but people weren't really concentrating on that. I felt like I just needed a rest from everything."

Nurturing hockey

That is what the sports hostels and sports colleges of Lucknow are doing. And they are doing a good job, says **Novy Kapadia**

As Bengal continues to debate about the efficacy of the Sports Hostel and Sports School concept, Uttar Pradesh has proved that in hockey, at least, this concept has worked wonders. Hosts Uttar Pradesh winners of the second sub-junior Hockey National (boys under-15 years) recently concluded at Lucknow, had their entire 16-player squad from Sports Schools or Sports Hostels in different cities of India's largest state. Seven players in the under-15 team of U.P. were from Sports College Lucknow, including skipper Ram Sajivan Yadav, four from Sports Hostel Lucknow, including centreforward Nasir Ahmed, who scored all six goals in U.P.'s 6-1 rout of Punjab in the final, two each from Sports Hostel Jhansi and Meerut and G. Rotella reserve centre-forward from the Sports Hostel Haldwani.

The U.P. sub-junior hockey squad had undergone training at the Sports College Lucknow for six weeks since December under the supervision of coaches Ram Avtar Misra and Rehman. This rigorous preparation was in direct contrast to that of most other states which tended to treat the sub-junior nationals as a mere formality. For instance, runners-up Punjab selected their team after a two-day trial, in which about 50 players participated. Similarly Delhi, Tamil Nadu and Jammu and Kashmir fielded hastily assembled squads.

An appraisal of the sub-junior nationals reveals that it is only states with the Sports schools concept like U.P. and Bihar which are nurturing hockey talent seriously. Bihar, unlucky to lose 6-8 to Punjab via the tie-breaker in the semi-finals, had an entire Adivasi squad in which left winger Zeremias Dung, centre-half Albinous Toppo and right back Binod Bara were players of great promise. The Bihar squad also consisted entirely of players from SSS Khunti and St. Mary's High School, Simdega, runners-up in the 1985 sub-junior Nehru Hockey tournament.

Altogether 21 states participated in the sub-junior nationals. Two teams Nagaland and Vidarbha had sent in their entries but cried off at the last minute. The teams were drawn in 8 pools, played on a league basis with the winners entering the last eight stage. Uttar Pradesh were easily the pick of the lot, trouncing Delhi 8-0 in the quarter-finals, rugged Manipur with many seemingly over-aged players, 3-0 in the semis. Trapping, dribbling and short passing movements of the U.P. boys was particularly impressive and their approach play and penalty corner conversion indicated systematic coaching. The inner trio of inside-right Pradeep Kumar Sharma (Sports Hostel Jhansi), centre forward Nasir Ahmed (Sports Hostel Lucknow) and skipper and inside left Ram Sajivan Yadav (Sports College Lucknow) mesmerised their opponents with their delectable stickwork, speed and roving game. Others to impress were the lanky right back Shoshan Sharma of the Sports Hostel Meerut and rugged left half Shakeel Ahmed

A warm up before the practice session begins





The boys make full use of the drinks break

(Sports Hostel Lucknow).

Manipur were the other outstanding team of the competition. Their inside-right L. Lalit Singh (younger brother of international Tikken Singh) and centre-forward L. Sanatomba Singh and left winger Y. Jayanta Singh and P. Biswajit Singh were players of potential. From runners-up Punjab, nippy inside left Sarajit Singh (son of EME Jalandhar coach Jarnail Singh) and calculated right back Tarlochan Singh (from Ropar) were the pick of the lot.

Speaking about the potential on view former Olympian and organiser Jhaman Lal Sharma stressed that, "talent amongst forwards is in abundance and overall stickwork and skills of many players was of a high order which augurs well for Indian hockey but it is sad that very few goalkeepers were properly prepared. Only U.P. custodian Mumtaz Hussain and Manipur's W. Tomba Singh wore masks and protective chest pads, the equipment of modern goalkeeping, the other boys playing with just pads and lacked confidence and mobility."

The Sports Hostel/Sports School concept in U.P. has given rise to a new phenomenon in Indian hockey, family members of established stars now take to the game at a young age. For instance sprightly centre-forward Nasir Ahmed, is the nephew of India's captain Mohd. Shahid; gangling centre-half Prashant Singh is the younger brother of junior international centre-half Vivek Singh.

Curly-haired centre-forward Nasir Ahmed spoke about this influence when he said, 'My family is in Beneras but Shahid bhaisaheb encouraged me to join the Sports Hostel Lucknow as he felt coaching and opportunities here are the best. I am now doing my intermediate degree at the Vidyanth inter-college but reside at the sports hostel and practise there. Our hockey skills and success is entirely a result of this system." Nasir Ahmed, whose style and mannerisms greatly resembles that of Mohd. Shahid emerged as the top-scorer with nine goals. His ambition is to become as famous a player as Shahid and to continue the tradition of hockey excellence in the family.

The hosting of the sub-junior nationals at Lucknow has a strange background. The initial sub-junior nationals were held in Calcutta way back in 1981, with U.P. emerging winners and Bengal runners-up. The IHF had hoped to make this tournament an annual affair but no state hockey association volunteered for these four years to stage the tournament, as the expenses are plenty and revenue negligible. Finally, at the Palghat general body meeting in 1985, Jhaman Lal Sharma accepted the responsibility on behalf of the K.D. Singh Babu Memorial Society to stage the nationals at Lucknow in January 1986.

So for the first time ever, a national championship in the country has been held under the auspices of a private society. Talking about the achievement, secretary of the society Rehman, a close associate of the late K.D. Singh 'Babu' stated that, "we had the blessings of the state hockey association but nothing else. The U.P. govt. gave us a grant of Rs. 40,000 and the SAI has promised us a grant but the rest of the expenses estimated at Rs. 2 lakhs was our responsibility. We hope to collect enough advertisements and donations. Our society was founded on 29 October 1979 and has 100 life members who have paid a subscription fee of Rs. 101. The aim of our society is to nurture and develop talent in all sports particularly hockey. We annually organise summer coaching camps in hockey, football and badminton and hold tournaments at the state level for sub-juniors. As no state is willing to stage the sub-junior nationals we have offered the IHF that for the next five years we will hold the same. We have undertaken the task as hockey promotion was very dear to the heart of the late K.D. Singh Babu".

It is heartening that at least in U.P. there are veterans willing to work without recognition and media exposure to try and restore the pristine glory of Indian hockey. Other values, other manners but may their ilk grow.

Riding towards further glory

Rahul Chandawarkar captures the thrills at the 4th PARA Motocross at Pune. The visual effects are by **Tapan Das**

If Hollywood has a series of Jaws, Rocky and Grease, Pune has a parallel in their PARA motocross. With the Olympics motto of 'Higher, Stronger and Faster,' fitting the PARA Motocross like a glove, PARA has taken giant strides in coming close to gaining direct affiliation to the Federation Internationale Motorcycliste (the all powerful world body controlling motorsports). No mean achievement this, for an organisation so young.

The PARA stadium motocross, could also soon become the world's first stadium world championship motocross. From a mere handful of four Swedes and a Lankan making up the foreign participation in 1983, there was a bright array of 21 foreign riders of world ranking this year.

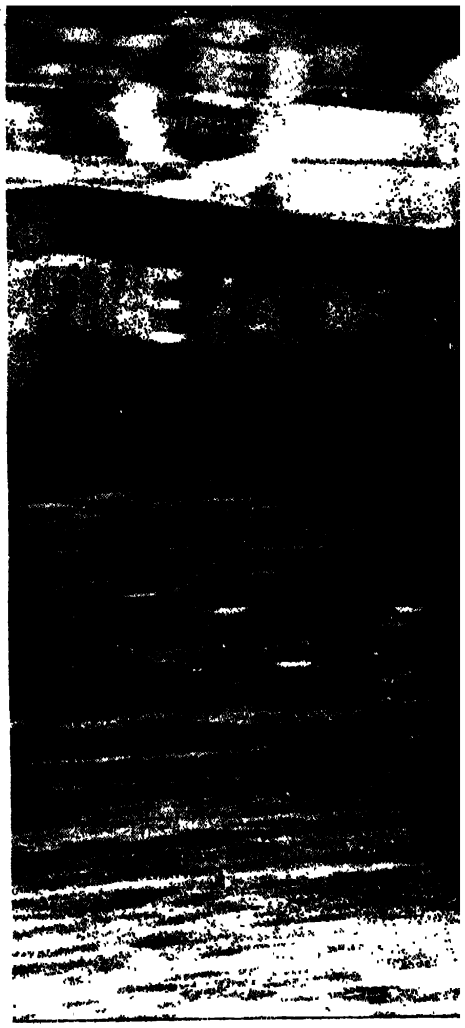
The 125cc and 250cc foreign classes being the apple of the spectator's eyes, even temperatures dangling between 5-7 degrees centigrade in Pune which had all the spectators cuddled up in woollens on the cloudy morning of 19th January, could not dampen spirits. And the roar emanating from the red Hondas, yellow Suzukis, white Yamahas, green Kawasakis and grey CZ's coupled with the smell of burnt '93 octane' from the exhausts, definitely must have warmed the spectators hearts. Even the sun came scampering out from behind the clouds, as if, he too did not want to muss the forthcoming action.

With so many foreigners of equal standing participating, quite a few sections of the stadium wore a typical race-course look, with many a motocross punter on tenterhooks. As it worked out, the dark horses from Sweden—Mikael Jansson and Magnus Johansson—proved many a punter wrong by annexing the 250cc and 125cc class respectively.

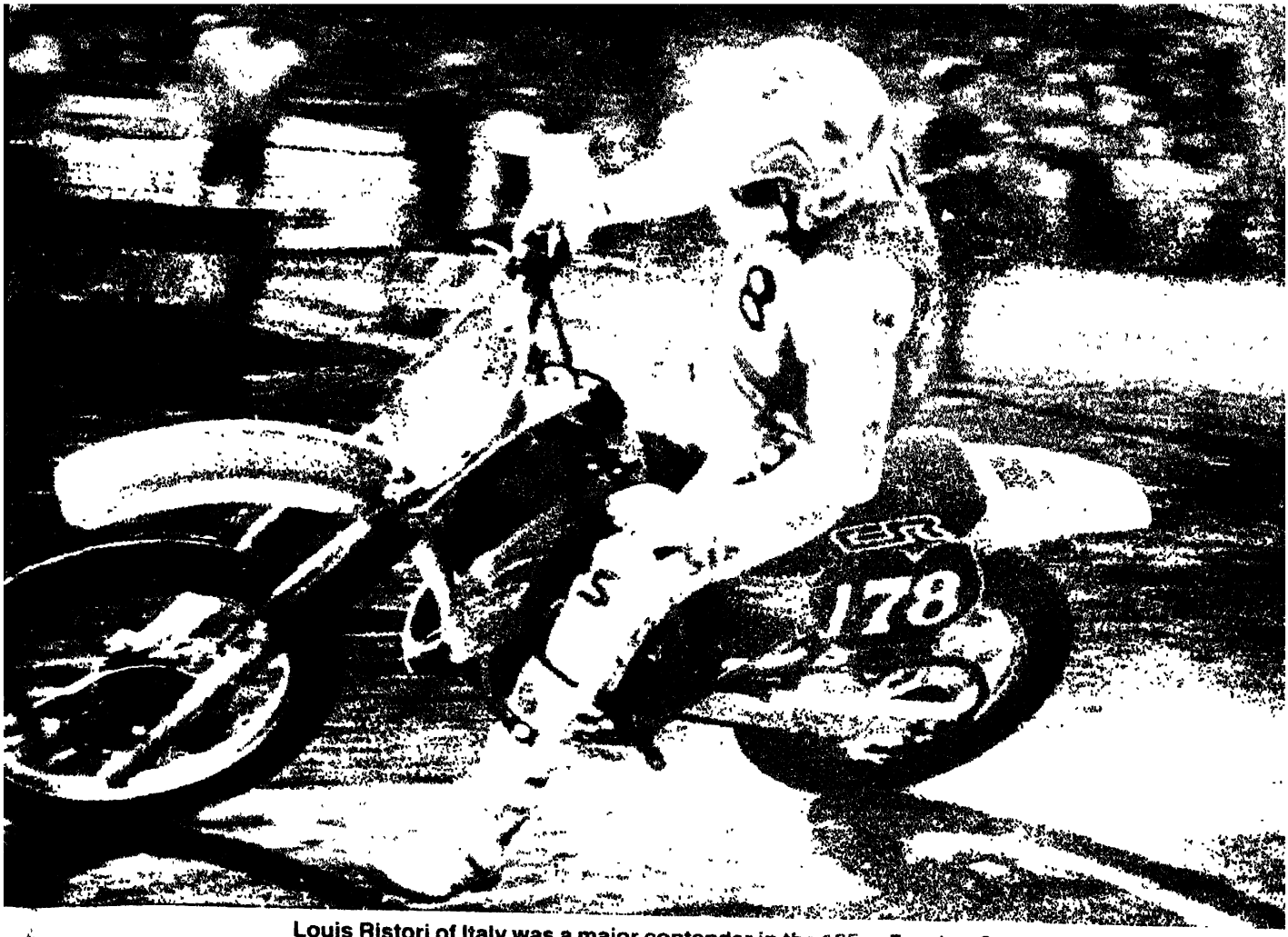
Coming straight to the 125cc foreign classes, never before has there been so much 'fire power', speed, maneouverability and action packed into one day at the Nehru stadiun. Dare-devils to the core, and very very professional, the riders certainly were not lacking in confidence. They boasted and bragged and appeared cocksure before the races. In fact, most of them said, "I am going to easily win this race. Nobody will even come a lap close to me." A real tall claim, to say the least.

But frankly, the stadium almost erupted as the 125s shot out of the starting gate. Luis Ristori of Italy and Magnus Johansson on similar Honda CR 125s, Georg Reiter of Austria on his KTM 125, Ole Svendson of Denmark on his Kawasaki KX 125 and Scott Gardner of England on a Yamaha YZ 125 shot into the first turn with such venom that a couple of them went for a toss but soon recovered. Missing this race and taking away much of the glamour was Richard Main, who is the current British 125 MX champion. The 20-year-old blonde broke his collar bone on practice day but still came to watch on a wheelchair.

In the first moto of this three-moto race (each moto comprising 15 laps), the favourite, Luis Ristori, took advantage of the toss-up at the first turn and accelerated to a good lead. Riding like a man possessed, the power he extracted from his engine set people thinking as to whether his bike was a 250 instead of a 125. That made the fight for the second spot very interesting because both Johansson and Svendson let loose after the fall and were virtually breathing down each other's necks. It was great to see both of them racing around corners, jumping the bridges, the whoop-de-doos, the berms in distinctly different styles, bringing world class motocrossing to Pune in one small 15 lap race.







Louis Ristori of Italy was a major contender in the 125cc Foreign Open

Three competitors in the Indian Motorcycles upto 105cc sail through the air





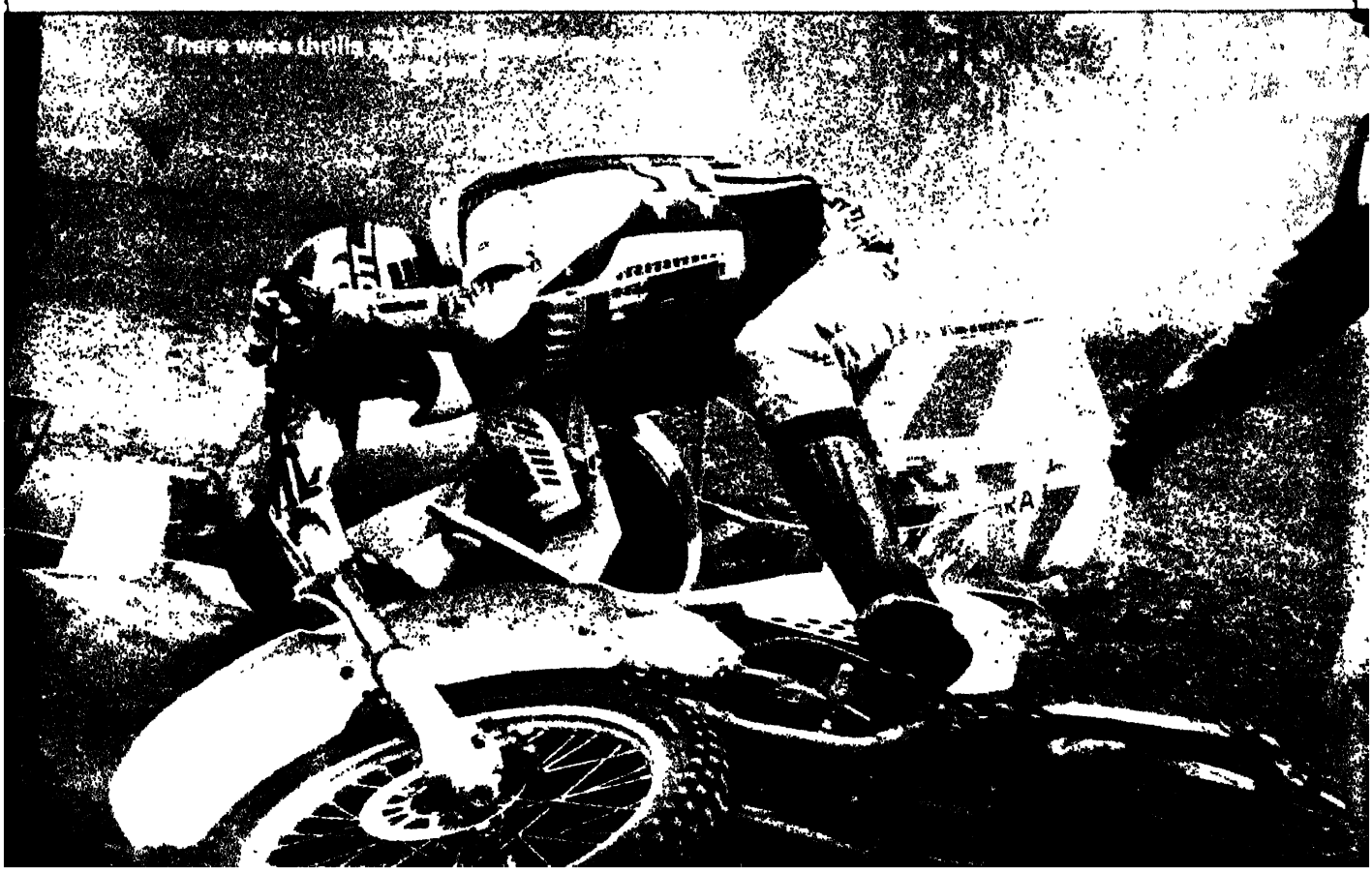
Even a broken collarbone couldn't keep Richard Main, the British 125 MX champion, away from the action

But there was an exchange of fortunes in the second moto as Magnus Johansson pulled up his socks, threw caution to the winds and opened up his throttle to finish first. There was another new face on the finshing line this time, Thailand's Wachara Punchamul on a Yamaha YZ 125, who finished second, while Ristori had to rest content with the third spot.

Talking exclusively to *Sportsworld* after this second moto, Johansson said "I like this Pune track because it is fast and smooth and above all, it suits my style, which is also equally fast and smooth."

Ristori, the Italian, in his quaint accent felt "It was that minor fall that I had during the race, which led to my finishing third in the second moto. But I sincerely feel that the track should have more double and treble jumps. Real steep jumps man, real steep jumps should be there and you see what action we can provide."

The dimunitive Thai, Punchamul, said "I wish I had taken enough chances in the first moto. This would have resulted in a better position for myself. Nevertheless, I am impressed by the driving skills of Ristori and Johansson. They have a very flam-





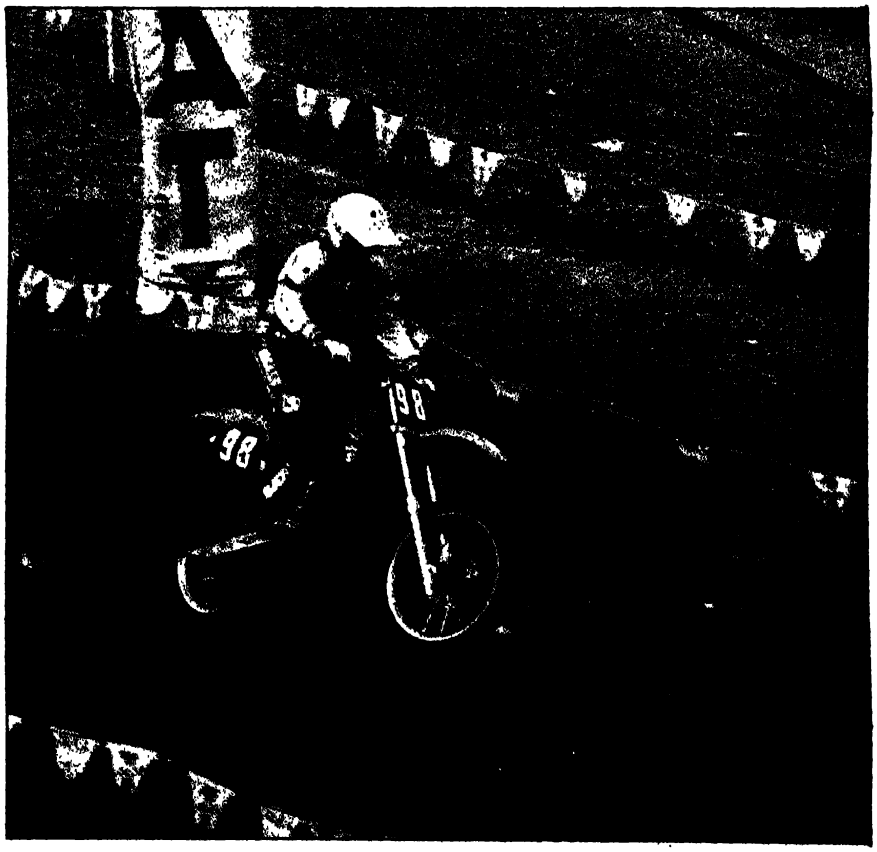
Mikael Jansson of Sweden was the overall winner in the day's premier event—the Foreign Open 250cc

boyant and easy style."

The Swedish flag had every reason to flutter merrily, as Johansson won the third and last moto too followed by Ristori and Svendson of Denmark. As if that was not enough, the Swede had to contend with a bevy of Pune beauties who swooned all over him for autographs and photographs. I am sure he didn't mind that at all, judging from the way he winked at me.

Another interesting feature of the race, this year, was the participation of four brother combinations. The Svendson brothers—Frank and Ole from Denmark; the Payne brothers—Kevin and Barry from Kenya; the Young brothers—Peter and Simon also from Kenya and the Deshpandes—Rajesh and Vijay from Nasik.

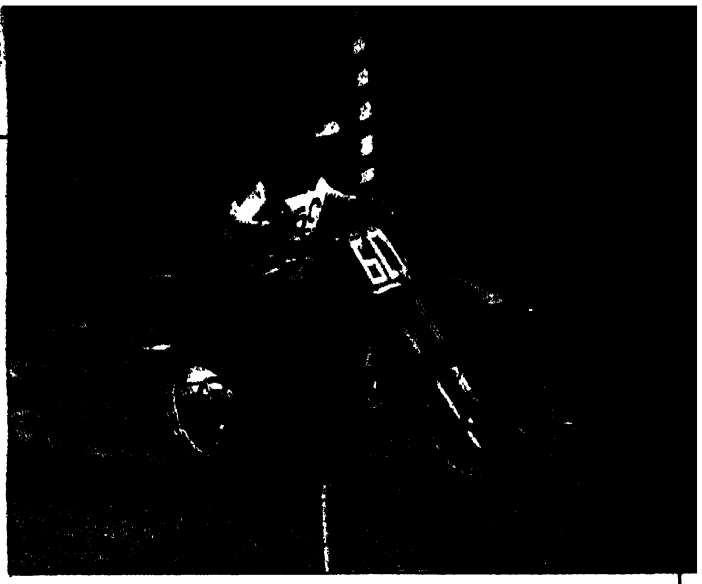
If the 125cc foreign class spelt elegance, speed and power, the 250 class promised more power, more speed and some brute force. The sight of these foreign riders bombarding the fast track relentlessly and jumping the hurdles so effortlessly reminded one of antelopes and deer nimbly leaping across the forest plains of Africa. The power exuded by these robust bikes made one really gape in astonishment and wonder how the poor track stood up to it. Even if it did yelp for help, its cries were muffled



Yet another Swede, Magnus Johansson completed his country's domination with an overall win in the Foreign Open 125cc



Hectic activity in the pits



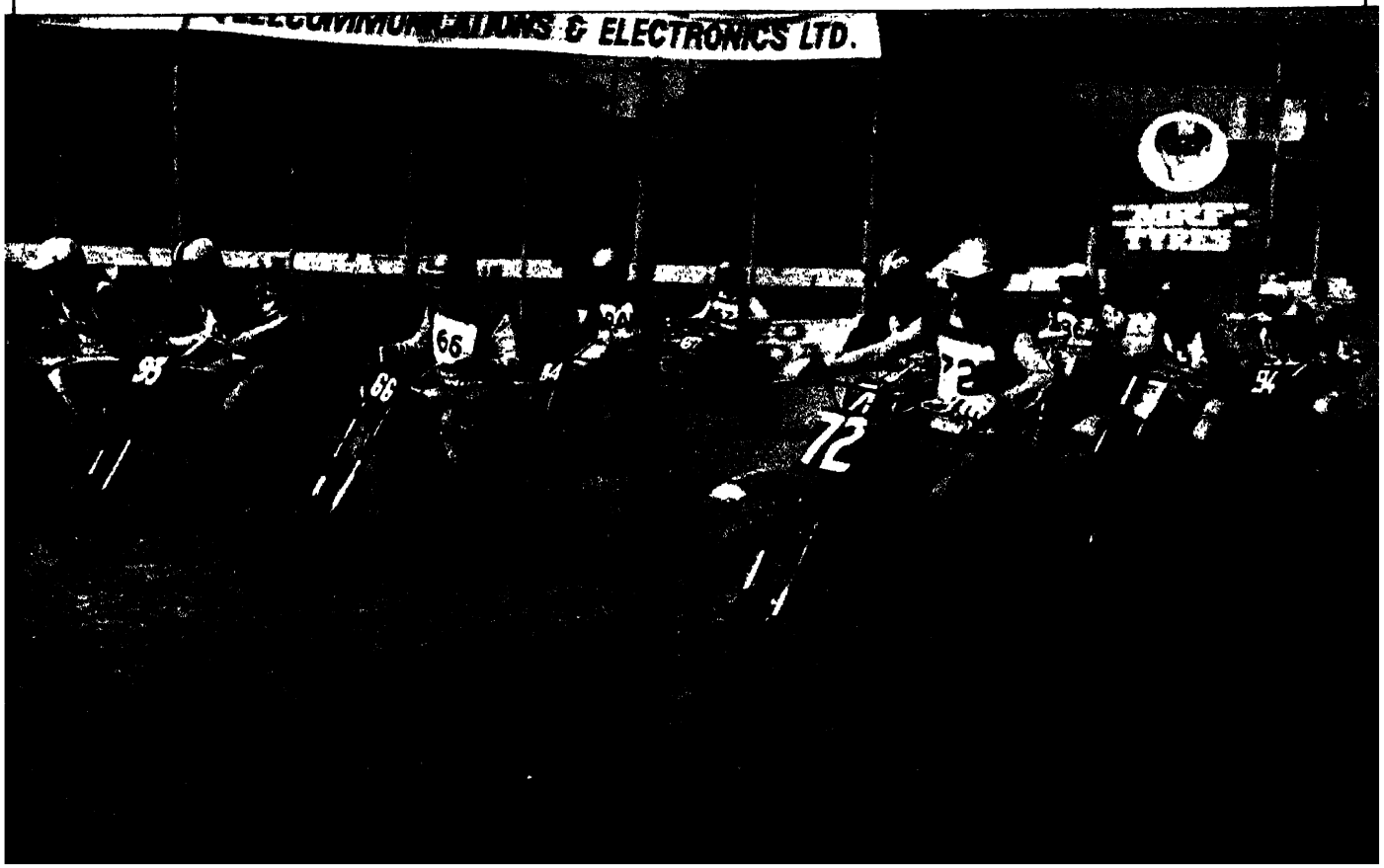
Jeet Singh on a Honda CR 250

under the roar of the MX sensations.

In the 250 class, Heinz Straub of Austria, Haakon Huseby of Norway, Scott Gardner of England , Serge David of Switzerland, Frank Svendson of Denmark, Magnus Johansson and Mikael Jansson of Sweden were all frontliners and the winner was anybody's guess. The crowd interestingly became partisan for Norway and cries of 'Huseby, Huseby' rent the air. As if in appreciation, Huseby, on his extremely powerful Kawasaki KX 250, didn't let his fans down and drove like a madman. But haste did make waste, as he collided straight into Johansson (the 125 winner). Huseby's daredevilry—doing a wheelie over three jumps and the like—on practice day, had apparently won him the fans but his bang-up with Johansson pushed him to the ninth position. But some really class riding brought him up to second place behind Mikael Jansson of Sweden. Frank Svendson, who is 32 years old, finished third.

In this first moto, it was a 'battle royale' between three riders, namely Scott Gardner of England, Huseby and Svendson. Svendson, leading initially, dropped to second place, before Huseby brilliantly leapt over his head (literally and, that too, on the bridge) and later cornered Gardner on the camel back jumps. This was simply outstanding—motocrossing at its best.

In the second moto, the positions remained unaltered, except that Serge David of Switzerland surged forward and took third place behind Jansson and Huseby. Talking to *Sportsworld* after the second moto, Jansson said "After my team mate Johansson lost the lead, I knew I had to win the race to make up for the loss. And I am happy, I did just that." Huseby, the six-feet three-inch giant, opined "I



love the crowd here for supporting me and believe me, I have picked up some Hindi too. I simply freak out on saying 'Namaste' and folding my hands." Svendson, the smiling Dane, was very frank, "I am 32 years old and even before racing here, I knew the first position was impossible being, as I was, pitted against younger and faster riders, but I am happy with my form and the third place.

Something very interesting happened in the final race of the day. Overshooting the table top jump in his hurry, Huseby's bike seized, throwing him out of the race. As Jansson shot past, he shook his first at Jansson, as if in anger. But as I learnt later, it was just to motivate Jansson to surge ahead to victory. But Serge David of Switzerland took care of that, as he topped followed by Svendson and Jansson in that order. It was, nevertheless, good to see Huseby cheering Jansson from the side-lines. Sportsmanspirit in face of defeat.

The pick of the Indian competition was the foreign bikes open event, which saw PARA grinning in delight as their newly acquired Honda CR 250's or 'red perils' as they are nicknamed, blasted the opposition. Jeet Singh, Sanjiv Chopra, Rajesh Deshpande and Ashok Bhairavkar winning the first four spots with ease. It was really heartening to see Indians perform so well on custom built MX bikes, with such little practice. Some more regular practice is bound to transform them into real tigers next year.

In the 265 class, Sashipal Singh Garcha on his modified 1969 Jawa won for an incredible fifth time in-a-row, thereby showing that he is still the unchallenged king in India and is gradually turning into some sort of a legend. Garcha, speaking to *Sportsworld*, said "If I hadn't injured my right leg during practice, I could have done well on my Czechoslovakian CZ 250 bike in the Indian Foreign class too."

If it was Garcha who was *numero uno* in the 265 cc class, it was the BSA-BOND works team comprising Rajiv Agarwal, Bijoo Mathews and Chandrakant Satpute who completely dominated the 60cc class in that order. These small BSA-BOND bikes really have zip in them and it was great to see them catapulting over the jumps and berms and the whoop-de-doos.

Similarly, the 210cc class was won for the fourth year consecutively by Rajesh and Vijay Deshpande of Nasik, followed by Rajiv Agrawal in third spot. While this may induce one to surmise that competition hasn't increased, it also emphasises the riding skills Garcha, Deshpande and Co possess.



Switzerland's Serge David is almost off the seat as he jumps his Honda CR 250 through the air

Two Racecrafters riders, Ashwin Dabholkar and Ajay Bafna (the winner of last year's Bombay motocross), impressed in the 105cc and mini bikes classes, while youngsters Deepak Barguje, Yezdi Patel and Gurinder Kahlon revelled in the 'Novices' class.

PARA had every reason, therefore, to be proud after their show this year. One quote from Tage Magnusson, the President of the International MX Commission of the FIM sums it up well. "I am highly impressed by the PARA organisation and potential. I am very eager to grant them direct FIM affiliation and am sure India will produce a world-class rider in the next five years at least"

So we wait until next year, when the next in the series from Pune—PARA 5—will be flagged off.

Railways on winning track

RAILWAYS were on the right track at Kota where they bagged the Rahimtoolah Cup, the symbol of supremacy in the Men's team championship at the badminton Nationals. They were back in the top position after a year. More surprising and noteworthy than the Railways' victory was the fact that Gujarat made their maiden entry into the final.

Gujarat, who have a much stronger team with Partho Ganguly and Vikram Singh in their ranks, squeezed past Kerala 3-2 in the semi-final. The victory was as much due to well thought out tactics as it was due to good badminton. Gujarat sacrificed the first singles when they nominated their number three Savalia to play the Kerala champion Vimal Kumar. As expected Kerala went into a 1-0 lead when Vimal Kumar routed Savalia in straight games. Partho Ganguly and Vikram Singh who have recently joined Gujarat Fertilizers won their respective games and also won the deciding doubles after Kerala had wrapped up the first doubles. In the other semi-final Railways outclassed Punjab.

Railways made shortwork of Gujarat in the final. The West Zone champions once again played Savalia in the opening singles and were once again 0-1 down. Vikram Singh was never really in the game in the second singles against Syed Modi who won the encounter and put the Railways ahead 2-0. Much was expected of Partho Ganguly in the last singles match where he faced Sanat Mishra. The latter however caused some sort of a flutter when he whipped Ganguly 15-8, 15-4, with a fine exhibition of skill and stamina. Having taken a winning 3-0 lead Railways conceded the two doubles games for the final score to read 3-2 in their favour.

Railways were however not so fortunate in the women's section where they lost to Maharashtra 1-2. Madhumita Bisht gave the Railways their only win in the final when she beat Hufrish Nariman just conceding eight points in the entire match. Ami Ghia, a former Railways player, squared the issue in style by beating Railways newest recruit Neeru Nijhawan 15-10, 15-9. The outcome of the tie hinged around the doubles. Madhumita Bisht and Neeru Nijhawan fought valiantly against the experienced pair of Ami Ghia and Deepti Thanekar. Madhumita was in good nick and managed to take a 9-2 lead on her service. The inexperience of her partner was primarily responsible for their defeat, as the young Neeru was a little out of her depth.

In the individual event however it was the Railways who stole the limelight with Madhumita Bisht regaining the singles title as well clinching the doubles crown partnering Mallika Barua of Assam. The once invincible

The Railways were deserving winners of the Men's team event





The King and Queen of Indian badminton—Syed Modi (left) and Madhumita Bisht

Ami Ghia, who first realized that age was catching with her at the last Nationals played in Delhi, soon found out that it was not just a bad patch that she was going through but that her reflexes were not quite as good as they were a couple of years ago. To her amazement she found that it was primarily because of this that she failed to regain her lost crown. She lost the first game to the holder rather tamely, committing a series of unforced errors. Madhumita's excellent forehand flicks often left her opponent stranded. The second game saw some really exciting rallies with Ghia finding her touch and going into an 8-5 lead in the second game. Madhumita, like her husband Vikram Singh, is an attacking player and she prefers to keep her opponent on the baseline. That is exactly what she started doing. She kept Ami pinned on the baseline by using her lethal smash. Ami soon lost her rythum and her judgement was soon awry. Without further ado Madhumita Bisht wrapped up the game and the match.

In the Men's section it was Madhurya Barua, originally from Assam but now playing for Delhi, who really impressed one and all. Barua, who is the current Junior National champion has been selected to represent the country at the All England Badminton championships. In the quarter-final he scalped the fourth seed Sanjay Sharma after having beaten Sanjay Jain of Ludhiana in the pre quarter final. The latter had himself caused some sort of a sensation when he upset sixth seeded Vikram Singh in an earlier round. In the semi-final Barua came up against the experienced Syed Modi. Barua made the mistake of exposing all his strenghts and weaknesses early in the match. Though he was able to run into a 9-3 lead in the first game, it was quite obvious that Modi would soon size up his opponent and come back into the match. Quite prdictably Modi found his touch and stormed into the final. In the other semi-final Vimal Kumar overcame a fighting Harjeet Singh. Singh was a little lucky to make that stage of the tournament as his quarter final opponent Ravi Kunte developed knee trouble in the middle of the game.

When the cat is away the mice are at play. So goes the saying. At Kota the absence of Prakash Padhukone paved the way for a fairly easy tournament win for Syed Modi. Only once in the last six years has Modi won the National title beating Prakash, who is invariably out of the country playing tournaments. With Prakash getting on in years a clash between the two would probably be an exciting and interesting affair.

The finalists should however be credited for making the final a treat for the spectators. Vimal Kumar who is younger than Modi has improved considerably after his stint in Europe. He has become a far more attacking player as he has developed a powerful smash. It was this aspect of his game that did cause a worry or two to Syed Modi. But Kumar had an additional weapon. He was varying his game exceptionally well. But the experience of Modi saw the champion through. Kumar, a swift mover on the court, soon ran into problems with a number of unforced errors. Modi displayed a good all-court game to take command of the match. He took the first but Kumar set a fast pace in the second game to run into a 3-0 lead. Modi maintained his cool and recovered to take the game 15-11 and win his sixth consecutive National singles title.

Some years ago there were a number of players in the same class. There was not much to choose between Nandu Natekar, Dinesh Khanna, Suresh, Goel, Dipu Ghosh and Satish Bhatia. Thereafter the emergence of Prakash widened the gap between the top man and the rest. Over the years only Modi has come anywhere near his class. The rest have been far behind. The scene in the Women's section is a little more encouraging. The reign of Ami Ghia has ended and the reign of Madhumita Bisht has begun. Mallika Barua also impressed and earned a place in the team for the All England Championships. It was unfortunate that even though the Badminton Association of India is one of the best organised National Federations in the country, the Nationals were far from productive as there was a poor display of talent.

B.P. Chandra

Chart Six of the 5BX Plan

THIS is the last chart on the 5BX series which we have been serialising for some time now. While all the previous charts pertained to normal people and, in the higher categories, to Air Force personnel, this particular chart applies to people with a much higher level of fitness. In fact the physical capacities in this chart are usually found only in champion athletes.

The very important thing about the 5BX Plan is that you should find the right level for your age and then work your way to the harder stuff. If you fancy yourself as a hot-shot athlete and start at a much higher level, you will be the one to regret it as you will end up with aches and pains in places that you did not even know existed. If your muscles are not used to much exercise and you suddenly start with a higher chart, they will not be able to cope with the strain. However, if you can work your way up the chart at a suitable speed, you may just find that you do, finally, possess the fitness of a champion athlete.

The 5BX Plan that we have been serialising is from *Physical Fitness* published by Penguin Books. The exercises were developed by the Royal Canadian Air Force with the physical fitness of their personnel in mind.

Level	EXERCISE					1 Mile run
	1	2	3	4	5	Mins:Secs
A+	30	50	40	40	600	5:00
A	30	48	39	39	580	5:03
A−	30	47	38	38	555	5:09
B+	28	45	37	36	530	5:12
B	28	44	36	35	525	5:18
B−	28	43	35	34	515	5:24
C+	26	41	34	32	505	5:27
C	26	40	33	31	495	5:33
C−	26	39	32	30	485	5:39
D+	24	37	31	28	475	5:45
D	24	36	30	27	460	5:51
D−	24	35	29	26	450	6:00
Minutes for each exerice	2	1	1	1	6	

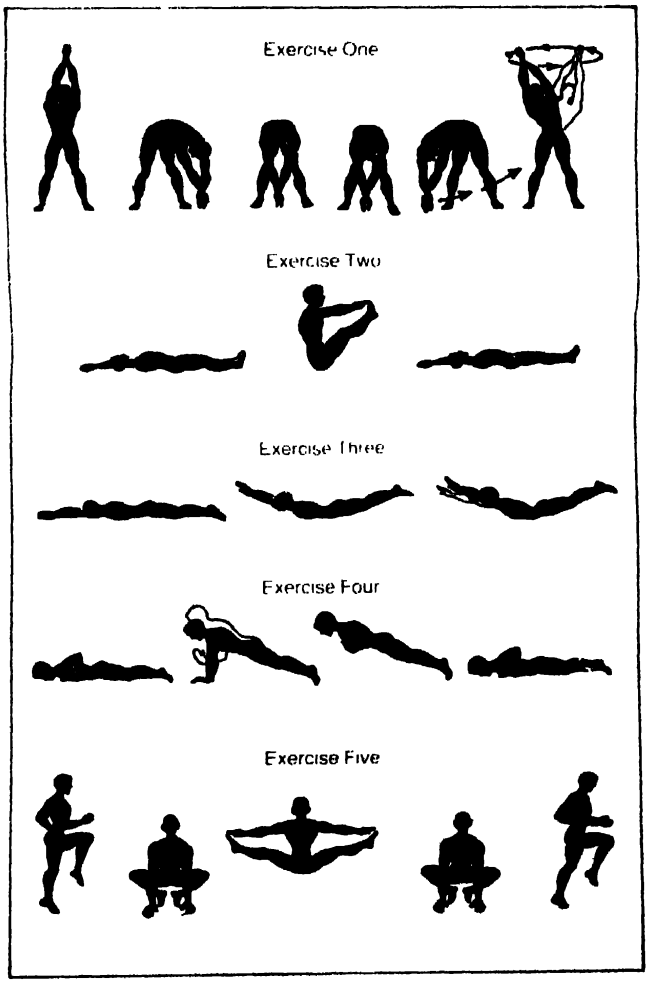
1) Stand with your feet kept about shoulder-width apart and your hands held together above your head. Bend from the waist and touch both your hands about six inches outside your left foot, between your feet, and then six inches outside your right foot. Then straighten up and circle your hands around your body, bending backwards as far as possible. Reverse direction after half the number of counts and remember to keep your hands clasped all the time.

2) Lie flat on your back with you feet together and your arms kept together over your head. Sit up and at the same time lift your legs without bending your knees such that you can reach out and touch your toes. It is important that you keep your feet together, legs and arms straight, your upper back and legs clear the floor and that you touch your toes every time.

3) Lie on your stomach with your feet together and your arms together over your head. Raise your head and shoulders off the floor while simultaneously lifting your legs off the floor. Your arms and legs are to be kept as straight as possible and your chest and thighs must clear the floor.

4) Lie on your stomach with your feet together and your hands placed palm downwards under your shoulders. Straightening your arms, push yourself off the floor and slap your hands to your chest before returning to the starting position. You can balance yourself on your toes.

5) Stationary run. Counting one step every time your left foot touches the floor, run on the spot, lifting your knees to at least waist height. After every 75 steps do about 10 'jack jumps' and carry on with your stationary run. Jack Jumps: Sit on your haunches with your feet together and your fingers resting on the floor. Jump up, raising your legs to about waist height while making sure that they are straight and try to touch your toes in mid air.



WALLY GROUT

WALLY GROUT ONLY WON A TEST CAP AT THE AGE OF THIRTY, BUT MANAGED TO WICKET-KEEP FOR AUSTRALIA FOR 31 TESTS. GROUT HAD A HAND IN 187 TEST DISMISSALS. IN HIS VERY FIRST TEST HE TOOK SIX CATCHES IN ONE INNINGS. HIS GREATEST EFFORT, HOWEVER, WAS HIS EIGHT CATCHES IN AN INNINGS FOR QUEENSLAND AGAINST WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

GROUT FORMED A GREAT PARTNERSHIP WITH FAST BOWLER ALAN DAVIDSON. THEIR UNCANNY ABILITY TO READ EACH OTHER'S GAME BROUGHT ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF MANY A TOP CLASS BATSMAN. THOUGH NOT AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD BATSMAN, GROUT COULD BE RELIED UPON TO PUT UP A FIGHT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN. HIS 74 AGAINST ENGLAND IN 1958-59 WAS HIS HIGHEST TEST SCORE, THOUGH HIS MOST VALUABLE KNOCK WAS WHEN HE SCORED 37 IN A MATCH-WINNING PARTNERSHIP OF 89 WITH PETER BURGE AT HEADINGLEY IN 1961.

AFTER PLAYING TEST CRICKET FOR ALMOST A DECADE, GROUT, ONE OF THE GREATEST WICKETKEEPERS EVER, FINALLY DECIDED TO CALL IT A DAY. UNFORTUNATELY HE COULD NOT CONTRIBUTE FURTHER TO AUSTRALIAN CRICKET AS HE DIED OF A MASSIVE HEART ATTACK LESS THAN THREE YEARS AFTER HIS RETIREMENT WHEN HE WAS JUST 40 YEARS OLD.



Illustration. Anup Ray

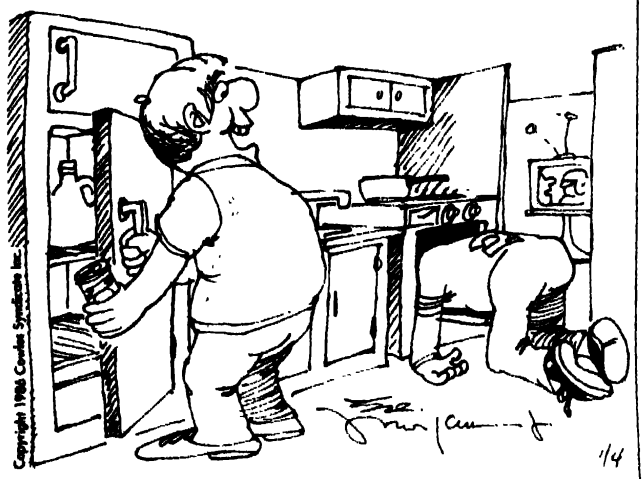
WHILE the book extract this week makes very amusing reading, there are some very amusing incidents in rugby that happened off the field.

Take the case of Mick English, the Irish stand-off, who was asked to explain a vital tackle that he missed on the English fly half Phil Horrocks-Taylor. After a lot of serious thought about it, English came up with, "Horrocks went one way, Talor went the other --and I was left holding the bloody hyphen."

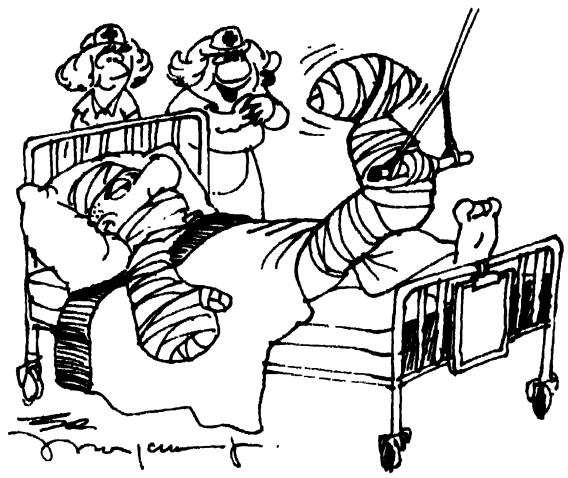
Yet another gem came from Eddie Bugden, the outside half of the Imperial College, London 1st XV and the coach of the College Ladies XV. Speaking about his ladies team, Bugden might have meant it in all earnest but he was later quoted as saying, "I think the hardest thing is to get them dirty. They don't like getting on the floor. But it isn't hard to persuade them..."

Another source of amusement are programme misprints. After scoring the only try of the game in Wales's 18-9 victory over Ireland in 1984, Robert Ackerman may have wished to throttle the printer who converted his club from London Welsh to London Irish! More spectacular was the misspelling of Colm Tucker's surname in the France v Ireland programme in 1980!

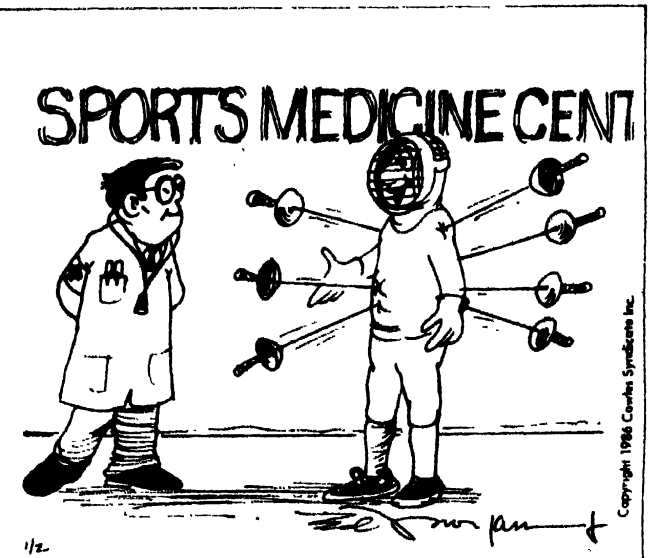
Pradeep Paul



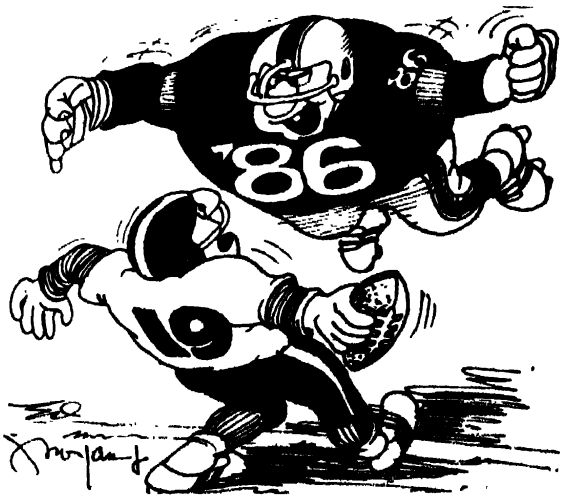
"Hey, lightin' up. There's still a half to go."



"Malpractice suits or not, I still think Dr. Johnson's quite witty."



"Thanks Doc, I feel better already!"



Happy New Year!

Invisible Athlete

Daily Thompson

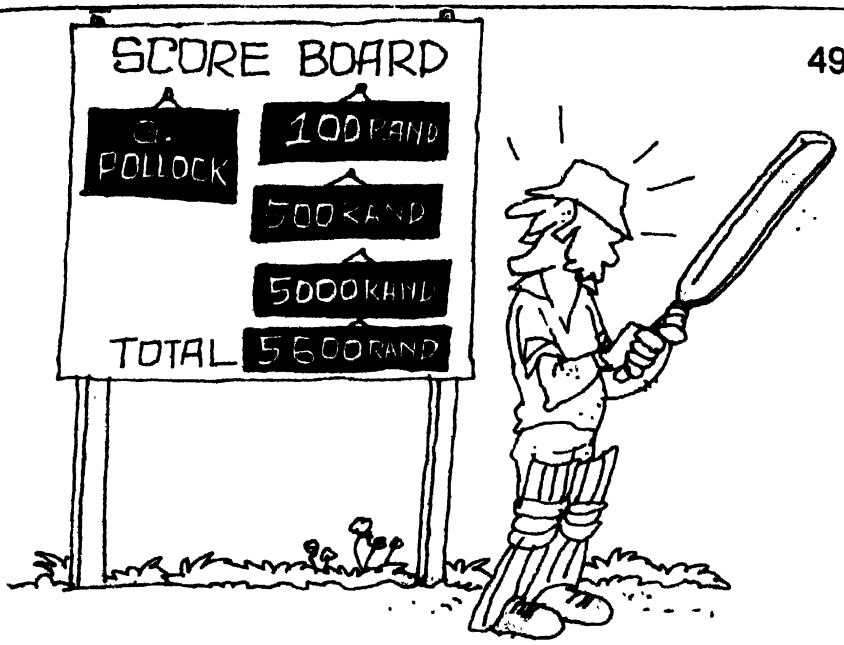
REMEMBER Don Thompson? He was the British gold medal winning walker who trained in his bathroom with steaming kettles and heaters to prepare for the 1960 Rome Olympics. He went on to win Britain's only athletics gold that year.

Anybody who had won an Olympic gold over 25 years ago might be taking it easy. But not Don Thompson. Now at 53 and a runner, he still maintains a training schedule which would test the best for dedication.

He tip-toes down the path of his house every morning at the unearthly hour of 4.30 and then runs his favourite 185-mile road circuit in the eerie darkness. It is only on Saturdays, when Thompson covers about 20 to 25 miles, does even the milkman see him.

Running and walking he has hoofed 83,000 miles since 1951. Last month he took part in his 1000th race, but that was a landmark tinged with sadness. For on that same day, his old mentor, Harold Whitlock died at the age of 82. It was Whitlock, winner of the same title as Thompson's in Hitler's Berlin Games of 1936, and like Thompson Britain's only individual gold medallist that year, who had advised Thompson on preparing for Rome.

In his well kept training diaries Thompson has allocated one line to each of the 9,400 days. His only concession to that victory in September 1960 was to allow the details to occupy two lines instead.



Rockyed

Final blow

CRAIG BODZIANOWSKI, the 24-year-old American cruiserweight boxer had his first fight since losing his right foot in a motorcycle accident. And he knocked out Francis Sargent.

His opponent however kept his best blow for outside the ring. Sargent was reported as saying that he 'threw' the fight after receiving telephone threats. Although Sargent later claimed he had been misquoted, the Illinois state Athletic Board will hold an inquiry.

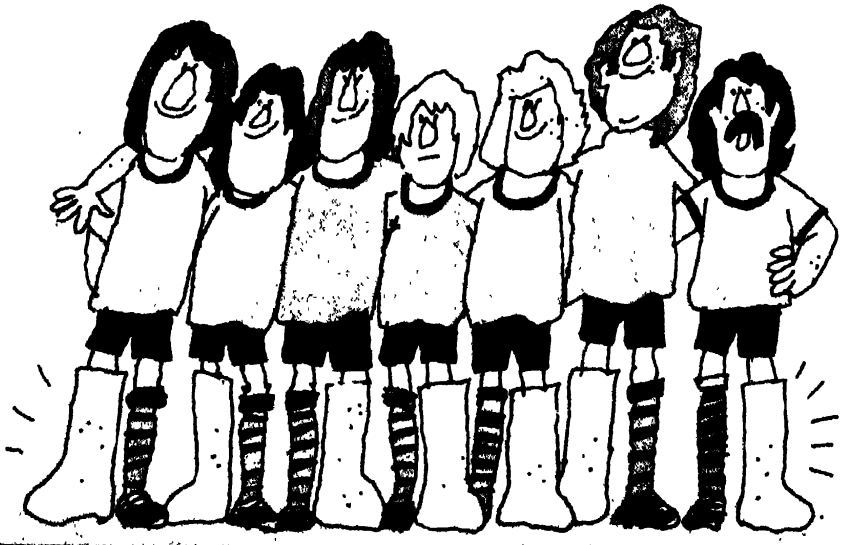
Jerry Moore, Sargent's manager, admits his man seemed to be preoccupied before the fight: "If you're a black man brought up in a ghetto and you're in a white neighbourhood, fighting a guy who's lost his foot and is the sentimental favourite..."

Play And Earn

Golden carrot

CRICKET in South Africa means money—at least at the international level. The country's white cricket officials not only attract players from other countries with huge sums of money. Domestic cricketers too are baited with the same carrot.

It is not just love of cricket that keeps South African batsman Graeme Pollock in the game. For matches against the breakaway Australians, his sponsors pay him a 100 rand (around 500 rupees) bonus for every four runs he scores, a bonus of 500 rand (i.e. about 2,500 rupees) for every half century and 1000 rand for every ton. A double century is worth 5,000 rand. Even a catch is worth 150 rand.



Legs Eleven

Break a leg

SOME Football clubs sack managers. The English Gola League Club Boston United, breaks their legs.

Last season the then manager, Arthur Mann, had a leg broken in a pre-season "friendly". This season the caretaker, manager Ray O'Brien, found that with injuries and suspensions he only had twelve fit players.

Forseeing the need to get fit for a match last month, he played a Sunday game for a local parks side. He did well; scored a goal in fact. But six minutes from from time he was caught in a tackle... his left leg was broken in two places.

22 January P.T. Usha, Zafar Iqbal, Bachendri Pal, Ravi Shastri and Khazan Singh are among 32 sportspersons who are awarded the Arjuna Award by the President Giani Zail Singh at an impressive ceremony at the Ashoka Hall of the Rashtrapati Bhavan.

Hosts India get another thumping in the Nehru Cup soccer tournament as East Germany beat them by five goals to nil in a round robin league match at the Chandrasekharan Nair Stadium at Trivandrum

East Bengal bow out of the Asian Club soccer championship at Jeddah losing to Tiga Berlian of Indonesia by a brace of goals.

23 January India fail to stay ahead of New Zealand in the points table of the Benson and Hedges World Series Cup as they lose to the Kiwis by five wickets in a 50-over game at Melbourne. Scoring 238 for eight, India cannot contain the onslaught of the New Zealand frontline batsmen who notch up 239 for five.

Peru rally from a goal's deficit to beat South Korea by two goals to one in their round robin league match at the Nehru Gold Cup soccer tournament.

Prakash Padukone pulls off an upset 15-9, 15-9 win over third seeded Steve Baddeley of England to move into the semifinal of the Japan Open badminton championship at Kiryu.

24 January USSR display some of their true class as they beat East Germany 4-1 in their match at the Nehru Gold Cup soccer tournament at Trivandrum.

Associated Press



Soviet Union's Sergei Bubka soars to a new indoor record for the pole vault at the 1986 Yomiuri International Indoor Track and Field Meet in Osaka. Bubka broke USA's Billy Olson's record of 5.86m by 0.01 metre

Associated Press



Andrea Balestrieri of Italy looks like one of Mad Max's gang as he speeds through a village in Niger during the 12th stage of the Paris-Dakar rally

25 January India repay compliments to New Zealand beating them by exactly the same margin—five wickets—in a Benson and Hedges WSC game at Adelaide.

India put up their best display so far at the Nehru Cup soccer tournament as they hold China to a goalless draw in a league match at Trivandrum.

Prakash Padukone bows out of the Japan Open badmintion championships at Kiryu as he loses a three-game thriller semifinal to Ib Frederiksen of Denmark. In the other semifinal, Yang Yang of China also has to struggle to get past Icuk Sugiarto.

26 January USSR underline their chance of making the final of the Nehru Gold Cup soccer tournament at Trivandrum beating Peru by two goals to nil.

Switzerland emerge the top tennis nation of Europe as their doubles pair of Jakob Hlasek and Roland Stadler beat Libor Pimek and Peter Korde of Czechoslovakia to clinch the tie 2-1 and win the European Cup.

India fail to maintain the required run rate and lose to Australia by 36 runs in their penultimate clash of the WSC limited overs cricket at Adelaide.

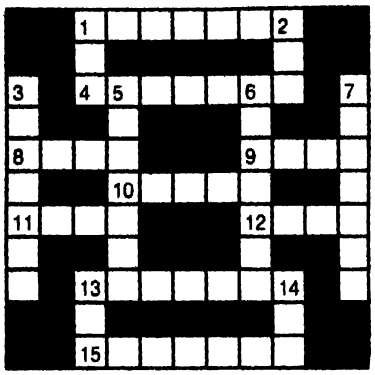
27 January Australia make a mockery of the game of cricket as they throw away their wickets for just 70 runs and let New Zealand cruise to a 206 run victory in a WSC game at Adelaide.

28 January Philippines win the Asian teams' chess championship with a win over Syria in the last round.

CROSSWORD

Mudar

322



ACROSS

1. Traditional team pursuit game of Indian origin (7)
4. What the striker and non-striker would need if they suddenly were rendered injured and hence, immobile (7)
8. and 9. Leading cricket photographer has two right angles in between (7,1)
10. Country which hosted the first Asian Games (5)
11. Indian with a century on Test debut in England in 1959 (4)
12. Doorway for a cricket term (4)
13. Insect for an outdoor sport (7)
15. This Palace, returning, is the venue of many an athletics meet (7)

DOWN

1. Suffix to be found with many a Bombay or Maharashtra cricketer (3)
2. Sports Authority of India ascends (1,1,1)
3. Egyptian squash player, who picked up the game while serving as an officer at the London Embassy, won the amateur championship six times in all (1,3,3)
5. Promising jockey who died an untimely death may be mistaken for a prolific Indian batsman of the past (7)
6. Thirteen-a-side football game of running, passing from hand to hand and kicking an oval ball (1,6)
7. Wimbledon champion of the Fifties stutters towards the end (7)
13. and 14. Association Football club formed by the Irish Catholics to provide meals for the needy children of Glasgow (6)

Excellent: 15-14, Good: 13, Fair: 12.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1. The attack of a famous European club comprised for some time, no less than three winners of the 'European Footballer of the Year' award. Identify the club and the players.
2. Which famous Uruguayan forward scored more than 600 goals in his entire football career?
3. Who has scored the highest number of goals in the Olympic soccer tournament so far?
4. Only one Asian footballer has earned the distinction of becoming the highest scorer in an Olympic tournament. Who is he?
5. A footballer became the top scorer in a certain World Cup. Add an 'F' before his surname and you get that of his compatriot who had topped the scorers' list in an Olympics. Who are the two?
6. Six players were sent off in a World Club Cup match. Who were the two opponents and which was the year?
7. Players of a famous European football club sport white shirts and white shorts. Which is it?
8. The surname of a well-known Dutch footballer is a country! Who is the player?

ANSWERS

1. Manchester United—George Best, Bobby Charlton and Denis Law
2. Fernando Morena
3. Ferenc Bene (Hungary) in 1964 (12 goals)
4. Kunishige Kamamoto (Japan) in 1968 (7 goals)
5. (Paolo) Rossi in the 1982 World Cup (6 goals) and (Annibale) Frossi in the 1936 Olympics (7 goals).
6. Racing club and Celtic. 1967
7. Real Madrid
8. Rinus Israel

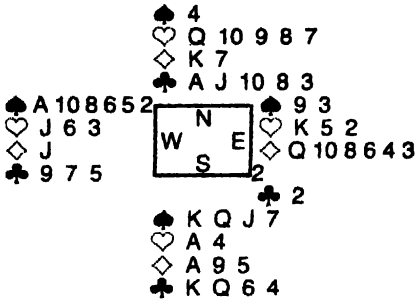
SOLUTION 321

D	O	V	E	R		L	A	W	R	Y	
R				U		A				A	
A	R	M		N	E	T		L	E	G	
K		E		E		E		A		L	
E		L						N		I	
		B						C			
N		O						A		P	
A		U		B		D		S		E	
P	O	R		U	S	A		T	E	R	
		N		D		R		E			
		E	N	D		A	M	R			

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

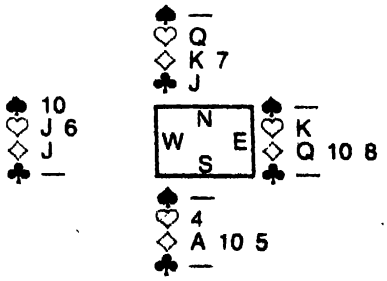
It is always entertaining to see a victory for David over Goliath. When France played Portugal at a critical stage of the European Championship. Michel Perron was in a sense outplayed by J.M. Santos, of Portugal.



South was the dealer at game all. At both tables South became declarer in six clubs after West had overcalled in spades.

Prospects were not good when West led the ace of spades and followed with another. Perron decided that the only chance was to find a singleton king of hearts. There could be no point in risking a spade ruff by East, so he won the second trick with dummy's 10 of clubs. East had to find five discards on the spades and clubs, but there was no problem—he could spare four diamonds and a heart, so Perron was one down.

At the other table the defence began in the same way, but Santos did not ruff the second spade. He was able then to play for this ending:



East was squeezed when South crossed to the king of diamonds and led the last trump. The squeeze would have worked if East had held only six diamonds.

INTRODUCTION

By Bill Beaumont

I MUST say I was intrigued to learn that this book on the great disasters of rugby was being compiled by a Welshman, and presumed it would concentrate on the singular lack of success by Wales in the 1980s. No such luck. I have to admit my next train of thought led me to fear that Chris Rhys might have shifted his attention to that rather fallow period from 1963 to 1979 when England's name did not feature all that prominently or often on the roll of honour. Happily, in this highly entertaining collection of anecdotes he has chosen a much wider canvass to explore, and the end product is essential reading for followers of the game. My initial reaction, when asked what I thought was the greatest disaster in Rugby Union in my time, was disarmingly simple and straightforward. I have long held the view that the fact that the parents of Gareth Edwards, Barry John, Gerald Davies and Phil Bennett were not all English, and that these four bouncing babies were not born in England, was a disaster of the most monumental proportions bordering on the unforgiveable. One disaster provokes another and so it was, while preparing for my first international against Wales in Cardiff, that I remember our coach telling the England squad at training to take up their usual positions. Imagine my trepidation as a fresh-faced youth when I saw our team jog downfield and line up behind the goal-line to wait for the conversion.

Of course, history shows that there was no great reason for England to suffer from complacency or overconfidence when confronted by Wales. Of my six internationals against Wales, five fall neatly into the pigeonhole reserved under the title of this book. However, on the other occasion, at Twickenham in 1980, we really crushed the Welsh, admittedly reduced to 14 men with the early departure of Paul Ringer, by three penalty goals to two tries. Up to that point I had often argued that the value of the penalty goal was disproportionately high, but it is amazing in retrospect, how easily one's judgment can be clouded. Mind you, I was made painfully aware the following year down in Cardiff that one swallow does not make a summer. I found it bad enough that we lost 21-19, but the felony was compounded by enthusiastic Welshmen during the week of the match selling lapel badges to ecstatic fans swathed in red and white scarves which stated: 'Bill Beaumont walks on water', with the PS: 'Bullshit floats'.

In my first year of international rugby I experienced one of the great disasters which tend to befall most players at some time or other—playing out of position. After a tempestuous opening few minutes in the match against Austalia at Brisbane, I was back in our changing room having some stitches inserted into a head wound when I heard the ominous sound of studs on concrete slowly making their way towards the door. It opened hesitatingly and in came Mike Burton. He had just been sent off, and for the only time in his whole life he was rendered speechless. He sat in silence staring at the ground as I returned to the fray. I was met on the touchline by the England manager Alec Lewis who inquired politely: 'Have you ever played prop forward before or will the next 75 minutes be your first attempt?'

My very first disaster in rugby nearly ended my career before it had begun. I promised my mother on my first match in Durham that I would be home long before midnight. A surfeit of good beer and bad company meant that I phoned home feeling and sounding slightly the worse for wear in the early hours of the morning. As I was about to ring off I heard my mother turn to my father in bed and say: 'That's it. Bill has just played his last game of rugby.' Fortunately, I survived to take part in my fair share of rugby disasters—and with that background I am ideally placed to appreciate this book to the full and commend it warmly.

Bill Beaumont

Irreverent. Outrageous. That is the only way to describe this book. Compiled by Chris Rhys, and backed by apt illustrations by Colin Whittock, the incidents recorded here make compulsive reading for rugger fans and even if you have never experienced the thrill of a touchdown, read on. The book is published by Stanley Paul, London and priced at £4.95



FROM the highest to the lowest venues seem strange to somec When in 1907 it was proposed to n Twickenham the headquarters of t RFU, someone disdainfully wrote: 'The site chosen is a market garde Whether Twickenham will prove t the ideal site is very doubtful'.

Indeed, setting up a club can be most difficult business of all. Wher Southwold RFC was first formed, members applied to the council to part of Southwold Common for a pitch, and permission was duly granted. The common is a large pi of land, between the town and the harbour, and includes a nine-hole g course, cricket, football, and now rugby pitches. The whole area is criss-crossed with old pathways.

During the rugby club's first season, an elderly lady was seen walking diagonally across the field of play with her dog. Not only was she exercising her dog, she was also exercising her right to walk on common pathways. The habit became folklore, and referees were warned in advance. Play was stopped when she turned up, players welcomed her with a polite good afternoon and applauded her from the field of play. This happened for five or six seasons until she died.

Another club to launch itself in a modest way was Vigo RFC, located in the wilds of Kent between Maidstone and Gravesend and named after the pub in which someone first had the great idea, one boozy Sunday lunchtime in 1969, of starting a team. In the cold and sober light of Monday, and for several days and weeks thereafter, the beauty of the idea was much questioned. Practical matters seemed also to defy solution, such as where to get a set of posts.

Assuming that it was possible to buy them, even if no Vigoan knew where, the organizers sent out begging letters to any person who had ever offered to buy a round in the pub, but this brought neither joy nor cash. Eventually they decided they would have to make their own, and some diseased elms from the nearby woods were felled, trimmed and re-erected on the field loaned to the club by the landlady of the Vigo Inn.

In the early years there was no clubhouse, but if the landlady was in a reasonable mood the teams changed in the public bar after drinking-up time. If she was not, they were banished to a large disused chicken coop in the corner of the field.



Models full-back Claire Russell wore a hat at the 'World's Most Beautiful Rugby Match', played at the London Irish ground in 1974, in which Actresses beat Models 10-8

What else does a rugby club need? Washing facilities? They had those. After a match, the worst of the mud was washed off at a free-standing tap in the field, and then each Vigo player took a visiting opponent back to his own home for a hot bath, a mug of tea and perhaps a meal, before returning to the pub for the evening. One of the Rosslyn Park sides thought this was such a charming ritual that they came back the following week when a fixture was cancelled.

A similar pioneering spirit was evident in 1972 when the Cayman Islands RFC was founded—with no ball, no pitch, and certainly no clubhouse. Their nearest opponents were in Jamaica, six hundred miles away, which may qualify them as the most travelled and least-exercised wandering club. However, in 1975, led by famous Golden Oldie Jeff Butterfield, the club secured the rights to hack a proper rugby ground from a patch of pine forest—which they did.

Things are different nowadays in the Caribbean. As an official of Trinidad and Tobago RFU put it, touring clubs are very welcome, especially in August. He added: 'You pay to get here...we'll look after the transportation, some entertainment, and your laundry'.

In the Pacific, Fiji have a long-established reputation for rugby. Their first overseas international was played against Western Samoa at Apia in 1924. The pitch contained a large tree on the halfway line which hindered kicking and called for careful negotiation. The match, which Fiji won 6-0, had to start at 7 am to allow the home players time to get to work after the game.

In 1948 Fiji played the New Zealand Maoris at Suva. This was the first time the team had worn boots, and many players complained of soreness and cramp; some wrenched off their boots and flung them across the touchline, but there was little they could do to stop the Maoris winning 24-6.

When the Fijians came to Britain in 1970, one or two jokers in the squad enjoyed playing up their 'primitive' background. A young agency reporter on one of his first assignments made the mistake of asking a large Fijian forward how they celebrated after their matches. 'The winners eat the losers,' he replied.

Excerpt from a Tongan handbook: 'We prefer rugby to cricket. Rugby jerseys last four years. We can't afford cricket balls, they are too expensive. Boots are a problem. The RFU forced us to wear them in 1940...'

In 1983 there were four rugby clubs in Indonesia. One came from the International Sports Club in Djakarta and was full of well-fed and slightly corpulent businessmen. Another was made up of French oil-rig workers in the Kalimantan province of Borneo. The third club, at Bandung, was chiefly noted for its ground which had a 15-foot rise between touchlines. The fourth was also noted for its ground: the club were from at US Navy vessel, and insisted on playing their home matches aboard ship!

In Tahiti, because of the high daytime temperatures, all rugby matches are scheduled as evening kick-offs. To prevent the afternoons from becoming tedious, all visiting teams are invited to an extra function before the game.

In Bahrain, the only playable turfed pitch is at the airport. Games take place alongside the main runway, and have often been halted for the arrival and departure of Concorde and Jumbo jets.

In Gibralter they play a modified form of Rugby Union. Because there is no grass on the only pitch on the Rock, visiting teams are invited to play a form of touch rugby to avoid serious injury.

The lowest-ever rugby match was held on the shore of the Dead Sea 385 m (1,286 ft) below sea level on 29 October 1982. A team from Aqaba and Safi challenged Amman on a pitch prepared by the construction company George Wimpey, who also provided half the players. The temperature was in the low 90s, and Amman, who led 6-4 at half-time, eventually won 26-10.

In the Far East, rugby is viewed very differently according to where you find yourself. The sport is banned in the People's Republic of China, a bulletin from their Sports Council explaining that 'the meeting of sullied bodies in physical contact cannot be approved. There is no place for these elements in our society'. Thus, when the Shanghai club folded in 1952 after the naval connection was virtually severed, the surplus funds were presented to the RFU for a Royal Retiring Room at Twickenham.

In Japan, on the other hand, rugby has been popular since the 1920s, when the Japanese RFU published a pamphlet called 'The Land of the Rising Scrum.' The Japanese Royal Family have been patrons of the game since those early days, thanks to the efforts of Shigeru Kayama, president of the RFU, who in the course of a long sea voyage successfully marketed his enthusiasm to Prince Chichubu. Today the only sports statue in Tokyo—capital of a land of judo, sumo wrestling, baseball and gymnastics—features a scrum-capped rugby player. It stands outside the main entrance to the Olympic Stadium.

In 1964 the authorities in Yugoslavia, where they had been playing Rugby League, took the decision to tell all their clubs to stop playing the game and switch to Rugby Union! It is not known whether Yugoslavia at that time did not like professionalism, or were unsure what game they were playing in the first place.



The elderly lady of Twickenham used to walk her dog across the field of play for five or six seasons until she died

Distance is a problem for members of Oslo RFC, who need around 48 hours to complete an away fixture. The pattern of a usual 'away' weekend is to catch a boat on Friday afternoon, play on Saturday and travel home again on Sunday in time for work on Monday. The only other Norwegian club is at Stavanger, a round trip of 685 miles, and the nearest club is at Karlstad in Sweden, a round trip of 310 miles. Recently, for a change, Oslo were hosts to a team of New Zealanders working on the North Sea rigs, who called themselves the Oil Blacks.

One of the more remarkable games of rugby was played at a POW camp in Poland, within 'smelling distance' of Auschwitz concentration camp. The pitch was the parade ground used for roll-call and exercise, so was virtually grassless. The temperature was below freezing.

The fixture was between 'Scotland' and 'Wales' and took place on a Sunday, the rest day. Snow had fallen to a depth of ten inches the previous evening. The players stamped down the pitch. The teams took the field in ammo boots, trousers, shirts and balaclavas. The game lasted 20 minutes each way. Wales won by two tries to nil. Conversions were not attempted because balls, like players were not allowed over the wire.

Afterwards the teams returned to their huts for a wipe-down with a blanket. After-match festivities were conducted in the proper manner. Booze was a concoction of prunes, currants, fruits, schnapps, wood alcohol, and any other available liquid.

Bad weather has blighted many a fixture, turning benign rugby grounds into unplayable boglands, snowfields etc. The coldest venues must be in the USSR. On 19 October 1978, when Krasnoyarsk played Polytechnika Alma Ata, the temperature was minus 23°C. The teams wore balaclavas, gloves and tracksuits to try and shield themselves from the Siberian blast. No-one was keen to cancel the match since the visitors had travelled some 1,200 miles to get there!

The organizers of the 1890 University match had problems with the weather. The game was arranged for the Queen's Club, West Kensington, on 10 December, but on the day 'a thick fog obscured the ground' and both teams were sent home. The match was re-arranged for 18 February. The fog came down again. A third



This Welsh supporter was immediately nicknamed 'The Welsh Rare Bit' after he decided to bare it all at Twickenham. Meanwhile, the English use the help of a kilt to expose Scotland's weaknesses (below)





Portrait of a nude full-back, streaking into the line at Lansdowne Road, Dublin

attempt was made for 25 February. The fog came down yet again. While Oxford were advised not to travel, Cambridge were already at the ground. The match was eventually played on 2 March, and finished a 6-6 draw.

The England v Wales match of 1908, a played at Bristol, was another Fog Horror Story. So thick was the fog that each time there was a score, players had to find their way to the touchlines to inform the crowd and shivering pressmen.

It was much the same story in November 1982, when Gloucestershire beat Surrey 19—16 in a county championship match at Gloucester. Or, at least, that is the general belief The game was played in thick fog, the television cameras could not detect anything vaguely to do with the game, and two players were still wandering aimlessly around the pitch five minutes after the final whistle, unaware that the game had finished

In Holland, after the severe snowstorms of 1978-79, many of the pitch es were unplayable and League fixtures were rearranged to take place on the beaches. The season was completed on time.

On 12 February 1983, the game between East Peckham and Wellcome had been rescheduled for the morning so that most of the home team could go to their captain's wedding that afternoon. Unfortunately there were severe snowstorms in the night, and when the teams turned up at the ground no pitch markings were visible. The goal posts were white, and there were no flags on the white corner posts. East Peckham play in red and Wellcome in blue, but that day Wellcome unaccountably turned up in red also. The referee arrived in a white tracksuit and said it was too cold to take it off. He also forgot his whistle. Rumour has it that East Peckham won the match 14-6.

FEMALE rugby players mostly conform to one of two images: the old and the new Nicola Carr, a 24-year-old trainee solicitor, was one of the old-fashioned sort, in other words she was not very good, especially when pitched in with six male team-mates to represent the Law Society in a seven-a-side tournament.

Nicola rose to the occasion, however, by scoring a try At the time she suspected rigging by the opposition, who dived to the ground all around her, clutching thin air as she made her way to the line, stepped over one last flailing body and touched the ball down Nevertheless, four points is four points—and Nicola was soon to make it six As she herself described it. 'I converted the try The ball went under the bar but the referee allowed it'.

The new image of the female rugby player is altogether different, and is being fashioned in the ranks of the under-10 mini rugby game At Marlborough Rugby Club the winner of the award for the most improved player of the season in 1983 was Karenza Palmer, an eight-year-old girl Nor is she alone. In a mini rugby tournament in 1981, Dartmouth beat the Cardiff side Rumney by 42 points to 4, and in the first half three tries were scored by one Tom Wilson, the Dartmouth outside-half

At half-time there was an urgent debate in the Dartmouth camp, and as a result Tom spent the rest of the match in the pack Later Dennis Chase, the team coach, said: 'At first I wanted to take her off at half-time because she was too good for them. The Welsh lads live for their rugby, and she was demoralizing them.'

On the subject of female supporters, it is not widely known that Princess Christina of Schleswig-Holstein is extremely keen on rugby. In 1956 the organizers of the Hospitals Cup Final, between Guys and St Mary's, were delighted when it was announced that she would be attending the match. She arrived with her entourage, and was wined and dined by the President of the United Hospitals, and eventually left in her Rolls Royce after the match had finished in a 3-3 draw. It was only after an official

invitation had been extended for her to attend the replay (which St Mary's won 16-0) that it was discovered that the Royal visitors were in fact a group of students from Guys Hospital.

Team mascots come in two varieties—live and manufactured. One of the most celebrated mascots in the latter group was a substitute British Lion which travelled to the other side of the world in a classic 'mercy dash' which ended in what can only be classed as magnificent failure. The mascot was the creation of a Chesire shirt company who presented it to the 1977 British Lions for their tour of New Zealand. Shortly before the final Test, the four-foot-long mascot was stolen from the team bus.

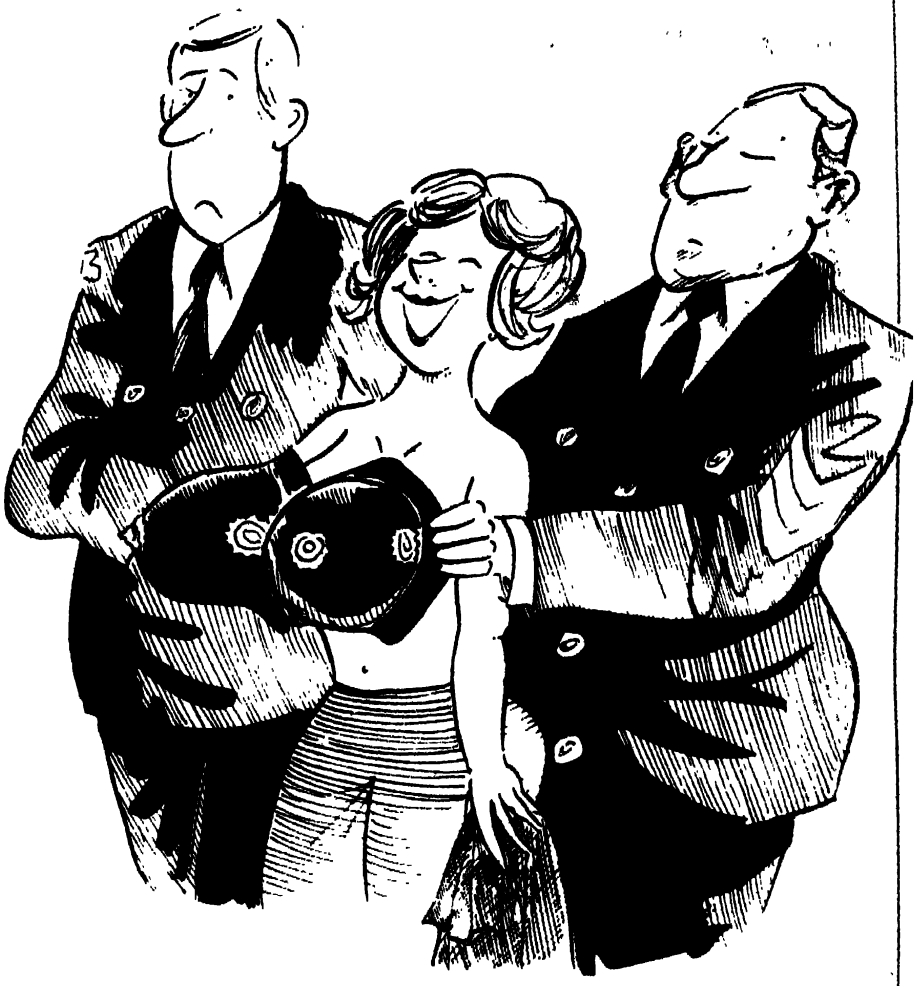
On hearing the news, the managing director of the shirt company, John Keeley, went in search of an identical one, which he had given to an oil company director. He, however, had passed it on to his cleaner, and this bewildered lady had to be hastily relieved of her present. The lion was then flown to New Zealand and arrived in Auckland just in time for the kick-off. The Lions lost the Test 10-9, and with it the series...

Probably the most unusual live mascot carried around by a touring side was a snake which the 1909 Australians brought with them to Britain. Before their game against Llanelli the snake died—and the tourists suffered their first defeat of the tour.

In 1975 a member of Pontoise RFC, Paris, was stopped by Customs at Dover and charged with flouting the quarantine laws which forbid the import of live animals—in this case a cockerel, the French emblem. He explained that he was on his way to the international at Twickenham and was going to present it to the people he was staying with over the weekend, as a gift for their hospitality.

This was not the only *coq* to make the cross-Channel trip in 1975. A chambermaid in a London Bridge hotel had to be taken to hospital suffering from shock after a live cockerel accelerated out of a wardrobe in her direction as she began her chores on the Monday morning after the game.

Is streaking an act of support? If so, it is certainly extreme, and therefore comes into the category of fanatical. It can be argued, on the other hand, that streaking is mere exhibitionism and has little to do with the event at which it is committed. Our findings incline to the view that most streakers are first and foremost sports fans, and that the urge to strip off only attacks them on rare and special occasions.



Police helmets came to the rescue when Erika Roe decided to streak during the half-time of the 1982 international between England and Australia

The first recorded sports streaker ran on the field at Bedford Town FC at half-time on 9 March 1974. A fortnight later an Australian, Michael O'Brien, became the first streaker to be arrested at a rugby international—the match between England and France at Twickenham. A police helmet was placed over the offending parts and this helmet, together with the award-winning press photograph which features it, is on display at the Rugby Club in Hallam Street, London W1.

Many were the comments made both during and after Erika Roe's famous streak at half-time in the 1982 international between England and Australia:

England's captain, Bill Beaumont: 'Three times I tried to get the lad's attention for the half-time pep talk, but they would keep turning round.'

Erika's employer, Mr Frank Westwood: 'She should have been in the office'. And: 'I didn't recognize her on television.'

Erika's father, Mr Peter Roe: 'She spent her childhood in Africa, where such things are not regarded with disfavour. It is seen as being prefectly natural.' And: 'I first saw the incident on the News. It was a lovely picture. She had her arms out—just like the Pope.'

Sarah Bennett, co-streaker: 'How come she got all the publicity?'

To commemorate her bold deed, Erika made a record which was released in December 1982, sold 23 copies and was hailed as the Worst Record of the Year. Oh, well...shame about the voice.

freewheeling

THE death of veteran Indian cricketer Lall Singh in faraway Singapore last month deprived India of yet another cricketer who had represented her in her very first Test match. To date it leaves Dr Jehangir Khan, father of contemporary cricketer Majid, as the sole survivor of the Indian side which played England at Lord's in June 1932.

Lall Singh was credited as being the first—and, till the start of last season, the only—Malaysian to have played Test cricket. Reputed to have a swooping pair of hands in the outfield, Lall Singh is also credited with the boast that he was the only Test player to own a nightclub in Paris.

There are quite a few versions as to the propriety of Lall Singh's inclusion in the 1932 side. Speaking to Dr Jehangir Khan a little over 50 years after that historic tour in Lahore, he elaborated: "Well, this side, let me gather the courage to say after all these years, was not selected on merit. It was a team of individuals gathered on a communal basis and it was agreed that a certain number would be Muslims, a certain number Hindus and a certain number belonging to the rest.

"And since it was the Maharaja of Patiala—a Sikh ruler—leading the side in the beginning, two Sikhs were included, Lall Singh and Joginder Singh. Lall Singh did not even have the residential qualifications according to the 1932 souvenir published on the occasion. He was born in Malaya and had come all the way from there to participate in the two trial matches. And as for Joginder Singh, he was in the Maharaja's service, a captain in his small army."

Historian Edward Docker made an observation in his work on Indian cricket that the side had swelled to 18 with the inclusion of Marshall and Kapadia. There would have been protests that the selectors had discriminated against Parsees if they had not been chosen. Moreover, with Nissar gaining an inch or two in pace with every passing day and catches being floored in the slips, the whisper was that he Hindu slipsmen were conspiring to keep a Muslim out of the side.

Much of that side's problem arose from a clash of personalities. A mutiny of sorts arose on the morning of the match at 4 am when a group of players refused to play under C.K. Nayudu. Telegrams were dashed off to India and reportedly, stern cables from the Maharaja of Patiala finally quelled the uprising. In spite of undercurrents and internal groupings, the team was right there at Lord's that morning. Prepared. Excited. Day of Reckoning at last.

It was a start to remember. England opened with Holmes and Sutcliffe. Some days prior to this game the two Yorkshiremen had made 555 for the opening stand against Essex at Leyton, a first-class record. But this time it was not to be.

The first ball of Nissar's third over tickled Sutcliffe's leg bail while the last ripped Holmes' off stump right out of the ground. Frank Woolley turned one past the square leg umpire and looked for two. Enter Lall Singh from mid on. A lightning throw and England were 19 for three. "It was a nice state of things," wrote Neville Cardus. "In my mind's eye I saw the news flashing over the air to far-flung places in India—Punjab and Karachi and Kuala Lumpur, to dusky men in the hills, to the bazaars in the east, to Gandhi himself and Gunga Din."

The magic touch didn't last. England recovered to 259 and 275 for eight declared while India could manage 189 and 187. The match was lost by 158 runs. But the critics won.

However the end of the tour was far from harmonious. Nayudu is supposed to have picked on Nissar for his indifferent fielding. Nissar in turn is said to have retaliated in the next big match against Notts. Standing at slip with his fists at his sides, he let everything pass unhindered. The snick was a certain four only unless it came in his direction waist high. Amar Singh was not on talking terms with C.K. Nayudu and on the journey homeward, Colah threatened to throw his captain overboard!

All this became interestingly relevant a couple of weeks back. Not only for Lall Singh's death. Looking into my music collection, dusty and unattended, I emerged with a shabby cassette which I decided to put to profitable use. I gave it to a colleague to tape some of the latest chart-busters. Just putting a well-worn item to better use, I told myself.

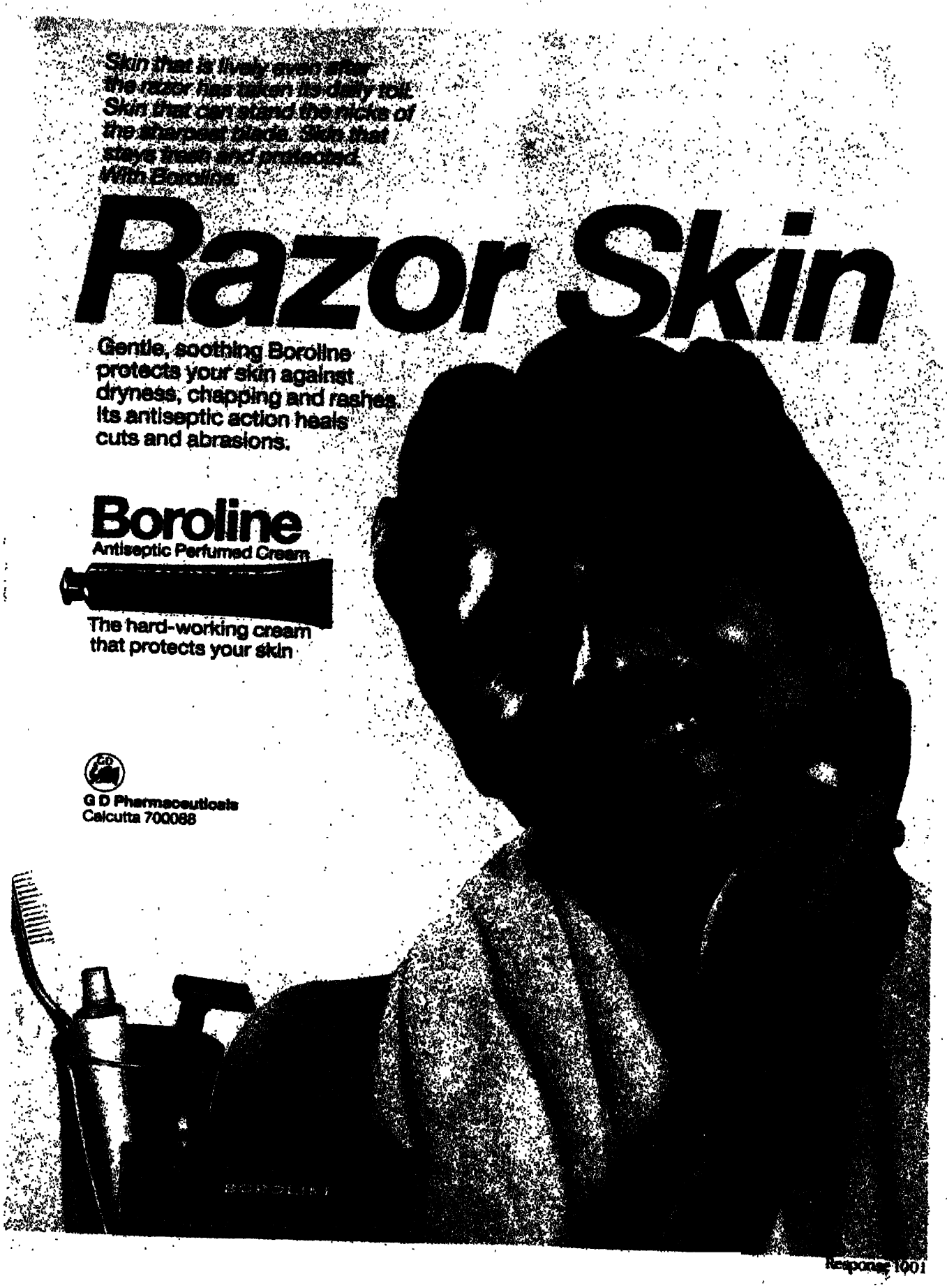
Unwittingly, my precious recording of the Jehangir Khan interview, taken one winter evening in Lahore some years ago, was destroyed forever.

Mudar Patherya

"My precious recording of the Jehangir Khan interview, taken one winter evening in Lahore some years ago, was destroyed forever."



Mudar



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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul
Correspondents: Bombay Haresh Munwani, **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The dream team

THE task of selecting the best Indian XI of all time provided great pleasure to all cricket lovers. Wouldn't it be a good idea to select a World Best XI of all time? There will obviously be even greater differences in opinion but that will only add to the the enjoyment of the reader. With a lot of hair splitting I have selected what I consider to be the best team of all time. Here it is—I did not have much hesitation in selecting my opening combination. Going by performance it must be Geoff Boycott and Sunil Gavaskar. Who else but Sir Donald Bradman would come in at number three? My vote for number four and five would go to Wally Hammond and Greg Chappell, with the greatest all rounder of all time Sir Garfield Sobers the obvious number six. After giving quite a bit of thought I decided on having Alan Knott as my wicketkeeper The three fast bowlers who I feel should be included are Fred Trueman, Harold Larwood and Dennis Lillee. At least one spinner is a must and my vote would go to Lance Gibbs. Just missing the eleven and therefore coming in as twelfth man would be Vivian Richards Do you think any team could beat this one? I don't!
BEAS BHATTACHARYA,
Calcutta

The report on the National Table-tennis in *Sportsworld* (March 5-11) was by Haresh Munwani from Bombay

Shocking

I WAS shocked to read about the confusion regards the women's football team in Novy Kapadia's article—Oh to be abroad *Sportsworld* Feb 12-18 . The decision taken by the NIS sports officials to cancell the trip of the national team to the international tournament held at Jakarta was farcical to say the least When S.R. Zaidi, secretary of the WFFI was in a quandary as to whether to send the team or not, he went to the Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi for help. The Prime Minister promptly made a decision and gave the go ahead. It was rather disappointing to read that the team left for the tournament without a coach. The only official to finally accompany the team was S.R. Zaidi who went as the manager. Congratulations to the secretary for display-

Uttarpara

Jaikrishna courage and dedication

The praiseworthy gesture of Rajiv Gandhi was a good morale booster for the team. They performed splendidly, coming in second, pipping Japan on a better goal average.
S. HUSSAIN,
Dibrugarh.

Players for sale

THE football season is here once again and star players have started bargaining. The 'team-makers' and 'player-catchers' also are very active now with their money bags in hand. It is, as if, they are in the market to buy commodities. Star players are sold almost at auction. This practice has been gaining ground, since the three big Calcutta teams are out every year to purchase players at any cost even from abroad This should immediately be stopped in the interest of Indian sport. Hired and purchased players cannot be sincere to their teams, as hired soldiers cannot fight for the sake of the country sincerely. This system can be done away with, if the teams do not indulge in such an unclean practice. A constant change of teams cannot be helpful in rousing sportsmanship.
NIRJHAR DAS GUPTA,
Calcutta.

India phobia

S.M. SHIVAPRASAD, like many other Indians, seems to be obsessed with the idea that everything foreign is always better than all that is Indian. His letter (*Sportsworld* Feb 5-11) gives the impression that he is unnecessarily biased against all that is Indian

He claims that our TV technicians lack basic commonsense This is far from the truth. Our technicians are in fact second to none as they have done wonders with the inadequate and outdated equipment It is understood that the Doordarshan authorities have taken steps to get the latest outdoor broadcasting vans

Our commentators are very capable Tiger Pataudi, Balu Alaganan and other Indian commentators will be able to understand our set up, our climate and playing conditions better than the commentators who will come from abroad

If we do not give our crew and technical people a chance to get the necessary exposure then they will never be able to improve.
M.A. RADHAKRISHNA,
Bangalore.

Conscious leader of the black people

Viv Richards is profiled by **David Frith**

IN THE pre-war Depression years, Don Bradman stood for the powers of endurance of the ordinary bloke. His triumphs brought pride and inspiration to masses of struggling Australians in town and bush. Through The Don they saw that life's difficulties were at least not totally universal. Spasmodically they too tasted success on a giant scale, if only vicariously. 'Our Don' took his admirers out of themselves, made their existences less wretched, gave them a kind of hope.

For ten years now Viv Richards has done something similar for the black man.

He has not been alone in this. Clive Lloyd gathered together one of the most powerful cricket teams of all time, with wonderful opening batsmen like Gordon Greenidge and Desmond Haynes, himself and Richards and the solid, phlegmatic Gomes to make runs, and Dujon to keep wicket and add artistry to the middle-order batting; and, most significantly, a brigade of ferocious fast bowlers to keep the opposition in an almost permanent state of submission. They came tumbling out of the pavilion, large and loose and eager: Andy Roberts, Michael Holding, Wayne Daniel, Colin Croft, Joel Garner, Malcolm Marshall, Courtney Walsh, with keen youngsters queueing up to replace them. For Viv Richards to stand towering above all these as the symbol of West Indian supremacy emphasises the impact he has had on international cricket since the mid-1970s.

The core of his batting extravaganza was the 1976 series in England, though the preface, West Indies' home series against India, had more than a touch of intimidation about it: he hit 142 in the Barbados Test, 130 in Trinidad, 177 in the third Test, at the same venue, and finished quietly with 64 in the Jamaica bloodbath when five Indians could not bat in the second innings, most of them injured by the speed assault.

Richards thus came to England for his first Test tour with more than just imposing forenames: Isaac Vivian Alexander. He began that 1976 series with innings of 232 and 63 in the Trent Bridge Test, over twice as many as young Bradman had made on that ground in his maiden English Test. Richards struck dread into countless hearts, and caused some analysts, in their desperation, to repeat the mistakes made by several almost half-a-century before, when they concluded that Bradman's technique would be found out on English pitches. He played across the line, they said. So did Richards. His pull shot was too risky, being used to punish balls only slightly short of a length. So was Richards's. Bradman showed them with 974 runs in that 1930 series, skipping to a triple-century, two double-centuries and a century in the five Tests. Richards in the 1976 Tests amassed 829 runs. But he played in only four Tests. I happen to believe that no batsman has ever approached Bradman for skill, concentration *and* appetite. And however we judge modern batsmen, we must never lose sight of the crucial fact that they are pampered with covered wickets, protective umpires' light-meters and tasty cash inducements. But to reflect on Viv Richards's performances in that 1976 series is to recall his total dominance over Snow and Hendrick and Old and Underwood and Pocock and Willis and Ward and Miller and Greig. Especially Greig. The England captain's clumsy remark about West Indians' grovelling when they are in adversity fired up all of Clive Lloyd's men, but none more passionately than Richards. Never in sport has attempted propaganda backfired



"... conscious leader, nursing profound emotions, eternally aware of tortured history, injustice, battered pride."

s surely as this.

The runs that sparked rom Richards's hefty bat hat summer came with the ifleshot crack of the hook, asping square-cuts as he tepped away to make oom, booming drives through the covers, and, in the fashion that became his trademark, meaty persuasions through the leg side, often to respectable balls pitched on or even outside off stump. His attempt at 'art' came in the late-cut, when those heavyweight shoulders lined up square to the crease and the mahogany wrists chopped down on the poor unsuspecting ball: it ran away from him as fast as it could go, bruising the advertising hoarding at third man.

Ironically the one he did not conquer that summer was Lord's. Illness kept him out of that match. But he would be back several times to entertain the St John's Wood folk in the summers to follow. Not that London missed out completely on the Viv Richards brilliance that season, for he signed off at grimy Kennington Oval with what seemed a certain triple-centuy, being bowled by Greig, of all people, for 291 after batting a shade short of eight hours. In that first Test series in England, his visiting card had dropped onto the table in the vestibule with a force that rocked the entire house.

Since then he has had his quieter moments, always to boom back with a large innings in which bowlers have been not so much taken for runs as flagellated. There have been memorable duels, such as that with Jeff Thomson, bowling probably as fast as man has ever done. Richards's method is never to withdraw discreetly. Between roaring bouncers which singed his hair he flatbatted the red blur of a cricket ball straight into the stand beyond square leg.



Viv Richards: 'Just a piece of wood.'

That noble head surmounts a powerful body which has been compared with Joe Frazier's. Richards might have made a fair fighter, from the flash of those eyes as the combatants exchange glares before the first bell to the evident athleticism, coiled in sinister reserve.

He is a conscious leader of the black people, nursing profound emotions, eternally aware of tortured history, injustice battered pride. He may be as popular in Somerset as in Antigua, and one of his most meaningful friendships may be with Ian Botham, but he is a black man, as committed as Frank Worrell and Learie Constantine, if not with quite their natural grace and polish. He shrugs off his deeds with the cricket bat. It is just 'a piece of wood'. With equal modesty, Garry Sobers acknowledged always that he was engaged in nothing more than a sport—to the point where he made a generous declaration against England and lost, bringing down heaps of rancour upon his head. Nor did Sir Garry think politics. His ingenuous visit to Rhodesia cost him dearly in Caribbean eyes. Richards, in contrast, has stated that no amount of money could get him to South Africa. (Sobers did not go for the money.)

So we have here more than a batsman, a quicksilver fieldsman, a teasing bowler, a West Indies captain. Viv Richards is proudly a man of his race, with an unalterable force of opinion which will have been conveyed to team-mates as well as to others in his orbit. Those colourful wristbands, beaming bright red, gold and green, are no mere convenience. When he finishes with cricket he will not finish with life. It could all just be beginning.

At that point what will he have left behind? Almost certainly he will have become the first West Indies player to register 100 centuries. His Test record will be topshelf. One day in 1985, for Somerset, he slaughtered the Warwickshire bowling and put his name in the distinguished list of triple centurions. His dominance at Lord's became legend, in Test matches, one-day county finals, and in the World Cup final of 1979. His was the wicket they always needed. When he fell in the 1983 World Cup final, India knew they had it won. And yet more often he seemed to be able to make runs just when he wanted to. His century in his beloved Antigua's maiden Test match in 1981 seemed predestined.

He walks with a swagger; he chews menacingly; he thumps that cricket ball as if it contained all the evils of a millenium of mankind. When he gets settled, the cricket pitch is his domain. Considered literally, there is no such thing as immortality, so Richards will have to leave to that domain for good one day. But books and photos and film have a purpose; and if they convey to future generations just how this man's command affected cricket during these past years, they will have served those future generations admirably.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Second one-day international/Port-of-Spain

Mission Impossible

Matthew Engel watches England pull off an unbelievable victory off the last ball

GRAHAM Gooch, with a heroic 129 not out, gave England a victory over the West Indies in Port-of-Spain that was not merely improbable but almost downright impossible. Gooch took England to a five-wicket win with a leg-bye off the final ball after they had chased 10 an over through the closing stages. The result squared the one-day series at 1-1.

For the first time this winter the England batsmen had not only faced the West Indian bowlers but out-faced them. A tame Port-of-Spain pitch allowed England to play a game recognisable as cricket in the second one-day international, and led by Graham Gooch they played it extremely well.

The West Indies still produced a superb performance this time through their batsmen; 82 off 39 balls by Viv Richards had taken their score to 229 for three in a match reduced to 37 overs-a-side by bad weather. From anyone else it would have been an astonishing innings, but since it was Richards, you knew England would cop it sooner or later.

Wondering how on earth his team might score a run a ball against the Patterson gang, David Gower had taken the desperate gamble of promoting Botham to open the innings, a ploy used regularly and unsuccessfully in Australia three years ago. And it failed again.

Botham's bowling had already been marmalised by Richards, and his chum and nemesis put paid to him completely by first parrying and then holding a catch at mid-on in the third over.

Slack, replacing the sick Robinson, then made his case to oust the latter from the Test side too, playing some cool legside shots that for a time almost matched Gooch's stroke-play. They put on 89 for the second wiicket in 17 overs—with 17 coming off Harrper's first over—before Slack was caught behind at tempting a big swing. Lamb was next to go, bowled by Garner in the 27th over.

Gower won the toss and put West Indies in, which ensured that the tone of the day was set by the unquestioned brilliance of their batsmen, rather than the



Courtney Walsh (left) and David Gower discussing an evening out?



David Gower takes his eyes off the ball and is hit



Greg Thomas celebrates his first Test wicket—Desmond Haynes caught behind

more controversial skills of their bowlers. And brilliance was the word.

England might have been encouraged by the team news: the West Indies were without both Dujon and Greenidge, who was feeling further effects of his blow in the Kingston Test. and below number five their batting might have been a bit thin.

But first England had to get down that far. And though the bowlers began steadily enough and had the makeshift opener, Best, scraping for runs, they had no help from a shorn pitch and had to rely on Best to run himself out. Haynes, strong through the on-side, reached his 50 before he was bowled, pulling in the 18th over. But at 106 for two the situation was not entirely out of England's control.

Then came Richards. He batted 50 minutes, faced 39 balls, hit four sixes, and transformed the match almost as spectacularly as he did at Old Trafford in 1984. His Antiguan protege Richardson was with him and in normal circumstances his 79 not out would have been fairly sensational. But I think any batsman in history would have been out-shone by Richards. Between them they put on 117 in 10 overs.

As soon as Richards came in, Botham was brought back to the attack. Richards immediately struck him to the mid-wicket boundary. This one was not quite middle, but then he began to square cut artistically or chip and smash straight back over the bowler.

The more Botham charged in, the more contemptuously Richards hit. Emburey came on and got similar treatment. Then Ellison tried bowling outside the leg stump. Richards moved over further and the ball went further still: four more runs.

England's fielding began to waver under this intolerable pressure and Gower's attempts to place his men were reminiscent of the '50s song 'close the door, they're coming through the window.' There was nothing Gower could do except maybe construct a second tier of fieldsmen around the boundary, though it was tempting fate to allow Botham the 37th and final over.

He did get Richards at last, caught at long leg, but the over cost 23 runs including three sixes, two of them to Richardson, who was enjoying himself increasingly and one by Richards into the top deck of the stand over long-on. There is a character called 'blue food' who sits there during every big Queen's Park match and blows a trumpetlike old loppylugs at Worcester; and he gave a really triumphant blast after that.

Courtesy The Guardian

Century-makers, catch-takers and jaw breakers

Steve McMorran reports from Christchurch on the first Australia-New Zealand cricket Test

CENTURY-MAKERS, catch-takers and jaw-breakers were newsmakers in the second cricket Test between New Zealand and Australia at Christchurch.

Fluctuating fortunes propelled various players into the limelight. Australia was 57 without loss at lunch on the first day, then 74-5 after 19 balls of the second session as Richard Hadlee provoked another collapse. All seemed lost until Allan Border and Test newcomer Stephen Waugh came together and added 177 runs in a partnership for the sixth wicket.

New Zealand was 17 for one after the controversial dismissal of John Wright and then 48-4 as a procession began involving Bruce Edgar, John Reid and Ken Rutherford. Coney, like Border produced a captain's innings to stem the slide.

Border made 140 in Australia's first innings, batting on Coney's request after the New Zealand captain won his second toss. The innings was a delight and a vindication for the left-hander who had a top-score of 38 in five previous Tests in New Zealand.

Border's century was his 17th in Tests and took his Test run tally to 6062, making him the fourth Australian to score more than 6000 Test runs. Border now requires 88 runs to overhaul Neil Harvey's career tally of 6149, a sentimental target for the Australian captain because Harvey is credited with his discovery and has been Border's mentor through his international career. The only other Australian batsmen to surpass 6000 runs in Tests are Greg Chappell (7110) and Sir Donald Bradman (6996 in 52 matches).

The innings revived the theory, principally an Australian one, that Border is the best batsman in the world today. Border's record is impressive, but the claim is hard to justify because comparisons are difficult. Border's statistical legacy, technique and temperament have to be matched against those of other established players, Vivian Richards and Ian Botham perhaps and against players of potential, Mohammed Azharuddin and Martin Crowe.

Border probably still comes out on top. His greatest asset is his ability to contribute when contributions are most required. One remembers his innings of 123 at Old Trafford in the 1981 Ashes Test, despite a broken finger on his left hand to record the slowest Test century ever by an Australian.

Australia lost that match though Border was left not out 152 in Australia's second innings against New Zealand at Brisbane. The innings was another face-saver for Australia though New Zealand won the match by an innings and 41 runs, its first Test win over Australia on Australian soil.

He was thoroughly commanding again in this international. Though he almost played on twice early in his innings, the mistakes were acceptable because Hadlee at that stage was dominant and dangerous. When he established himself, Border hardly faltered until, at 140, he chopped a delivery from Ewan Chatfield back onto his stumps.

His support through Australia's first innings came principally from Waugh who was equal to the demands made of him by his captain, making 74 under extreme pressure. There followed good contributions of 30 from wicket-keeper Tim Zoehrer, 21 from Ray Bright and 15 from Dave Gilbert.

Border's innings revived the theory, principally an Australian one, that he is the best batsman in the world today. His record is impressive, but the claim is hard to justify

HADLEE, playing his 62nd Test for New Zealand to overtake Bevan Congdon's record of 61 appearances for his country, claimed seven wickets for 116 runs from 44.4 overs to take his tally of Test dismissals to 309. Hadlee consequently overtook Fred Trueman who was the first man to take 300 Test wickets, reaching 307 in 67 Tests. He finished the first innings equal with Lance Gibbs with 309 wickets and with only Dennis Lillee, Botham and Bob Willis ahead of him in career wicket tallies. Botham, who is in action currently in the West Indies, continues to race away from Hadlee. Willis has 325 Test wickets and Lillee 355.

After battling through almost 15 overs, Hadlee had to watch as the New Zealand top order undid some of his work. He was also required to contribute with the bat earlier than he would have expected, when Martin Crowe retired hurt with New Zealand 124-4.

Crowe had been joined by Coney in a critical partnership for the fifth wicket. Coney attempted to answer Border's innings in kind and had reversed the trend of the match with a number of fine shots, using his feet to drive Bright or rocking back to cut Waugh.

Crowe also took the attack to the Australians, playing a series of superb shots through mid-wicket, then standing up to drive Dave Gilbert through the covers. He was 51 and had just hooked the lanky fast-bowler Bruce Reid for four, when Reid dropped another ball short. Crowe rocked inside its line, attempting to hook again and was struck on the jaw.

The ball was angled across Crowe from Reid's line round the wicket. The New Zealander picked it as short enough to hook but it rose more quickly than most deliveries on an evenly-paced wicket and as it ducked towards off, Crowe was unable to



Posing for Vogue? Richard Hadlee (second from left) and the others convey interesting body language

move out of the line. The young batsman took a sickening blow on the jaw, running away from the wicket then collapsing amid the Australian slip field. He was attended to where he lay and then led from the field holding a towel to his jaw to staunch the flow of blood

Hadlee was called to the wicket as Crowe had eight stitches inserted in his chin Reid showed no remorse and tested the New Zealand all-rounder with another short-pitched delivery Hadlee sparred at the ball as it darted into his rib cage and Geoff Marsh at short leg sprawled but missed a catch. The effort was wasted as the umpire signalled a no ball. Undeterred, Reid tried a similar ball Hadlee played a similar shot and Zoehrer took an athletic catch behind the wicket.

Ian Smith joined Coney and the two added 66 for the sixth wicket before the New Zealand wicketkeeper fell for 22, cutting too close to his body and deflecting a delivery from Waugh onto his middle stump.

As Smith left the field, Crowe returned to a tumultuous ovation. His chin was heavily padded and he had added a face visor to his helmet but he showed no ill effects from his injury and immediately surpassed his captain as the most dominant of the New Zealand batsmen. He raced on to 85 as Coney moved to 97, within reach of his second successive Test century. Then Crowe went on an all out attack and swept to his century while his captain's score remained motionless Coney had been 76 when Crowe returned to the wicket. The two had added 59 in 84 minutes before Crowe's temporary retirement and went on to add 73 in 57 minutes before Coney's untimely dismissal

Coney seemed almost disconcerted by the freedom of Crowe's scoring and the fact that he had been robbed of the initiative and the limelight by his younger partner. He edged on to 98 and might have got his century when Bright offered him a full-toss which he failed to despatch. The New Zealand captain having resolved at that point to get his hundred as spectacularly as possible attempted to hoist Waugh over square leg for six but delivered Reid a catch on the fine leg boundary. His superb innings ended at 98 and Coney was a picture of dejection as he realised that he had denied himself his fourth century in a 12-year Test career.

Crowe continued to attack on Coney's departure but suffered through a lack of partners. John Bracewell stayed to score 20 before falling to Reid. Then tailenders Ewan Chatfield and Gary Troup tried to offer some support.

New Zealand crept towards Australia's first innings total of 364, were 311 when Bracewell fell, then 331 after Troup added a quick 10 in a 20-run ninth wicket partnership. The pressure of farming the strike to keep number eleven Ewen Chatfield from the bowling, eventually proved too much for Crowe. He succumbed to a desire to hit out, dragging a ball from Reid down to Waugh at long on when he was 137 and New Zealand was 339.

Reid, the only Australian bowler to consistently worry the New Zealanders, ended with four for 90 and Waugh, who made good use of his ability to move the ball inwards off the seam, took four for 6. That performance, coupled with his manful 74 in Australia's first innings, vindicated his billing as one of the most promising young cricketers playing Tests.

10

Pitches, foreign conditions, excuses...

AUSTRALIAN cricketers returning from India often bemoan the state of the pitches, sometimes justifiably, sometimes seeking an excuse after what can be an arduous, fruitless tour.

I suppose it's the same for most cricketers after coming to grips, or attempting to, with foreign conditions. These days the debate about the standard of pitches seems to be reaching a crescendo.

Whenever bright cricket was absent during the Australian summer, the game seemed to focus on the hallowed 22 yards of turf in centrefield rather than the people playing on it. Test wickets in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth all deservedly came under heavy fire, and the general consensus was that it was the worst Australian pitches had been for some years.

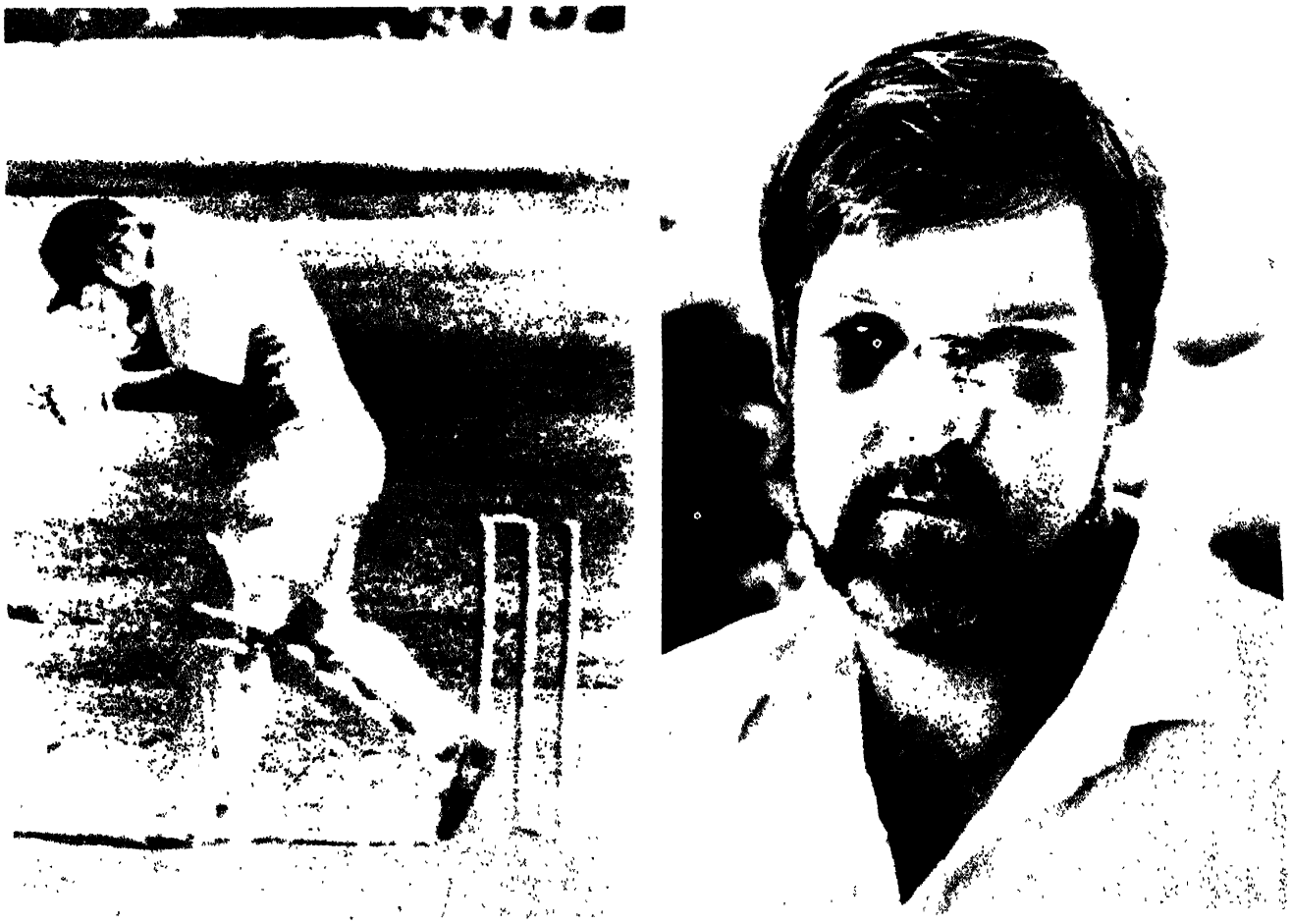
There were reasons for this—the Perth strip had just been relaid; and the heavy international cricket schedule didn't allow the groundsmen in Melbourne and Sydney enough time to effect repairs after an equally heavy football season.

Now that the New Zealand leg of this trans-Tasman Test series is underway, the nature of the pitches is making more news than a Greg Matthews century. Former Kiwi captain Geoff Howarth got the ball rolling with his criticism of the wicket at Wellington only a week before the First Test was to be played there. There was much speculation that the pitch would be a shocker. The New Zealand selectors believed the press at any rate, and went into the game with a battery of medium-pacers and no spinner.

The speculation was misguided. In the three-and-a-half days-play possible before a freezing Wellington rain set in for good, century-makers Jeremy Coney and Greg Matthews and other heavy-scorers, Greg Ritchie and Richard Hadlee were pleased to find a superb batting strip rather than the minefield they were prepared for.

MEANWHILE England's bruised, battered and beaten cricketers licked their wounds after a 10-wicket defeat under the Jamaican sun, and ruefully

Mike Gatting takes a Marshall delivery on the nose. After the patch-up job (right)





Phew... David Gower gets out of the way—only just

listened to the advice from the locals. If you thought the pitch in Jamaica was bad, wait till you get to Barbados. Joel Garner is a mate of the groundsman there!

Cricketer and columnist Peter Roebuck, Joel's skipper at Somerset this season, put forward a novel suggestion to improve pitches; "Let the groundsman strap on his pads! Facing Marshall on a bad pitch is a task for a man who has already lost his teeth."

John Woodcock said in *The Times*: "On their balcony, the England players looked as though it were the gallows they faced." Facing Marshall is one of cricket's most unenviable tasks. To do it on a wicket from which the ball might just as readily break your toe as your nose makes the batsman's fate as certain as someone facing the hangman.

Perhaps the best pitch in Australia this summer was the one at Adelaide Oval, where Les Burdett is the curator, and he has some interesting theories on the declining standard of pitches. To start with, he would like to see the modern ripple-soled shoe banned from the game. Burdett believes such a ban would make Test pitches play as they should.

"In the first session of a Test wicket there should always be a little in it for the new-ball bowlers so they can extract whatever moisture is in the wicket," Burdett says.

"By the end of day two and day three, it should be batting well, but progressively through days three, four and five, the area in front of the stumps where the batsmen with spiked shoes have tread while making their runs, should have broken up slightly and the slow bowlers should have come into the game."

He believes some pitches are not turning as much as they should because the ripple-soled shoes aren't breaking the surface.

I bet David Gower is hoping everyone wears spikes during the series in the Caribbean. The West Indies included a spinner in the side for the Jamaica Test, but he didn't get a bowl!

In New Zealand, Australia is continuing the vogue set during the tour of England last year—packing the batting order at the expense of the bowling. In Wellington, Australia played just the three specialist bowlers with back-up from all-rounders Greg Matthews and Steve Waugh. As a result, New Zealand managed to extricate themselves from a sticky situation and fight back to a respectable seven wickets for 379.

New boy Ken Rutherford joined the old hands Jeremy Coney and Richard Hadlee to thwart the Australian attack, setting record partnerships for the sixth and seventh wicket in so doing.

Captain Allan Border will be steadfastly praying for a speedy recovery from injury for his major strike bowler Geoff Lawson. A glance at the scorecard in Australia's last 13 Test makes sorry reading; the bowlers having conceded scores of 533, 290, 456, 482, 5-295, 464, 7-553, 293, 299, 520, 445 and 4-600!

Lawson is unlikely to take the field before the start of the next Australian season, and so will miss the tour of India in September.

Lawson told me in Sydney last week he planned to fly to Perth to seek specialist advice from the doctor who helped cure Dennis Lillee when he was stricken by a similar injury

Noel Mengel in Australia

Percy and Deadly

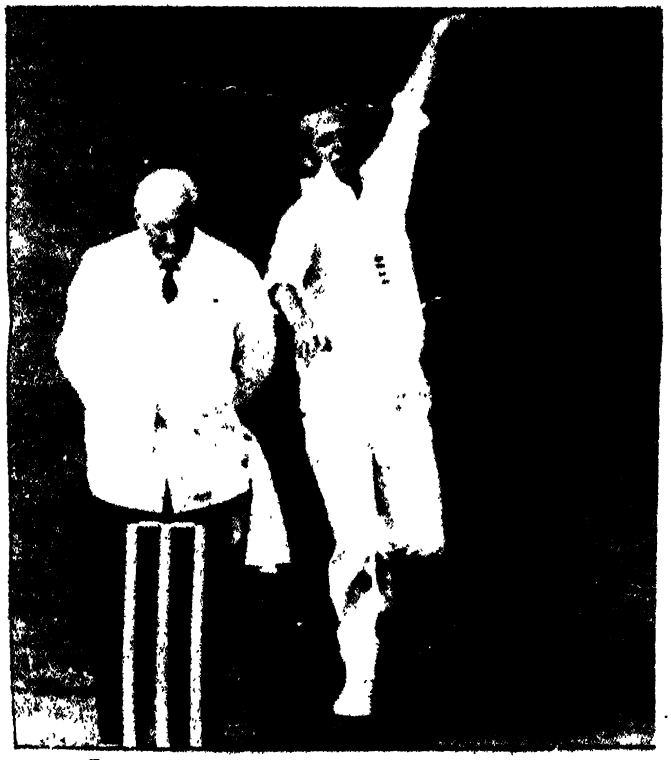
Jonathan Rice writes fondly of two outstanding features

Two of my favourite cricketers are Derek Underwood and Pat Pocock. They are favourites not simply because they prove that there is life after 35, a belief to which I find it increasingly hard to subscribe as the bleak winter months grind on. Deadly and Percy are favourites because they enjoy their cricket, and you and I, the spectators, can see that clearly from the boundary. I don't know whether their enjoyment makes them try harder or whether their total commitment to the cricket six hours a day brings enjoyment in its wake, but whichever way round it is, they communicate their enthusiasm to everybody watching them, and this makes even the fag-end of a quiet draw a little more interesting for all involved.

Their careers have run in parallel, but like many parallel lines, have crossed remarkably infrequently. (I realise that geometry buffs among my readership will point out that parallel lines never cross, but I've already paid for my poetic licence for 1986, and I intend to get my money's worth.) Deadly has been statistically one of the game's most prolific bowlers of all time, although in the left-arm slow category he still has some way to go to catch Wilfred Rhodes's 4187 wickets. Pocock's career, on the other hand, is studded with bizarre records that never quite appear to confirm the genius that *Wisden* was accusing him of when he was only 21. Since he was born in Wales, was given the Irish and Scottish Christian names of Patrick Ian, and then started playing cricket for Surrey and England, we should expect the unexpected from him anyway.

Did you know, for example, that he was the first man in history to begin his Test career on February 29? He achieved this feat in 1968, when he was chosen for England against West Indies in Barbados. One man had previously played his first day of Test cricket on February 29, in 1964, but this was only because the official first day of his first Test match, February 28, was washed out by rain. That man was one Wynne Pennell Bradburn of New Zealand. His Test career ended in the middle of March 1964. Since Pocock's debut in 1968, one other man has joined this short list of Leap Year Day debutants, the Canterbury batsman P.E. McEwan, whose first Test, of four to date, was for New Zealand against West Indies at Auckland, starting on February 29, 1980. Not even Derek Underwood, who also plies his trade at Canterbury, but half a world away from McEwan, can claim membership of this select group of three.

One thing that Pocock and Underwood do have in common is that they have both played in the same team as Cowdrey *père et fils*. Underwood for Kent and Pocock has the added distinction of having played against both generations of





Deadly (left) and Percy are favourites because they enjoy their cricket and you and I, the spectators, can see that clearly from the boundary

Cowdrey too, a fact that may well make him unique in the annals of useless cricket anecdotal information. Deadly and Percy first played against each other in first-class cricket when Surrey played MCC at Lord's in May 1965, so by last summer they had clocked up 21 seasons of opposition, which must be a comparatively rare event in county cricket.

1966 saw our heroes bowling together for the first time, for MCC President's XI against West Indies at Lord's at the end of July. It was not much of a game, *Wisden* recording that 'an abandonment through rain... came as something of a relief.' Still, Underwood took 3 for 56, his third wicket making him the first man to 100 wickets that year. Underwood has taken 100 wickets in a season 10 times since 1964, while Pocock has reached that landmark only once, in 1967. That season's 112 wickets at 18.22 earned him a place on the England winter tour and his first of 25 Test caps. Underwood topped the bowling averages in 1967, with 136 wickets at 12.39, but missed the tour.

The home season in 1968 continued Pat Pocock's run of statistical aberrations. He was chosen for the first Test at Manchester, achieved what is still his best-ever Test analysis of 6 for 79 in Australia's second innings, and then was dropped in favour of Underwood for the second Test. Deadly was then not even given a bowl in the first innings of that Test, but retained his place in the side right through to the fifth Test at The Oval, where I saved his Test career. There is no point in false modesty—without me, Underwood might never have had greatness thrust upon him.



Without me Underwood might never have had greatness thrust upon him!

In the early afternoon of August 27, I was one of groundsman Ted Warn's army of volunteers from the crowd who mopped, swept and squeezed the water from the pitch to render those last 75 minutes of play possible. In that time, Underwood took four wickets for six runs and won the match for England. *Wisden* chose him as one of their Five Cricketers of the Year and he never looked back. I wonder if he realises that he owes it all to me?

Percy Pocock has never been chosen as one of *Wisden's* Five Cricketers of the Year: an oversight that astonishes me. He is thus one of only nine players who have played for England 25 times or more without being so honoured. The list includes two other offspinners. Geoff Miller (whose 34 Tests are the most played by anybody who has failed to make the *Wisden* Five) and David Allen, as well as four more of Pocock's contemporaries, David Brown, Barry Knight, Phil Edmonds and Chris Tavaré. Of all these highly-capped unfortunates, only Gubby Allen and Yorkshire's George Ulyett, who died in 1898, never played either with or against Pat Pocock.

Derek Underwood has played in 86 Tests and has taken 297 for England at less than 26 apiece. His place in the record books (immediately below Ulyett alphabetically) is secure. But when he was chosen with Pocock for England, things tended to go less well. In the 11 Tests between 1969 and 1976 which they played together—three against India, three against Pakistan and five against West Indies—Underwood took only 29 wickets at over 39 runs apiece. In his 75 other Tests, he has taken 268 wickets at less than 25 runs each, and at a rate almost one wicket per match higher than when Percy was his partner. The same can be said of Pocock: 26 wickets at nearly 49 runs each in 11 Tests with Deadly, 41 more in 16 without him, at an average seven runs less and a strike rate 10 percent better.

By far their most effective international performance as a pair was in the second Test they played together, against India at New Delhi in December 1972. In the second innings, Underwood took 4 for 56 and Pocock 3 for 72, to bring England victory by six wickets. Pocock reserved his best bowling of that series for the third Test, when he took 4 for 114 and 4 for 28 in a match that England lost by four wickets. Underwood was ill and could not play! As a bowling partnership, they will never match Laker and Lock or even Emburey and Edmonds, although I can see no reason why this should be so.

Underwood has never taken seven wickets in 11 balls, a record that gives Pocock the most unplayable spell of bowling of all time. Pocock has never scored a century, which Underwood did after 20 years of trying. Pocock's career batting average is nevertheless higher than Underwood's despite going eight years, from 1976 to 1984, without scoring a Test run. I hope that their separate but synchronous benefits in 1986 will bring them as much reward as they have given over the years to those of us who watch them play, perhaps even enough to keep them in their old age, in the unlikely event that they ever allow time to catch up with them.

Cricket in the Bible

Martin Sanders researches religiously

The [illegible] Bible, known [illegible] to some as [illegible] Christian's Wisden' is [illegible] marvellous book, capable of universal application. It should therefore come as no surprise that such an important activity as cricket features prominently in its pages.

It is, of course, well known that the size of a cricket team is based on Biblical tradition. For example, Luke 24:33 gives us a description of disciples holding a pre-match discussion: 'And they arose up the same hour and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together...' This number had been arrived at after the elimination, following a dispute with the selectors, of the treacherous 12th man Judas, whose successors ever after have been condemned to fetch and carry as a ritual act of penitence. An even earlier authority for the size of the team is Genesis 37:9, a text which probably tripped of the exultant tongue of Kapil Dev after India had humbled the mighty West Indians in the 1983 World Cup: '...and behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me.'

Besides team size, the Bible lays down some other basic laws. In Proverbs 18:10 the function of the popping crease is outlined: '.....the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.' The traditional mode of cricket clothing receives scriptural endorsement in Ecclesiastes 9:8: 'Let thy garments be always white...' Nowhere is mention made of banana-yellow or sky-blue. The Packer schism and its legacy can thus only be regarded as damnable heresies.

Coaching is also touched upon. To avoid run-outs, it is of course essential that the calling batsman can see where the ball has gone and that his partner should [illegible]

ways have the text 'I will run the way of thy commandments...' (Psalms 119:32) foremost in his mind. Acts 13: 17 reminds us that we are more likely to take wickets if we have a good action:'...With an high arm brought he them out of it'.

2 Peter 2:6 shows that sloppy fielding can lose matches. Many a fieldsman has incurred the odium of this team-mates because he 'condemned them with an overthrow'.

Despite this sound body of coaching know-how, even Biblical characters, it appears, were not always infallible. We are told of the





disciples in John 21:3 that '...that night they caught nothing', though perhaps this was a divine judgement on their attempt to play under floodlights. Talking of light, I expect John 5:14 will sound familiar to many cricket watchers and players, especially in England: 'They meet with darkness in the daytime, and grope in the noonday as in the night.' Such conditions can be nightmarish for batsmen, and it is equally unnerving to be hemmed in by an array of predatory close catchers. One can imagine a particularly combative skipper, on deciding to set an aggressive field, quoting from Jeremiah 5:26: 'For among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men' However, some hard-hitting batsmen dislike being crowded and 'vultures' would do well to heed the warning in Job 36:18: 'Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke.'

The Bible also speaks out against loutish crowd behaviour. It seems that even in those days there was the problem of crowd elements brought up on the blood and thunder of one-day cricket failing to understand the subtleties of the first-class game. Proverbs 18:6 is a withering observation on impatient spectators during a backs-to-all struggle for a draw: 'A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes.'

I was disappointed to find that other curse of modern cricket, the media pundit, has divine backing. In Deuteronomy 21:5 we read'...for them the Lord thy God has chosen to minister unto him, and to bless in the name of the Lord; and by their word shall every controversy and every stroke be tried.'

Most journalists and commentators behave as though they are thoroughly familiar with this text.

One of their favourite topics for pontification is the pitch. The Biblical lands were generally rather hot and, if Deuteronomy 29:23 is anything to go by, the surfaces must have heaven and hell on earth for spinners and seamers respectively' And that the whole land thereof is brimstone and salt, and burning, that is not sown, nor bereth, nor any grass groweth therein...'

In such conditions, mentions of ashes are numerous, giving rise to speculation that the sacred urn is much more ancient origin than has been suspected. In 1 Kings 13:3 we have a particularly chilling prophecy which seems to suggest a cataclysm in the Memorial Gallery at Lord's :'Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out.' The nearest we came to this was when the Long Room was flooded during the 1983 Middlesex-Somerset game. Perhaps the Almighty, Andy Roberts-style, is saving up his real bouncer for later on, just when we thought he had done his worst. Equally disturbing, in view of Aussie agitation for the urn to be moved to their country whenever they win a series and their curious belief that Poms never wash, is Leviticus 6:11 'And he shall put off his garments, and put on other garments, and carry forth the ashes without the camp unto a clean place.

Finally, to the pavilion. The first, pavilion was the Ark, to which Noah and his companions repaired during a particularly long stoppage for rain: 'And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days' (Genesis 7:24). We are not sure where the dove finally found dry ground, but Old Trafford and the Tavern side of Lord's are not prime candidates. The theme of sanctuary is carried on in subsequent texts. In Psalms 27:5 we note the gratitude towards a compassionate captain expressed by a batsman who has just failed: 'For in time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion.'.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Rebel roadshow

Chris Harte makes it to South Africa with a special visa to report a rebel series

The fresh-faced young customs officer at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport peered through my luggage. Out came a camera, tape-recorder, answering-machine activator, notepads, batteries and a dozen small containers of artificial sweeteners. He came across a copy of WCM. Looking straight at me he said, 'Do you have any pornographic literature?' Whatever gave him that idea? I knew then that I had returned to South Africa—a country of contrasts and neuroses.

After I'd explained that I would be covering the Australian cricket tour, and would be in the Republic for the next three months, his attitude immediately changed. 'I hope you tell the truth,' he said, stamping my passport. 'Welcome to the Republic.'

And so I was in, albeit with a visa which stated 'Cricket Tour Only,' a not-so-subtle hint which reflected the South Africans' wariness of anyone who has 'journalist' written into any personal documentation. In, to cover a tour which took 2½ years to plan, and 2½ months to fulfil.

The team of 16 players plus manager Bruce Francis and team doctor Frank Polese left Australia in two groups on Oct 26 from Sydney and Perth, to meet up—booked in collectively as the 'Willow Group'—at Singapore's Ming Court Hotel. After two days in the Far East, the team flew via Frankfurt to Johannesburg, where they received a heroes' welcome from the hierarchy of the South African Cricket Union. 'We are all pleased to be here,' said captain Kim Hughes, 'and we hope the tour will be a great success.

With their earlier-than-planned departure from Australia, mainly to stop the flow of wanton vandalism being perpetrated on the pitches of the clubs of the players involved—all done in the name of freedom and democracy for the oppressed races of the Republic—the SACU had to occupy their valuable assets before the first scheduled match. This was done by arranging four one-day fixtures against Country Districts XIs from Northern Transvaal (two matches), Orange Free State and Transvaal. Three were won and one was drawn after rain. The main success for the Harmony CC which staged the OFS match was that the 2500 crowd consumed 30,000 cans of beer.

Two days before the first match of the tour proper began on Nov 22 in Bloemfontein, the SACU held a sumptuous official welcome in the ballroom of Jo'burg's Carlton Hotel. The 600 guests included a Hall of Fame of South African cricket: Adcock, Bacher, Balaskas, Funston, Gordon, Grieveson, Griffin, Heine, Irvine, Lance, Lindsay, McGlew, McLean, Mitchell, O'Linn, both Pitheys, Pollocks and Rowans, Procter, Tayfield, Trimborn, van der Bijl, van der Merwe, Waite, veteran commentator Charles Fortune and former Australian fast bowler Graham McKenzie. My signed menucard is now a treasure.

The speakers ranged from brilliant (Australian rugby coach Alan Jones) to average. The highlight of the night, from a publicity angle, was when Kim Hughes presented Springbok captain Clive Rice with his Australian blazer. The Australian Cricket Board, a few hours later, said churlishly, 'What Hughes does with his blazer is up to him'. They were no doubt embarrassed by the front-page stories and pictures which every Australian paper carried the following morning.



Steve Rixon whips off the bails to stump a Springbok

Against a sad background of the burntout Ramblers Club pavilion, the first match, against OFS, ended in a predictable draw; John Dyson and Mick Taylor scored centuries and the home crowd were amused by the six-hitting of local offspinner Alan Beukes.

The first day/night match, against Northern Transvaal at Pretoria's Technikon ground, was lost by seven runs. It could have been more had the official score been accurate. The SACU's two heavyweights, Joe Partensky and Ali Bacher, had satisfied grins on their faces that night. A record crowd meant a financial plus.

Then a strange match, also in Pretoria but this time at Berea Park. The President's XI, which was in reality a South African Under 25 team, collapsed twice against the pace attack of Hogg, Rackemann, Alderman and Maguire. Hogg, fully fit for the first time in five years thanks to the skills of Dr Polese, scared the life out of the youngsters. His five wickets from 23 overs in the match cost little.

Now it was the big one—the Transvaal mean-machine in the cauldron of the Wanderers ground (which would fail fire-inspection checks in both England and Australia) in front of 30,000 baying Johannesburg highvelders. The day/night match of the tour, so we were told.

Transvaal batted first; Cook, Fotheringham and Yachad scored well. But then came Pollock. The maestro, nearly 42 years old, was magnificent. I was there. I saw him. World cricket, through political interference these past 15 years, has lost the opportunity to see surely the finest batsman since Bradman. His unbeaten 59 was sheer elegance and batting artistry, which no-one could match. Shall we ever see the likes of



Dyson can do nothing as Kirsten catches Taylor off his own bowling

Graeme Pollock again? The Australians lost the match by 58 runs. It was a crushing defeat. Hughes blamed the umpires for poor decisions (he had four valid arguments) while Backer watched happily as the turnstiles took a record £72,000.

Then came the great trek across country. East London, never the most awe-inspiring of towns, and badly hit by the black-consumer boycott, saw two days of laborious cricket. The third day was thankfully washed out and the match was left drawn.

Along the coast to Port Elizabeth, home of St George's Park, scene of South Africa's first and last Test matches; a day/night match against Eastern Province which ended in the worst anticlimax possible, and, almost coincidentally, a five-run win for the Australians. Umpire Stanley Matthews, apparently unaware of the one-day rules, made error after error which affected both sides. Steve Smith bowled the last ball of the night to EP's Kenny Watson, and Matthews called a wide. Hughes protested, as the ball had gone between the leg stump and the batsman, who had retreated towards square leg. Matthews pulled up the stumps and walked from the ground. Fifteen minutes later we found out that he had retracted his decision. No one told the scorers, so they guessed the result.

To prolong the agony of the St George's Park Press facilities—said by Australian journalist Alan Shiell to be 'only marginally better than the world's worst Press-box in Georgetown, Guyana'—a three-day game followed against the revenge-seeking locals. The Australians batted first, with South Australia's Mike Haysman

scoring a classically correct unbeaten 125. When EP replied, left-arm spinner Tom Hogan took a career-best 8 for 86. The celebratory party that night was magnificent. Kim Hughes made a game of it on the final day with an over-generous declaration—a challenge EP took up to win by two wickets with just eight balls remaining.

The tight tour schedule now gave the Australian players and the travelling Press 10 minutes to get to the airport for the last flight of the night to Cape Town. The sight of cricketers still in their flannels and the usual unkempt Press corps running, jumping and planting caused great hilarity at the terminal, across the tarmac and on the flight.

The 'Fairest Cape' was our base for a week. Three days in the wine-growing area of stellenbosch provided a pleasant draw against Boland. Hughes and Smith both hit delightful centuries before giving away their wickets, and Trevor Hohns hit his first six in first-class cricket, so winning a 20-Rand bet with John Dyson.

Hughes had been criticised for stating earlier in the tour that the matches leading up to the first unofficial 'Test' would be used for practice. That time was nearly over. To prove that the 'rebels' were now ready to face the might of South Africa, they not only defeated high-flying Western Province in a one-day match at Newlands, they also handed out a cricketing lesson. After Hughes had scored 61 in the attacking style of old, Dyson took up the cudgels to finish unbeaten on 126. Only Peter Kirsten (96) showed any resistance to the visitors' accurate pace attack. Two nights later in Durban, Natal met the same fate.

Christmas in Durban saw the wives, children, sweethearts, in-laws and a huge teddy-bear join the cricket circus. Bruce Francis, the poker-faced team manager and scourge of the Australian Cricket Board, now became 'Uncle Brucie', a real softie who could tell amazing bedtime stories. I wonder what Fred Bennet and David Richards of the ACB would have said to that? Big Carl Rackemann became Father Christmas with a very laborious 'Ho, ho, ho' early on Christmas morning, just that bit too early after seeing in the festive season.

The serious business started on Boxing Day. In front of a very small crowd—only 15,856 turned up all told, with 6500 of those on Day 1—the match was drawn after bad light and rain cost nearly a full day in stoppages. The mighty Pollock scored yet another century; Victorian Mick Taylor (has there ever been a nicer cricketer?) also reached three figures. Then came the sensation: the Springboks were 30 for 5 in their second innings, laid waste by some fine, skilful bowling by Hogg and Rackemann. The pressure could not continue in the sapping heat of tropical Durban. Henry Fotheringham scored an unbeaten hundred, and that was it.

Cape Town two days later saw a firstday crowd larger than Durban could provide in four days. The Springboks batted first—Pollock managed only 79 this time—and the Australians fell 126 behind on the first innings. Clive Rice's team went for the runs on the last morning before declaring. Hughes scored an unbeaten 97 in reply, and Match 2 was also left as a draw.

The big finale would be over five days in Johannesburg in mid-January. After a meaningless drawn match against the South African Universities in Port Elizabeth, it was back to the highveld for the final three-day match against Northern Transvaal in Pretoria. The match was the last scheduled to be played on the historic Berea Park ground

Playing only four specialist batsmen, the tourists gained a 39-run lead on first innings. Then came the unexpected fireworks as 326 runs were slammed for the loss of only two wickets in 2½ sessions. Peter Faulkner, who scored a career-best 109, went from 27 to 86 off 23 balls at one stage. Taylor's century came from only 89 balls, while Kim Hughes's first three scoring shots were 4, 6, 6.

Rackemann (right) watches Mick Taylor run out Ray Jennings



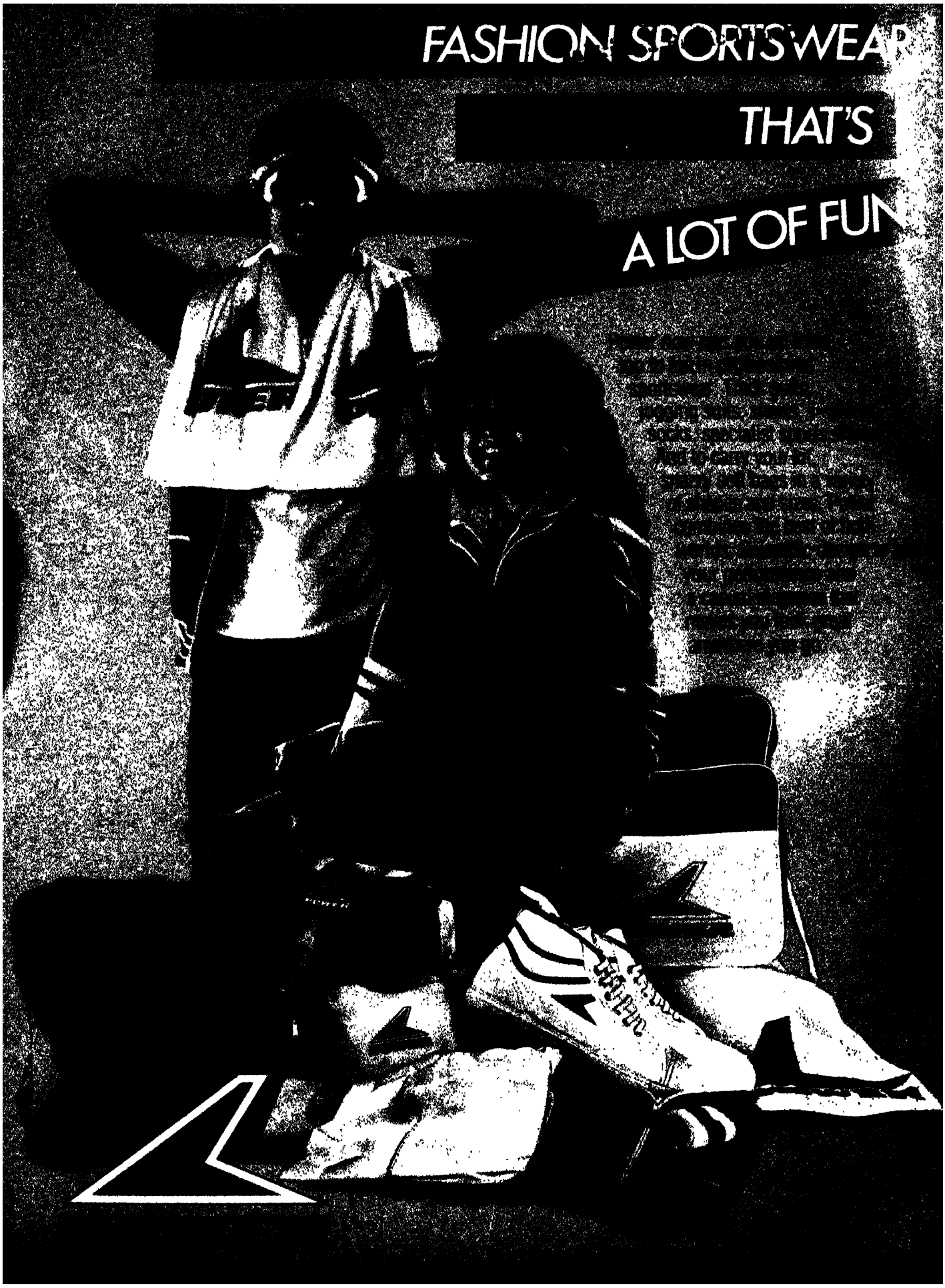
The third and final unofficial 'Test' in Jo'burg became one of those cricket matches which will stick indelibly in the memory. South Africa won by 188 runs after the 'rebels' collapsed to 61 in the final innings. The result is somewhat inconsequential — it was the game that won. Two centuries; tremendous courage from Graeme Pollock, batting with a broken right hand; two hattricks; Dyson carrying his bat for 18; the lowest score by any Australian team in South Africa; Steve Rixon's 10 catches (nine off Rackemann), which equalled the South African record held jointly by Ray Jennings and David Murray; brothers (Ossie and Dudley Schoof umpiring the same match; and finally an event Kim Hughes would rather forget. Three times he went to the wicket; three times he returned first ball—twice in his own right and thirdly when acting as Hogg's runner. What a match!

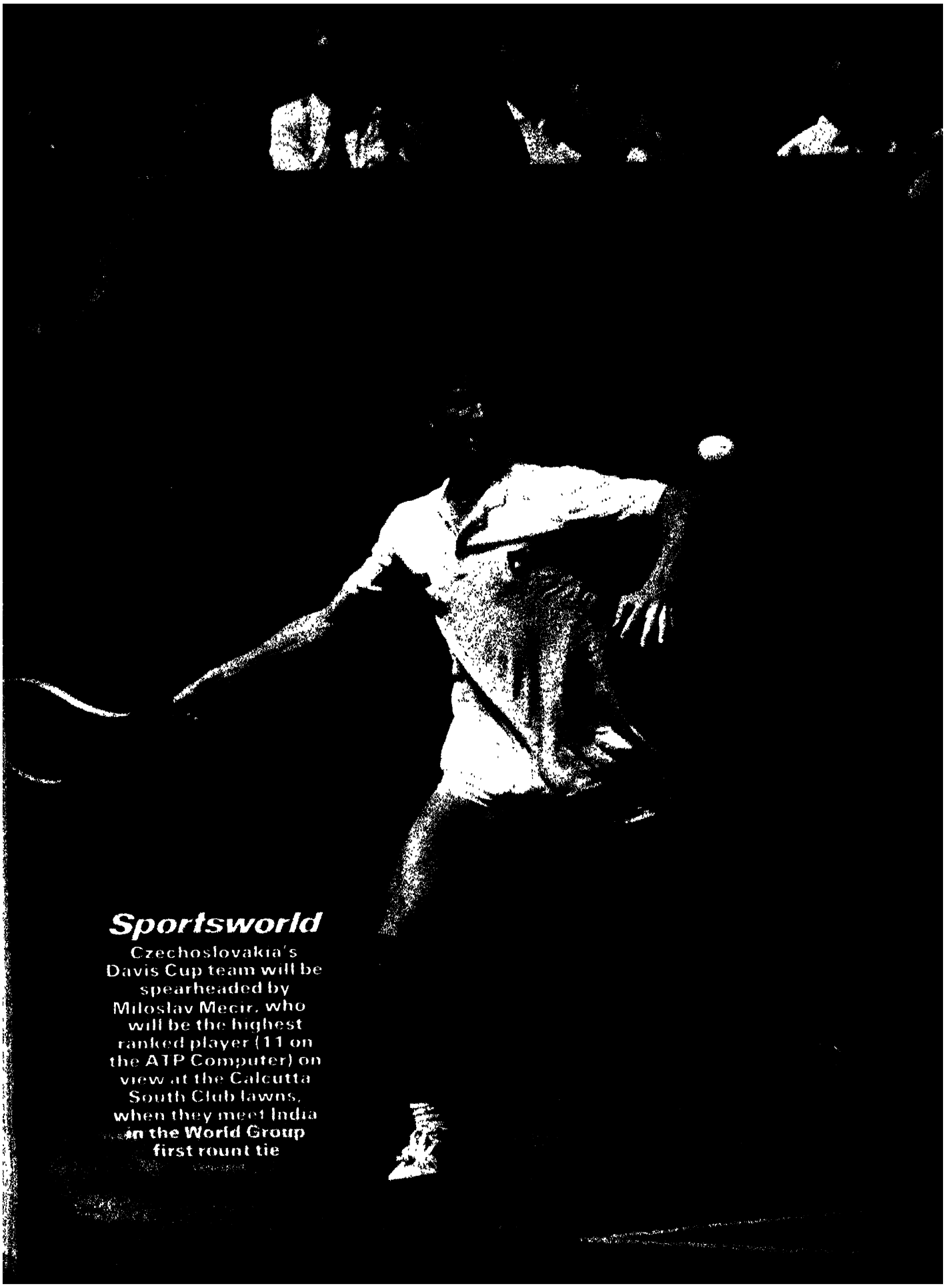
But what of the tour? The main shock was the near-total apathy shown by an allegedly cricket-starved nation to the provincial matches. On one occasion when the players came out onto the ground they outnumbered the spectators. Press facilities and the scorers were abysmal. Cricket statisticians would be horrified to learn how we, the Press, finally agreed on a number of scores.

The South African team is ageing. Their ability was never questioned but the skills were lacking at crucial times. Next season the selectors intend bringing on the new players. Names such as Roy Pienaar, Brett Matthews, Phillip Amm and schoolboy wonder Darryl Cullinan could replace the current stalwarts.

And as for the Australians? Kim Hughes is still a class player; Carl Rackemann has motivated himself and is a different man; Mick Taylor maintained his splendid firstclass average of over 54; Steve Smith and Mike Haysman will surely be forgiven their sins and eventually return to official Test contention; some might return to Sheffield Shield cricket — some will just fade away.

(Wisden Cricket Monthly.


FASHION SPORTSWEAR
THAT'S
A LOT OF FUN



Sportsworld

Czechoslovakia's Davis Cup team will be spearheaded by Miloslav Mecir, who will be the highest ranked player (11 on the ATP Computer) on view at the Calcutta South Club lawns, when they meet India in the World Group first round tie

ON Thursday June 5, the city of Puebla, Mexico, will witness a remarkable rematch, when the defending champions Italy will face the '78 winners Argentina for the fourth successive time in the World Cup.

The soccer super powers met in West Germany in 1974 (1-1 draw), in Argentina in 1978 (1-0 to Italy) and in the '82 Spain Mundial where once again Argentina went down to the current World champs (2-1). The question is: Will Argentina be able to avenge their defeats when they meet Italy at Puebla?

The World Cup winning Italian manager Enzo Bearzot is most concerned about the Argentines. He said, "On paper our group looks straightforward, but the reality will be quite different. The 1982 World Cup is in the past. Today marks the start of a new adventure for our national side."

Most Argentines, on the other hand, are confident that they would fare well, not only against the World champs, but their other opponents in the group as well. For instance, their '78 World Cup winning skipper Daniel Passarella, whose appearance in Mexico was somewhat uncertain following a row with the team boss, Carlos Bilardo, said, "I know the Italians and the Bulgarians very well now, after several years playing in Europe, but I do not think we've anything to fear. We can qualify for the second round, no problem."

But Bilardo had a lot of problems to face to requisition the cream of his nation's soccer talent. Obviously, he wanted to keep the same line-up as in the qualifying round for the finals in Mexico. But that necessitated getting together his entire side from all over the world.

He did bring back some of the key players like Fillol, Passarella, Barbas, Maradona and Valdano from foreign clubs, but as soon as the qualifying round ended a fresh exodus threatened to hit the nation. Trossero, Burruchaga, Pasculli, Trobbiani and Marcico, among others were on the point of being transferred abroad.

It cost the Argentine FA dearly to get their best boys together to meet the World Cup challenge. They had to pay half of the players' wages while they were busy doing national duties. In the case of their super star Diego Maradona, it amounted to approximately $ 70,000, half his salary for two months with Italy's Napoli. On top of that the Argentine players were to receive a bonus of $ 15,000 each for qualifying for the Mexico finals.

Although it was a horrendous problem for the Argentine FA to get together their best players, the case of Ubaldo Fillol was just the other way around. If ultimately he plays in Mexico, he will become the first Argentine player to take part four times in the World Cup finals. He was in Argentina's squad in the finals in West Germany, in Argentine and Spain. And he is now anxious to be transferred back home by Brazil's Flamengo to make sure that the honour does not elude him.

The chances of Argentina's success revolve largely around the form and performance of Diego Maradona. At the moment the maestro is in great form. His outstanding performances in Argentina's qualifying matches brought up the inevitable comparison with Brazil's all time great Pele once again. The general opinion is that while Pele had some talented players next to him, Maradona is surrounded by 'troncos' (tree stumps—players with less ability).

But the question that is haunting most soccer followers is: will Maradona's legs once again be the target of some of his envious opponents. A rather ominous incident took place in Venezuela when an unidentified bystander kicked Maradona's leg as the Argentine team made their way through a crowd to get into their hotel. Although it was at first feared that the injury would keep him from playing the following day, this was not the case—most fortunately.



Argentina depends solely upon Maradona


Amorous Knight

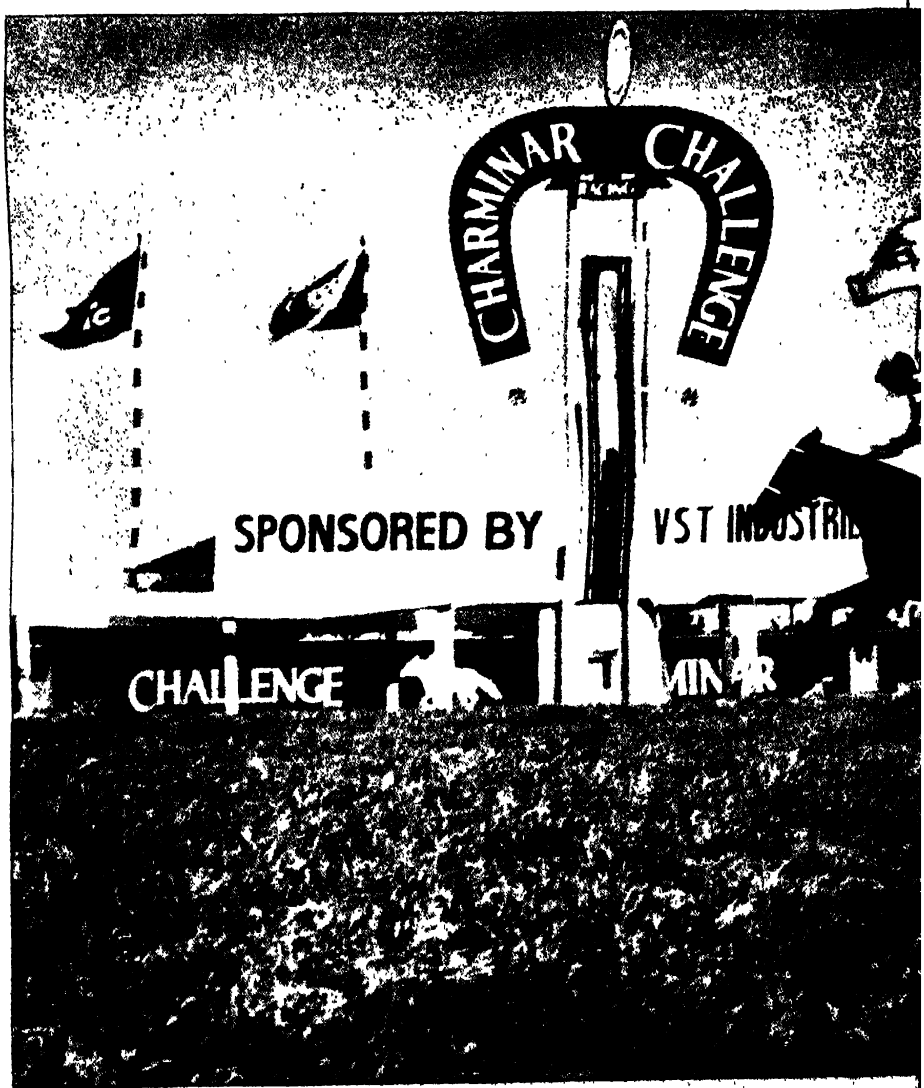
Hard Day's Knight

When all eyes were on the favourite Sir Bruce, Pesi Shroff moved Amorous Knight to the front and stayed there for the rest of the race, to win the Charminar Challenge Indian Turf Invitation Cup and with it a prize money of rupees five lakhs

GUINDY, Madras was packed to capacity on March 2nd, 1986, to witness the fourth running of the Charminar Challenge Indian Turf Invitation Cup and it was a race that few will ever forget. In one of the closest finishes in recent times, Pesi Shroff and Amorous Knight won an absolute thriller from the odds on favourite Sir Bruce and the totally unfancied Solitary Splendour. It was touch and go all the way and at the end the judge had to call for a photo to separate the three; the final verdict being half a length and a neck.

It was a brilliant piece of riding on the part of young Pesi Shroff which won the day although it cannot be said that either of the other two horses was ridden badly. Kinane on the favourite Sir Bruce gave his colt every opportunity but he lacked that turn of foot that saw him emerge the victor in the Indian Derby; Kader on Solitary Splendour got the best run of the lot as he slipped through along the rails to take the shortest way home. Hence all three riders rode absolutely superb races. It was just that Shroff on Amorous Knight got that little bit extra out of his horse and that probably made the difference.

The last three runs of the Invitation Cup had generated their fair degree of excitement but this fourth one at Madras must surely have been in a class of its own as far as sheer excitement went. The entire day's proceedings which had been sponsored by VST Industries Ltd. attracted a record crowd of 49,650, the highest at any race club and they



In a photo finish Amorous Knight finishes ahead of favourite Sir Bruce

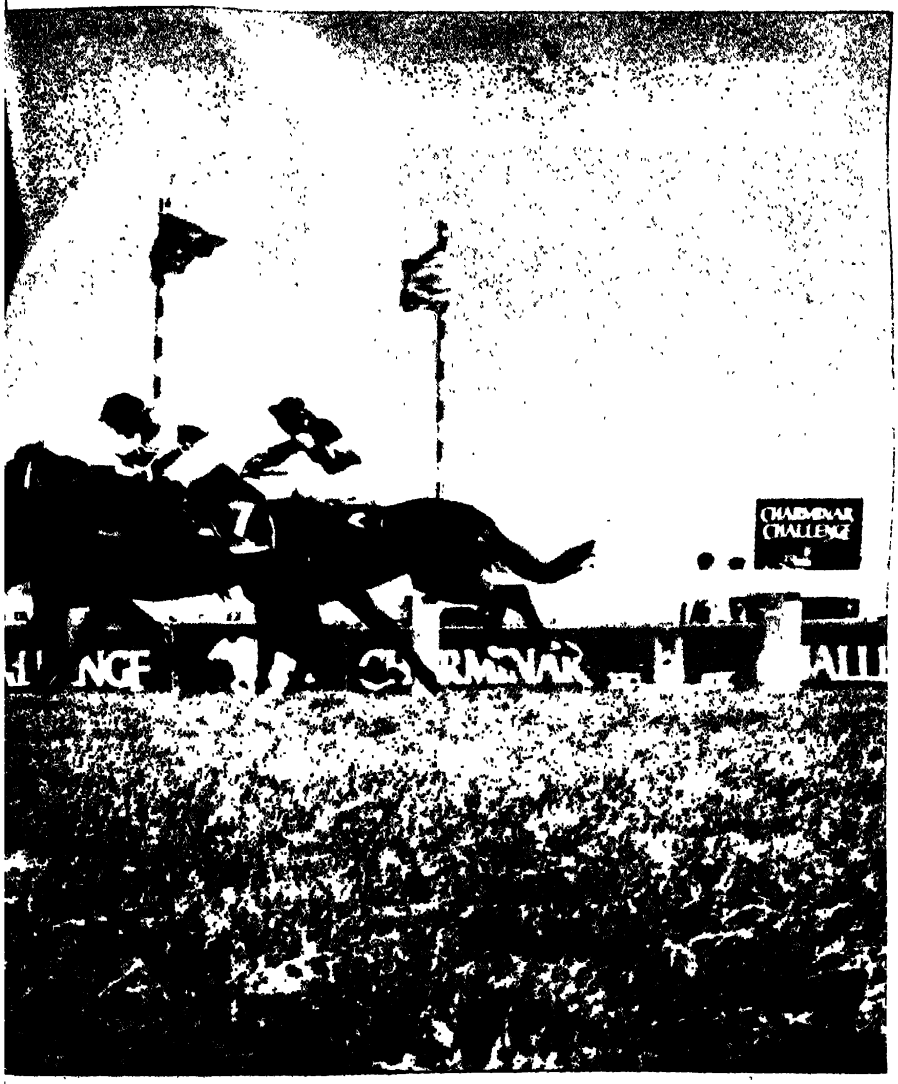

Sir Bruce

were in for a veritable feast of racing.

Lining up to face the starter at the 2400 metre marker were sixteen of the best thoroughbreds that could have graced the turf for that particular year. From Bombay came Sir Bruce, the Indian Derby winner, ridden by Irishman Kinane. Along with him was Amorous Knight who had run two and a half lengths behind him in the Derby. From Madras was Chaitanya Ratham. From Bangalore Dupont, from Hyderabad Grand Entry, from Calcutta Tug Of War. A host of individual classic winners at their respective centres, all of them with very impressive credentials indeed. Quite overlooked amongst that lot was Solitary Splendour who had run fourth in the Indian Derby.

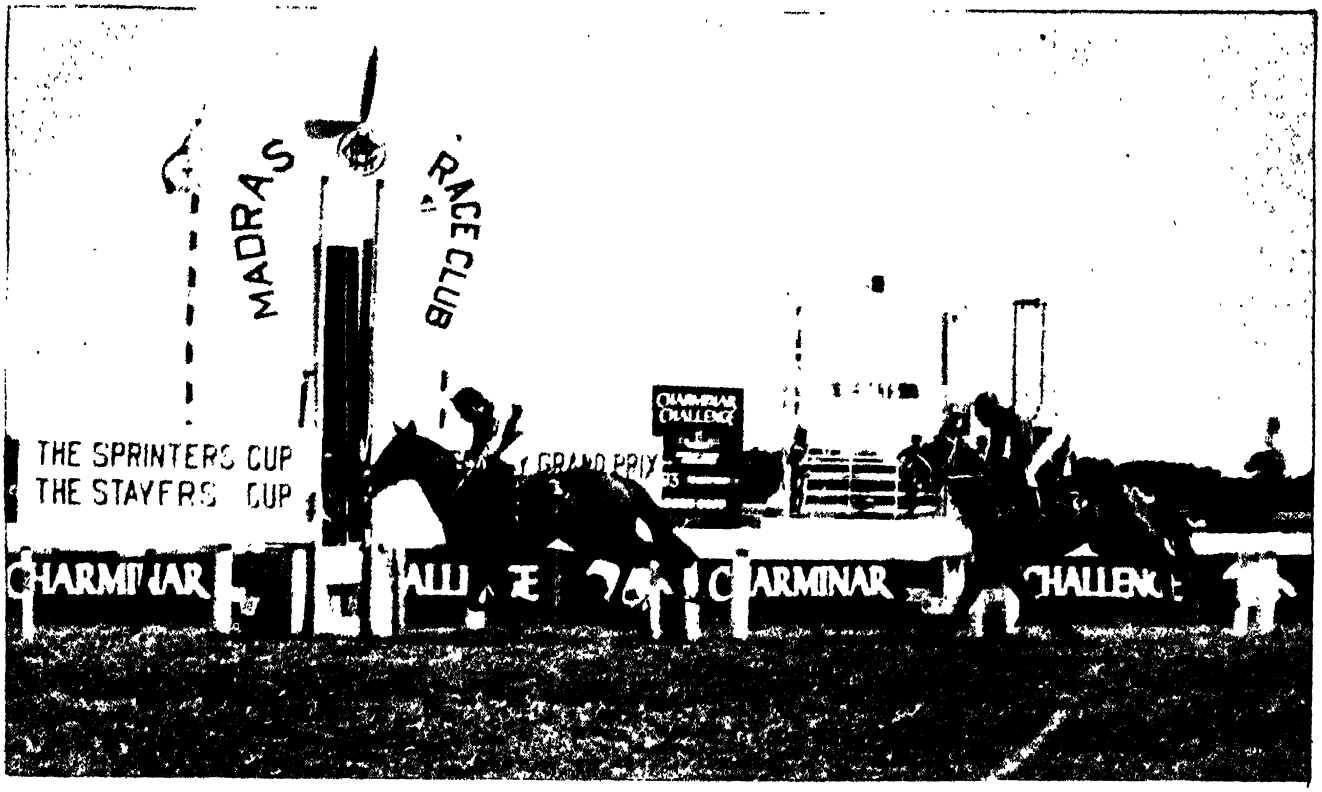
On form and past performance Sir Bruce looked home and dry. He had done all expected of him and it looked difficult to see him getting beat. But racing has always been a glorious game of chance and uncertainty and on that bright and sunny afternoon at Madras it was proved yet again.


Tug Of War


and outsider Solitary Splendour to win the Invitation Cup

The field broke evenly from the gates and Tug Of War, the Calcutta champion, shot to the front setting what must have been the fastest pace in memory. They traversed the first half-mile in a mind boggling 47 seconds which ought to have given some indication at the blistering pace. Sir Bruce was well off the pace, as was Amorous Knight, Solitary Splendour and Grand Entry; and the fact that eventually these were the four that figured on the board is a revelation in itself that the horses who were prominent early on faded when it came to the all important closing stage.

As they went around the first turn, Tug Of War was a clear two lengths to the good of Ok Sir in second place. Chaitanya Ratham was third and Dupont tucked in behind along with Luminaire. Not one of these four would eventually be on the board. Sir Bruce meanwhile had settled nicely in about sixth place along with Solitary Splendour for company, while Shroff on Amorous Knight was even further back, quite content to sit back and bide his time convinced that the front runners would have to come back to him. How right he turned out to be, having judged the race to an absolute nicety.



The Madras Race Club deserves all praise for organising an exciting day's racing

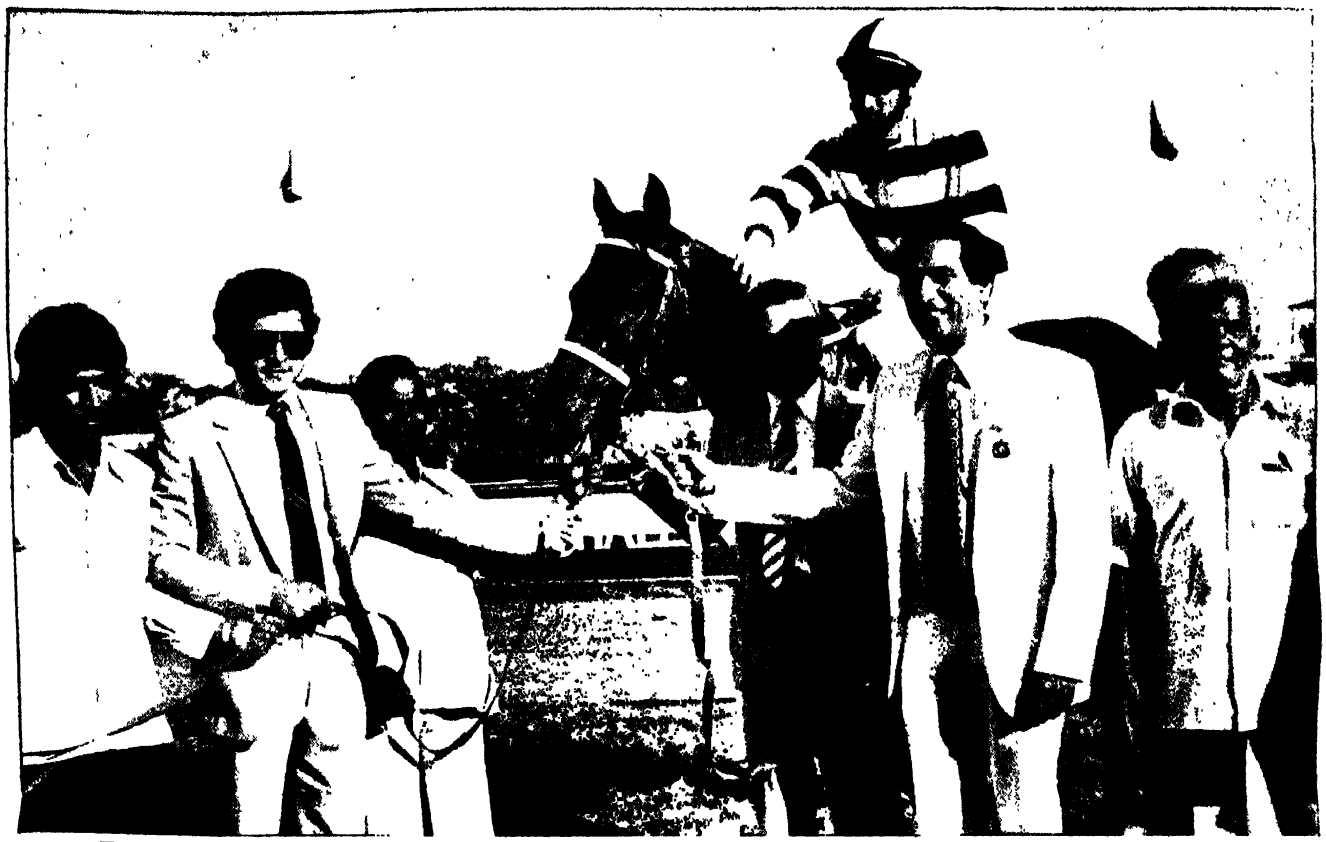
At the halfway mark the order remained somewhat unchanged but the fast gallop was beginning to take its toll. Ok Sir threw in the towel and retreated from the fray. Luminaire, who was supposedly a pacemaker for Chaitanya Ratham, did not get remotely near the front and was out of the running. The front running Tug Of War continued to lead but nowhere near as easily as he would have liked to. He was off the bridle and just behind him Chairanya Ratham was not going all that well either. Sir Bruce on the other hand was moving well and that must have gladdened the hearts of most of his connections. Few, if any, paid any attention to Solitary Splendour on his heels who was going just as well; and a quick look back at Amorous Knight, almost five lengths away, appeared to suggest that he did not have too bright a chance either.

It was as they began negotiating the turn that things began to happen. Chaitanya Ratham was pushed to come up alongside Tug Of War and the local crowd raised a cheer as she got her elegant head in front. But it was shortlived. Already a murmur was building up as Sir Bruce came cruising up to be within three lengths of the front runners. Everything was still going to plan according to the Sir Bruce connections. Now it merely looked a question of how much he would win by. Solitary Splendour who had crept up just behind on his inside was still not being considered and Shroff started moving up on Amorous Knight albeit five lengths in arrears.



Even the old hands were foxed

Into the straight and Tug Of War was passed by Chaitanya Ratham, but even as he began to drop out Aslam Kader shot through the opening that presented itself on the rails and Solitary Splendour was in the lead and very much in the running. Kinane on Sir Bruce was still going well enough and with about 300 metres to run he essayed his challenge. But this time Sir Bruce lacked that lightning turn of foot. Kinane punched him out but he failed to go clear. Out came the whip for the first time and Sir Bruce inched his way ahead of Solitary Splendour but ever so slowly. It was at this critical juncture that Shroff brought Amorous Knight on to the scene to essay his challenge. Hundred metres out it looked like he would go away from them but Sir Bruce and Kinane were not beaten yet. The Derby winner gave his all and fought on gamely but it was a losing battle. Shroff and Amorous Knight were



The proud owners of the champion Indian horse. Jockey Pesi Shroff acknowledges the good work done by his mount Amorous Knight. Young Shroff was at his best in the Classic race

going far too well and at the wire the crowd looked on in sheer disbelief as Amorous Knight turned the tables on his vanquisher in the Indian Derby.

It was a stupendous piece of riding by a boy who has carved himself a niche in today's racing archives as one of the top riders to have ever donned silks in the country. Described earlier as grossly over rated by a host of so called experts Shroff's brilliance on that day was truly remarkable. You could not have asked anyone to ride a better race. He had judged it to a nicety, balanced his horse perfectly and ridden a copybook of a waiting race, In fact it was probably the change in tactics as regards his riding which turned the tables on Sir Bruce. In Bombay he had made his run quite early. This time it was Kinane who was pushed into making the first run and Shroff came with raking strides from behind to get them all on the post.

There were no hardluck stories after the race. Of course the usual ones floated around. Kinane made his run a bit too early on Sir Bruce. Well that being the case, Solitary Splendour made his even earlier and only a neck separated them. In this respect a small word about Sir Bruce's owners and trainer would not be out of place. They accepted their defeat with a smile and were the first to state that the best horse won. Racing needs more like them.

Trainer Sayed Shah, who trained the winner, hails from Bombay and for him this was really a dream come true. Amorous Knight may not have looked the most amorous horse in the parade but his trainer knew him better. He dismissed the observations made by quite a few knowledgeable types as to his horse looking a bit on the light side by saying that his colt always looked like that. He was proved right because Amorous Knight could not have been better tuned to give off the best he was capable of.

And so another Invitation was over. Amorous Knight had dethroned the reigning champion and was crowned king. This was the sport of kings at its finest in India, and Madras Race Club had done itself proud in organising and coordinating a weekend of superb racing that left one and all breathless with excitement. VST Industries had completed the fourth leg of their agreement with the Turf authorities of India and now it was on to Bangalore for the fifth running of the Charminar Challenge Indian Turf Invitation Cup in March 1987.

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Adi Davar, Madras
Photographs by George Francis

Return of the 'centre-forward'

Luton's centre-forward Mick Harford could be a possibility for the English team

THE traditional English-type centre-forward still has an important part to play in the game...and it is good to see men in this category making strong claims for places in England's World Cup squad.

I am referring not just to Chelsea's Kerry Dixon and Aston Villa's Mark Hateley, the great favourites to go to Mexico, but also Luton's 23-year-old No. 9 Mick Harford. I should imagine that Dixon and Hateley are now looking anxiously over their shoulders at the Sunderland-born Harford, probably the most improved centre-forward of his type in the country this season.

I know quite a bit about Harford because, as Southampton's manager, there were two occasions that I considered trying to sign him. I didn't pursue my interest in him because of his lack of pace, but looking at his Luton performances, I am now regretting that I didn't take a chance on him!

Harford, who has previously with Lincoln, Newcastle, Bristol City and Birmingham, certainly isn't as quick as Dixon and Hateley. But he has an excellent first touch and a good awareness of what is going on around him...qualities which could make him as important to the England set-up in Mexico as they have to Luton in the First Division. Because of the intense heat in Mexico (not to mention the altitude problems), the England team will need to perform at a slower pace than normal. Like most other sides, they will have to keep a lot of men behind the ball and concentrate on retaining possession for as long as possible.

Harford, a target-man type with the ability to take balls with his back to the opposing goal and bring team-mates into the game, seems ideally-suited to that brand of football. Indeed, he has become well-used to it with Luton, who believe in playing balls to feet and probing for openings in a precise, constructive manner.



Colorsport

I have been a little surprised by this aspect of Harford's game because in the past, I have tended to notice him far more for his physical power and determination, especially in the air. He is very similar in this department to Aston Villa's Andy Gray and Southampton's Joe Jordan, in that he will go for balls he seemingly has no chance of winning. He could always be relied upon to unsettle Southampton's defenders. I remember them discussing him once, and Mark Wright singling him out as the centre-forward he least relished facing.

That Harford has acquired the touches of class to put himself on the verge of the England squad (he was one of the standby players for last fortnight's warm-up match in Israel) is a great testimony to his approach to the game...and, of course, to the help he has had through being in a team like Luton.

I AM delighted that Luton are doing so well. Through my experiences at Southampton, I know the problems involved in a small club trying to steal the thunder of the big-city giants. For a club like Luton, finishing in the top six is the equivalent of winning the Championship. I would love to see Luton do that, because I admire the

Hateley: can he keep Harford out?

football they produce...and their manager David Pleat.

David is without doubt one of the brightest young managers in Britain. His enthusiasm is reflected by the fact that, through his willingness to watch matches in all parts of the country—even reserve-team games—there is hardly a pro footballer in the League that he doesn't know about. I have even bumped into him at matches in the United States during the summer!

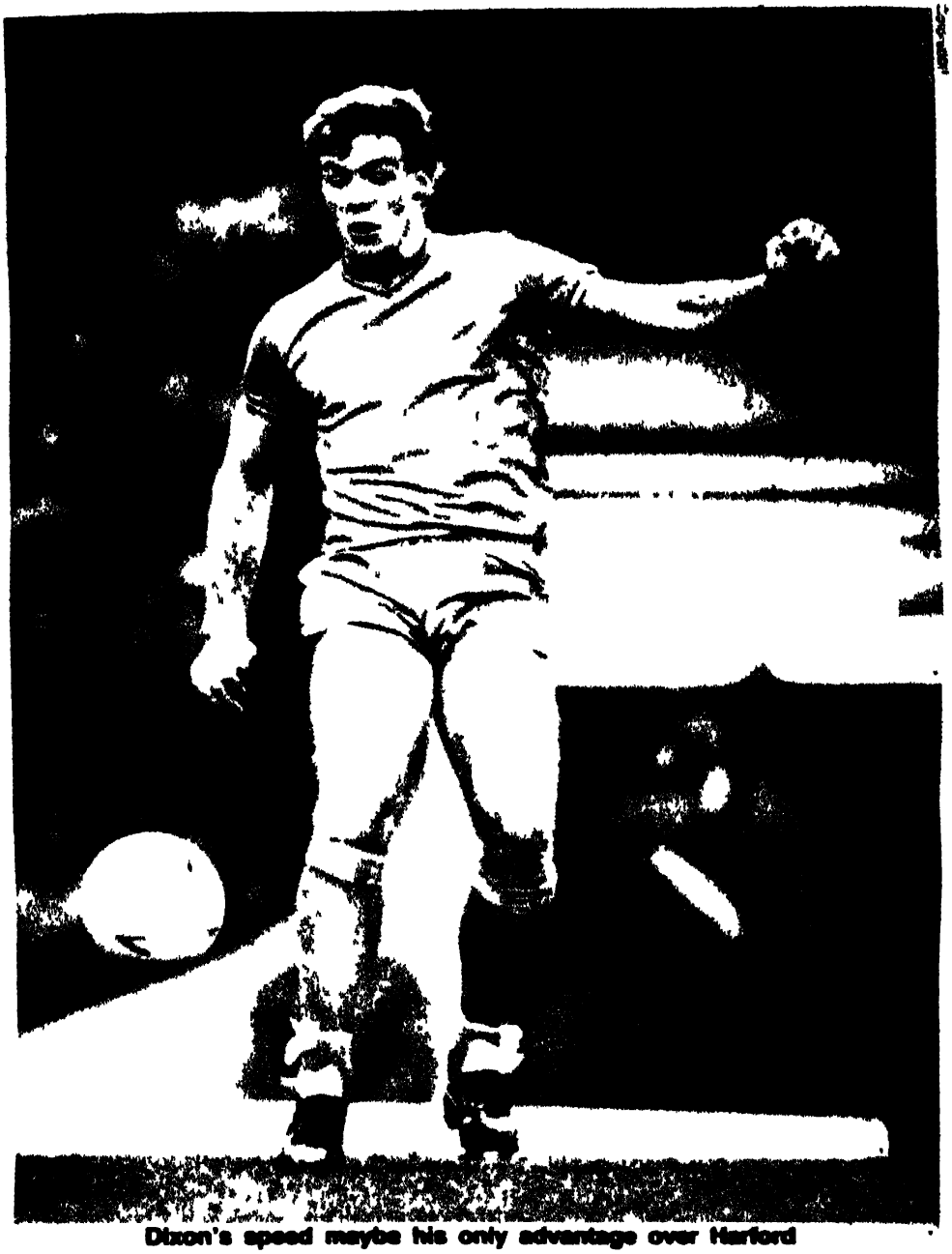
The progress he has made at Luton emphasises what I was saying last week about the importance of managers getting the right support. Not long ago, Luton seemed in turmoil. The team were not doing too well and David, the lowest paid managers in the First and Second Divisions at that time, was being linked with other clubs. The turning point was the appointment of a new, highly ambitious chairman—David Evans—who, unlike a lot of men in that position, put his money where his mouth was. The result is that David's own financial situation has been made more secure, he has been given the money to strengthen his side (through the signings of players such as Steve Foster and Harford) and Luton have gone from strength to strength.

Moreover, they have done so without sacrificing their reputation as an attractive footballing team. It amazed me when Arsenal's manager Don Howe suggested that Luton had been over-physical. No disrespect to Don, but that has never been my experience of them. I pulled David's leg about it when we were discussing the temporary exchange deal involving the Luton and Sunderland goalkeepers Andy Dibble and Bob Bolder. "What's this I hear about you being a nasty side?" I asked him. "Oh yes," he replied, "after all these years of playing good football, we have suddenly become dirty."

When watching the highlights of that Luton-Arsenal match on TV, I was struck not only by the influence of Harford, but Luton's England international midfielder Ricky Hill. Upon selling Steve Williams to Arsenal, I put Hill at the top of my list of possible replacements. Unfortunately for me, David—who insisted on not letting Hill go for less than the £650,000 we received for Williams—handled the situation quite cannily. It dragged on for some time and eventually, of course, the episode ended with me moving to Sunderland!

Apart from his skill on the ball, Hill has a lot of "beef" about him. Take the tremendous goal he scored against Arsenal, when he held off two Arsenal defenders inside the box before cracking the ball home. That was probably the best goal I have seen this season. Little wonder that Hill has come back into the England reckoning.

Lawrie McMenemy, London



Dixon's speed maybe his only advantage over Harford

McGuigan in a hurry

A slightly battered McGuigan decides its time to fight in America



The champion after a rather unconvincing victory

BARRY McGUIGAN, his right eye grotesquely swollen and a six-stitch cut in his cheekbone, forgot the pain and planned a multi-million pound New York title fight.

WBA featherweight champion McGuigan had taken the best part of an hour to subdue the last minute substitute Dominican challenger Danilo Carbera. Yet he and manager Barney Eastwood were already looking ahead.

McGuigan said: "I'd been out of the ring for nearly five months since I beat Bernard Taylor in seven rounds. I don't think I'll take such a long break again." And then on que millionaire manager Eastwood added, "Barry and I will have a talk and I think we will be having a wee outing to New York. He wants to fight there."

"The cut has put us back a little while, as it will be 10 weeks before it heals and he can spar again. But we can be ready by the end of May. It could be Wilfredo Gomez of Puerto Rico for the world Junior lightweight title. Or we could go down a weight to the superbantams. The problem with the Gomez fight is that it is all about prime-time television. The fight itself would cost £1.5 million plus expenses. And we have to find a network prepared to put on such an expensive fight. "But Gomez's manager Pepe Cordero, is still in Dublin now and we are still talking about it. Maybe after watching Barry against Carbera he will be more enthusiastic."

Sure enough, the Carbera fight could be the key to McGuigan being accepted by many more opponents who would once have shied off because of the Irishman's awesome punching power. There is no doubt that McGuigan was well below par against Carbera. Too often he was out of range and even the famous left hook did not seem to be causing Carbera severe discomfort except when he was hit low.

Manager Eastwood admitted: "Barry sparred upto 135 rounds and maybe that was too much."

McGuigan troubles started in the fifth round when he was docked a point for a low blow. Then in the *eighth* round McGuigan thought he had won when referee Ed Eckert moved in to stop the fight as he hammered Carbera on the ropes. But the bell had gone and the fight continued.

The amazing turnabout in this decision had obviously affected McGuigan, but luckily tiredness was eating into Carbera. In a bizarre 14th a McGuigan assault ended with Carbera—previously blasted across the lower rope—almost on all fours looking for his gumshield. Eventually referee Eckert realised Carbera had had enough and stopped it with 100 seconds of the round gone.

Sydney Hulls, Dublin

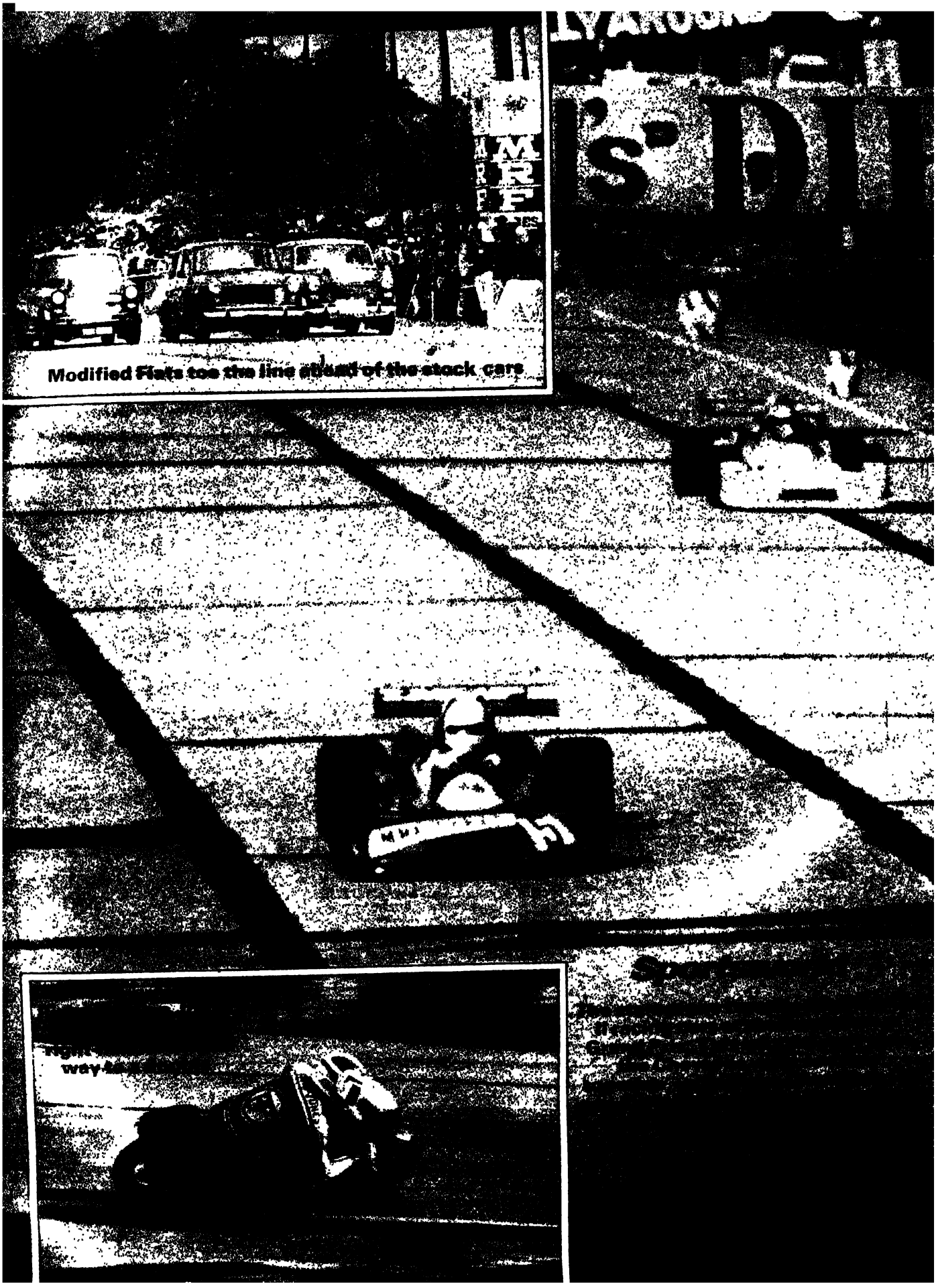


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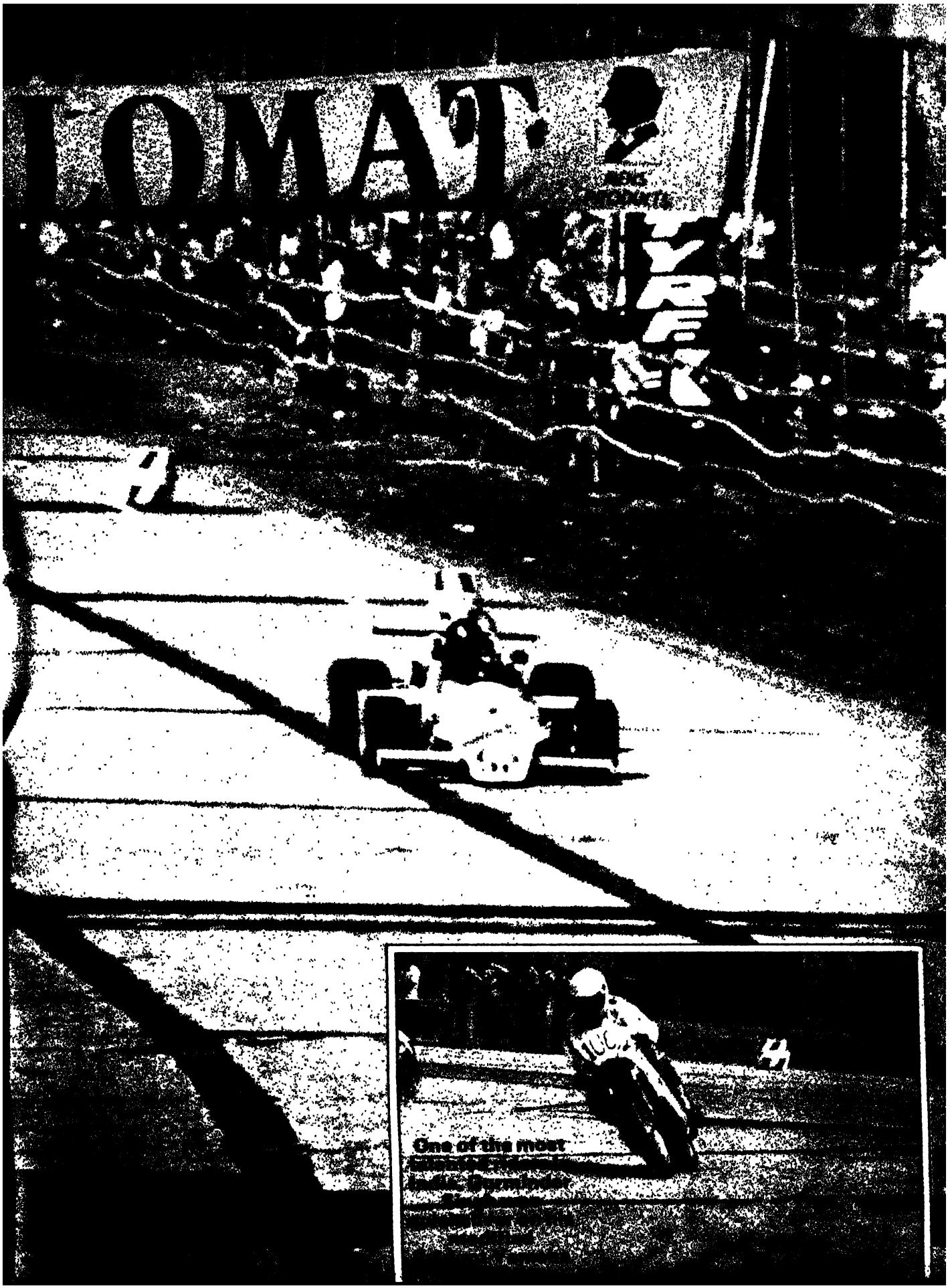
India's captain Mohammad Shahid (left) displayed classical brilliance in Hyderabad to beat Pakistan by the biggest margin ever

D P Sinha



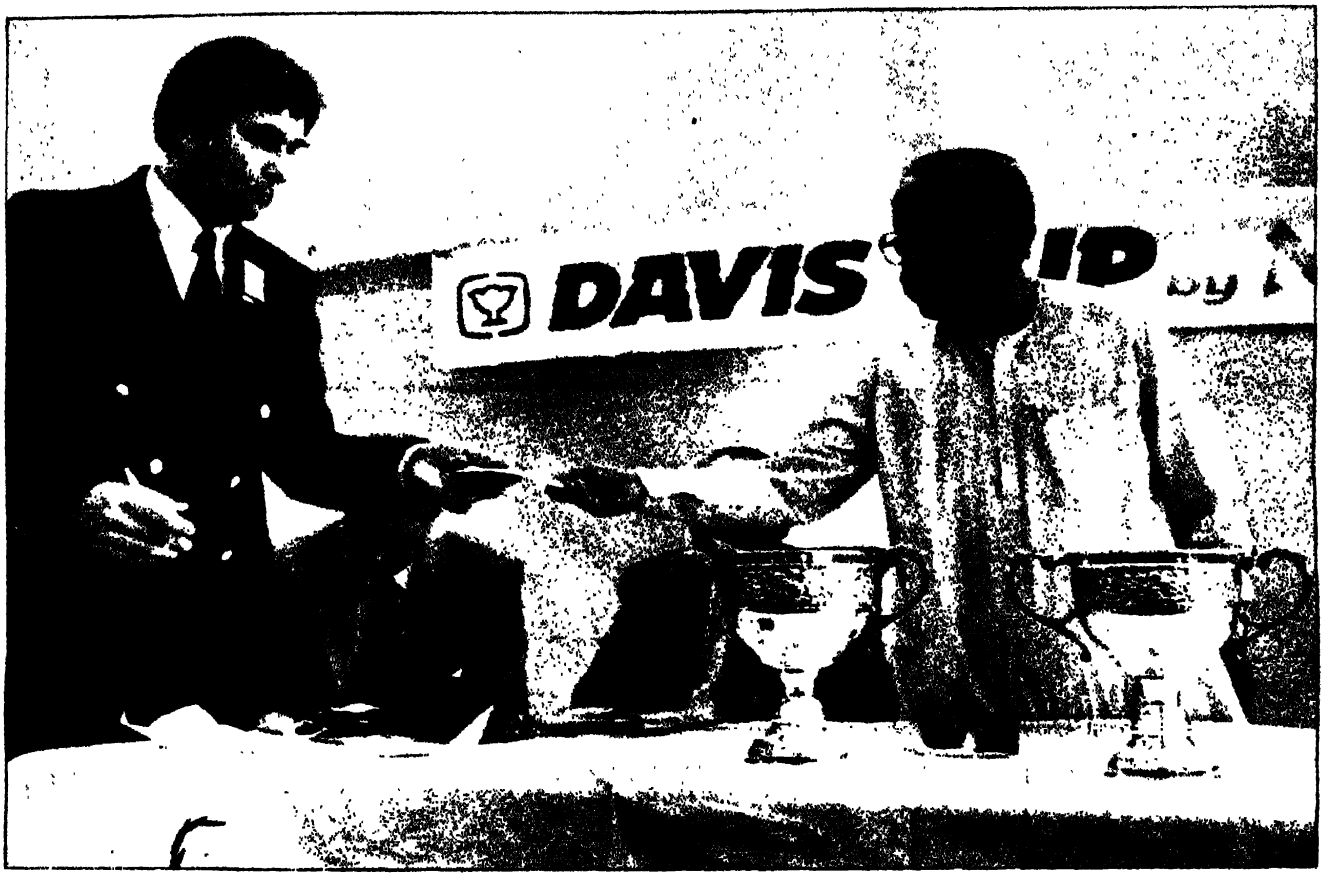


Modified Fiats toe the line ahead of the stock cars


F1 OMAT 2
One of the most

Countdown

Nikhil Bhattacharya captures the build-up to the India-Czechoslovakia Davis Cup tie at the Calcutta South Club



Top: The West Bengal Chief Minister, Jyoti Basu, (right) helps the referee Bill Gilmour with the draw



Right: The Czechs seem quite happy with the draw. (From left) Mecir, Srejber, coach, Smid and Kodes (extreme right)



Left: No, that's not Pavel Slozil's doubles partner. The patriotic dog is just disturbing the Czech's practice session



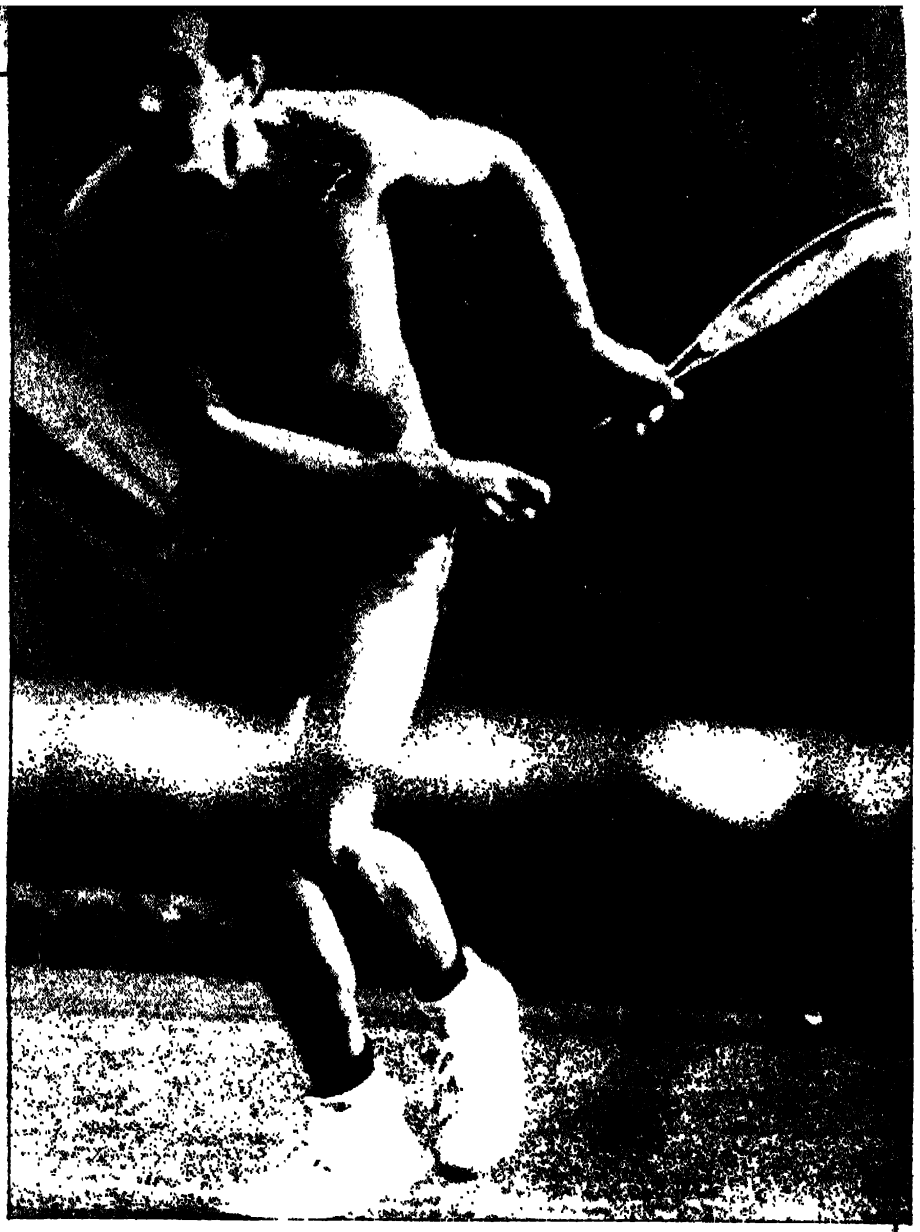
Right: Indian coach Akhtar Ali and skipper Vijay Amritraj are all ears to Jan Kodes











Top: Tomas Smid gets accustomed to the blistering heat and the fast grass courts

Left: Tomas Smid (seated) and Miloslav Mecir relax after a strenuous workout in the afternoon heat

Extreme left: Pavel Slozil is all concentration even during practice

Inside Track

GEOFF PARSONS, a mining student at London University, took British high-jumping to international heights when he won a bronze medal at the European Indoor championships in Madrid with a leap of 2.28 metres, narrowly missing a British best of 2.31 metres. This is their first high-jump medal in European senior competition since 1950. It has been a long wait.

Parsons, who recently achieved a UK best of 2.30 metres indoors, had to make his final attempt at 2.31 metres while the women's 800 metres was in progress. He had cleared every height from 2.15 metres to 2.28 metres at his first attempt but the thought of the record and the crowded arena seemed to undermine his confidence. But this performance was proof enough that he has the talent, as well as the physical and mental strength, of improving even further. The event lasted all of three hours.



Ade Mafe: unfortunate

The other heartening performance for the British contingent was the 200 metres victory of Lynford Christie, who literally stole the race from the Soviet champion Evgeniev, on the line. Christie, who was drawn in the outside lane, led for most of the way till he was passed by Evgeniev on the final bend. But in a desperate fight back he was ahead of the Russian at the line in 21.10 seconds—the fastest he has ever run. Apart from that Britain had a disastrous day, with most of the contingent being swiftly eliminated. The worst setback was in the 200 metres itself. Ade Mafe, an Olympic finalist, pulled a hamstring while trying to negotiate the tight first turn.

It is not very often that we see the very powerful East German women having to play second fiddle. But in these games, Nellie Cooman, from the Netherlands, beat both Marlies Goehr and Sylkie Gladisch Claudia Losch from West Germany out threw Kriger of East Germany in the women's shot put.

AZUMAH NELSON of Ghana retained his World Boxing Council Featherweight title on a split decision over Marcos Villasana of Mexico—and then said he badly wanted to "whip" Barry McGuigan. Nelson, after successfully defending his title for the second time since he took it from Wilfredo Gomez in December in 1984, taunted his WBA counterpart with insults. "I always call her a girl because she does not want to fight me," said Nelson of McGuigan. "This guy, Marcos, can beat him because he can take a punch."

Nelson pounded the WBC's top ranked contender with everything in his impressive arsenal and opened up a cut on the bridge of Villasana's nose with stinging jabs in the eighth round and the challenger's corner could not stop the blood from pouring from his face. Infact, Villasana must have been fighting through a haze in the last four rounds. But in a gutsy display, he kept attacking the champion's body throughout the twelve 12 round contest and felt he had done enough to win, and was extremely dejected when the points decision went against him. It was, most certainly, Nelson's overall attacking technique that swayed the judges to give him the verdict.

HEROL GRAHAM has been ordered by the European Boxing Union to defend his European middle-weight title against his bitter rival Tony Sibson this summer. The boxers have been trading insults for weeks, with Sibson describing Graham as more of a limbo dancer than a boxer; and the battle over

purse money will be as fierce as the one in the ring. There is no love lost between Graham's millionaire manager Barney Eastwood and Sibson's adviser, promoter Frank Warren.

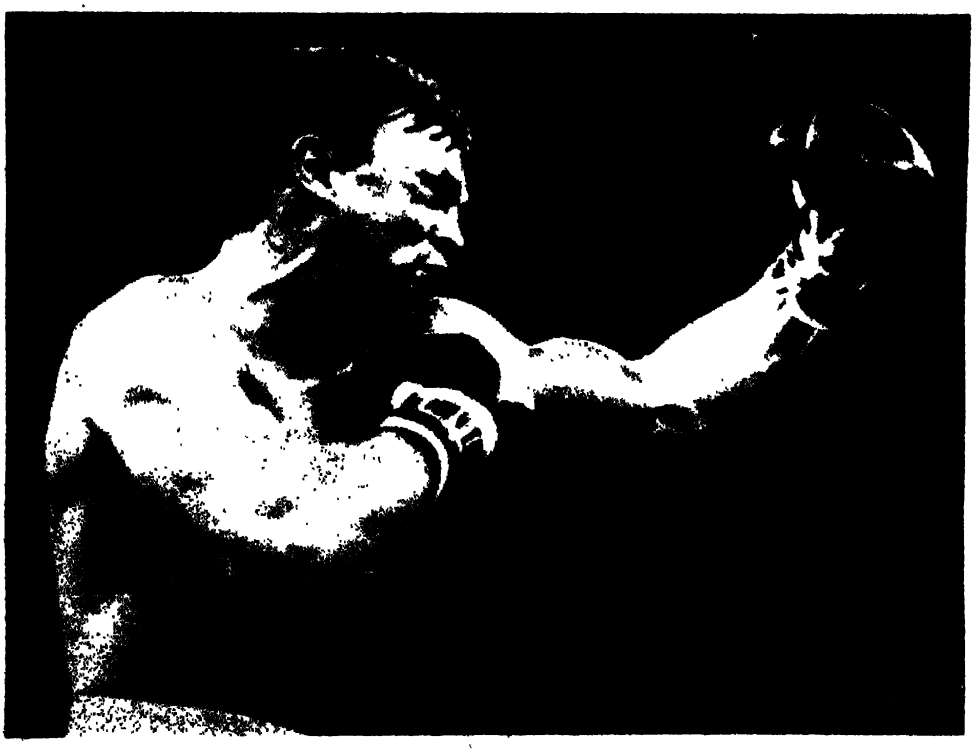
Already bookmakers are split over the attributes of the two boxers, and no matter who you fancy, you could have a decent price on either man. In one bookmaker you can have 4-5 on Sibson and evens for Graham; but with another, your best price for Graham is 4-6 and 5-4 for Sibson. I would recommend a tiny wager on Sibson at 5-4, if you could find a bookmaker, that is.



Will McGuigan fight his WBC counterpart Nelson ?

TOMMY FARR's joke for half a century was: "Do not mention Joe Louis. His name always makes my nose bleed." Of course, the whole world did mention Louis and Farr—because in one golden hour in August 1937 Farr achieved boxing immortality. The brave Welsh boxer challenged the 'brown bomber' for the Heavy-weight championship of the world in New York's Yankee Stadium. Officially, Farr lost on points over fifteen rounds but controversy over the decision has never been resolved.

Now, sadly, that famous nose will bleed no more, because last weekend, Thomas Farr, from Tonypandy died in his sleep at his Sussex home. He was eleven days short of his seventy-second birthday. American sportswriters who had jibed before the bout, that Farr had about as much chance as Shirley Temple against Louis, admitted after the points verdict: "Farr lost the decision, but stole the show."



Tony Sibson is all keyed up for his fight against Herrol Graham.

STEVE DAVIS collected his third major title of the season and set a new snooker earnings record in the bargain. The twenty-eight year old former world champion, defeated Willie Thorne 12-7 to win the Dulux British Open championship in Derby. The fifty-five thousand pounds cheque lifted his seasons total prize money beyond the two million pounds mark—the first time any player has achieved that goal. With the World championship still to come, Davis can increase that by more than a quarter; but money was the last thing on his mind when he said: "This win has started to put a little bit of icing on this season's cake."

Thorne won the first frame, but that was about all he could manage in the first session as Davis reeled off the next six frames for a convincing lead. But Davis wilted on the resumption, as Thorne won four of the seven frames to pull up to 9-5. When the match resumed the next day, Thorne snatched the opening frame 78.66; but Davis bounced back to take the next and go ahead 10-6. After losing the following frame, Davis was never in trouble again and cruised to an easy victory without conceding another frame. This is the third occasion that Thorne has lost to Davis and he must be getting quite tired of seeing Davis in the opposite corner.

Michael King from London

Books for the winter

Raju Mukherji reviews a few releases

WITH the *Daily Telegraph Cricket Year Book '86* in hand one could not resist the temptation of going through the foreward. For the author was none other than the clear-thinking Mike Brearley, whose views are not only thought-provoking but are expressed with a delightful camouflage of restraint—all too rare these days. I read and reread the piece and was thrilled to find that his opinion that umpires are not above criticism from the media corroborated to what this writer had expressed some time back.

True to expectations the article is a classic. Brearley has discussed umpiring controversies and the involvement of the media as also the reactions of the players in the middle. Every word that he breathes is well considered and, unlike most crictics, his impressions are free from cliches, bias and oblique thinking. He certainly does not doubt the capabilities and the integrity of umpires but is pragmatic enough to express that though players expect umpires to be consistent it is almost impossible for all umpires to have an identical line of thought in a given situation. But Brearley warns that this should not be taken to mean that umpires are above criticism. The rest I refrain from disclosing for that is a piece the discerning cricket addicts would do well to set upon at the first available opportunity.

Daily Telegraph is usually among the first to publish their annual year book. This year, too, the commitment remains intact. As with the previous issues, the latest one includes details of Test matches, County matches, University and schools cricket in England, first-class cricket round the world, English domestic and international cricket fixtures for 1986. The statistical survey is in the capable hands of Bill Frindall while Michael Melford has reviewed the season past. In between, Jim Swanton provides the interlude with two short articles.

Michael Melford writes with feeling about the deteriorating standard of players' behaviour on the field, about the pros and cons of covering of wickets and finally about M.C.C.'s most praiseworthy gesture of promoting cricket around the globe. The sooner the other countries follow suit the better it will be for cricket and international goodwill. One major drawback of the book is that though Alan Shiell gets the opportunity to give an Australian angle to last summer's proceedings, the other overseas cricket correspondents, some distinctly more qualified, have only their names mentioned in the credit columns.

The Battle For The Ashes is yet another series book. In this the *Daily Telegraph* team of cricket correspondents have chronicled the 1985 battle for the Ashes. Michael Carey's match report rekindles the memory of the day-to-day atmosphere of the series while the readers get an additional and the Australian viewpoint from the observations of Alan Shiell. Bill Frindall has provided the statistical survey and Adrian Murrell the pictorial backdrop.

With the advent of Peter May, the fortunes of English cricket have shown an upward trend



With the advent of Peter May, the fortunes of English cricket has shown an upward trend. After Gower's deserving victory against a strifetorn Indian team abroad, his men took on Border and company at home. This series, too, was more than convincingly won. After the almost uninterrupted row of defeats at the hands of West Indies, the inspiring presence of Peter May has rejuvenated the hopes of an English revival at cricket. Now however it remains to be seen whether the next issue will be able to maintain the momentum of optimism regarding English cricket that the *Daily Telegraph* authors have generated.

Another annual that warms my heart during the winter evenings is *Indian Cricket*, the annual compendium of statistics and absorbing features which not only covers the Indian domestic scene in great detail but also provides a detailed statistical survey of international cricket. The 1985 issue maintains the high degree of accuracy and perception as it has been doing so very diligently for the last 39 years. To Messrs Kasturi & Sons go my gratitude for the high standard of production. This is a copy no true follower of the game can afford to miss.

Indian Cricket 1985 Compiled by S. Thyagarajan, Kasturi & Sons, HC. 696 Pp. Rs 18
The Battle For The Ashes (Daily Telegraph) PP.224 pp Rs 109
Cricket Year Book '86 (Daily Telegraph) Pb. 232 PP Rs 90

The above books are distributed by: The Marine Sports, 63 A Gokhale Road (North), Dadar, Bombay 400 028.

PRESS CLIPPINGS

Rock the boat

BARCELONA's bid for the 1992 Olympic Games may have received a set back with the happenings at the opening ceremony of the European Indoor championships last month.

Just a few hours before the ceremony, the Spanish Athletic Federation received a note from the Socialist government of Felipe Gonzalez Marquez, ordering that the Gibralter flag must not be displayed in the presence of the King.

Gibralter has been an independent member of the International Amateur Athletic Federation since 1954, and had entered an 800 m runner at Barcelona.

In a hasty compromise, Sir Arthur Gold, President of the European Athletic Union, agreed to exclude all flags, but the IAAF are to discipline the Spanish Federation for it's "improper conduct", whatever the government's belated instruction.

Just a few days after the incident, was the date when the seven cities bidding for the 1992 Games had to submit their formal applications, guaranteeing freedom from political interference as hosts. What if Gibralter was to be entitled to compete in 1992 ?

Forgive and forget ?

WRITING in the *The Times* of London, David Miller has hit out at a decision of the International Amateur Athletic Federation.

Writes Miller: "The IAAF took a decision even more bizarre than the retention of the word "amateur" in their own title."

At a meeting at which Barcelona was awarded the 1989 World Cup for athletics in preference to Birmingham, the council also decided, "amid internal dispute, to reinstate the world's most publicized Olympic cheat," Martti Vaino, of Finland, at the request of his national federation.

Vaino was found positive in the drug test after winning the silver medal in the 10,000 m final in Los Angeles and was pulled off the track as he was about to take part in the 5,000 m. The decision to forgive him means that he has missed nothing but last year's World Cup in Rome.

Miller attacks the decision saying: "The shameful capitalisation to the most odious, and dangerous, crises of world sport exposes the IAAF to ridicule ... What discouragement now is there for the ambitious youth of the world when an Olympic medal winner found guilty of resorting to chemical assistance is subsequently permitted to compete in the next European championship, the next World championship, the next Olympic Games ?"

Prestige issue

APPREHENSIONS about Pakistan's ability to co-host the World Cup cricket tournament late next year, were sought to be dispelled the Boards of Controll for Cricket in India and Pakistan.

After a meeting of the Indo-Pak committee, Mr N.K.P. Salve of India, said that the two countries had got the opportunity to host the tournament after a lot of difficulty and it was now a prestige issue for them.

He said the meeting discussed certain remaining problem and "everything has been sorted out amicably."

Lt. Gen. Ghulam Safdar Butt, the BCCP chief, not only agreed fully with Mr. Salve but went on to add, "even if we want to back out we cannot." Gen. Butt said that the arrangements in Pakistan were "well in hand" and there was "plenty of time still."

The foreign exchange requirement of a minimum of £ 1.8 million, in case an Indian sponsorship is accepted has been assured by tthe governments of India and Pakistan.

Geoff Boycott seems to get involved in controversy wherever he goes



Cricket boycott

BRITISH sports writers following England cricketers on their West Indies tour have admitted that they were forced to pay 168 dollars to obtain work permits to allow them to cover the tourist's matches in Trinidad and Tobago.

Immigration officials insisted on the working documents, normally waived for visiting reporters, because many of the writers have been to South Africa.

Geoffery Boycott, who has played and coached in South Africa and who is covering the tour for the London *Daily Mail*, was formally refused entry when he arrived at Port of Spain.

But the British High Commissioner took up his case with the local government and he was allowed to apply for a work permit which he eventually obtained.

Indian players fail to make the grade

THE [illegible] steel and Alekhine Chess C[illegible]ternational Grandmasters tour[illegible]nt was the fifth Grandmaste[illegible]rnament held in the country w[illegible] a span of seven years. This to[illegible]rnament outclassed its predeces[illegible]s by scaling category eight with an [illegible]erage ELO rating of 2429 and hav[illegible]ng six Grandmasters in the fourteen player event. The tournament was held in all play all league basis where the title norm requirements for GM were 9.5 and for IM seven points from 13 games.

The foreign participants, were GM Razauaev, GM Eschekovosky, GM Agzamov (all from USSR), GM Jansa (Czech), GM Soltis (USA) and GM Inkjov (Bulgaria). No doubt, six Grandmasters lend glamour to the tournament, but the fact that some of the Grandmasters like Soltis and Inkjov were not rated above 2460 ELO points did not help much to raise the category. Instead, four Grandmasters in the calibre of Timman, Miles, Beliavsky and Spassky would have stabilized the category and provide two more berths for the Indian players.

The Indian squad was led by National Champion Pravin Thipsay, International Masters Arun Vaidya, Viswanathan Anand and National stars D.V. Prasad and A.B. Meetei. Bengal prodigy Dibyendu Barua was the host entry.

Among the Indians, Thipsay, Barua and Anand were fancied for the GM norm, while Prasad and Meetei were expected to complete their International Master title. International Master Niaz Murshed of Bangladesh was a last minute wild card entry to even out the number of participants replacing GM Torre. Niaz and Pravin had a Grandmaster norm to their credit and success in this event would have given them the Grandmaster title. The target 9.5 points in 13 games was an uphill task as even draws would push them in a desperate position. The prime factor will be the aspirant's score against the Russian trio. Anand and Murshed emerged as joint leaders after the initial scramble with 3.5 points from four games. There were two crucial games in the beginning between Anand against Barua and Thipsay in both these encounters Anand was successful by outwitting Barua and Thipsay in alternate rounds. This was a major setback for Barua and Thipsay as they were practically out of the race for the elusive GM norm. The national champ was in a bad patch and was playing below his usual strength. Barua has always been mercurial, but on this occasion, he was rather off-colour.

Murshed surged ahead as Anand lost twice against Russian Grandmasters Agzamov and Tschekovosky. The former won hands down while against Tschekovosky, Anand paid the penalty of a passive opening play. The Soviet got the initiative right from the start and never looked behind. Though in time trouble, he won the game because his position became overwhelming and was easy to handle. I thought that Anand's chances were diminishing. His requirement was six from seven and he had to play against Murshed and two Grandmasters.



The difference between these two talented youngsters was that Murshed remained unbeaten, while Anand (below) lost to two of the Russian Grandmasters

The Murshed-Anand encounter in the very next round was a game of fluctuating fortunes. Anand lost a pawn in the opening a Sicilian, but managed to complicate the issue.

Murshed could have consolidated with an unusual king manoeuvre but made a mistake and lost. Soviet GM Agzamov who had all along trailed the leader by half point shot up into sole lead with 6.5 points at the end of eighth round. Agzamov was in tremendous form and with a string of the victories in the closing stages of the event won the Pillo Modi silver trophy with a round to spare.

Anand and Murshed were in the same boat with the target of four points from five rounds. Murshed moved closer to the elusive norm with fine victories over Grandmasters Soltis and Inkjov. Anand also matched Niaz in that respect but missed the bus by a whisker when he failed to win his last round game against D.V. Prasad and was half point less. Murshed reached nine points at the end of the penultimate round. In the final round he earned a draw against Agzamov that was sufficient to qualify for the Grandmaster title. Anand tied for third with Tschekovosky and gracefully accepted the better luck next time lines of his fellow competitors.

The difference between these two talented youngsters was that Murshed remained unbeaten, while Anand lost to two of the Russian GMS. Murshed will be the first Grandmaster from the subcontinent barring a technical snag that one of his games from the norm in the Hong Kong tournament was against an unrated player. In the past the FIDE has overlooked this minor technical error and I hope they will award the title to this enormously talented youngster.

Soltis and other Indian players finished outside the prize list. Many would loose valuable ELO points that would be difficult to win again.

V. Ravikumar

A runaway rider

Joe Turi is a Hungarian refugee who trains for showjumping by riding two horses at a time



White trousers blowing in the wind, Joe demonstrates his speciality—riding two horses at the same time

HUNGARIAN Joe Turi is bringing his own brand of Magyar magic to rural England with his spectacular gaucho-style horsemanship.

Joe's new speciality is riding bareback—on two horses. Straddled between them, he cuts a novel dash across the Essex countryside. Joe was trained at the Hungarian State Stud before joining the stunt riding Czikos Riders. Twelve years ago, he came to England on tour with the Czikos. As the lorry made its way to Dover for the homeward journey, Joe leapt out and made a run for it. He had £10 in his pocket and couldn't speak a word of English.

He was granted political asylum and at the age of 17, started a new life. Joe, now 29, works for stables in Stapleford Tawney, Essex. His ambition is to be a top show jumper. His new speciality is giving a display of gaucho showmanship at country shows throughout Britain. His uniform is a dashing scarlet waistcoat and white trousers.

To the strains of Hunga-



Joe was trained at the Hungarian State Stud and went on to join the stunt riding Czikos Riders—horses have always been his life



As a young man, Joe Turi fled his native Hungary to make a home in England, bringing with him his novel horse-riding skills

rian circus music, Joe gallops in full flight with his two charges, his white trousers billowing around him as he jumps the fences.

He is remarkably casual about his bizarre riding skill. He explains: "To stand up on two horses, you have got to have good balance, light hands and a little leg muscle. I always put blinkers on the horses so that they can't see me above them. Otherwise, they would go berserk."

Joe's style is so effortless, he even finds time to raise his hat to the crowd. As Joe approaches the age of 30, he realises that there are precious few years left to become established as a top show jumper. But he still dreams about finding fame, saying, "You are treated like a king as soon as you do something spectacular. Everybody recognises you and never forgets to say Hello."

Perhaps if he challenged his competitors to ride two horses, he would find himself in a class of his own.

Robert Hall in London

This runner doesn't stumble

Said Aouita makes no mistakes over middle-distance running

A STUDY recently completed in Morocco on the number of students involved in sport from 1981-84, showed positive trends for most disciplines, especially in athletics which showed a rise of twenty per cent.

And if I were to brazenly remark that Said Aouita was the primary contributing factor to this phenomena, it wouldn't be surprising if the general reaction was an incredulous "Said who?"

It wouldn't be surprising simply because Aouita is a black African, running wild and talented amidst a horde of white media-hyped superstar athletes, such as Steve Ovett, Sebastian Coe, Steve Cram, Thomas Weissanhagge, Ray Flynn, Steve Scott-...the list is endless.

Aouita, 25, has not graced the cinder track in the international arena for many years, yet his amazing talent has already in many ways made him a quasi-legend.

He began in classic Aouita style, winning the 5000m gold medal at the 1984 LA Olympics. With the absence of world record holder David Moorcroft (sidelined by injury) Aouita set a blistering pace, capping his fine run by running the last 400m in a manic 52.4 seconds, creating a new Olympic record.

After LA, Aouita carried on his experimentation with the other middle distance runs while creating what is in all probability a unique record. In the IAAF top twenty (this has nothing to do with music) lists, where the best 20 timings in each event during that period are listed, Aouita's name was conspicuous, heading four lists. Which means that at that particular period of time Said Aouita was the fastest man in the world over the 1500m, mile, 3000m and 5000m. Yet he could still walk unrecognised down a street, almost anywhere in the world.

And then in 1985 as Steve Cram initiated his record-breaking spree, Aouita let loose. On 27 July in Oslo, he broke David Moorcroft's astounding 5000m record by a whisker. Moorcroft, who had also set his record at Oslo, clipping six seconds off the existing mark in 1982, must have been rather unhappy when Aouita scrapped home to a world record by one-tenth of a second. Aouita's 13:00:40 against Moorcroft's 13:00.41.



This is Said Aouita

Less than a month later in Berlin, Aouita reduced his distance and in a glorious exhibition of his running range, broke the 1500m world record. This time he must have upset Cram who had broken the existing record 38 days earlier with a timing of 3:29.67, but Aouita eased it down to 3:29.46.

And now in the latest February, IAAF list of athletes participating in the Mobil Grand Prix circuit, Aouita heads the list for the 1500m, 3000m and 5000m, having surrendered his supremacy in the mile to Cram.

Thus with such an impressive track record (literally), Aouita is finally being given some semblance of the recognition that is due to him. Sports journalists in Africa—in a poll conducted by *Jeux d'Afrique*, a monthly magazine—voted him African Champion of Champions. This was quite a significant achievement, as the other star in contention was Mohammad Timouri, the footballer nicknamed the "African Pele" who was instrumental in Morocco's qualification for the Mexico World Cup.

Then he was nominated Athlete of the Year by 'Track and Field' News. And just a fortnight ago, he was the proud recipient of the Jesse Owens International Athlete of the Year award.

Yet he still remains an enigmatic champion. He must be the most unobtrusive, unsung, low profile champion ever to dominate middle distance running. Few people know very much about Aouita. Yet now they know the most important thing: Said Aouita can run. And fast.

Some time ago, the short wiry Moroccon had said, "If Zatopek (record holder over the 5000, 10,000m and marathon) can do it, so can I. I want to hold every single world record from the 1500m to the 10,000m". At this point of time, it is doubtful whether anyone would even consider it arguable. Aouita's ability now cannot be questioned.

Rohit Brijnath



Sleeker, lower, faster...Brabham's new low-line Formula I racer makes its appearance at tyre tests at Rio's Jacarapagua raceway



All photographs by *Associated Press*

Looks like a two-finger attack by a kung fu expert. But it's just Maris Bruzhiks of the Soviet Union leaping to a new indoor world record of 17.54 metres in the triple jump at the European Indoor Track and Field Championships in Madrid



"I'm the best. It's taken time, but I've done it!" Ivan Lendl exults after his win over Mats Wilander in the final of the Lipton International Players Championship in Boca Raton. Lendl won 3-6, 6-1, 7-6, 6-4 to win the first place prize money of $112,500

With these two guys on your side, you could sit back and relax. After all, they are Gerrie Coetzee, the South African heavyweight boxing champion, (left) and Frank Bruno, the European heavyweight champion. Both these boxers met in London to check the gloves for their fight which will decide WBA world heavyweight champion Tim Witherspoon's next challenger



To eat or not to eat

I WONDER how many of you have come through last week's instalment in which we gave a four-day diet which is supposed to work wonders on a fi- [illegible] is suffering from a [illegible]nd hangover. If you [illegible]ed out on it, then try [illegible] get your hands on our issue dated 5 March, 1986 and experiment with this diet. And once you have tried it, do write in and let us know the effect.

Diets are multi-faceted. People use them to lose weight. And to put on weight. Doctors put their patients on diets. Whatever sort of diet you are on, it pertains to the type of food that you are eating.

Most of us tend to use the word 'diet' with reference to cutting down on your calorie intake and trying to do something that could be done much more healthily by exercise. And there is the other half: the lucky half. They eat and eat, especially all the high-calorie food that most of us look at longingly, trying desperately to put on some weight. Yes, don't read this with disbelief, there are some people in this world who eat almost everything they can lay their hands on in an effort to put on some weight.

Another very important thing for anyone who decides to go on a diet is health. It is great to look good and fit into those tight jeans again but it is definitely tough on your insides. You may feel that the less you eat, the more weight you will lose. But you must spare a thought for your body. The absence of food in the digestive system plays up hell with the delicate linings of the stomach and if neglected completely will cause ulcers and the like. It is very harmful to cut off your food intake completely for considerable lengths of time. While it is very common that you find ladies fasting for a day, it is not advisable to extend it any more as your physical health suffers.

Also, it is advisable to consult a doctor before you embark on any ambitious scheme. A qualified dietician will be best to tell you what to cut down on and what to eat in plenty. There are cases when people stay off food quite religiously for the whole day only to gorge themselves on fattening food in the evening. Quite useless, really, because you are starving yourselves for nothing as all the rich food that you eat in the evening will more than make up for the calories that burnt up during the day. If you can work out a diet whereby you will be eating just enough of low-calorie food, you will lose more weight with less exertion than you would by starving the entire day and then spoiling it all by eating fried, oily, high-calorie food.

If you are really serious about your weight control scheme, you should work out a diet where you eat just enough to keep you going and, more important, eat health-enhancing low calorie food. It might mean staying off the things that tickle your taste buds the most like cakes, sweets and hot, deep fried delicacies but the more you can stick to garden-fresh greens and low cal stuff, the better you will feel and as an added bonus, you will have less, of any at all, problems with oily skin and skin blemishes.

Medically too, there are people who cannot stand severe diets. If you are not in the pink of health, any form of deprivement of nourishment to your body will harm you and eventually make matters worse. It is to avoid any problems of this sort that you should consult a doctor and find out if you are in sufficient shape to withstand a diet.

If you are, then go right ahead with the diet that appeals to you the most. And if it does work wonders with you, write in to us (C/o The Fitness Column) and share your secret with us.

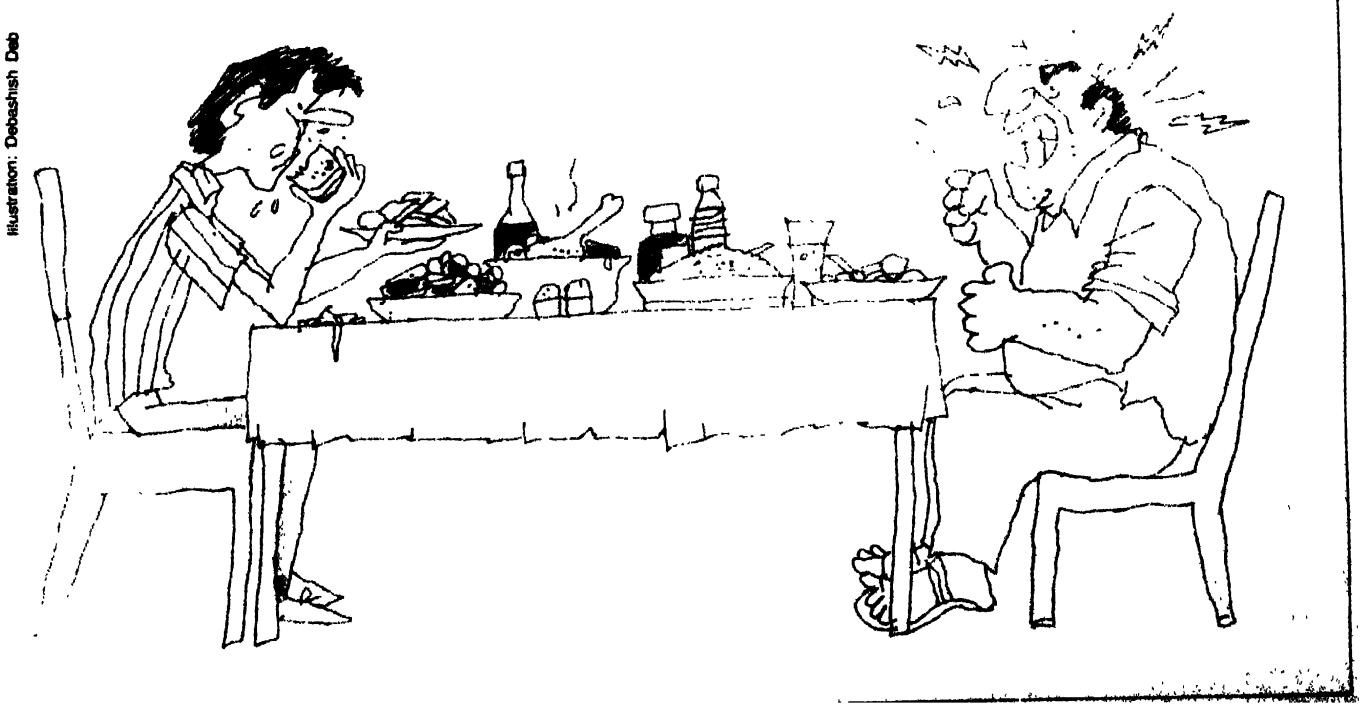


Illustration: Debashish Deb

When Your Heart Skips A Beat.....

PENNSYLVANIA: A 35-year-old American, Robert Commers of Johnstown, has proved that skipping is really good for the heart. He set a new world record for non-stop skipping for 12 hours 13 minutes and 8 seconds. Not bad for a man who's had 2 heart attacks, 1 stroke and a triple heart by-pass operation.

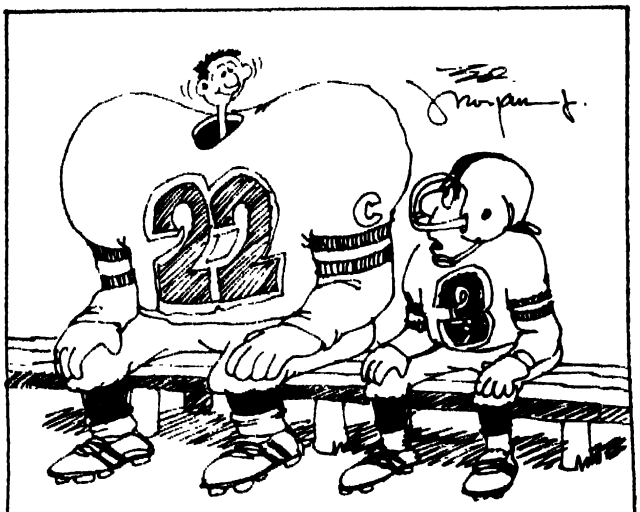
Royal Line

CORNWALL: Anglers had a royal treat when they were given the opportunity to fish for salmon and trout on the royal estates of Balmoral and the Duchy of Cornwall in an auction of fishings by the Atlantic Salmon Trust.

The Man Women Would 'Diet' For

LONDON: He has the lean face and long legs of Magnum actor Tom Selleck; the behind of singer Bruce Springsteen while the rest of his body resembles athlete Daley Thomson's, topped by the blond curls of pop star George Michael. He wears Roger Moore's clothes and smiles with radio star Terry Wogan's teeth. He's Mr. Ideal in the eyes of the readers of the London Slimming Magazine. Their real life man, however, is more homely: 52% are pot-bellied, and 40% are too fat all over. Until 'he' shows up, the average English female slimmer is apparently ready to settle for a bar of chocolate!

Bernie Tellis

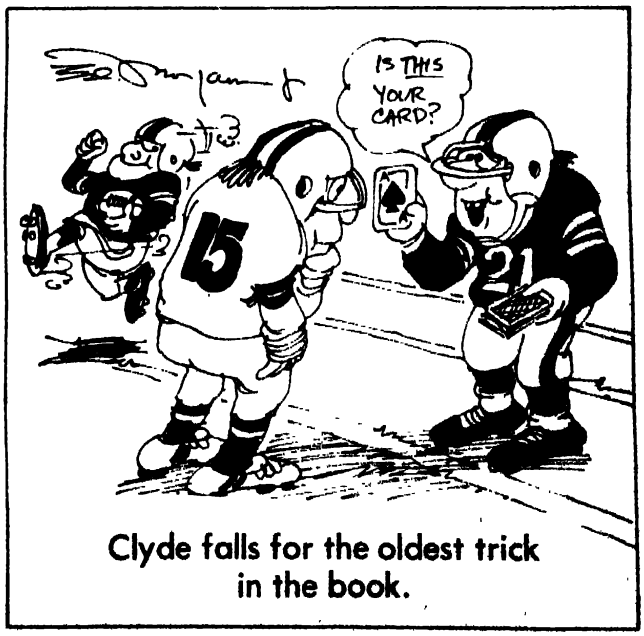


"With all the media attention, how do you avoid getting a big head?"

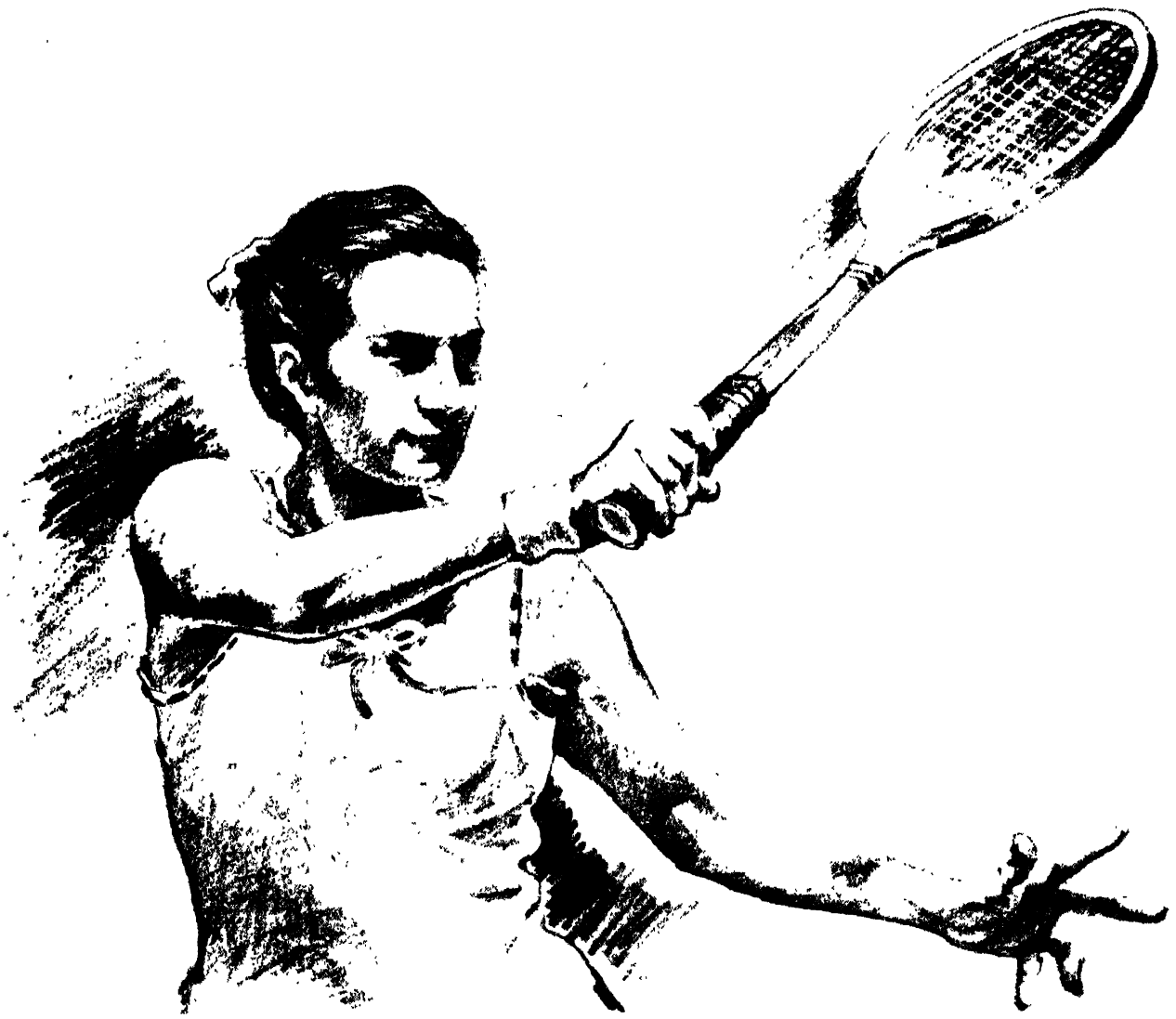


"Relax, grizzly bears have a mortal fear of campfires."





Clyde falls for the oldest trick in the book.



Virginia Wade

For over a decade all women tennis players around the world feared the name of Virginia Wade. Not because she was the best player around but because she was one of the most difficult to beat. When first noticed on circuit she was described as "an ambitious, talented, young English girl eager to win."

Though she made it to atleast the quarter-final stage in almost every Wimbledon she played in, she only won it as late as 1977. After losing the first set 4-6 to Betty Stove she came back with a bang to win the next two 6-3, 6-1.

In 1972, when Billie Jean King was at her peak, Miss Wade was the only one who succeeded in taking a set off her. She was unfortunate that she met Evonne Cawley at most Wimbledons and, for some reason or the other, couldn't get the better of her.

Easily one of the best losers ever, she became a very popular player and tennis lovers all over the world knew her as "our Ginny." Though she has retired from active participation in the game she continues to be one of the expert commentators over television. Though never a champion, she will always be remembered as a great fighter and a thorough lady.

Pay the cost

For safer cricket

WHERE are the days when cricketer were more reticent about protective clothing. When people often swathed towels around themselves beneath their flannels.

For all the protective gear cricketers wear today, Mike Gatting's accident in Jamaica last month was a reminder of the lethal punishment a cricket ball can inflict.

Gatting, who is among those who dislike wearing a visor with their helmets, is now in a London hospital where he underwent surgery for a smashed nose.

Cricketers first took to wearing modern type pads, gloves and boxes in 1935 after overarm bowling was made lawful. Though other types of protection had been in use earlier.

It is estimated that today's first class cricketer spends an average of 216 pounds (i.e. over three and a half thousand rupees) for his protective gear alone. The helmet and metal grid—78 pounds; chest protector—10 pounds; box—3 pounds; thigh pad—10 pounds; leg guards—74 pounds; gloves—32 pounds and nine pounds for the forearm guard.

A medieval knight's armour would be much cheaper.

Pitched up

Focal length

GATTING's injury has even raised the question in England whether the 226-year-old traditional 22-yard cricket pitch should be lengthened. Those in favour of extending the pitch suggest 22 metres (24 yds 2 inches) and argue that it could give batsmen more time to focus on the ball.

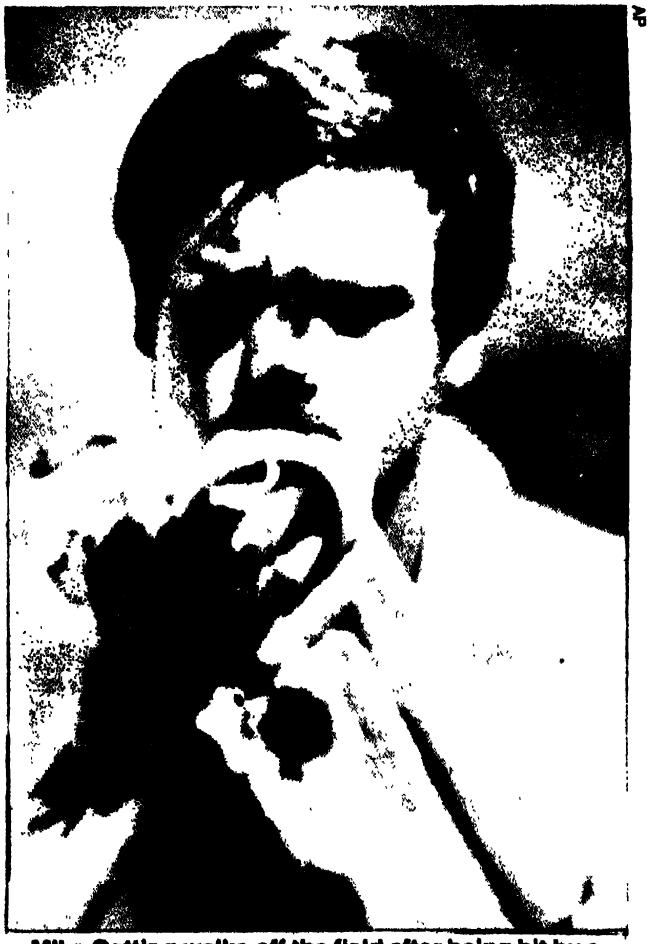
England or for that matter, the Test and Cricket County Board (TCCB), of course, cannot act unilaterally on this issue and the matter would eventually have to go through the International Cricket Conference.

Henderson, a former Reuters cricket correspondent, once calculated that a batsman has 0.455 seconds to react over 20 yards against a 90 mph ball, the speed at which more and more bowlers are bowling today. The time rises to 0.497 sec over 20 metres. In this context the additional 9.23 per cent time for a batsman could make a great difference.

But cricketers are very conservative and sticky when it comes to changing old traditions. A classical example often cited came at Chesterfield in 1946. After Derbyshire had faced two overs against Yorkshire, the pitches' length was queried by Len Hutton, so the story goes, from as far away as deep third man. It was remeasured and found to be 24 yards long and the game had to be restarted on a pitch of legal length.

Computer Cricket

Button pushers



Mike Gatting walks off the field after being hit by a Malcolm Marshall bouncer

WITH computers in everyday business life now common place, their regular use in a statistical game such as cricket seems certain.

Among regular English county scorers, Vic Isaacs of Hampshire is the first to possess his own. He feels that it won't be long before scorers dispense with their traditional books and push buttons instead. Why, the sound of clattering typewriters has already diminished greatly with more and more journalists using battery-operated no-noise 'type stars'.

Computers will bring the biggest change to the scorer's way of life since the 18th century. Then, one Samuel Bretcher, scoring for MCC, was described by a leter historian as a radical innovator for daring to forsake primitive notches upon sticks for the modern paper and pencil."

Grounded Gentry

Queen's backyard

RUGBY clubs with prime sites in England have been approached by a London property company asking them if they would like to cash in by selling their grounds.

"We are actively involved in the acquisition of land throughout the United Kingdom and we have the resources and expertise to achieve planning consents beneficial to land owners," say Rosehaugh Ltd. in a letter to club secretaries. One of the clubs approached uses the Home Park at the rear of Windsor Castle.

The Queen, however, is not intercsted in selling.

Playing Days

The MCC tour of India in 1972-73 soured for the tourists as the series progressed. Leading 1-0, they eventually succumbed 1-2. Tony Lewis, captain of the visiting side, maintained a daily diary of the series. In the second part of the extract, Lewis profiles colleague cricketer Majid Khan. The book is published by Stanley Paul and priced at £9.95

Sunday 7 January
A big shock! Joan telephoned from Wales to say that she was driving back home from St David's, Pembrokeshire, when she heard news of Black September threats on the lives of the MCC team in India. Palestinians are thought to be seeking reprisals for the arrest in Britain of one of their Black September group. How did Joan find out at home? The British press agreed not to write it although they are now aware of the threat. I gave her all the assurances I could. She is a little happier, but there will be more wives on the phone tonight.

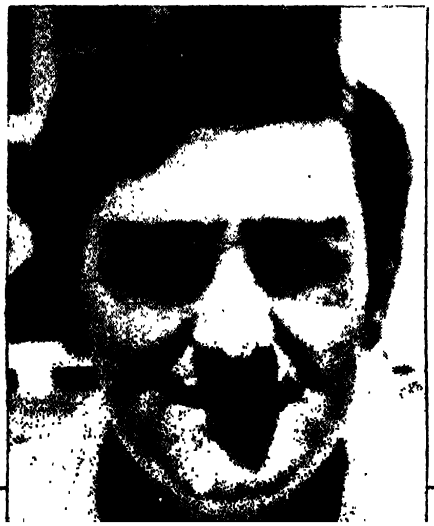
The team met urgently over a beer in the bar. Donald Carr has arranged for them to make calls home. It is an unreal threat, but as Keith Fletcher put it, it is unreal only until it is real, and then it is too late.

Tuesday 9 January
Lying under the mosquito net three days before the third Test reading *Night of the Scorpion* by Paul Scott ...only a side-light shining, but looking up through the flimsy net I see the fan waft and whir, around and around.

(Bedi bowls. Lewis races down the wicket and crashes a six over long-off. Chandra bowls his top-spinner... Lewis lies back and cuts it in a flash for four to third man... dreams, dreams.) Someone has got to do it.

The hot night stops me sleeping. Shall I use the airconditioning which sounds like the old *Pembroke Castle* steam-engine stocking up at Paddington Station or perhaps, if I leave the bathroom door open, I can turn on the fan out there and that will do. The heat and the prospect of tomorrow's Test match worry me. Fear of failure. I have scored few runs since the first Test. I can feel the press vultures hovering. Whoever dreamed up the saying 'the game's the thing'? It may be in the end, but at this very moment, the night before a Test match, the mind races, the feet perspire, and sleep is a long way away.

Wednesday 10 January
Arrive Madras. All around us at the airport are the glistening helmets of soldiers. They carry guns. Behind them are police and airport security men. We are shielded from the crowds who have come to see us. A bus arrives just a few yards away from the airstrip and we set off for the Connemara Hotel. Sentries, armed and helmeted, guard the hotel entrance.



On the bus to the nets this afternoon we had the quaint experience of being accompanied by 'shotgun' riders. Machine guns were set up at the front and the rear of the bus. What is going on? MCC has had no further threat from the Black September group and everyone is content to think of it as a hoax. Security at the ground is colossal. Surely we are not expected to play a Test series in this atmosphere.

Back at the hotel this evening Bob Cottam wandered out of his room to look for his Northamptonshire teammate Bishen Bedi who was also staying there. A security guard stopped him. First Bob's identity was checked out, then Bishen's, according to their room numbers, and finally, as Bob was setting off for his chat, the security guard was attempting to communicate on his walkietalkie to the guard on Bishen's floor—'Cottam, tall, big, MCC player is arriving.' Bob left. When he returned five minutes later, the guard was still yelling... 'Hello. Yes. Kottum, yes, Kottum coming. Big MCC cricketer... Hello. Hello. Kottum comes... Oh! Hello, Kottum... Hello. Hello. Cancel, cancel. Kottum is back.'

Saturday 13 January
Chris Old asks to leave the field after three overs of the Test match be-

cause 'M'trousers are stook t'me legs.' True. His whites turned to greys as the perspiration ran down his body. His tightly tailored trousers were wrapped around his legs like soaking flags around a couple of poles.

Tuesday 16 January
We are losing this Test, I can feel it. The pitch is turning a lot and Derek Underwood is missing. Carelessly, he took too much sun on the day before the game and has a temperature. Norman Gifford took his place and is bowling well enough, but Unders can win a match on his own on such a wicket.

The umpiring is getting worse and today we had a major incident on the field. Ajit Wadekar edged a ball from Chris Old straight to Tony Greig at second slip. Greiggy caught it well, about knee high, and threw it in the air. Wadekar stayed where he was, waiting to be given out by the umpire. The umpire then confused everyone by shaking his head, which often means 'yes' in India, and yet signalling with his hands palms down that it was not out.

When the England players had digested this for a second or two they went berserk. Tony Greig raced from second slip towards the umpire at the bowler's end with the ball raised in his hand as if he was Geronimo. While he was yelling away, Alan Knott threw his glove high in the air, and they were both supported by Barry Wood, who accused the umpire of saying 'not out' The umpire said nothing of the sort. He said he had been unsighted by Chris Old's follow through. I placed myself between the players and the umpire and told them to shut up. I asked the umpire what was going on. He said that he wished to consult the square-leg umpire. He did and returned to give Wadekar out.

This sort of incident was inevitable because of the gamesmanship which has developed near the bat. The whole series so far has been played within a few yards of the crease and fielders are claiming catches of bat and pad which are very tricky to adjudicate. Tony Greig openly believes that if an umpire rejects an appeal then a show of disbelief will get him the doubtful decision next time, whether the batsman has snicked it or not. It is, by any description, plain cheating. But the same is happening to us. Either both sides must play fair, or both cheat, to have an even contest.

At the close of today's play I went into the Indian dressing room and confronted Ajit Wadekar. Shall we play cricket for the next two and a half Tests, or shall we cheat? 'Let's play cricket,' he said. The whole Indian team nodded but wanted a guarantee that Tony Greig would not continue his acting performance near the bat. I pointed to Abid Ali, Solkar and Engineer as equal culprits. Solkar was even in the habit of appealing for l.b.w.s from the position of short square-leg.

Donald Carr was not at the game when it happened, but he had read the most unfavourable press. He called an immediate meeting. All the players agreed that the charade of pressurizing umpires was not to be part of our game.

Wednesday 17 January
India win the third Test. They go two-one up. Our demonstration of bad temper has made world news. It looks even worse when we lose. Donald Carr has publicly apologized to the Indians. I have had more words with Greig and with Knott.

We could be three Tests up now. We have got into three winning positions in field, but our batting has failed. In this match, only Keith Fletcher (97) and Mike Denness (76) can be exempt from criticism. Lewis scored 4 and 11. So we lost and the campaign suffered a mighty set-back. Our morale is down. I am proud of the fact that I am still on the field. Every day my knee turns on the agony towards tea-time, but I have soldiered on and I am still fit enough to give of my best, if only I can get going again with the bat.

The time is beginning to drag. There are 24 more days to go in India.

At the close of play I went to the Indian dressing room and confronted Wadekar. Shall we play cricket for the next two and a half Tests, or shall we cheat? 'Let's play cricket,' he said

We have done well to endure the toughest conditions, blistering sun and non-existent social life for four months. A pint down the local and would taste rather special at this moment.

The captaincy has come naturally because I am so used to it, making decisions about something or other every moment of the day. I find it hard to concentrate on my batting in the zonal matches. Dennis Amiss has been telling me that he feels it takes six or eight Test matches to be settled in Test cricket.

Saturday 20 January
I received from home a cutting from the *Sun* newspaper. Everyone knows now about the Black September threat. The story appeared under Clive Taylor's name. He is upset, because all the writers travelling with us agreed with Donald Carr not to mention a word of it.

Clive came to my room to apologize, saying that he was responsible only for a few lines of it and that he guessed the front of the story had been filed from India by a cricket reporter called Prabu of the *Indian Times*. Clive says that he feels that the story should have been written as soon as the soldiers and machine guns arrived in Madras, when we were taken to the ground under armed guard every day and by different routes in order to confuse anyone who might be planning a serious attack on the side. It should have been written.

As it is now, the English writers have been made to hop about a bit by their London sports desks. Clive Taylor thought of resigning from the *Sun*. He is disappointed that his office wrote the story without contacting him. He feels that his relationship with the MCC party has been destroyed. think it will be momentarily affected, but Clive Taylor has the respect of every cricketer in Britain. I've told him that.

Our show goes on. I called another team meeting to say that as long as I am captain there would be no overacting in order to get an umpire's decision; no pressurizing of umpires. Few applauded. Donald Carr did. Are we both left over from a different age? We have become good friends.

Wednesday 24 January
The day before the fourth Test match This hotel in Kanpur is alive with soldiers and plain-clothes policemen.

Again, no one is allowed to put a foot on our floor, nor can they even take the same lift-ride as an MCC player. It is disconcerting. Do they know something which we do not? Are we truly in danger? I suppose they cannot afford to take the chance of the threats being a hoax. The police told me that they are afraid of the students as much as anyone else in Kanpur.

The MCC boys went on an official shopping expedition along a pre-planned route lined by the police and the army. Charming. Even so, the boys said they were pushed and pawed, even here. After coming out of one large store Jackie Birkenshaw was missing. Someone eventually spotted him, pinned to the side of the bus by a couple of oxen harnessed to a cart. The captive Birki, aware of his audience in the bus, wagged an angry finger at the oxen. 'No. I've told you no. Ah'm not signing now.'

We had a practice in the early afternoon—a good work out. Afterwards Bob Cottam raced first into the showers. 'Ah!' he said. 'Hot water.' He turned to hang up his towel, turned back and the water dribbled to a halt. He stood around for a quarter of an hour and eventually gave up. As he left he slammed the door...and the shower started up again... he stripped off, and then it stopped again.

Thursday 25 January
Wadekar wins the toss for the third time. India bat. Graham Roope and Jack Birkenshaw make their Test debuts.

Friday 26 January
Rest day already. Visited all Souls Church, which was erected soon after the Cawnpore mutiny on the sight of the cantonment where the sepoys killed so many British men, women and children. Clive Taylor was with me.

The church gardens are quiet, but you can see the low remains and the original outline of the barracks. We saw the well where a lot were killed as they ferried water to those inside. It was a bloody massacre. When Clive and I saw just how many were murdered—long lists of names beneath regimental plaques on the walls inside the church—we both agreed that we could imagine the screams of women and children, the cracks of round shot and musket shot. We wandered on without talking.



"Goodness gracious me, a maneater!"

Monday 29 January
A.R. Lewis b. Abid Ali 125. Dreams into fact; down the pitch to drive the spinners over the top...Bedi bowls and Lewis makes ground down the track...he is not quite to the ball but it is a good pitch and, in any case, the shackles of the Indians have to be smashed by someone...the ball meets the bat with the sweetest of sounds and flies straight back over Bishen's head, first bounce into the crowd. Not a bad way to get off the mark in a Test match!

The Indians chortled around me after that opening and edged in closer. Bedi frowned and wrung his spinning fingers tighter around the ball. The next ball was short. I went back and felt the same surge to destroy, to square cut it for four. Some instinct took over which told me that in my adventurous state of mind I would be safer batting at the other end! I settled for a pushed stroke between the close fielders, into the space at square cover, and a single. Five runs in an over was a luxury, and not only for me.

In the next over I faced from Bishen, again I went down the pitch and hit straight. He saw me coming once and slanted it quickly down the leg side. I darted back without playing a shot. I had practised going down the pitch to norman Gifford in the nets many times. Norman would just hang on to the ball if he saw me coming. He would force me to leave my charge until the last split second.

Next ball, I was away down again, and drove a six over mid-off. The Indian close fielders disappeared and I was out of captivity. Soon Bishen had five men on the boundary—deep extra-cover, long-off, long-on, deep mid-wicket and a deep square-leg on the sweep. Solkar, the most brilliant of all their close fielders, was at long-on Chandra was too quick through the air to treat the same way, but with him it is always more a case of waiting for the bad ball.

It was the first century on either side in the series. For England it was the first hundred in 14 Test matches.

There was an amusing moment when I got to a hundred. Lots of Indians ran onto the field with garlands and handshakes. However, the century had come with a single which took me to the other end. The student avalanche therefore hit Keith Fletcher. I looked down the pitch and saw him suffocating with garlands, all dripping wet, and beaten to a pulp by back-slappers. He walked up the pitch and said, 'It's OK for you mate, but I'm only five not out.'

Perhaps Robin Marlar in the *Sunday Times* caught, best of all, the atmosphere here in Kanpur, at least the mixture of student aggression and our own security forces' also, the sheer difficulty of playing cricket in this climate. He wrote.

The vultures sit, 16 to a tree, the big brown kites whirl and dive, hundreds of thousands of bicycles are pedalled through Kanpur's crowded streets, the cars hoot and are ignored, and not so far from the bridge where the massacred bodies were disposed of during the mutiny of a century and more ago, in the new Modi Stadium in Green Park, England are trying to square up a series watched by 14,000 cheerful but potentially dangerous students and most of the police force of Uttar Pradesh.

England got the best of a drawn match. I am happy about my innings but I have one huge problem, my knee. I wrote to Wilf Wooller today to say that although my pain threshold has leaped up, I cannot play like this for much longer. What do I do? A cartilage operation will take time, and

there is a new season with Glamorgan ahead.

However, I resigned the Glamorgan captaincy last autumn because of the knee though no one knew it, and maybe I should have an operation when I get home. It is certainly agony. I wish the joint would lock and we would know it was finished. Quite honestly, I wish at this moment, lying on my bed in Kanpur, that someone would saw it off from the knee, century or no century.

Monday 5 February
Just before net practice, Donald Carr received a typed message to say that some players would be killed during this fifth and final Test. We had a team meeting. The boys do not want to play. They will only play if all the tall buildings around the Brabourne Stadium are evacuated. The police agree. Great start to a match which we must win to draw the series!

Tuesday 6 February
Wadekar wins the toss. The pitch is without grass. India get 250 for 4 in the day. Our mission is now just about impossible.

While we were fielding a lot of the England fielders kept looking up at the tall buildings around the stadium. Eyes alert for the 'jackal'. It is a poor mental approach to a Test match. It is mercilessly hot too. Laughter comes from fear. The boys reckon that Alan Knott is the only wicket keeper ever to walk in with a bowler's run-up! No one is going to shoot him that way. Keith Fletcher too fidgets around at first slip. 'It's alright for you skipper, he responded to one of my jibes. 'If he shoots at you you'll only be hit in the leg and you'll be out l.b.w. again.' His reference was to the long run of l.b.w. decisions which the Indian umpires delighted to inflict on me.

Sunday 11 February
The end inevitably comes. Drawn game. England loses the series one-two. I made my way to the top of the stands to do all the radio and television interviews at the end. I felt sick. Ajit Wadekar understood this well. He has become a good friend. We both thought back to the time when we had agreed to cut out the theatricals close to the bat, and we had both stuck to our word.

But the failure of three and a half months of effort made me feel ill. I do not care about the future captaincy of



"But all white men look alike to me"

England. I have never felt ambitious for it. But we gave this campaign a massive amount of thought and effort and, if I was honest, I would say that we would have won three Test matches, having done the work expertly in the field, if we could have batted better. We needed more experience than we had on the tour. We needed Boycott and Edrich for solidity, and I feel that D'Oliveira was the man who could have given us character.

As I did my bit for the media, Tony Greig took MCC on a lap of honour. Greiggy has had an adoring audience on this trip. The side were cheered to the heavens and I am proud of them; they all gave everything. But what the hell is Greiggy doing out there with my team?

Monday 12 February
On the bus to the airport we take a last look at India. Jack Birkenshaw, next to me, sighs and says, 'Well, d'y'knoow skip, I only realized yesterday why I've had no luck with the girls on this trip. Every time I've asked 'em they've shaken their heads. I thought it meant, "No, clear off Birky you little Yorkshire git." But now I know, headshakes mean "acha." Yes Birky you handsome, honey-tongued Yorshire devil, come and take me.'

We laughed a long time about this, and India was gone.

MY first sight of Majid Jahangir, as he then called himself, was in 1967 at the St Helens ground at Swansea. He was a member of Pakistan's touring team. It was August and the Tests had gone poorly for him. He felt his lack of good form deeply, because he came with a handsome reputation, and because to Majid, a seriousminded, 20-year-old Muslim, the Western world had nothing to offer expect runs, catches and wickets.

His mood as he came out to bat onthat bright sunny morning must have been the mixture of bravado and desperation which every cricketer knows. Minutes later he was hitting Roger Davis's off-spin for five sixes in an over to the pavilion end, high up onto the terraces of the members' enclousre. In 89 minutes at the crease he scored 147 not out, an innings begun and completed before lunch.

Glamorgan rather enjoyed it. Certainly, we did not grieve. Matches against touring sides had ceased to be the keen battles of old. County players would often be rested from these games in order that they could be sharp for one of the competitions which, as levels of sponsorship were creeping up, were becoming more important to the players. Majid was brilliant entertainment for the crowd, but it was impossible for any of the Glamorgan players to judge how good a player he was. It was a bit of a slog; a glorious, savage, talented slog.

A month later, the Test and County Cricket Board decided that counties could recruit one overseas cricketer by immediate registration. Wilfred Wooler, Glamorgan's secretary, immediately got in touch with Majid Jahangir's home in Lahore.

The Glamorgan players, when they heard this, were sceptical about the secretary's motives. Was he not an old friend of Dr Jahangir Khan, Majid's father, during their days in the Cambridge University side in the early thirties? The old pals act? How could he say that Majid was a steady enough player to make an impact on the county game? There were plenty of other Test players from whom to choose. By the time my Glamorgan teammates, Don Shepherd and Peter

Walker, and I were on the 1968 Commonwealth tour of Pakistan under the captaincy of Richie Benaud. Majid had already been signed by Glamorgan. So, at Rawalpindi we had our second look at him. He played two scorching drives, breathtaking stuff, and then, a couple of balls later, holed out to mid-on. ct. Lewis b. Shuttleworth 8. Shepherd, Walker, and Lewis went into a huddle. Had Glamorgan been landed with a dud?

The records now prove that doubts were never more brilliantly dispelled. Majid did more than play well for himself, he positively led the Glamorgan batting from 1968 until his departure after the 1976 season. He earned the respect of every opposition and of his team as well. He was the darling of the Welsh public. On top of his technique and the sheer eye appeal of his stroke-play, Majid possessed the pride of the Pathan. No pitch, not even the uneven strip at Sophia Gardens in Cardiff, would persuade him to throw away his wicket. He was at his most stubborn in a tight spot, and for the sake of the side would bowl too, even though he was always worried about a recurring injury to his back. (For the whole of one season he slept on the bedroom floor.)

Yet, in spite of the maturity of his cricket, he was, at heart, still a small boy playing games. He never treated batting as a work-a day duty but responded to challenges, sometimes no more than schoolboy banter. For months he lived with the Lewises, and so we travelled together and became close friends. The greatest love of his life at one time, outside his family and his religion, were movies and ice-cream. He was a masterly babysitter for my two daughters Joanna and Anabel. A man of few words, he would produce the ultimate threat if they were making too much noise. 'You girls. Watch TV or go to bed.' Well, at least they knew where they were.

With the same abruptness he announced to me halfway through the 1969 season, 'I will win you championship.' He meant it; he had set himself a target, and that would be all the incentive he would need to dig out the gold at the depths of his talent.

We once did a deal at Cheltenham, when Glamorgan had to beat and overtake Gloucestershire at the top of the table, that I should buy him two ice-creams for a 50, three for a 75, four for a 100 and so on. That evening he was furious and angry with himself



On top of his technique and the sheer eye-appeal of his strokeplay, Majid possessed the pride of the Pathan

for failing. 'I wanted six or even eight ice-creams,' he said. 'Big ones, double 99s. But I only had a taste this time.' Yes, I had walked around the ground with him to the ice-cream van and paid up—two ices for a brilliant innings of 69, which turned out to be the top score of the whole match on either side.

Next year, 1970, we played at Cheltenham again on a damp turning wicket. It was almost a benefit match for the spinners. I went out to join Majid at the crease when we had lost two wickets for 15 runs. David Allen bowled me a couple of balls that bit and turned and at the end of the over I wandered down to talk to Majid.

'We are going to get stuffed here if we are not careful, Maj.'

He produced his severe schoolboy frown. 'Not if you are buying ice-creams again,' he announced.

Gloucestershire had batted magnificently for 324, but even then we could see what the spinners were likely to do. Roger Davis had taken six for 82 on the first day.

'Of course I'll buy you ice-cream. I always do, don't I'? I answered.

'Right!' he pointed tome. 'Last year, I make mistake. This year I shall have lots and lots of ice-cream.

We both 'gave it the charge'. In two hours, against the bowling of Smith, Brown, Allen, Mortimore and Bissex, we put 176. I got 87 but Majid arrived back in the pavilion much later with two sixes, 20 fours, 157 runs in all and six ice-creams. We spun out Gloucestershire cheaply next time and smashed off the runs to win by 5 wickets.

Of course, the doubting of Don Shepherd, Peter Walker and me had long since gone. Everyone in the team was a Majid fan and I can still say, as I said then, he was the finest batsman I have ever partnered in the middle.

Once, at Derby, by way of a joke, Majid told Don Shepherd, known for his bowling accuracy, that he could play him without moving his feet 'You are no problem Don. Come to nets tomorrow and I will show you.' There was a lot of joking as Majid took guard on a practice pitch which was rain sodden and full of divots. The ball popped, lifted, turned, almost stood on its head, though sluggishly. Even so, the Pakistani maestro blocked it with ease, feet together, hanging out a dead bat. Soon he found his confidence, and turned his feet, which were planted together along the crease, slightly forwards towards cover. It opened his stance a little. He then proceeded to whack the ball with amazing timing and power through the mid-wicket area. Even Don Shepherd admitted that what we were witnessing was incredible virtuousity.

I heard Shep talking to a Glamorgan member a few weeks later at Cardiff. The member said, 'That Majid. I'd even pay to see him just take guard and stand there.'

Shep came back quickly, 'Yes. He's a better player with his feet together.'

It was at the end of the 1969 season that Majid played his most brilliant innings for Glamorgan; brilliant because it was jewelled with perfect strokes and also because it was an innings of desperate importance to the side. We were at the top of the championship table with two matches to go, and to spare ourselves the pain of having to decide matters at the Oval against Surrey, who were hotly in pursuit of us, we had to beat Worcestershire at Sophia Gardens.

From the start, the pitch played badly. The faster bowlers got the ball to leap up from just short of a length and pieces dusted out of the top on the first morning. Norman Gifford and

Uttarpara
Jaikrishna Public Library



I heard Shep talking to a Glamorgan member a few weeks later at Cardiff. The member said, 'That's Majid. I'd even pay to see him just take guard and stand there.' Shep came back quickly, 'Yes. He's a better player with his feet together'

Tony Lewis (right) with Z.A. Bhutto (centre) and Majid Khan

Doug Slade, the left-arm spinners, rolled up their sleeves and settled for a long bowl. After just one over from each of them, Tom Graveney, the captain, reckoned, as he told me afterwards, that he would bowl us out for under a hundred.

As it was, Glamorgan got 265, but Tom's expectations were perfectly reasonable. It took a miracle to get us to that total, and that miracle was Majid Khan. He scored a brilliant, belligerent 156. Only three others made it to double figures. I still retain the sight of him gliding down the wicket to meet Norman Gifford's spinners and thinking that he could not possibly make it to the pitch of the ball. Norman was an experienced Test bowler and had the ability to push the ball through quickly and yet keep the loop of flight and the sharp spin away from the bat. Time and again I expected to see Majid stranded, but instead of that, Tom Graveney had to reinforce his cover field with two fast runners on the boundary who were there to sweep up what they could of Majid's blistering cover drives. The only element in favour of the batsmen in the whole game was the hard, fast outfield.

There were other outstanding performances in the match—Ron Headley's 71, Tom Graveney's 43, Norman Gifford's 7 for 99 in 36 overs, Don Shepherd's seven wickets in the match which took his mammoth first-class tally to 2,000, not to mention Majid's four slip catches. Worcestershire fought gamely, but Majid had done his bit to 'win championship'. Sophia Gardens was alive with celebrations and singing; the Championship was back in Wales for the first time since 1948. In fact, it was a marvellous team effort from start to finish, but this contribution of Majid Khan, at a time when other hearts in the side were fluttering, not least my own, explains the nature of the man who could race for the highest prizes in cricket and not go limp around the last lap.

He walked out of Glamorgan cricket towards the end of the 1976 season. Wilfred Wooller who had invited him, brutally voiced Majid's flaws on the terraces at every home match. It was Wooller more than anyone who drove Majid from Glamorgan.

I had a meal with Majid and his wife Seema in Sydney in January 1978, and he confessed that he would return to Glamorgan if they asked him, as long as the administration had changed, and if some of the players he had marked as mutinous had gone. But I knew that the day of the brilliant Pakistani in the faded sun hat, who wore the daffodil so proudly, had passed; his amateur spirit had been overtaken by the money-grabbing times and the shame remains with those in Wales he left behind.

freewheeling

SCOREBOARDS have always fascinated me. As psychologists would be swift to point out, this is probably the direct result of traumatic experiences in my early life. You see, it goes like this: the closest I could get to my school cricket team was in the capacity of scorer and not, as I hoped, as opening bowler. That's traumatic enough for almost anyone.

We scorers were a fairly exclusive band. To start with, we had our own place in the main pavilion at North Point, Darjeeling. It was an elevated platform about eight feet above the rest of humanity. One had to clamber up a wooden ladder, the rungs worn proportionately thinner in the middle by several preceding generations of aspiring fast bowlers who had, like us, failed to make the grade. The scorer's box was a peaceful haven, like the crow's nest lookout post on early sailing vessels. Besides, those who occupied this area were regarded as an elite band.

You had a panoramic view of the Himalayas from where you sat and, for the duration of the match, you were The Boss. It didn't matter if the captain called his strike bowler (slower than you, much slower) aside and asked him "Pavilion end or Kanchenjunga end?" You had a far more important role to play. He merely bowled. You kept score.

There were occupational hazards, as in any other profession. An occasional foulup in the course of the match meant minor reprisals. You would find, after the last ball had been bowled, that the ladder had mysteriously been withdrawn and you had to jump down.

I was fortunate enough to share the duty of scorer with a mathematical genius, so there were never any untoward incidents. 'Till one day when our team lost a disastrous match, having been bundled out for less than a hundred. As our captain strode in, grim-faced, I made a cardinal error. I called out cheerily from my perch, "You should have had me in your team. After all, I scored more runs than all the other players today." Not only was the ladder removed. I was too.

If that was a drastic stroke of fate, think of what happened at the Sydney Cricket Ground. The old scoreboard, having rendered yeoman service for decades, was scheduled to be replaced by a mammoth, computerised marvel from Mitsubishi. Just before the new addition was commissioned, some former Australian cricketers posed in front of the scoreboard that had once featured their own names. Ian Chappell, Keith Miller and Richie Benaud took time off from their normal duties for a memorable picture, as a symbol of Australia's cricketing heritage was phased out.

The new scoreboard, installed a hundred yards to the right of its predecessor, dwarfs the infamous Hill. It is operated by Australian experts (a couple of seasons ago, a young lady was in charge of operations) and their ingenuity is as apparent as their technical brilliance. You want the latest odds on the morning's favourite at the Randwick race course? No sweat. Between overs, the scoreboard will not only give you the odds; it'll give you the results as well.

A twin of the scoreboard at the MCG, it is actually a giant television screen which can be used to provide the latest scores, required run rates, an occasional seagull tally, laudatory messages to batsmen scoring fifties or hundreds, and even an occasional replay or two after a close runout or a particularly brilliant catch.

Given the existing spirit of competition between Sydney and Melbourne, it's pretty surprising that you don't catch glimpses of Flinders Street Station or the Yarra River at the MCG's Mitsubishi Mark Two scoreboard. Come to think of it, is this the first of Japan's contributions to the unlikely area of cricket? And will it be the last, or will a World Series match in the near future involve the Aussies, in green and gold, against the Japanese, in red and white?

If a Japanese scoreboard at Australia's cricket centres is food for thought, so too is its counterpart at Wimbledon's Centre Court. Imagine a British stronghold playing host to a Rolex scoreboard, symbol of Swiss watchmaking superiority. It is as incongruous as it is coldly logical. And punctual. And strait-laced. Names of players, score, time. Nothing else. Frivolity is frowned upon; actively discouraged.

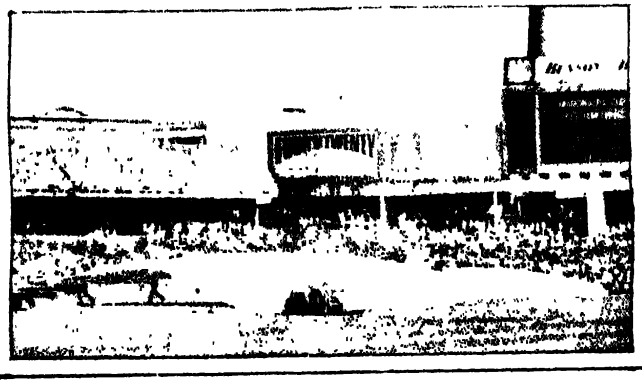
A few years ago, there was a memorable incident when rain disrupted play, throwing the entire tournament out of gear. A group of students from Cambridge, in charge of operating the Rolex scoreboard at the premier tennis stadium court in the world, decided to liven up proceedings and give the ticket-holders, huddling under umbrellas, some consolation.

For the first time in the staid history of the All-England Club, jokes started appearing on the scoreboard. When the undergrads had exhausted their repertoire, they got the crowd to join in an impromptu sing-along, printing each successive line of popular songs on the face of the scoreboard, for the benefit of those who wanted to join the chorus.

The fun stopped as suddenly as it had started. The undergrads were rapped over the knuckles for their irreverence and breach of protocol. Wimbledon, stiff upper lipped, was not amused.

David McMahon

Is the Mitsubishi scoreboard at the SCG the first of Japan's contributions to the unlikely area of cricket?



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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul,
Correspondents: Bombay Haresh Munwani, **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

B Team

THE Indian cricket selectors invariably prefer to build a team with players who have made a name for themselves. Whether the stars succeed in the trials or not, they are usually persisted with. One really wonders why the selectors don't go in for a 'B' team. They should make arrangements with other countries to exchange tours with their respective second teams. Most cricket-playing countries have a 'B' team. This not only gives the second string of players a chance to prove themselves but also gives the players who have lost their place in the side a chance to make a comeback.

This could be good combination for our 'B' team—Lalchand Rajput, Padam Shastri, Manoj Prabhakar, Ashok Patel, Avik Mitra, Sandip Patil, Ajay Sharma, Maninder Singh, Ghulam Parkar, Chandrakant Pandit and T. Shekar.

NAYANTARA BHATTACHARYA,
Calcutta.

Aids for umpires

ONE of the major causes of India's debacle is to be attributed to Australian umpiring which was below par and often partisan. One wrong decision can not only change the course of the match but even the entire series. With the advent and extensive use of present day techniques of video transmission, it is imperative to allow the umpires to use them for discharging their duties correctly. Either a third umpire monitoring the action on a television set be consulted by the two umpires on the field or, better still, the two umpires, whenever in doubt, should walk down to the pavilion to watch the action replay before confirming a decision. This may be time-consuming but later it could be made up. The notable fact is that there are only a few controversial decisions and therefore the time taken will be little compared to the actual time of playing. However, there will be tremendous advantage in this process as there will be no errors on the part of the umpires.

DR SHYAM N. SHUKLA,
Lucknow.

Kapil was helpless

IN the Benson and Hedges one-day cricket contest, the Indian captain Kapil Dev was helpless. No doubt, sometimes Kapil has failed in providing proper guidance to his bowlers but except for Shastri and himself, he has no bowler at this moment who can strike. India is terribly short of match-winning bowlers. Chandrakant Pandit, Sandeep Patil, Madanlal and T. Sekhar who are especialists of one-day cricket, would have been included in the team instead of Kiran More, Malhotra and Ghai, who are short of talent and useless for one-day matches. It is high time the selectors think about the future of Indian cricket.

SANDIP KUMAR DAS,
Jamshedpur.

Troubled tables

THE National Junior Table-Tennis Championship was recently concluded at New Delhi. In the current nationals most of the winners were unseeded players. The most important factor to emerge was the rise in the general level of competition.

For years, table-tennis at the junior levels had gone unnoticed. The media also did not give the needed coverage as the senior nationals was also held together. But for the last two years, the T.T.F.I. is conducting both the championships at different times. There has been lot of controversy with T.T.F.I. regarding the venues of both seniors and juniors. The T.T.F.I. must now insist on every state holding both the nationals in rotation and a similar notification should be given at least two years in advance. States like Maharashtra have not hosted the nationals for the last twenty-five years whereas Madhya Pradesh has conducted the Championship four times and Bengal and Gujarat twice each.

The Federation should also give a thought to changing the format to reduce the burden of extending the nationals for a fortnight. Instead a jamboree involving over 25 affiliated units, the team championships can be restricted to the top two teams of each zone. This suggestion may not be given much notice nor accepted, but the need of the hour is that we are lagging behind in the international arena and we should try to improve our performance. The T.T.F.I. should also give training to the junior victors in accordance with the international level.

P. RAMESH MENON,
Haryana.

Czeched Out

Czechoslovakia's convincing 4-1 win over India at Calcutta made a mockery of any pre-match complacency. **Andy O'Brien** was there and saw ominous portents in the possibility of relegation to the East Zone group of the Davis Cup competition



Smid had no answer to Ramesh Krishnan's outstanding return of serve

THE Indian dressing room at the Calcutta South Club was empty except for the presence of Ramesh Krishnan. There was a calm in the room which was matched only by the silence outside. Krishnan was getting ready to play the second reverse singles against Miloslav Mecir of Czechoslovakia.

The silence outside was suddenly pierced by a half hearted cheer, followed by applause. Ramesh knew what had happened. He stopped what he was doing, waited. The few minutes till his team mates returned seemed like ages. The door swung open. In walked Vijay Amritraj, followed by his entourage.

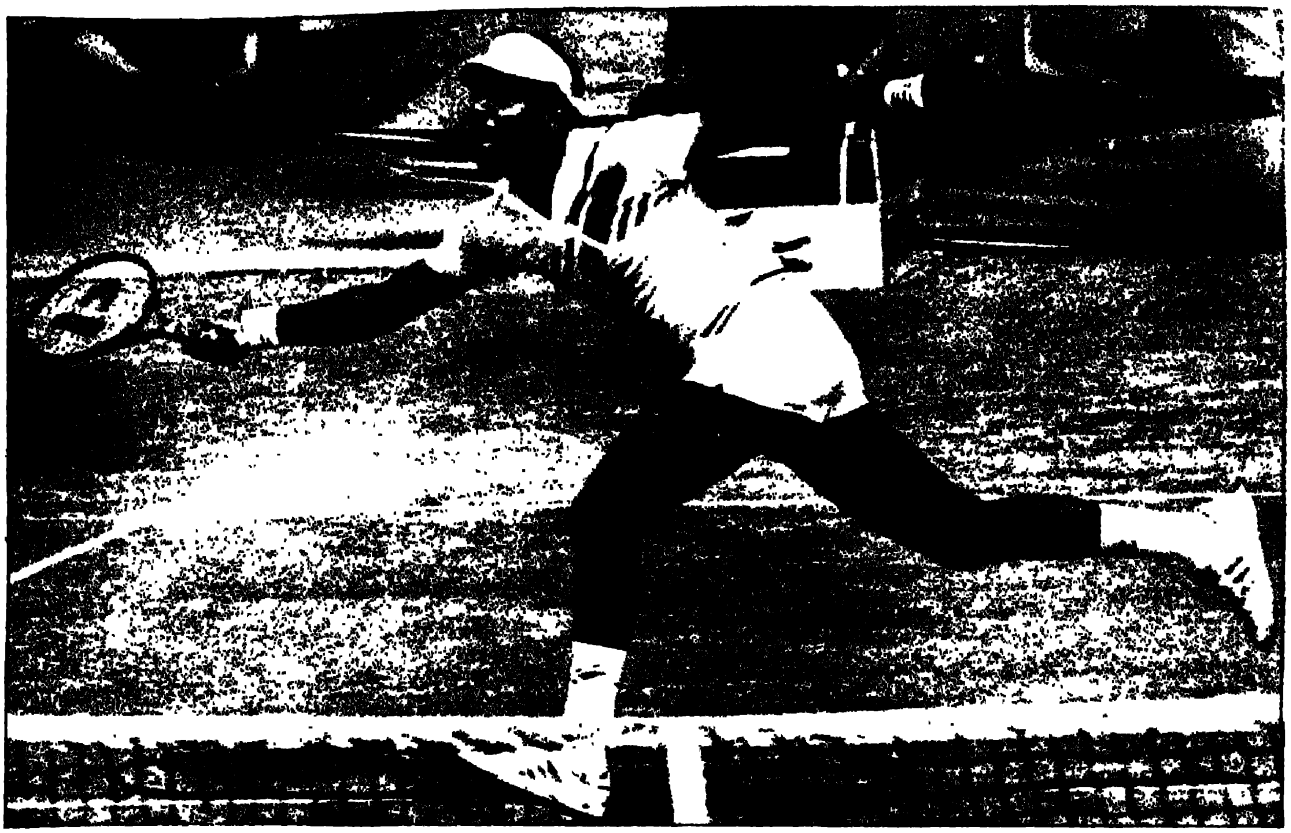
It was all over. India had been eliminated in the first round World Group Davis Cup tie by Czechoslovakia.

After a few moments of shattering silence, Vijay spoke up, his eyes brimming, reflective of his emotions after the loss. "I'm sorry. I let you guys down. I let my country down," the Indian captain confessed.

No one could have summed up better the events of the warm Calcutta weekend. The man around whom Indian tennis has revolved for more than a decade (and will perhaps continue to); the battle-scarred hero; the man whose talent they had bracketed with Borg and Connors, the gentle giant known throughout the world for his good manners, had failed to keep intact India's all-win Davis Cup record at the South Club.

To put the blame so squarely on the shoulders of one man would in normal circumstances seem unfair, but in this case it was the truth. And the truth, though always a thorn in life's bed of roses, has to be accepted and borne.

It is not that Vijay did not try his level best in the course of the three matches he played over three days. That he did. But giving your all on



Vijay huffed and puffed but failed to win any of his matches

court during the matches is not everything. There are other duties to fulfil and it was here that Vijay fell far short of the satisfactory.

It has to be accepted that there is currently no one competent enough to replace him in the Davis Cup team. It also has to be admitted that he is an exceptionally talented player with the remarkable capacity to lift his game to dangerous levels over the course of two or three days with little or no practice.

But that does not mean that the younger Amritraj brother should take his talent for granted. Not in the day of the true professional and with time, the not so subtle thief of youth, against him, he is wrong if he thinks he can take on and beat the likes of those who play the game as often as Vijay doesn't.

Despite the absence of world number one Ivan Lendl, the Czechs were obviously not going to be a pushover. They had in their ranks the young Miloslav Mecir, in the top twenty in the world, Tomas Smid, a respected veteran known as a fighter on the pro circuit, and Pavel Slozil, who combines with the veteran Smid to make one of the most formidable doubles pairs in the world. Even their fourth player Milan Srejber was no bunny. Standing six feet eight inches in his socks, his serve is considered one of the most dangerous in the game today.

The Indians knew all too well that they would be even further stretched than they had been in their tie against Italy played at the same venue twelve months ago. The home crowd and the fast grass courts were the only aspects in favour of the home team. Ramesh Krishnan had not been playing very often on the circuit and when he did he hardly even got past the second round. Our skipper Vijay Amritraj, who was injury prone last season, was resting and had not played the game at any serious level since last October. Yet there was a glimmer of hope. Prior to coming to Calcutta, Ramesh had taken a set off the great Jimmy Connors and Vijay, as all Indians know, produces his best in the Davis Cup.

THIS is where the fault lies, both on the part of the individual concerned and his fans. How can a man expect to do his best for his country, as Vijay claims to be doing, without practice, especially when he is pitted against players considered the toughest-trained in the world. If Vijay considers it his duty to play Davis Cup for his country, then his duty does not end with going on court and doing his best. If Vijay did care for the prestige of his country then he could surely have taken a little time off from his 'business' and dedicate that time towards preparing himself to face the 'patriotic challenge', as he likes making the Davis Cup out to be.

With the kind of talent and the high level of motivation the man has—especially when it comes to the Davis Cup—a little practice would see him giving the Mecirs and the Smids of this world a far tougher time than he did. This Vijay proved himself. With each successive game his sharpness increased. In his first match against Mecir he moved more like a movie star than a tennis pro. He saw the balls that Mecir hit, go past him but could do nothing about it. Yet, with every game, set and match he improved.

After being drubbed 6-0 in the first



Mecir is the man to watch. Consistency and percentage tennis are his forte. He outclassed both his Indian opponents

set (the first time he has ever been humiliated thus in Davis Cup on home soil) he managed to put up some semblance of a fight. Mecir, obviously in a different class now, had only just recovered from a knee injury and was not playing as exceptionally as Vijay made out. The thirteenth ranked player in the world did just what was necessary to make Vijay's rusty bones creak.

Thus after the Indian skipper got what he had asked for: a Krishnan win over Tomas Smid. There was a feeling, which the Indian captain encouraged by his pre-match comments to the press, that if Ramesh could snatch a victory in one of his singles, India was in with a good chance to go into the second round of the World Group. He perhaps fancied his own chances against Mecir, the injured clay court and indoor specialist. But what a turn of fortunes there was.

Ramesh, with some unbelievable service returns and passing shots, which reminded many an old timer of Ken Rosewall, outplayed Smid in three straight sets (6-3, 7-5, 6-4) giving his country a welcome though unexpected 1-0 lead. Then in stunned silence, Calcuttans watched their euphoria evaporate as Vijay Amritraj was made to look like a player who should be competing on the over-45 circuit.

Perhaps even Vijay overestimated his own capacity to recover after a long layoff. He started with his spirits up; ended with a rub down. In sport, worn out talent and experience, is no compensation for speed and fitness.

Here one should not take anything away from Mecir. A fine athlete, his main weapon is his double-handed backhand which is very difficult to read. It seems as if he merely puts his racket to the ball when playing the backhand but the ball comes across with tremendous power and sting. A steady consistent player, his abilty to cover the court is remarkable. His speed, though deceptive, gets him to the ball well in time. Mecir is the best example of the maxim that consistency is the mark of a great player.

IF Ramesh plays as consistently as he did against Smid, he would be the most dangerous player on grass. Nevertheless, it was clear from his performance that the young Krishnan has been working on his game especially his speed, fitness and his volleying. It was unfortunate that the tie

was decided before he met Mecir, otherwise we would have seen two of the most talented players on the circuit at their best.

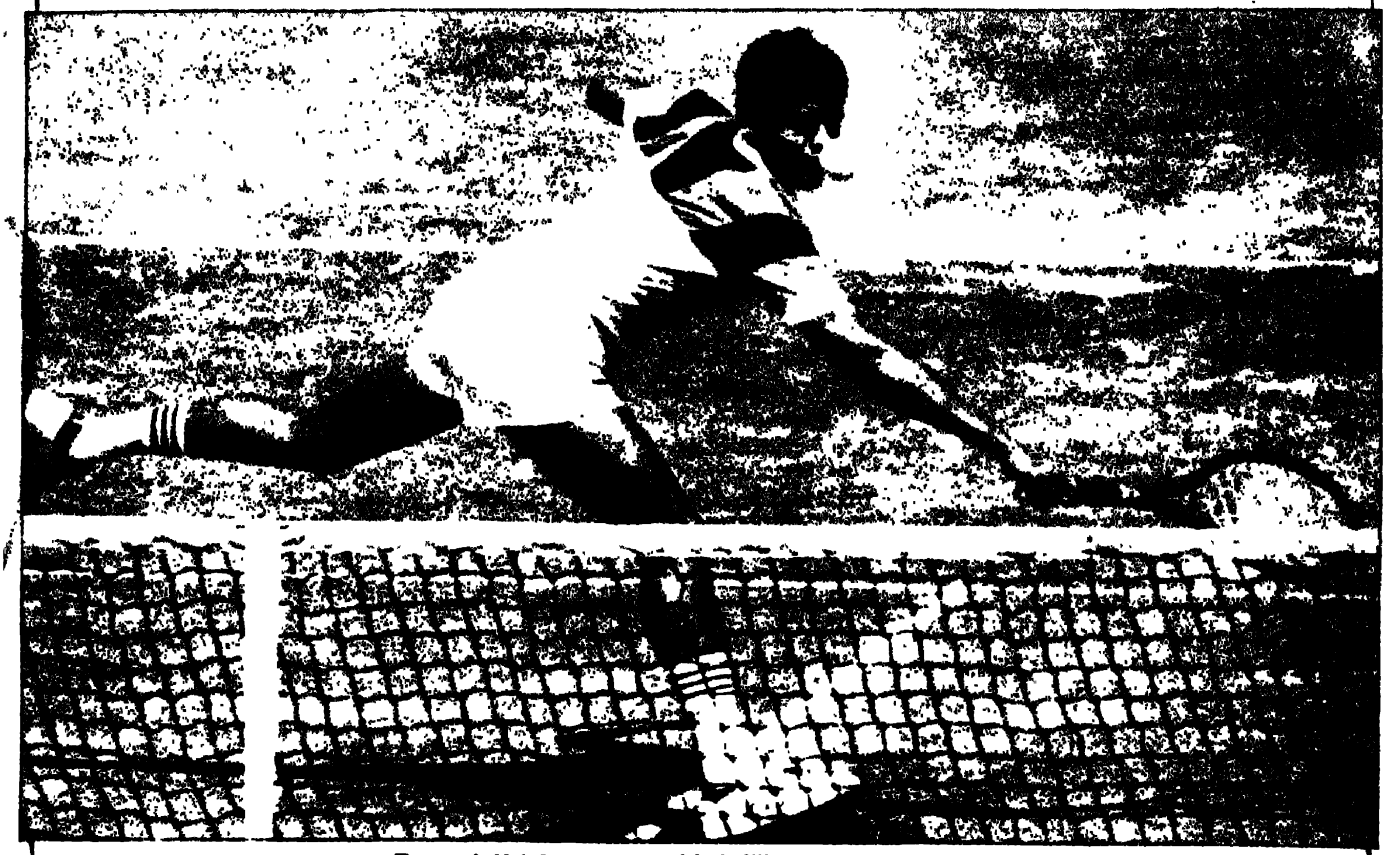
Vijay feels that it is time Ramesh took up doubles and has advised him to begin playing in a few doubles events. It would really be tragic if Ramesh were compelled to play the doubles. But perhaps Vijay is guilty of modesty. Even if he does not have many more appearances left in Davis Cup singles, Vijay should continue playing doubles for some time. And

stretched body and present capabilities to the ultimate. Though he did try to sustain that level of effort, it was fitness, or the lack of it, that became the insurmountable barrier. The Czech, with an exhibition of his fighting qualities, came back to take the next three sets, each progressively easier, as his opponent's stamina ebbed away rapidly in the hot sun.

Vijay himself seemed convinced that the tie was beyond India's reach after they had lost the doubles. "With a little bit of good play from me and a

of the nature of his job during Davis Cup ties.

While in Europe and America the game is bigger than the individual, this is not true in India. Vijay Amritraj everyone seems to have agreed is greater than the game for he takes no nonsense or criticism from anyone. Of course, one of the great advantages of success lies in the fact that you don't have to listen to good advice any longer. Accordingly, Vijay listens to no one. Or if he does, we haven't heard of it.



Ramesh Krishnan was at his brilliant best against Smid

elder brother Anand did not do a bad job against Smid and Slozil. He held his own competently among three very accomplished doubles players. Sadly, the gamble (a reflection of what Vijay thought of his own form) of playing Vijay in the doubles didn't pay off otherwise the final 4-1 scoreline in favour of the foreigners might have been dramatically altered. So would it have been had Vijay maintained the pace of his first set against Smid.

But then fanfare, more often than not, is the prelude to disappointment. In demolishing the Czech 6-3, Vijay,

little bit of bad play from Smid, and some luck, I might win," he said after the Czechs had gone 2-1 up. Indian tennis can only hope that Vijay has learnt from his mistake of trying to give his country victory with the least amount of individual effort possible. It is up to Vijay himself to realise this and rectify his negligence of duty towards his country since it is a well known fact that no one has the courage to criticise him. Not even P.L. Reddy, the AILTA secretary and team manager, who could well be mistaken for the baggage boy because

When the Indian skipper spent over two hours sweating through the making of a soft-drink commercial the day before his first singles match, no one dared say anything. Not even those who knew about this criticised Vijay when he only had a two hour workout the day after he arrived in Calcutta and then a 45 minute session on the centre court by way of preparation for a Davis Cup match.

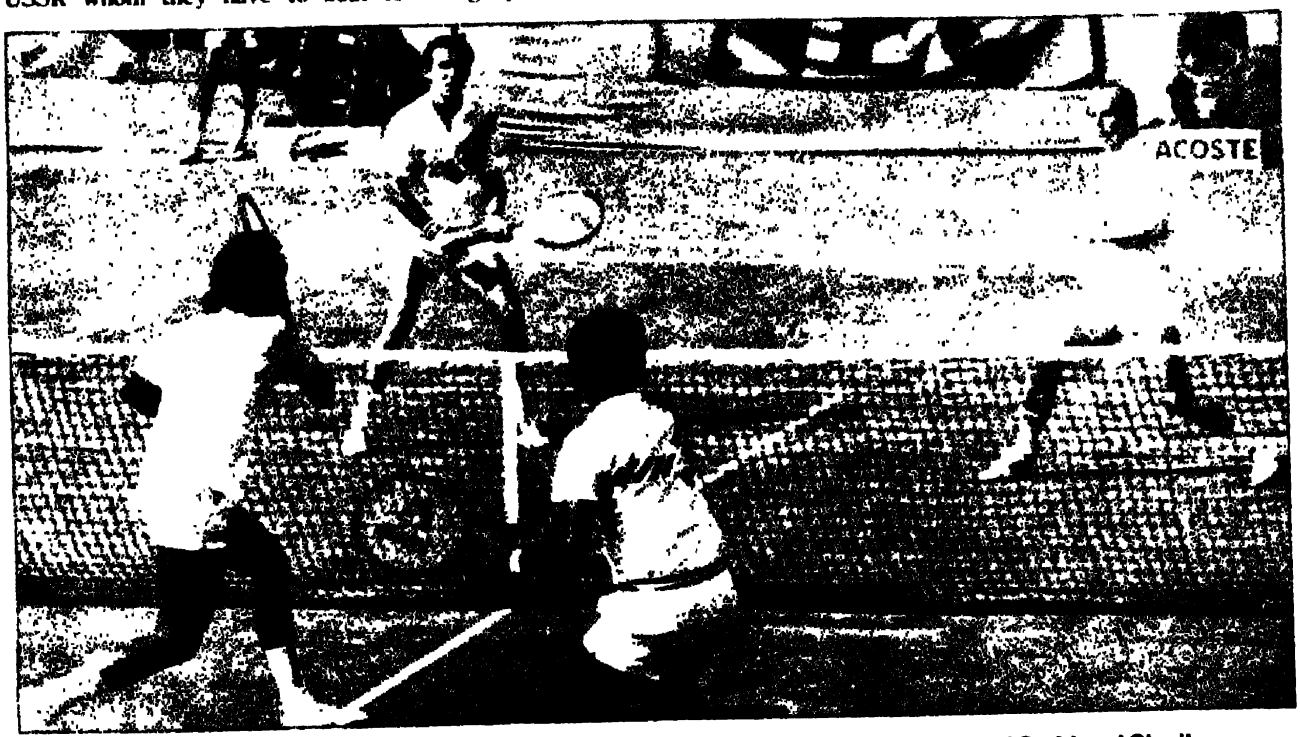
Had someone like Sunil Gavaskar been guilty of such neglect, he would probably have been condemned as being money-minded and selfish. But



Ramesh beats Smid to give India a 1-0 lead. An unexpected but memorable victory

not the good natured Amritraj. You would be foolish to think that Vijay and Co. come to play Davis Cup for peanuts, though the AILTA denies that the players receive money.

There can be no doubt that India lost to a better team but the concern is for the future. India now meet the USSR whom they have to beat to avoid relegation to the zonal stage of the tournament. If we are reduced to that level it will be a good many years before we see India play another first round World Group tie. Hope lingers as long as Vijay and the rest keep in touch. Even if India do lose to the USSR, which would be a shame, we might just make it to the World Group next year because new relegation and promotion regulations take into account the number of games and sets players win and lose. Perhaps someone should suggest reducing Davis Cup matches from the best of five advantage sets to three. India would then, led by Vijay Amritraj, be dangerous Davis Cup opponents.



Even the presence of Vijay could not stop the formidable Czech combination of Smid and Slozil.

Time is running out

IT was refreshing to see that the All India Lawn Tennis Association (AILTA) has realised that our present players cannot continue serving the country New blood in the form of Zeeshan Ali and Nandan Bal was injected into the team, but the selection of one 'youngster' and the position of both in the team gave rise to heated controversy

For some time prior to the tie the AILTA and its secretary Mr P L Reddy had promised that a junior would be inducted into the Davis Cup squad When the team was finally announced there was confusion all round

No one could confirm whether Zeeshan Ali and Nandan Bal had been included in the squad or had merely been invited to help out with practice sessions The AILTA press release was ambigious for it said both of the above When clarifications were sought the general answer was 'not quite sure or what does it matter?"

Matter it does It was no doubt a privilege and an experience for young Zeeshan Ali to be asked to attend sessions with the team but to be named in the squad provides even greater opportunities As a member of the Davis Cup squad someone as young as Ali might attract endorsements which could be a great boost for him Moreover as a Davis Cup squad member he would no longer have to qualify for some of the lesser international events

Ali did not seem too concerned with all these implications I really enjoyed the experience of playing with Vijay Uncle and the rest he said at the end of it all If Zeeshan son of national coach Akhtar Ali was an automatic choice in the search for young blood, the selection of Nandan Bal under the same 'quota is baffling The three time national champion, though still the best among the rest is a bad investment in the present situation At 26 he does not have much ahead of him If his selection was a reward for his performance on the local circuit then Bal should have been given this opportunity a few years earlier

At a stage when youngsters should be groomed and given some experience, his selection was a waste to put it mildly Perhaps 19 year-old Mark Ferreira, son of the billard ace and the most talented youngster after Zeeshan, should have been given an opportunity Keeping in mind that a doubles combination has to be groomed for the future there could be plenty of significance in the fact that Ali and Ferreira won the national men's doubles title in 1985 But then who knows who the Davis Cup selectors' are? No one could—or would—answer this question at the pre event press conference



There is a school of thought which reasons that Nandan Bal will be kept in the squad till a replacement is found from among the boys in the Amritraj BAT scheme Is Nandan therefore being reduced to playing the role of a 'topgap' If this is true then it might be too late if we have to wait for BAT to produce our future Davis Cup squad Time is running out

Andy O'Brien, Calcutta

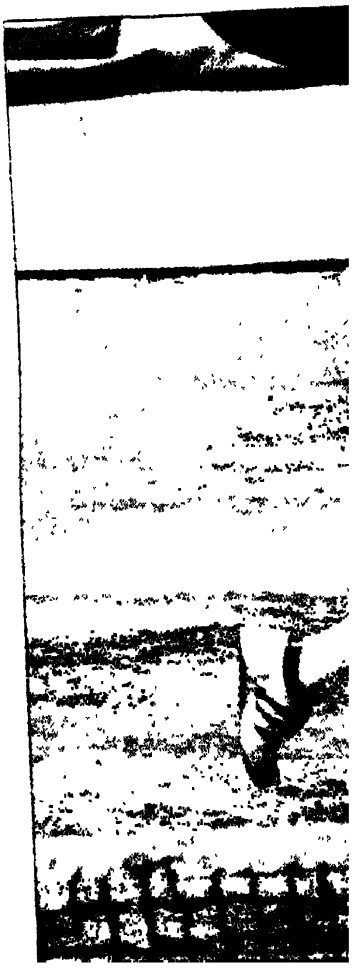
Heat and dust



Nikhil Bhattacharya braved the sun at the South Club, Calcutta to click the action



Tomas Smid proved that hard work and the will to win do pay off in the end





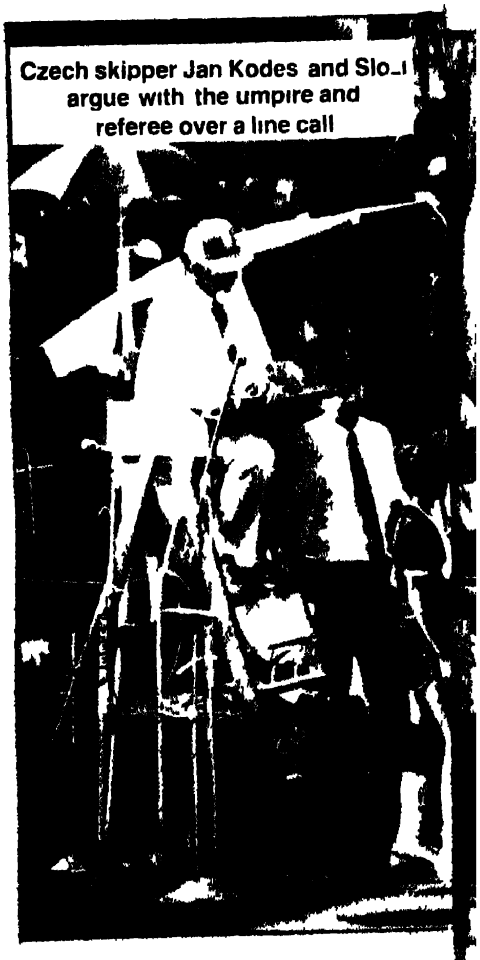
In spite of the heat there was a satisfactory turn out at the South Club The Czechs sitting in the first row, watch their teammate Smid play Vijay Amritraj Also looking on is M F Hussain (second row far left) an avid tennis fan



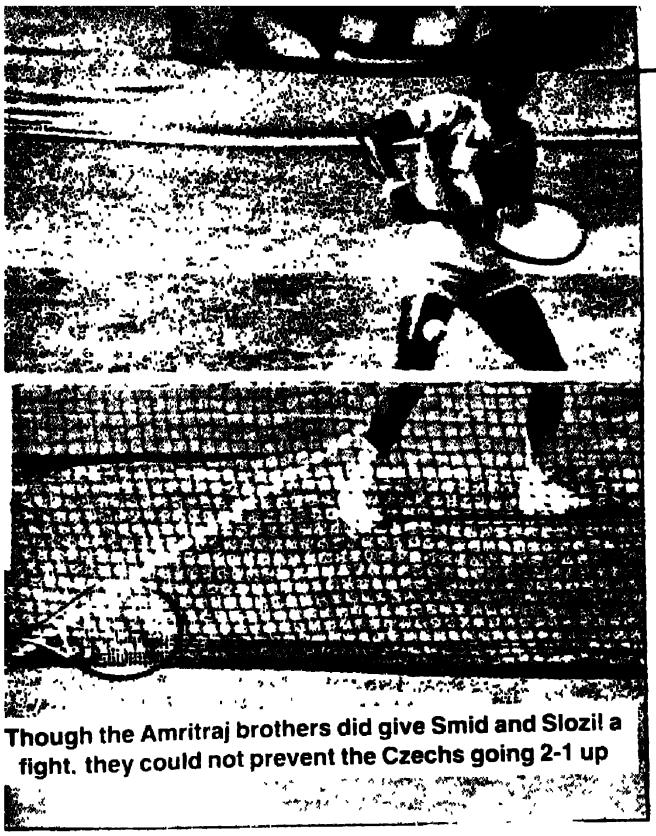


Mecir attacks a lethargic Vijay





Czech skipper Jan Kodes and Slo_i argue with the umpire and referee over a line call

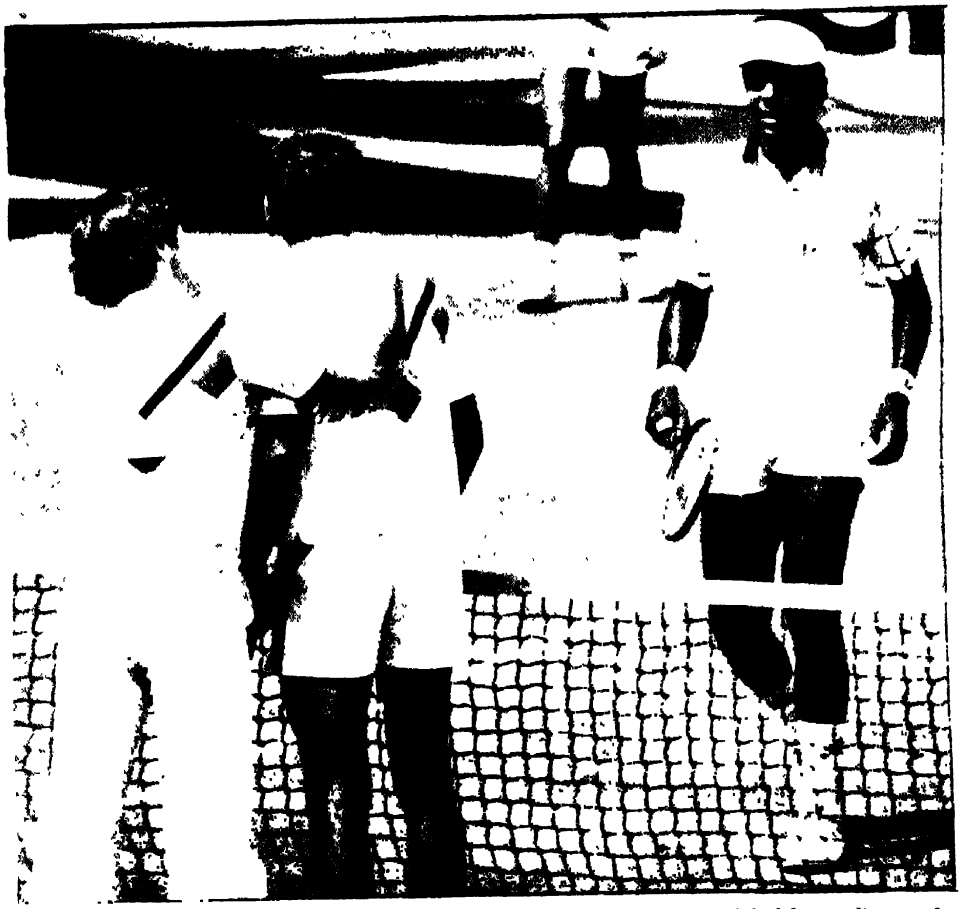


Though the Amritraj brothers did give Smid and Slozil a fight. they could not prevent the Czechs going 2-1 up



Smid and Slozil did exactly what was necessary and no more to overcome the Amritraj brothers





It's all over. Smid beats Vijay and skipper Jan Kodes cannot hide his excitement

14

Blood, toil, tears and sweat

Ashis Ray sums up the predicament facing England's batsmen in the West Indies

As one who h pent the whole of h cricket conscious life g in formed by Fr y di men about ' its men s t dl pace so l e ly at or e he influen I m a little be out rage s gentle men re estite abo plight of their ow en urrently in th the I refer in p to the squeals of c t that have eman t in the Sabina Park king ton where the we t Indians last month demolished David Gowers ide by ten wickets

What is so new about a bumper barrage in the West Indies and for that matter anywhere in the world where a ide has the prowess to indulge in such tactics? Admittedly in 1962 the Indians simply did not have the technique to cope with Hall Griffith and company But in 1976 when they did and manfully stood up to the most blatant intimidation especially in the last Test on the then fiery wicket at the same Sabina Park British agencies like Reuters flashed reports around the world of Indian batsmen being scared out of their wits Yes Bedi and Chandrasekhar not Gavaskar Viswanath or Gaekwad

And then in 1983 when Marshall and to a certain extent Holding resorted to the most naked abuse of Law 42 of the game against Gavaskar and Amarnath on one afternoon at the Queens Park Oval it was the worst form of Bodyline The fearsome fast bowlers operated consistently around the wicket and pitched it short as many as 8 times over and there was hardly a reaction from the pundits that be in England even after this grave contravention and a clear attempt to frighten if not maim rather than skillfully remove a batsman was pointed out to them The truth is though India lost that series 2 0 no visitors to the Caribbean in the last ten years had stood up with greater courage and in a more convincing manner than that team under Kapil Dev And no batsman anywhere in the world in that same period has handled the dreadful quartet with greater mastery than Mohinder Amarnath

But to return to England's present problems what really did happen in their first Test? Gower won the toss on a characteristically spongy wicket of these days at the Sabina Park– it's not all that fast but liable to lift—which additionally was said to be of uneven bounce And England were soon bowled out for 159 Only Gooch (51) and Lamb (49) mustered any semblance of a resistance and significantly the man who emerged as the demon bowler was not Marshall Holding or Garner but the Jamaican newcomer who did a stint with Lancashire last season Patrick Patterson Indeed some of the English scribes mournfully claimed that he was faster than Marshall and more dangerous

This powerfully built exponent though he hails from the same island as Holding is a far cry in his action from the latter He would in fact fit the description of a Landrover than a Rolls Royce which is the label often attached to the graceful and glorious Holding And if one was to compare him to another bowler it would be the Guyanese Colin Croft who would use the full width of the crease angle the ball into the right hander and break it back This ploy when the ball was frequently pitched short became a rather awkward proposition for the ball was coming at the right hander's ribs all the time

I cannot however accept that Patterson is on the whole quicker and more difficult to negotiate than Marshall is yet It seems of course that up to the third afternoon and the match lasted only three days—Patterson's velocity was greater than Marshall's at which point apparently the Barbadian bombshell let fly a few of the most disconcerting variety' Quite naturally a mature campaigner like Marshall would go flat out only 'when necessary or worthwhile whereas Patterson with his raw inexperience is likely to do so at almost every opportunity



Patrick Eagar

Patterson: 'Faster than Marshall and more dangerous'



This Randall-like pull shot is only Graham Gooch hit by a lifter

The Jamaican reminds me—only in terms of his speed of Holding a decade ago

But if Patterson was the eye opener in the West Indian camp Ellison would perhaps fall into this category in the touring unit albeit that this was a revelation of a somewhat different kind It is not easy to be successful in the West Indies unless one has real pace But if one has the rare ability to genuinely move the ball in the air then one can find purchase anywhere even on the relatively dry atmosphere of the Caribbean That he Kent fast medium bowler collected five wickets and thereby restricted the home side to 307 (which contained half centuries from Greenidge Gomes and Dujon) was testimony to his having attained that class Indians beware this summer!

It was however to no avail for the Englishmen could manage no more than 152 in their second venture which fairly paved the way for a comfortable ten wicket victory for Viv Richards's side Patterson with three more scalps to his first innings haul took his tally for the match to seven for 71 but not before the veteran Peter Willey of Northamptonshire with his rather inelegant but effective two eyed stance had recorded the highest score of the tie 71

The fact that England could not survive even 90 overs in either of the outings suggested a distinct lack of robustness against the unrelenting pressure of pace It is only when batsmen are unable to defend in the face of such bowling that they resort to indiscriminate strokeplay as the Indians used to in the past The surest way of defeating the quicks is by tiring them out Of course meeting fire with fire can also work but only when it is exhibited over a sustained knock Not out of desperation but command

In very few places in cricketing Commonwealth is the media more fickle than in England today Gone are the days of considered judgements of Cardus Arlott and Wellings The majority of English cricket writers and commentators at present are unable to place a performance in their right perspective Last summer batting triumph over a totally ill equipped Australian attack was made to look like a major metamorphosis in England's batting potential Similarly instead of acceding to reality in relation to the debacle at Kingston the various correspondents have been going about castigating the umpires for not keeping count of the number of bouncers in an over

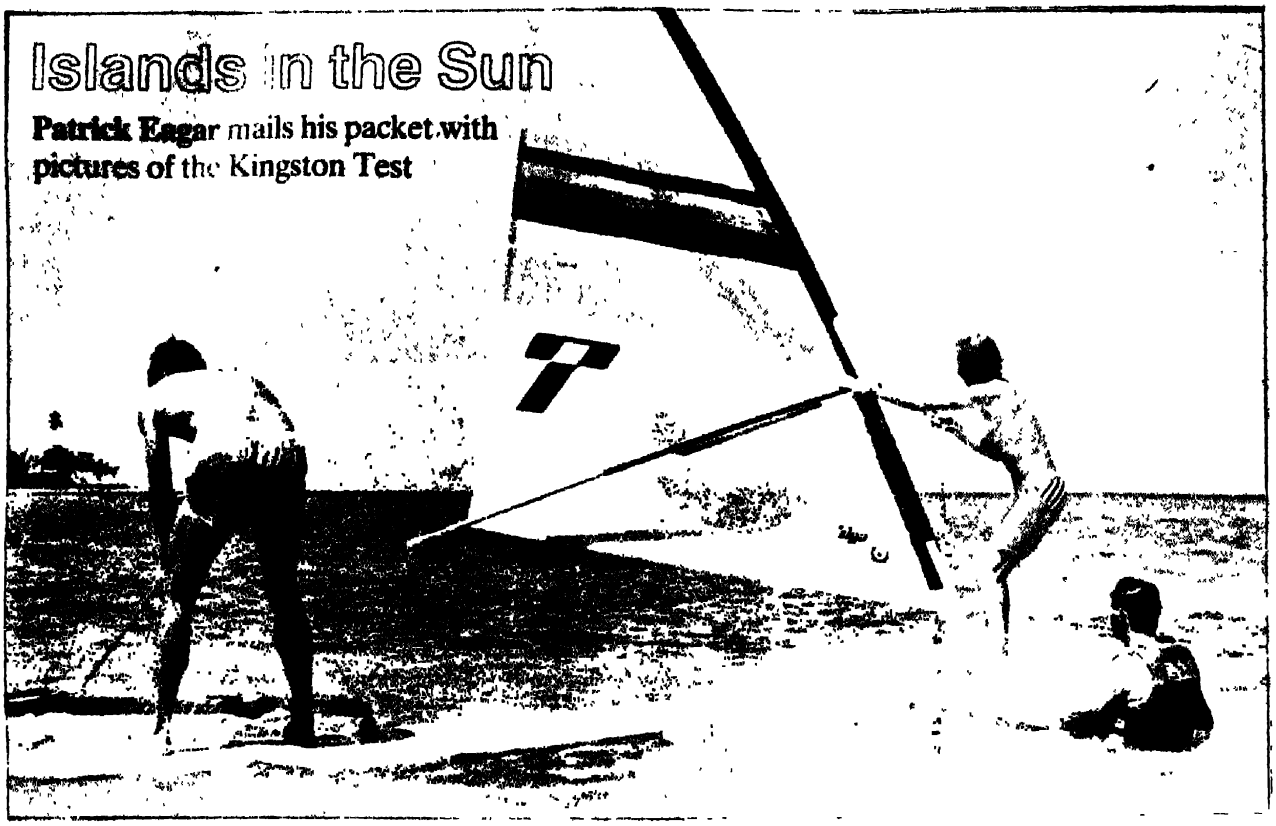
There is no denying that the West Indian quicks get away with murder on their own soil But to indicate that David Archer one of the best umpires in the world is not doing his job is nothing but a relinquishing of impartiality The evidence demonstrates that Mr Archer time and again spoke to Marshall and Patterson about keeping the ball up His partner of course might have been guilty of not intervening But then Gower and his men have not yet encountered with any degree of constancy the worst infringement the invasion from around the wicket!

Having said that though batters can only get better for the Englishmen

They have had a trying initiation they have been shell shocked before they could settle down it takes time to get used to the menace But it can be achieved these days in due course because of the superb protective gear at the batsman's disposal—thus if anything goes a long way towards eliminating fear Some of the tourists will never get into line with or without the accoutrement But it would be surprising if Gooch Lamb Gower and Botham (if he can be patient) do not come to terms with the giants of pace, except at the Barbados Oval the paceman's paradise

Islands in the Sun

Patrick Eagar mails his packet with pictures of the Kingston Test



England's cricketers surfing it out in the Caribbean—and getting paid for it too !



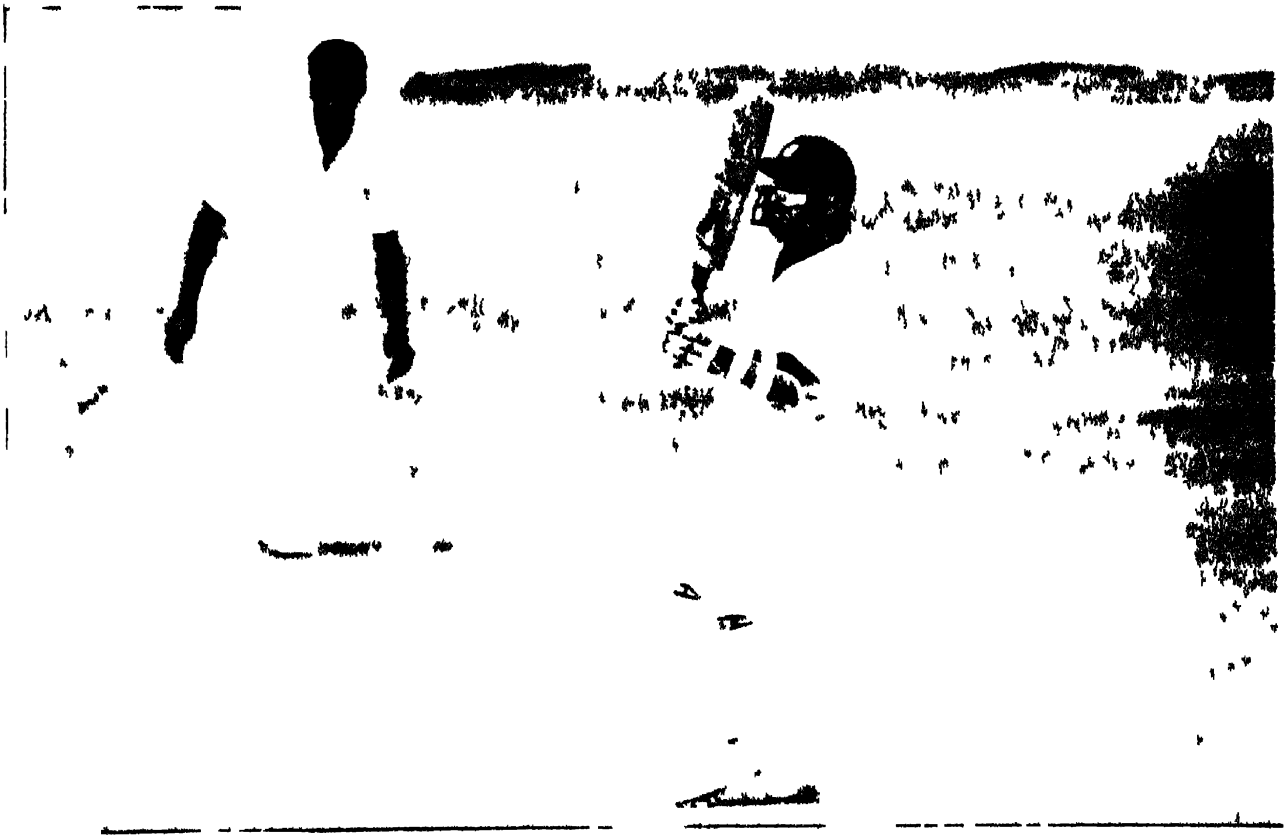
Ellison (centre) finds admirers of his bowling



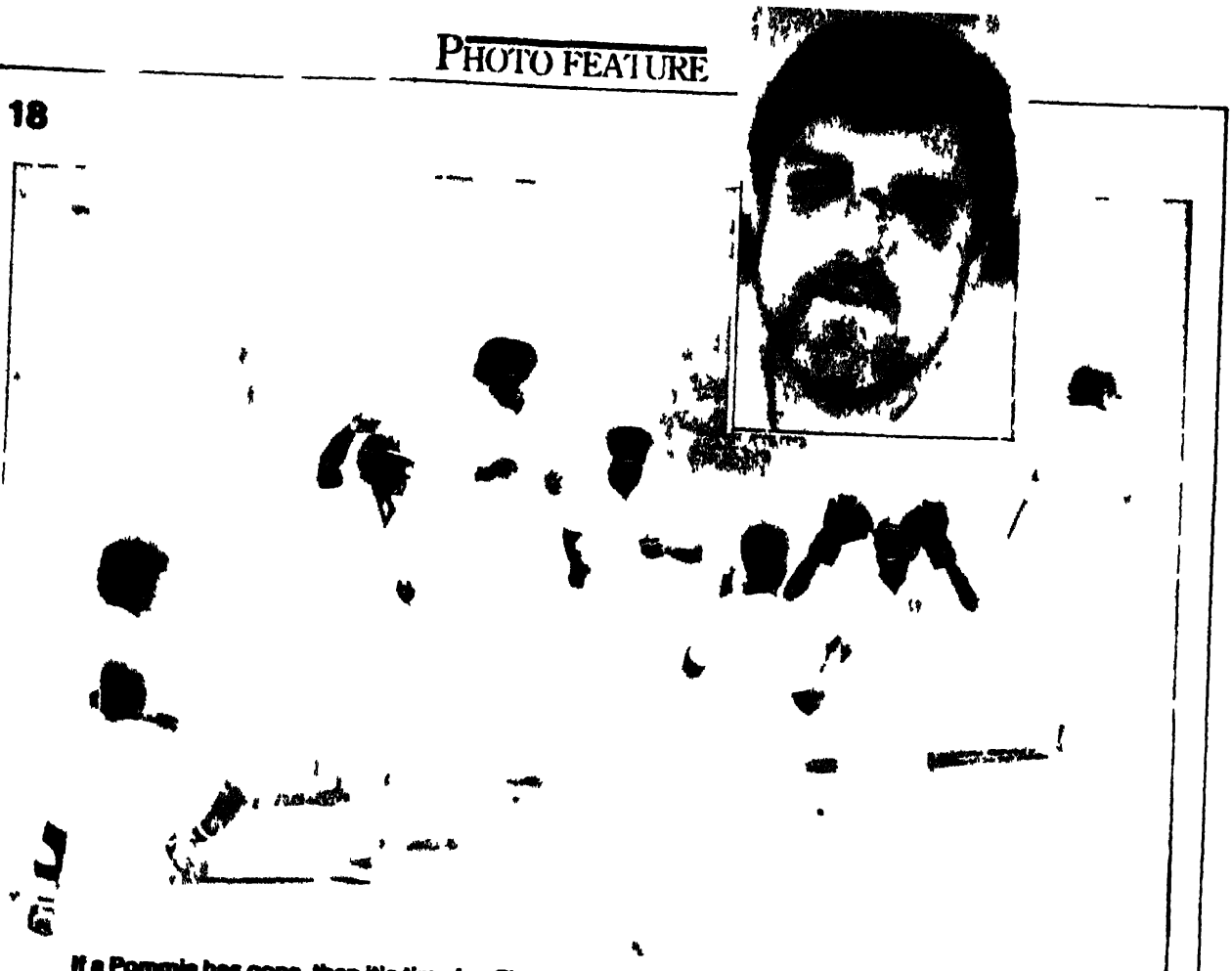
Peter Willey came up with the highest score of the Test



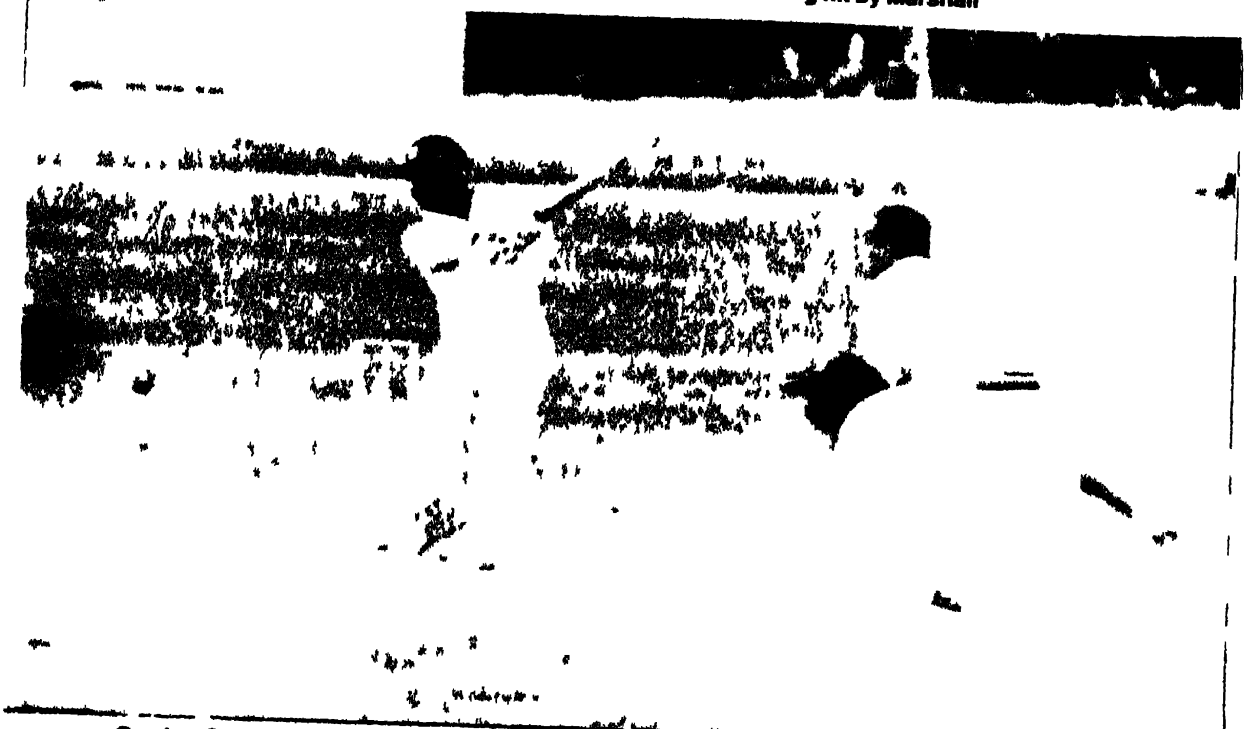
Rain or sunshine, Sabina Park records a fair attendance The slogan at right reads "There's no Holding Thomas' British optimism appeared misplaced



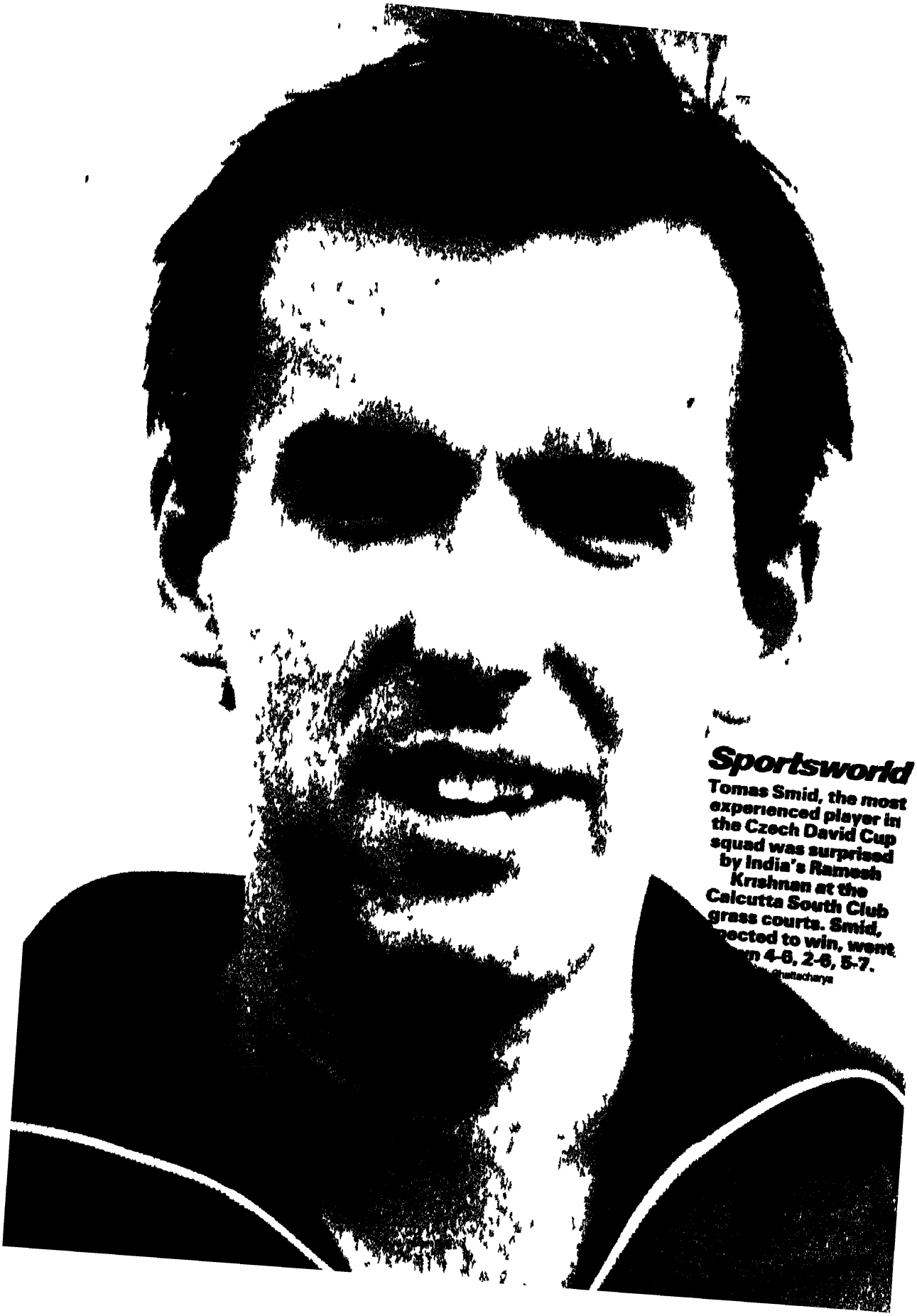
Accoutred and fortified Allan Lamb risks a hook off Michael Holding



If a Pommie has gone, then it's time for Fives The West Indians celebrate Downton s dismissal
Getting (inset) makes a sorry picture after being hit by Marshall



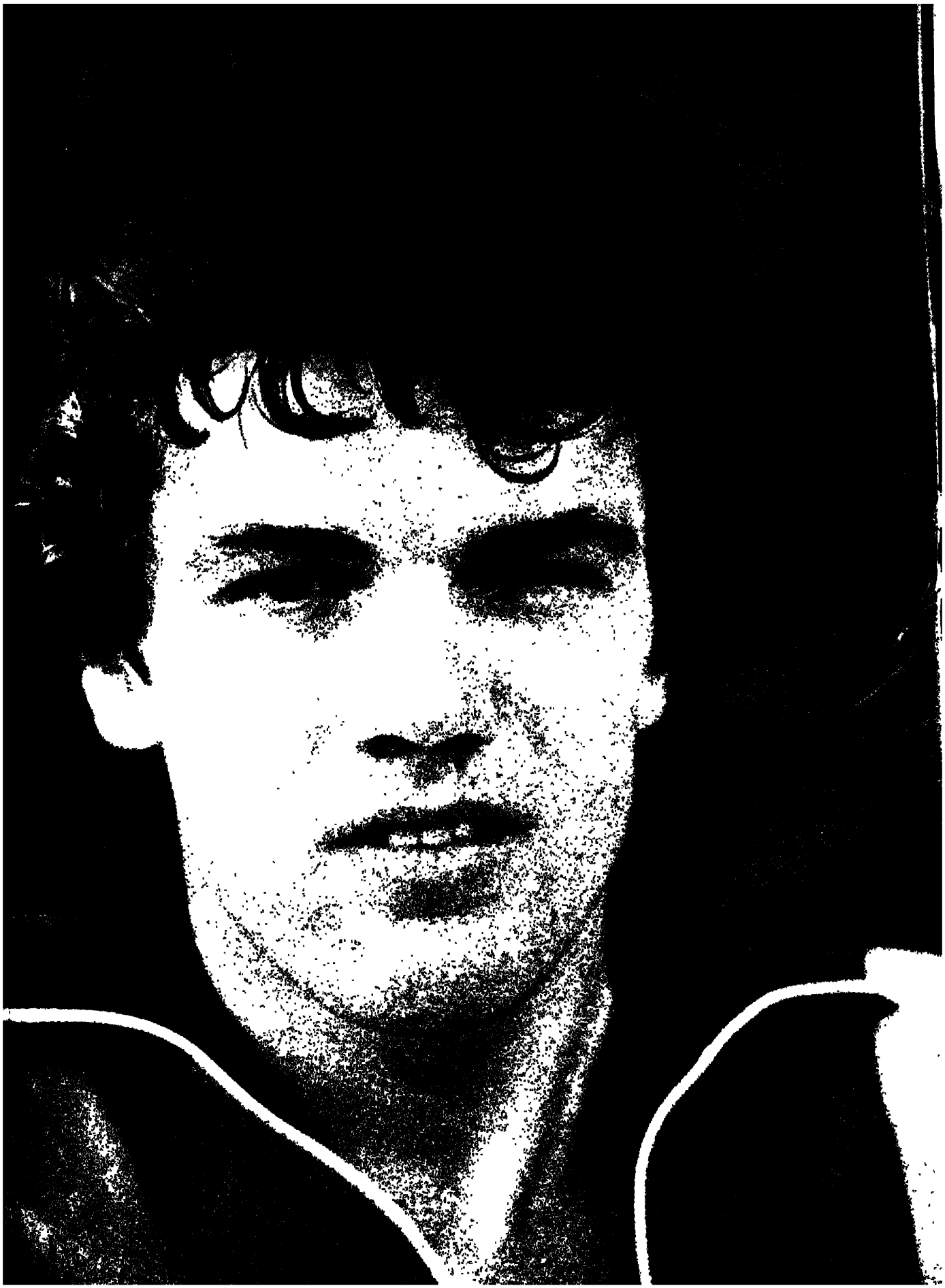
Gordon Greenidge plays, well, like Gordon Greenidge Edmonds, next door, and sans helmet
deserves a VC !



Sportsworld

Tomas Smid, the most experienced player in the Czech David Cup squad was surprised by India's Ramesh Krishnan at the Calcutta South Club grass courts. Smid, ected to win, went n 4-6, 2-6, 5-7.

Bhattacharya





PARAGUAY have qualified for the World Cup after a gap of 28 years In 1957 Paraguay upset Uruguay and qualified for the 1958 finals in Sweden where they defeated Scotland drew with Yugoslavia and lost to France narrowly failing to advance to the next round Since then the land locked nation in the heart of South America has suffered one disappointment after another

Brazil and Argentina always top in their way but in 1981 things went very wrong Paraguay finished last in their qualifying group which included Chile and Ecuador

After this fall from grace they were determined to come back strongly for Mexico and so began intense preparations

Although Brazil came first in the qualifying group Paraguay by finishing second managed to earn another chance against the teams that had finished second and third in the other South American groups

The man chosen to lead the Mexican comeback was Cayetano Re who played in the 58 competition

A series of disastrous preparation games began in the beginning of 1985 This included two losses to Uruguay one to Chile and two to Colombia Better performances against Argentina one win and a loss did little to improve the general pessimism surrounding the team

In May after another poor showing this time against the Argentine first division club Velez Sarsfield the federation sacked Re Then what happened will go down in history books as a rather unusual development The press fans and players all demanded that the popular Re be reinstated In the end Re was back and the person who lost his job was the federation's president Mr Jesus Pallares

There was still a long way to go

Re began including players who had left the country to play abroad To qualify for Mexico they beat Colombia 3 0 at home and held on to the advantage in the away game Against Chile who had ousted Peru Paraguay again won the home match 3 0 and were never threatened in the return leg

The players seemed to be in top shape at the right moment And most consider that the team bound for Mexico is the best the country has ever sent to the tournament The stars of the team are goalkeeper Roberto Fernandez Juan Battista Torales who has 49 caps for his country captain Rogelio Delgado one of the best defenders in South America and crowd favourite Romerito and Roberto Cabanas both of whom played at one time for New York Cosmos in the North American League

Paraguay with the kind of draw they have got should do well if not so come into the second round in Mexico

MEXICO's tourism department have insisted that hotel rates will not be rising to unacceptable levels during the finals

The top price for a four star hotel would be 38 000 pesos and for a three star hotel 18 000 pesos The rates are said to be reasonable and adequate A statement in the government new paper El Nacional said that a maximum price of 18 000 pesos (about 69 dollars) would be enforced for five star hotels

Aztec Stadium where Paraguay will meet hosts Mexico this summer



The hosts have a slim chance

Keir [illegible]edge, Associate Editor of *'World Soccer'* assesses Mexico's chances at the World Cup

JAN [illegible] prove a very [illegible] the history of Mexi[illegible] for that was when [illegible] pointed the Yugoslav Velj[illegible] Milutinovic is national m[illegible] Milutinovic who had pre[illegible] n both a player and club c[illegible] Mexico soon made his p[illegible] e felt [illegible] he introduced the sort [illegible] pro[illegible]h and attitude which the Mexicans have often lacked.

Since Mexico reached the quarter finals of the World Cup on home ground in 1970 albeit thanks largely to a controversial refereeing decision in their decisive first round game against Belgium they have never achieved even the modest success promised by their skill and demanded by their fans.



Hugo Sanchez Mexico s mean machine

Milutinovic appears well down the right path to putting that right. He said on taking over: I trust nobody but those players who can show me they know what teamwork is all about. I don't want superstars or big names in my squad but team players. Also of course I want good results. It's not enough to shrug off a defeat and say That was just a friendly. Winning becomes a habit and one we must adopt.

One of the Yugoslav's first decision was to form two national teams. The A side consists of the most experienced players with the B side being equivalent to a European under 21 team but with the player having a greater incentive to do well.

In tactical terms Milutinovic admires the 3-5-2 which emerged so clearly during the final of the European championship two years ago. But he may be more cautious than to employ such a tyle in a prestige tournament such a the one coming up. His aims to know that his players have assimilated his ideas on tactics style and attitude by the time the World Cup begins. By which time they may have played [illegible] or 80 matches under Mil[illegible]

Milutinovic [illegible] younger brother of Mile Mil[illegible] former manager of Yug[illegible] They would have made [illegible] World Cup family rival [illegible] the Slavs not been pipped by France and Bulgaria.

Born [illegible] lived [illegible] Futizin Belgrade until 1966 then had spells with Winterthur in Switzerland and Monaco and Nice in France.

In 1972 he went to Mexico to play for UNAM. After three years which included marriage to a Mexican girl—he retired and was appointed club coach. He took UNAM twice to the championship and twice to the Central American Club Cup and was then lured away to become national boss at the start of 1983.

His first trip back to Europe a national manager was an unhappy one – Mexico lost 5-0 to Italy in a friendly in Rome with Paolo Rossi scoring a hat trick. But Milutinovic



Tomas Boy can direct the attacks very effectively

has made good use of that game reminding his players of the standards they must reach to satisfy their own fans when the World Cup finals are staged next year

MILUTINOVIC isn't averse to using propaganda. He says: "The people here expect that Mexico will win the World Cup. My aim is not quite the same: my ambition is for Mexico to improve on our results in the 1970 finals. We have advantages built in. All our games in the first round will be in the Estadio Azteca. Also, apart from home advantages we also have the altitude on our side. Show me a European team who are happy at 7,000 feet!"

Last year he was in Europe "spying." Milutinovic took his own video camera to the European match between Koln and Inter Milan, Juventus and Bordeaux, intent on such as Yugo Davi... France and West Germany v Malt... and Le... Le... such as Metz v Bordeaux in France and Waldhof Mannheim ... Bayern Munich in West Germany.

He was delighted to be able to be in West Germany ... on the career of Franz Beckenbauer. "A for Mexico's World Cup bid," Milutinovic continued, "I played only [illegible] after last summer. [illegible] Finland, Italy and West Germany ... and then summoned their best players by ... Since then none of them ... for his club."

Do the clubs ... ?

Milutinovic says: "They have had to. The World Cup is your own country is not a question of sport ... matter of international pol... significance!"

Mexico have featured in the World Cup finals on eight out of ... occasions. Only Brazil, Italy and West Germany have been there ... often, though it is worth pointing out that Mexico's opposition in the qualifying North and Central American section of the FIFA empire is weak.

The last time they reached the finals was in Argentina in 1978 when they finished bottom of their first round group after losing 3-1 to Tunisia, 6-0 to West Germany and 3-1 to Poland.

Their one claim to World Cup fame apart from being the first nation chosen as hosts twice—is that former goalkeeper Antonio Carvajal is the only player to have appeared in the finals on five separate occasions, ranging from Brazil in 1950 to England in 1966.

Mexico's biggest star now is centre forward Hugo Sanchez, who plays centre forward in Spain for Real Madrid. He is perhaps the one Mexican player who is essential to the World Cup effort.

In other positions Milutinovic is well stocked with talent. One example is in goal where he can choose between two fine players in Pablo Larios and Olaf Heredia. Another is in midfield where both Manuel Negrete and Tomas Boy are happy to direct the attack single-handed if necessary.

But up front it will all be down to Sanchez, whenever the Mexicans manage to persuade Madrid to part with him. And that may not be until very shortly before the World Cup since Real and neighbours Atletico Madrid paid a million for Sanchez only last season and will want to make the most of their investment.

Sanchez, the top scorer in the Spanish league last season with 19 goals, played for his country in the 1978 Montreal Olympics and in the 1986 World Cup finals. Appropriately, for a man who is also a qualified lawyer, he has the ability to add bite to the attack.

Without Sanchez the Mexicans recently won a four-team tournament on home ground involving three other World Cup finalists—Hungary, Algeria and South Korea. Last year they beat Poland and West Germany in prestige friendlies.

They are clearly a team to be watched.

Tour itineraries are absurd!

Noel Mengel, editor of 'Australian Cricket' magazine, points a finger at modern cricket's major weakness

WHEN Allan Border came out to bat in the first Test between Australia and New Zealand at Wellington South he was greeted by a ripple of boos as well as polite applause I found that he had to take a moment considered before resuming his progress to the wicket on his return much into the records as the greatest Australian run scorer It was the same sort of reception as Australians sometimes turn on for Public Enemy Number One Mr Richard Hadlee

That other well known Aussie hater and Aussie baiter New Zealand coach

The reception for Border was the same Australians turn on for Public Enemy Number One Mr Richard Hadlee

Glenn Turner is still eating his words During the course of the Australian tour earlier in the season he appeared reluctant to admit that Border had a claim to being one of the greatest of Test batsmen

But even he embittered by on field experiences with the Aussies more than a decade ago must now admit that there is hardly a batsman of this calibre with this appetite for cricket and thirst for runs playing anywhere in the world

Certainly Glenn Turner's fellow New Zealanders only took another week to warm to Border and gave him cause to tip in his tracks once more this time during the course of his second innings in the Second Test at Christchurch

His first innings 140 (last man out naturally) had rescued Australia from a perilous five for less than a hundred When he nudged a single to go to 88 in his second digit the crowd burst into warm applause and Border had to stop and think why He didn't know until the ground announcer made the announcement In his 80th Test Border had passed Neil Harvey's tally of 6 149 Test runs to nudge in behind Messrs Chappell G and Bradman D on the Australian all time record list

Border closed the innings unbeaten on 114



For Allan Border (aloft) the reaction in New Zealand was not as generous

In his 80th Test, Border has passed Harvey's 6149 Test runs to nudge in behind G Chappell and D Bradman

He is one of the few batsmen in the world to be averaging and has now scored 6 runs with 18 centuries in a career assuming Gavaskar like proportions

He is the only cricketer to have scored 150 in each innings of a Test and he now joins Gavaskar Clyde Walcott Herbert Sutcliffe George Headley and Greg Chappell as the only cricketers to have twice scored a century in each innings of a Test

But enough of Allan Border Indians will have heard enough of him by the end of October I predict'

With the first two Tests of this series finishing in draws Allan Border's

achievements are perhaps the most notable part of the series but the other was an innings of astonishing power from Martin Crowe in the second Test Vivian Richards once described him the most prodigiously talented young batsman in the world After seeing his 137 you would have to say Viv was not wrong

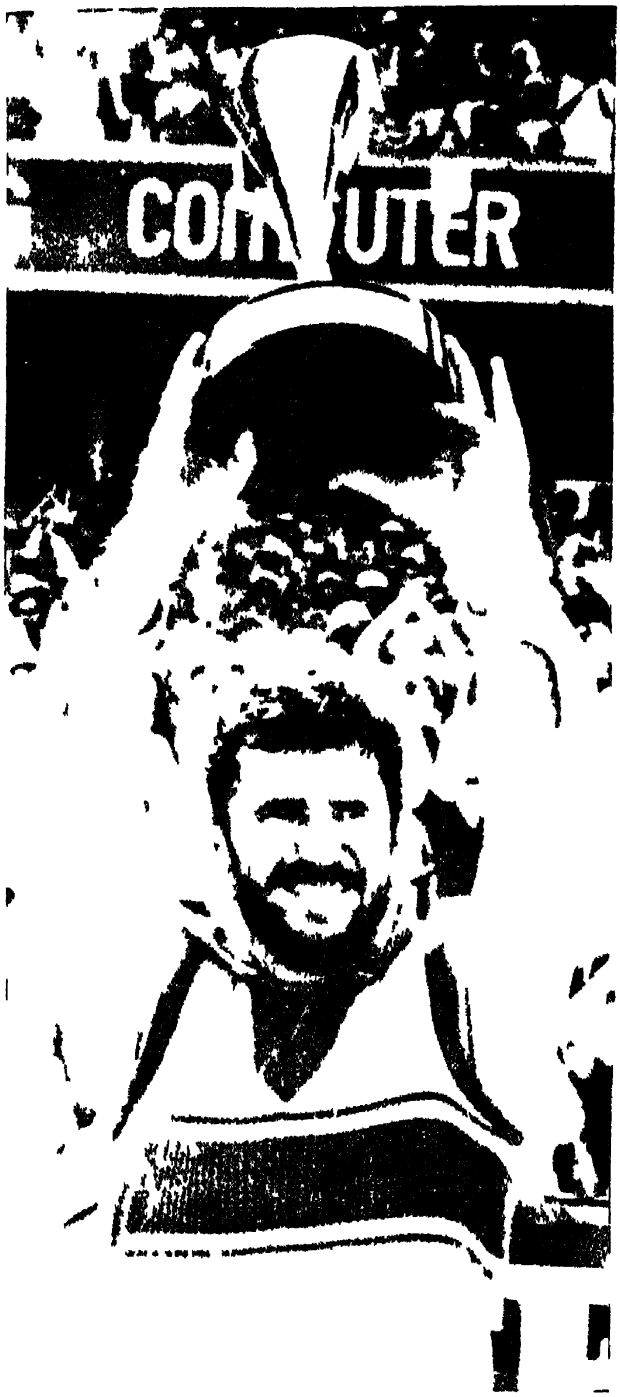
Forced to retire hurt when struck flush on the face by a wicked brutish lifter from Australia's answer to Joel Garner Bruce Reid Crowe resumed his innings on 51 and proceeded to dismiss the Australian bowling from his presence as if it was so much confetti Blood oozing from eight stitches under a bandage a bruise forming across his face and a head aching so that it was difficult to run he struck 10 boundaries as he advanced his score the further 49 runs he needed to notch his fourth Test century

These are the highlights of the series the lowlight would be the sight of Craig McDermott who has all the potential of a young Lillee struggling to find form and stay in the Test team

Perhaps he can be compared with your own Laxman Sivaramakrishnan and Mohammed Azharuddin both of whom swept onto the Test stage like a blazing Halley's Comet and who soon retreated into the colder outer limits

This month's issue of *Australian Cricket* magazine launched a blazing attack on modern tour itineraries and the problems they create for anyone trying to build a Test career

What about that pointless first Test between Australia and India in Adelaide which was virtually match practice for the tourists so truncated was the programme of



Glenn Turner was reluctant to admit that Border is one of the greatest Test batsmen

lead up innings Wh himself did that give Ajit and Siva Venkat they didn't get into get the whole season A few more itineraries like that and they will be labelled dud and discarded as one

the Australian pla other than Border who play for Essex during t northern season they w come from wintry Au tr l and be expected to be peak form after a handful of match days

There will be no point taking any more than 1 players because the lead up matches must be reserved for the established Test players to get fit So the opportunity to blood a young spinner in the game's most perfect environment for such tradesmen is lost And then we have to put up with the whinge Where are all the young spinners?

Glenn Turner blames the absurd itineraries for most of New Zealand's problems in finding replacements for established players like Hadlee Chatfield and Cairns and puts the Australian itinerary at the top of the complaints list

We had so few other games and because we were coming out of winter we had to use the lead up games t get our established player into form There no opportunity to blood player during the tour nor is the West Indies the right place t introduce new player What happened to Gurharan Singh in the West Indies? So that leaves England

Turner has put his finger on the problem Look at the West Indians Although they are young when they enter the squad they have experience Their new pacemen Courtney Walsh Tony Gray and Patrick Patterson are all in the their early 20s but have several seasons of English county cricket behind them where they have combined their natural athletics with the skills of the game David Gower must be wondering at the generosity of such a move!

Rajat Mongal in Australia

Library

I overcame the pain barrier

Emil Zatopek tells Novy Kapadia in an exclusive interview

KNOWN [illegible] ch Express [illegible] or the [illegible] motive or the man w[illegible] gh ted the im possible tr[illegible] l Zatopek is argu ably the g[illegible] l ng distance runner ever In [illegible] n career he won four gold m[illegible] r one silver in the Olymp[illegible] et 18 world records His [illegible] the treble winning the 5,000 metres 10 000 metres and mara[illegible] n in the 1952 Helsinki Olym pic probably the sporting feat of the century the only parallel being Borgs five consecutive Wimbledon titles In terms of sheer endurance human will and pressure Zatopeks achievement gets the edge over Carl Lewis and Jesse Owens four gold medal haul in a single Olympics in the sprints short relay and long jump The stamina and intelligence of the 64 year old Czech was visible as the intended short interview extended from ten minutes to two hours from 10 pm to midnight as he unfurled anecdotes training technique the philosophy of life and attitude to athletics always smiling always ge ti culating – the quarfit gentil knight

Zatopek had just flown in from Calcutta and his altered departure flight meant reaching Palam airport by 3 p m Yet he talked on till midnight His wife Dana after packing and mak ing some relevant comments went to sleep His hosts (the Zatopeks were guest of the state government of West Bengal) CPM members of Parliament and Student Federation of India activ ists who arranged the interview forgot the late hours as mesmerised and spellbound they lapped up the word of wisdom from this legend of ou tunes

SPORTSWORLD When and why did you start taking interest in running as a sport?

EMIL ZATOPEK (with a chuckle) I never wanted to run I was forced to run my first long distance at the age of 19 in 1941 I was born in Koprivnice Moravia September 19 1922 the son of a carpenter I had two sisters and six brothers and so survival rather than sport was my priority At the age of 16 I moved to Zlin and worked as an apprentice in a shoe factory during the day while studying



Zatopek speaks at a function

at [illegible] de [illegible] ool at night The leader [illegible] y group in the shoe factory was very strong and compelled all of us to participate in the long distance race on the Sunday I was angry that I had to run in activity I did not greatly enjoy and poll my holiday Being very angry I [illegible] ut my frustration by running hard and fast I my surprise I came second out of a field of over 100 runner The 1 500 metres champ pion of the province saw me run liked my guts and invited me to come daily to the stadium and train on the track Feeling pleased at the importance I was getting I started going for regu lar training on the track Till then I had never been in athletic track

Did you concentrate a lot on athle tics after this freak result?

Not really I just got interested Till 1941 I trained three a week after working hours My training was not very intensive then 10×100 metres fast repetitions and 10×200 metres slow running in between My first success came in 1944 when I set national records in the 2 000 metres 3 000 metres and 5 000 etres

What was the most important stage in the development of your career?

Joining the army compulsory milit ary service in 1915 Having always led a disciplined life I thrived on the disciplined routine of the army Being a national record holder I got plenty of time to train and a good carbohy drate diet Initially training was just repetitions of long distance runs very monotonous and routine I was not satisfied with this and having to do only what I know So I decided 'training shall be learning To win long races speed and stamina are required To promote speed I tried to run as fast as possible for as long a distance as possible Having earned a college degree with chemistry as my specialist subject I became interested in the science of athletics So I set my body the most punishing schedules by devising new training methods and noting the way my body reacted to them For developing stamina I tried not to stop during training Slow fast slow keep pushing the body to recov er in the race itself I trained myself to follow such a schedule

It is said that you founded the school of interval running?

Maybe but it was hard work The concept is short bursts followed by steady easy paced running My motto is run fast with endurance To do that you must run fast and repeat it many times puting all your effort yet sustaining yourself I used the tactic of interval running sudden bursts of speed during a race to shatter the opposition and so interval running became popular as training method

Any special intensification of train ing for the 1948 London Olympics?

In the 1946 European cham pionships in Oslo I finished fifth in the 5 000 metres though I bettered my own national mark However that did not interest me as I wanted to be the best So I intensified my training In the cold winter months heavily clad and with thick boots I ran and trained on the snow covered roads It was back to the track during the summer For two years I intensified my train ing running something like 60 repeti tion of the 400 metres interspersed with 200 metres during a day Athle tics training became the sole purpose in my life and I trained daily This helped me reach my peak condition for the London Olympics

Did you adopt any special tactics to

win your first ever gold medal, in the 10,000 metres at the 1948 London Olympics?

At the London Olympics Viljo Heino the Finnish world record holder was the favourite for the 10 000 metres However on the day of the race it was hot and sticky in London Heino used to training and running in near Polar condition was perturbed by the heat Rather disconcertedly he told me the pace of the race would be slow and that he would not do any front running In the 25 lap race I planned an average of 71 second per lap and I knew the world record and gold medal was mine So I asked my coach to show me some sign from the stand after each lap to indicate whether I was running as per schedule

As I was running in a red vest and white shorts I asked him to wave white shorts at me if my timing was as planned and red to warn me if my lap timing was below schedule Contrary to expectations the race did not start slowly Viljo Heino set off at a brisk pace I followed but did not try to overtake the leaders and remained just ahead of the pack Though I felt that I had run a slow lap my coach waved the white shorts at me This happened in several laps I still felt that I was not running fast and thought maybe my coach had got confused and was not showing me the proper signs

However in the ninth lap he waved the red vest indicating my lap timing had been slow Suddenly I felt a surge of confidence as my coach had not erred Confident of my stamina I accelerated in the 10th lap and took the lead Viljo Heino dropped behind and by the 16th lap exhausted trying to keep up with my sudden bursts of speed the Finn wearily dropped out of the race The heat had taken its toll and the runner were tired I kept up my slow fast slow technique and soon there was nobody near me A British track official shouted and said that Heino is out now you are on your own I felt I was going to win but wanted to do it in grand style So I unleashed a spectacular burst and ran home an easy winner in a world record timing of 29 mins 59 6 seconds

Your reactions after your first ever Olympic gold medal?

To tell you the truth I did not expect to win and definitely not win so easily I felt glad that my training methods had paid off and that the



The champion Czech pair take a joy ride

regular interval running had improved my stamina and speed so much that I outran the world's best distance runners I also realised my increased responsibility now for in every race I would have to maintain my country's prestige and my reputation as everybody would want to beat an Olympic champion

You were a favourite for the 5 000 metres at the London Olympics What happened?

(With a sigh and traces of a bitter smile) I was too overconfident I thought I would win the 5 000 metres easily So I did not tactically plan out the race but just ran A race is won in the mind and for me specially tactics are very important as I do not possess great natural speed Typical of the fickle British weather it was a wind and rainy day when we ran the 5 000 metres final The cinder track became muddy and striding involved extra strength As I became a front runner it was quite energy sapping and mid way through the race I became tired and could not make a burst of speed Belgium's Gaston Reiff who ran a tactical race came from behind and overtook me near the end I did not have the energy to chase him and so at the bell he increased the pace and widened the gap

Towards the end I did chase him and nearly caught up but it was too late My coach chided me afterwards saying that if I had planned my race better I could have won another gold medal Thus silver medal in the 5 000 metres was an ideal lesson never take victory for granted and always be tactically alert

After your Olympic triumphs did your lifestyle change in Czechoslovakia?

No not really I enjoyed the disciplined life in the army and remained there My rank improved from Corporal and when I retired I was a Major I was invited to become a member of the Army sports Ital In was the Dukla and ran several [illegible] Dana who at this juncture was pregnant her husband Emil the Kept mum and I mail with mail mum me I [illegible] the race I 30 [illegible] had came to [illegible] for some time the [illegible] I trick I let do the [illegible] I know [illegible] sports [illegible] responsibilities [illegible] Thus bond But [illegible] settle down once [illegible] both laughed in [illegible] [illegible] Czech he [illegible] very [illegible] mind a When I returned home early [illegible] pleading me why are you back soon saying you [illegible] more than ever before [illegible] rigorous training

Did you have any special training diet?

(Both Dana and Emil laughed) No, never [illegible] Dana added we ate [illegible] and that's all) Army [illegible] simple food but with a lot [illegible] carbohydrates like bread [illegible] Dana being a javelin thrower had a protein rich diet

Did you think you could win the impossible treble at the Helsinki Olympics in 1952?

Seeing the programme I was confident On the first day there was the



Emil and Dana Zatopek at Dum Dum airport

10 000 metres final, the third day he won the 5 000 metres, the fifth day the 5 000 metres final and on the eighth day the gruelling marathon As I had sufficient rest and an adequate recovery period before each race I knew I could win After all I had broken the world record for the 10 000 metres thrice in four years between London and Helsinki and I was Europe in champion in both 5 000 and 10 000 metres Also Finland is the home of long distance running and I was inspired to win at Helsinki Dana was also my inspiration She said now you have to win the gold medals for us Prior to the Helsinki Olympics I was training by running 40x400 metres at a fast pace daily and my results were improving

Any special memories of your triple gold medal feat?

Yes plenty The good natured Finnish crowd gave me a big ovation when I lined up for the 10 000 metres final I had to win in style so I shot into the lead and nobody could catch me I averaged 71 seconds per lap and did the last lap in 64 seconds to win in an Olympic record timing of 29 mins 17 secs Silver medallist Alain Mimoun of France was 160 metres behind The 5 000 metres final had many legendary athletes the favourite Herbert Schade (West Germany) Chris Chataway (Great Britain) Alain Mimoun (France) and 1948 winner Gaston Reiff (Belgium)

My tactics were to kick (increase speed) with half 400 metres from the finish I did not have the basic speed to match the others in the last sprint This ploy succeeded

I was leading but at the far curve Chataway and Mimoun again overtook me much to my surprise as I did not think they would be keen enough to chase me However my interval training paid off I again put in a burst of speed and came first Our joy was complete as next day Dana won the gold medal in the javelin throw Now I was on top of the world So I started the marathon a race I had never won before in my life in a happy frame of mind

I had great respect for favourite Jim Peters of England wearing vest no 187 Marathon running is a ritual it is a running religion where people line the streets to wave to the brave lonely men I wanted to do well so I asked Jim Peters for advice He said pace yourself This is what I did but Peters did not follow his own advice He set off at a scorching pace and led at the 10 kilometre mark but soon faded The Swede Gustaff Jansson and I overtook him at the 20 kilometre mark At the turning point I felt fresh and since it was cool and cloudy and I decided not to stop for lemons or water I soon overtook Gustaff Jansson and saw the victory tower near the stadium which inspired me to keep running I finally won in a new Olympic record of 2hrs 23 mins 32 secs

Which victory gave you the greatest satisfaction?

All of them as they enabled Czechoslovakia to win three gold medals However (in a more serious tone) the greatest satisfaction was that the Finnish people started calling me Zátu which in their language is a term of affection meaning a fairy tale like ending The athletics world considered my feat incredible

How did you conquer pain and mental fatigue during training?

(Gesticulating but with a serious expression) I have great respect for nature and learn from it as nature has more experience than us To feel pain is a warning that you are doing too much but (with an expansive gesture) it is just a warning not the end of energy It is the sensitive nerve system announcing fatigue The motoric nerves still give the order to run I strove to make my motoric nerves active and my sensitive nerves passive Interval training gave stimulus to my motoric nerves Mental determination and quick recovery periods kept me going on when the body cried out to rest Thus I overcame the pain barrier

What in your opinion makes a champion, genetics, facilities,diet, training or a combination of these factors?

Motivation and mental determination Races are won and champions are made in the mind of the individual I believe in a hard life and not too much luxury and comfort is it makes you soft It is not just facilities which are important

Look at Africa they have had all time great runners like Bikila Yifter Keino Henry Rono and now Aouita Facilities there are not compatible with the results achieved They succeed because they are used to the hard conditions of life If you do not try to be tired and are content to be happy with comfortable pursuits dancing and singing then you cannot reach the top You must choose the hard conditions in life get used to pain and only then can you improve and motivate yourself to success

Your views on big money payments to star athletes now? Any pangs of envy?

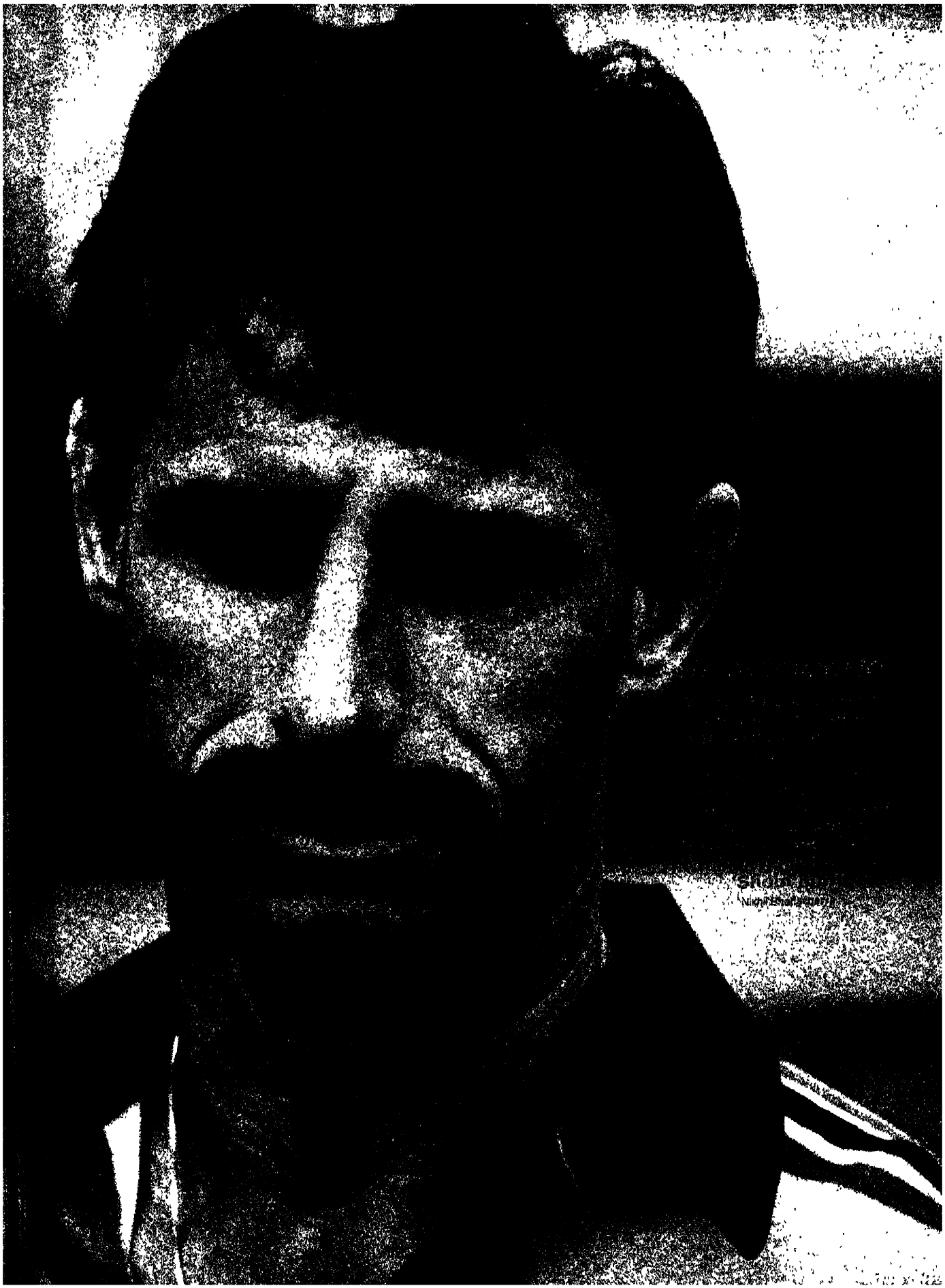
(Thinking deeply before replying) I believe that not only it is bad to give sportsmen money but sponsors must remember that there are not only champion but also young beginners It would be more democratic to spread the money around and create better facilities

I am an egalitarian and a democrat and believe that a few people should not hog all the money We must learn to share In 1947 at Paris I won an international cross country race and was given 15 000 francs to purchase presents in a departmental store To maintain my amateur status I just took a present worth 1 500 francs the amount permitted and then requested the organisers to share the rest of the money amongst other competitors (prize money was only given to the first eight finishers)



Sportsworld

Ramesh Krishnan came up with some unbelievable tennis to upset Tomas Smid and give India a 1-0 lead in the India-Czechoslovakia Davis Cup tie. But skipper Vijay Amritraj was thrashed by Miloslav Mecir to even out the first day's proceedings



Capital Notes

ASHOK KAKA MAN KAD is a master in more ways than one His success with the bat is well known Equally well adver tised is his ability as a captain Mankad universal ly acclaimed as a perceptive captain could read the game like the back of his hand, as the popular phrase goes

Now long after his play ing days Mankad retains active association with the game, though in a different even pioneering way Mankad is a cricket expert coach consultant profes sional manager Mankad is also a businessman marketing cricket clothes equipment and the game itself

He began by coaching youngsters This consul tancy service was unique in conception Apart from the usual net practice Man kad organised lectures de vised specific fitness sche dules screened video films installed a bowling machine fixed matches— even got his students jobs

'I realised that a lot of people were keen on learn ing the game he said modestly I took them on for all round development bec ause I could help them

Mankad bec ame consul tant to various teams and later started dabbling in the manufacture of cricket equipment His company VM Sports named after father Vinoo Mankad soon marketed high quality bat ting shoes with rubber studs and other sundry pro ducts not easily available in India

This is basically busi ness Mankad said but as I have played the game for so long I know what the players want

Last season Mankad took on the MP Ranji team as a consultant 'My assignment was to revamp the team make it more effective and improve the performance I have been given three years to better MP's performance in the Ranji Trophy

To achieve this Mankad sacked the older players (they had little motivation to improve) and inducted younger ones (they will have everything ahead of them) As Kaka abhors slackness in the field slug gish movers were sum marily dropped Player who are leg and leg (poor fielders that is) should not be playing at all Mankad felt

Performance everyone was told was paramount Reputations do not matter Mankad sat down with the boys to devise strategy and the ensuing game plan was comprehensive to the ex tent that bowlers were given charts with field placements The opposing batsmen were really put under a microscope

Main thrust apart from basic cricket input was psychological The frame of mind of the players avers Mankad is of vital import ance You must give confi dence to players so that they believe in themselves Moreover a close study of the players mind enables you to understand and util ise them better

To such treatment play ers responded quickly The performance picked up with Mukesh Salim (a left hand batsman) and Hirwani (orthodox leg break) excelling They are excel lent prospects said Man kad Both are talented disciplined and hard working

MP failed to make the knock out Ranji stage but that is because the team presently is still in a flux Mankad however is sure of positive results Just give us some more time' he said



Ashok Mankad cricket expert, coach, consultant, professional manager

RAMAN LAMBA's for tunes this season have made an amazing turn around In the beginning he was overlooked by Delhi The advent of new opener Ashwini Kapoor for the Kashmir game gave Raman the shivers Then gradual ly he overcame the set back and clawed his way up once again with some use ful scores

Against Maharashtra in the Ranji knock out Raman excelled himself with a marvellous effort He stroked a sparkling double hundred that settled all arguments and instan taneously propelled him to wards the national spot light

I am very happy This knock has given me a lot of confidence said beaming Raman I have been wait ing for this for long

Despite the delay Ra mans basic ability was nev er in doubt He swept into the powerful Delhi side several years ago while still in college and made good at once Since then in every Ranji season Raman has scored hundsomely

In the Irish league (he plays for North Down) Ra man has achieved consider able success As the pro fessional in the side I am required to do everything This responsibility has real ly benefited me Because of the pressure my batting is more disciplined All the frills have been cut out

A combative bloke Ra man is a fighter He is fier ce ambitious and this intense desire to succeed makes him give off his best to outdo the others

Amrit Mathur,
New Delhi

Inter-State Athletics

The seeds have been sown



The gospel of athletics excellence is spread by dedicated disciples

Setting the stage Coach Kutty fixes the starting block for Valsamma



DUSK was descending on the Assam Rifles Ground. With a sense of relief. The XXIV Inter State Senior National Athletic Championship was about to come to an end and we were happy that a most exhausting assignment was all but over.

Agartala certainly was not the best place to hold the Nationals. Its infrastructure was inadequate, its organisational capabilities suspect. Besides in the second week of March its climate is too excruciatingly hot for an important sporting event. As I wandered about the ground during the meet I felt sorry for the athletes who were toiling day in and day out under a scorching sun in their own private pursuit of excellence. All these thoughts were still bothering me as I stood there in the centre of the ground watching the meet marshal second and trying to assess the gains yielded in return for the hardship.

It happened just then. I chanced upon a sight that captured the essence of this tournament. I saw a group of school boys copying the warm up gestures of the athletes who still had to take part in the last few events of the meet. It was a revelation. The seeds had been sown one needed no statistics to prove that the meet was a success.

As the scenario unfolded on the morning of March 7 there emerged two distinct focal points of attention the performance of the top notchers on the one hand and the efforts of the lesser mortals on the other. The gap between the two was only too palpable.

Despite hopes of the emergence of a new breed of stars there was no such talent in bulk.

There was only one exception. One bright young man by virtue of his sterling performances brought about a flash of brilliance in an atmosphere of mediocrity. Ashis Mondal of Bengal was the man of the 1986 senior national athletics.

He was the only one to show some promise. "At the moment he is India's best bet for the future," commented Kutty the celebrated coach of M D Valsamma. He seems to be a natural athlete and he exerts himself making the most of his abilities.

What else do you need to become a champion athlete? Gifted with a strong physique and deep reserves of stamina Ashis Mondal has acquired a flowing style in the 110 m hurdles. He takes them on with effortless ease his





Bahadur Singh going strong

rhythm well synchronised to the demands of his pet event

His nearest rival in Agartala was Parveen Jolly of Delhi yet another talented hurdler who negotiates hurdles with greater consistency than the rest of the field But Mondal pipped him in a split second burst of speed to make the mens 110 m hurdles an electrifying experience one kind of rarity in such meets

While on the subject of technique Valsamma still enjoys an edge over all other front running hurdlers in the country She streaks across the hurdles at a uniform speed and in unbroken stride gobbling up the distance almost as swiftly as she does in a flat run It was a foregone conclusion that she would be the undisputed queen of the 100 m hurdles with a timing of 14 4 secs followed by Bengals Kum Kum Mondal 14 5 Tamil Nadus S Yasmin Saifuddin 14 6 and Rajwant Kaur of Punjab 14 7

But Valsamma has a disadvantage The longer the race the slimmer her chances of success especially if her celebrated rival P T Usha is also in the running It is mathematics explained Valsammas coach Kutty, "Usha enjoys a clear advantage over Valsamma thanks to her height To be precise there is a 20 cm difference in the stride of the two Naturally, the longer the race the more Valsamma loses ground to Usha You saw how she won the 100m hurdles and then

On target: Reeth Abraham on her way to the heptathlon title



Shiny Abraham 800 mts champ

lost to Usha in the 400m hurdles. In fact even though she lost it was creditable that Valsamma finished so close to Usha.

However the timing of both the Kerala girls in the 400m hurdle was not very encouraging. In fact for Valsamma 58.6 sec was rather disappointing. Her timing should at least have been in the vicinity of 57.0 which she clocked earlier while the winning time of 57.0 for Usha reflected some lack of effort.

But Kutty is confident that his pupil will soon make it to 56 sec. She has a fierce competitive attitude and a constant urge to do better than her rivals. This quality has actually spared me the trouble of doing any psychological training for her. Outwardly she looks so calm and cool but don't judge her by her appearances. You'll be deceived, Kutty said with a hearty laugh, as Valsamma sat next to him smiling shyly like a schoolgirl being praised by her teacher.

FOR the Asiad however Valsamma will be concentrating solely on the 400m hurdles. Coach Kutty has made up his mind. That's the only event where we hope to do our best. Usha will surely train hard to reduce her timing which she is quite capable of in her current form. And Valsamma will have to work a little harder on her sprint so that it can match her dexterity in negotiating the hurdles. But it

Towards greater heights Vijay Pal Singh sets a pole vault meet record



Vijay Luxmi scales a height of 1 58 mts in the high jump

should not take her long In fact I am hoping that she will improve consider ably in the Bangalore meet

Fittingly it was Valsamma who set the ball rolling for Kerala winning excellently in the heats of the hurdles events Eventually it was she who made the richest contribution to her state s emergence as the team champions with 111 points A measure of Kerala s advancement is the fact that they overshadowed Bengal and Maharashtra who finished second and third with 45 and 38 points respectively

The assertion by Kutty that Valsamma would be difficult to beat in short races held good when she brushed aside all opposition in the 100m and 200m sprint She got herself into a winning groove from the heats and returned a timing of 12 1 sec in the final

The 100m sprint also saw an impressive performance by Maharashtra s Zenu Warton Giving the fancied Keralite a hot chase she clocked 12 3 sec and won the applause of the connoisseurs Slim and athletic she has a fluid style of running and could conceivably find herself among the headlines in the not too distant future



Throwing her weight Vijayamala Bhanot in action during the shot put event



P T Usha concentrates as coach Nambiar looks on

Maharashtra also has a sprinter runner in Herji Nagarwala His domination of the 100m was total and he rounded off the event with an impressive 10 7 sec win over Canute Migalhaes

In the mens section one of the most interesting events was the 1500m The competition in this event centred around Satyanarayan of Karnataka Satnam Singh of Bihar and Bhupinder Singh of Delhi Even though the race did not reach any great heights Satyanarayan sorted out a winning strategy for himself keeping to a consistent rhythm which helped him to a 3 55 6 win in an extremely close finish

In N Annavi Tamil Nadu has yet another athlete to be proud of One of the most talked about youngsters in the country at the moment his ambition to reach greater heights was reflected in his unsuccessful efforts to set a record in the high jump He did not seem to be in peak form but the pains he took to finish on top with 2 07m served as an example for aspiring youngsters

The aspirations of Vijay Pal Singh however were fulfilled when he set a meet record in the pole vault scaling 4 70m but one of the most colourful personalities at the meet was Bahadur Singh shot put gold medallist at the Delhi Asiad Even more amazing than his form was his confidence about winning another gold at the Seoul Games I m happy about my performances I dont have many years ahead of me now but the gold at Seoul is the last target I am eager to achieve he said jubilantly as he was showered with congratulations after winning with a throw of 17 71 m He has not yet decided what to do after Seoul when he hangs up his spikes Maybe I ll coach There is a special reason for that I ve noticed that India is getting progressively richer in athletics talent Maybe the days of Indian champions are just around the corner If I cannot be a part of it as an athlete I would like to contribute as a coach

Is Bahadur Singh right about Indias athletics potential? One sincerely hopes so just as one realises that the whole hearted involvement of people such as he will prove to be the catalyst which triggers a chain reaction

Suprakash Ghoshal from Agartala

Photographs by Tapan Das

The Safari is ready to roar

FOR th time in its 34 tory the Safar ill not coincide wit ter weekend It the first time that te of the world's test motor rally event been slashed by 1 000 kilometres to exclude some parts around Mt Kenya and the Coast

The chairman of the Safari Rally Limited Nick Ng'anga said in Nairobi that the event would now start on Easter Sunday 30 March and finish on Thursday 3 April having covered only 4 000 kilometres instead of the usual 5 000 This is instead of starting on Thursday 27 March and ending on Monday 31 March

Ng'anga explained that the switch from the Easter weekend had been insisted upon by the International Autosport Federation (FISA) the Paris based body which controls world rally championships As FISA stipulated that the 1986 world championship rallies should be separated by 21 clear days instead of the 18 stipulated in the official rules the change in dates was necessary since between the Rally of Portugal and the Kenya rally there were only 17 days he explained However Ng'anga said FISA has agreed that we can return to the traditional Easter dates for the 1987 and 1988 events

Despite the changes Ng'anga insisted that the rally would retain its en viable tion and proud title worlds greatest mo rally The chairman was accompanied by the run general manager Mike Doughty said a lot of hard work went into planning of the event each ar ment meeting the Coronation Safari in 1952 when it had been run by a host of volunteers giving their time freely

To the casual onlooker the spectacular character of the Marlboro Safari Rally is taken for granted According to Ng'anga a lot of hard work goes into the running of the event and each year for the last 34 years it has been run by a host of about 1000 volunteers who have given freely of their time over a long weekend These volunteers include control officers headquarters staff radio operators pressroom officials interpreters secretaries and of course the service crews who keep the competitors running" 'Without all these people," he added the Safari could not run

The major difference on the first leg where the cars will have travelled a total of 1 295 km is that for the first time in 22 years the cars will not be going into Mombasa The distance for leg two is 1 252 kms The distance of the third leg is 1,645 15 kms and the entire distance from start to finish is 4 191 85 kms

With several major car manufacturers confirming their entries the 1986 Marlboro Safari Rally already has 50 entries— the minimum number of entries required for a world championship rally This includes three works teams Toyota Lancia and Subaru each of whom has entered three cars

Other works teams expected to enter are Citroen who will be bringing their new Citroen BX four wheel drive cars Daihatsu and possibly at least one Opel for Rauno Aaltonen Nissan are not entering as they are launching a new car next year

The first works team to put in their entry was Toyota who are aiming for a hat trick in this years Safari The Toyota team will consist of former Safari winner Bjorn Waldegaard with Fred Gallagher Erwin Weber and Gunter Wanger and newcomer Lars Torph with Bo Thorszelius Having won the Safari outright for the last two years Toyota are determined to make it three in a row With another star driver in New Zealands Possum Bourne making his Safari debut it all adds up to a classic contest of man and machine

N. Bhushan

SAFARI Rally ace Shekhar Mehta had to run for his life recently when the Peugeot 205 he was testing in the Kenyan countryside exploded in a ball of flame

The engine suddenly died Mehta said and as the car came to a halt flames started to billow from the engine compartment in the back Mehta and the Peugeot mechanic from Paris who was also in the car scrambled out and had just managed to run to a safe distance when the fuel tank erupted enveloping the whole car in a ball of fire Within minutes the entire vehicle was destroyed with heat sufficient to turn a magnesium wheel rim into a glaring pool of light and to send little rivers of molten aluminium running across the sand The plastic bodywork of the car was a pall of black smoke

The cause of the fire is still a mystery but it has ended Peugeots plan to contest the 1986 Safari Rally Mehta was to have tested the car extensively over a couple of weeks and Peugeot Talbot Sport would have decided whether or not to enter on the basis of his findings The immediate reaction in Peugeots team in Viuvard who was in charge of the test programme was relief that no one had been hurt

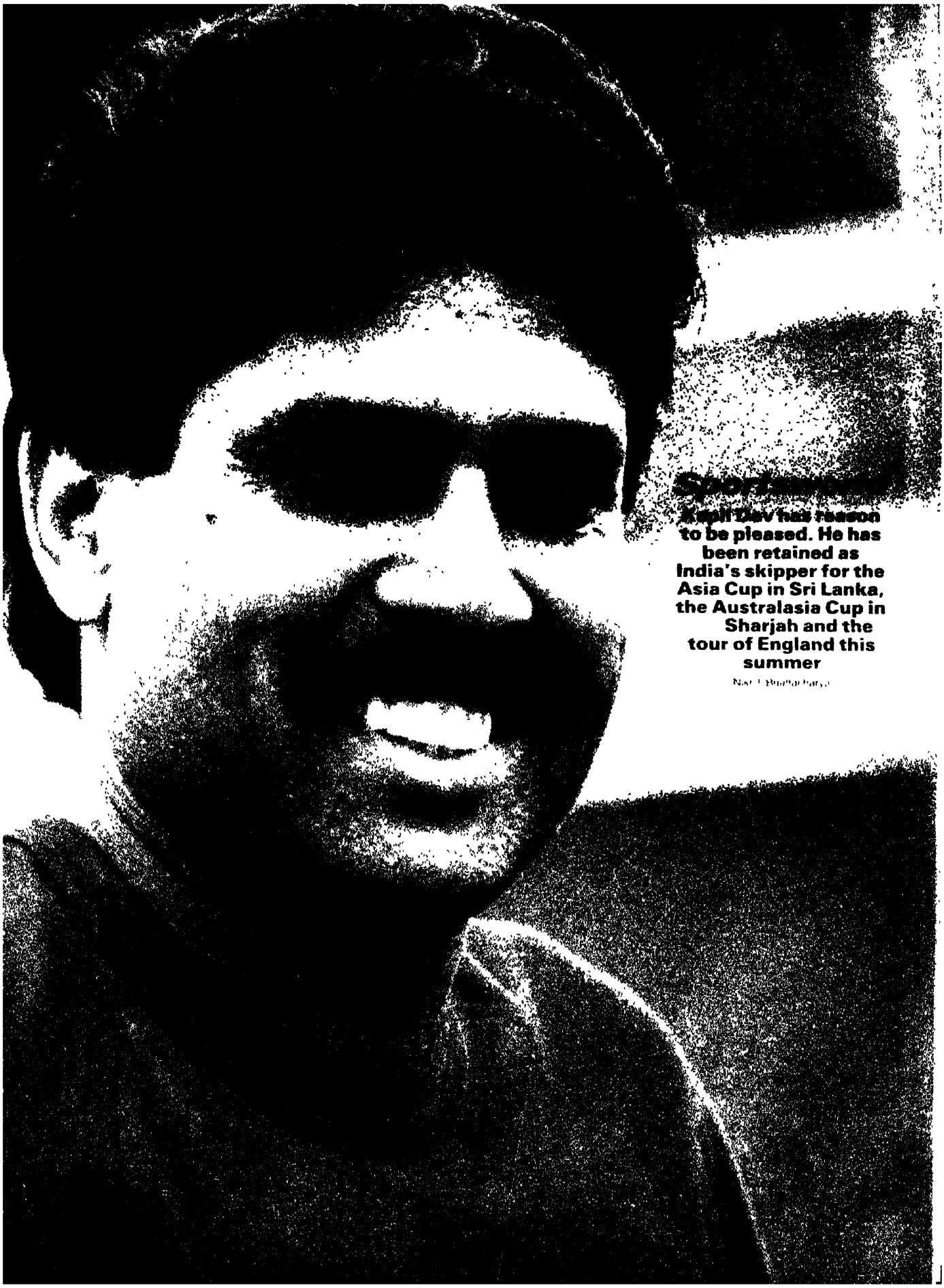
It was understood PTS do not have another test car available and the team other resources are now fully committed to the Swedish Rally later this month

This is the second time in a row Peugeot have had one of their 205s destroyed by fire while testing for the Safari Rally Last year the driver was Ari Vatanen

Mehta was obviously very disappointed The prospect of driving the world champion car in the Safari was of course very appetising and from the brief feel of the car which I had before the fire I was very impressed said Shekhar Mehta

Shekhar Mehta—out of the fray





Kapil Dev has reason to be pleased. He has been retained as India's skipper for the Asia Cup in Sri Lanka, the Australasia Cup in Sharjah and the tour of England this summer

The Safari is ready to roar

FOR the [illegible] 31 [illegible] the Safari [illegible] coincide with [illegible] weekend. It [illegible] that the [illegible] great [illegible] has [illegible] 1,000 kms [illegible] some [illegible] of Kenya [illegible]

[illegible] of the Rally Limited, Nick [illegible] said in Nairobi [illegible] the event would now [illegible] Easter Sunday, 30 March, and finish on Thursday 3 April, having covered only 1,900 kilometres instead of the usual 5,000. This is instead of starting on Thursday, 27 March and ending in Mombasa on 31 March.

News was announced that the Safari Rally Car Easter Weekend [illegible] was requested upon by the International Automobile Federation (FISA), the Paris based body which controls world rally championships. As FISA stipulated that the [illegible] would [illegible] by [illegible] separated by [illegible] period of [illegible] the [illegible] Safari [illegible] since between the Rally of Portugal and the Safari, rally fixtures were [illegible] days, [illegible] However, Nairobi [illegible] FISA has agreed that we can return to the traditional Easter date for the [illegible] and 1988 events.

[illegible] changes, Nairobi [illegible] that the [illegible] remain "[illegible] and provide [illegible] the world's most [illegible] The championship [illegible] by the [illegible] Mombasa [illegible] and [illegible] will [illegible] Safari in 1953, when it had been run by a host of volunteers giving their time freely.

To the casual onlooker, the particular character of the Marlboro Safari Rally is taken for granted. According to Ngang'a, "a lot of hard work goes into the running of the event, and each year, in the last 34 years, it has been run by a host of about 1000 volunteers who have given so freely of their time over a long weekend. These volunteers include control officers, headquarters staff, radio operators, pressroom officials, interpreters, secretaries, and of course the service crews who keep the competitors running." "Without all these people," he added, "the Safari could not run."

The major difference on the first leg, where the cars will have travelled a total of 1,295 km is that for the first time in 22 years the cars will not be going into Mombasa. The distance for leg two is 1,252 kms. The distance of the third leg is 1,645.15 kms and the entire distance from start to finish is 4,191.85 kms.

With several major car manufacturers confirming their entries, the 1986 Marlboro Safari Rally already has 40 entries -the minimum number of entries required for a world championship rally. This includes three works cars from Toyota, Lancia and Subaru - each of which has entered three cars.

Other works teams expected to enter are Citroen, who will be bringing their new Citroen BX Evo which [illegible] Peugeot 205 Turbo 16 [illegible] Opel/Vauxhall Manta [illegible] Nissan [illegible] Datsun [illegible] new [illegible]

The first works team to [illegible] their entry was Toyota, who are aiming for a hat trick in this year's Safari. The Toyota team will consist of former Safari winner Bjorn Waldegaard with Fred Gallagher, Erwin Weber and Gunter Wanger and newcomer Lars Torph with Bo Thorszelius. Having won the Safari outright for the last two years, Toyota are determined to make it three-in-a-row. With another star driver in New Zealand's Possum Bourne making his Safari debut it all adds up to a classic contest of man and machine.

N. Bhushan

SAFARI Rally [illegible] Shekhar Mehta had to run for his life recently when the Peugeot 205 he was testing in the Kenyan countryside exploded in a ball of flame.

"The engine suddenly died," Mehta said, "and as the car came to a halt, flames started to billow from the engine compartment at the back." At first the Peugeot mechanic from Paris, who was also in the car, scrambled out and had put a hundred feet between the car and himself when the fuel tank exploded, enveloping the whole car in a ball of fire. Within minutes the entire vehicle was destroyed with both occupants coming away unscathed. There was a tongue of flame, a large pool of fuel and a sand little rivers of molten aluminium [illegible] across the sand. The plastic bodywork of the car was a ball of black smoke.

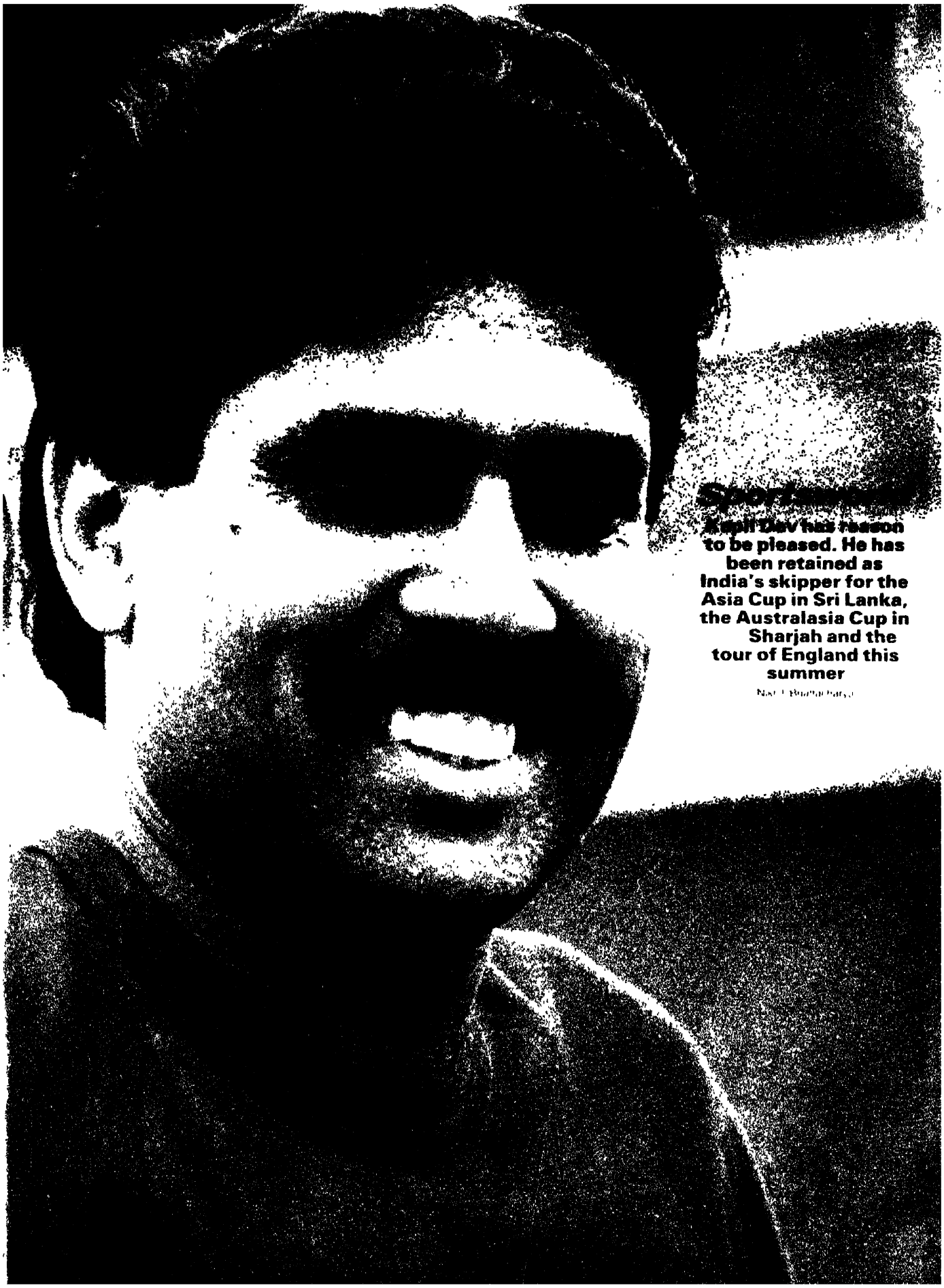
The [illegible] of the fire is still a mystery but it has ended the [illegible] plans for the 1986 Safari Rally. Mehta was [illegible] with [illegible] a couple of weeks and Peugeot [illegible] decided whether or not to enter [illegible] finishing. The [illegible] Vanguard, who was [illegible] was told that no one had [illegible]

It was under [illegible] Peugeot have made the car available and the [illegible] committed to the Swedish Rally later this month.

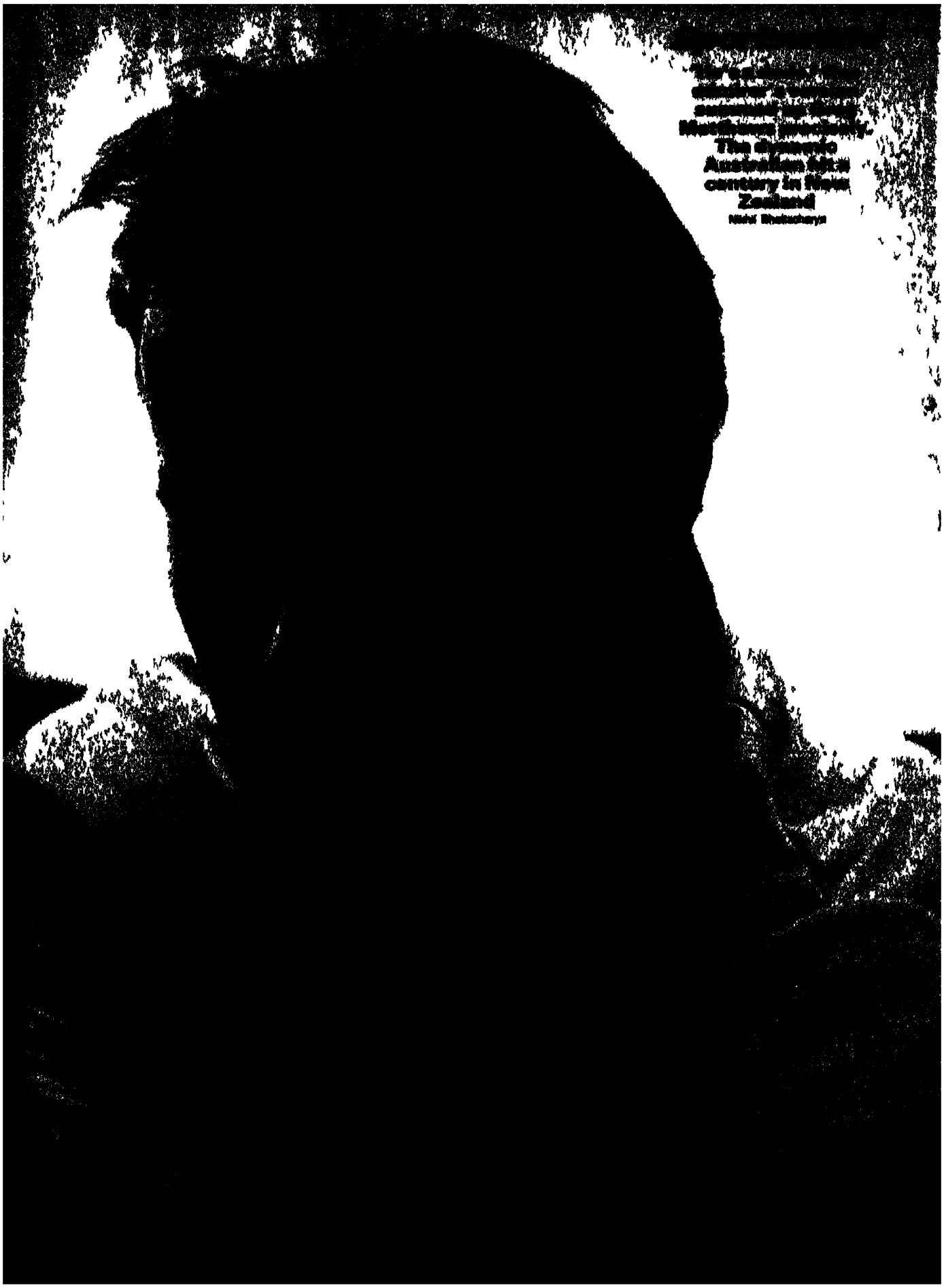
Due to the second [illegible] Mehta was convinced, "very disappointed" [illegible] prospect of driving the world championship car in Safari was [illegible] appearing and he [illegible] the car which I had before the [illegible] very impressed" said Shekhar Mehta.

Shekhar Mehta—out of the fray





Kapil Dev has reason to be pleased. He has been retained as India's skipper for the Asia Cup in Sri Lanka, the Australasia Cup in Sharjah and the tour of England this summer



On managers and managers

Southampton captain **David Armstrong** compares managers Lawrie McMenemy and Chris Nicholl

LIFE at Southampton was never going to be quite the same once Lawrie McMenemy announced his retirement last summer.

Big Lawrie, the high-profile manager, built Southampton into the club it is today virtually single-handed.

Under McMenemy, Southampton won the FA Cup, finished in their highest League position (runners-up in 1984) and played in Europe. He was an institution on the South Coast.

Whoever followed in his footsteps was bound to have an awesome task. And the man presented with the challenge last summer was Chris Nicholl.

Chris has attempted to maintain the feeling of continuity created by Lawrie. For instance, Southampton still adopt a sweeper system and the playing staff remains largely unchanged.

There is one fundamental difference, however, in the way Messrs. McMenemy and Nicholl operate.

Whereas Lawrie restricted his involvement at the training ground to the Thursday and Friday before a match, allowing Lew Chatterley and John Mortimore to take charge for the rest of the week, Chris is always around.

Indeed, it could be argued that we actually see too much of Chris. I think that sometimes a different face taking charge of training—and, consequently, new ideas—keeps the players refreshed.

Chris certainly makes plenty of noise at training—he is never afraid to shout encouragement or criticism. And, of course, Lawrie was much the same.

He appears to be less vociferous in his dealings with the media, for example. But Chris appreciates that he is still very much a beginner in the world of soccer management. He is finding his feet and does not want to say anything he might regret.

Lawrie, with his frequent TV appearances and a man rarely short of words, was the complete opposite.

Chris, being a defender in his playing days, tends to concentrate on that department first—although that might be hard to believe judging by our away record this season. But he by no means neglects the attacking aspect of the game. We practice crossing and shooting every day.

When Lawrie was at The Dell, there was never any doubt who was in charge. It was his persuasive tongue that helped lure players such as Kevin Keegan, Alan Ball and Peter Shilton to the club.

He is a big, imposing man and could make players feel ten feet tall with his praise. But he also knew how to bring them back to earth again.



Armstrong: respects both McMenemy and Nicholl

Not only did Chris have to follow a legend, he was also faced with another problem. Many of the players under his control were team-mates as recently as 1983, when he was playing for Southampton.

Switching from colleague to boss is never easy. It can breed resentment. But this has not happened. Chris has earned our respect.

Even though I am Southampton's captain and one of the most experienced players at the club, I still usually call him 'gaffer' or 'boss'. Sometimes, in private, it is 'Chris'—but never when the younger players are within earshot.

Chris can tell us off if necessary...he's certainly big enough! It is a big responsibility to land a job like Southampton as your first managerial post, but Chris is shaping up well.

And I'm sure Lawrie will do a superb job for Sunderland. I have supported the club ever since I was a boy, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see them back in the First Division.

This season, Lawrie has been building the foundations of a concerted assault on promotion next season. And he is employing the same principles that were so successful at Southampton.

At Roker Park, he is again surrounding himself with several experienced players. At The Dell it was Keegan, Ball and Shilton and now at Sunderland it is Eric Gates, George Burley and Alan Kennedy.

Services the strongest

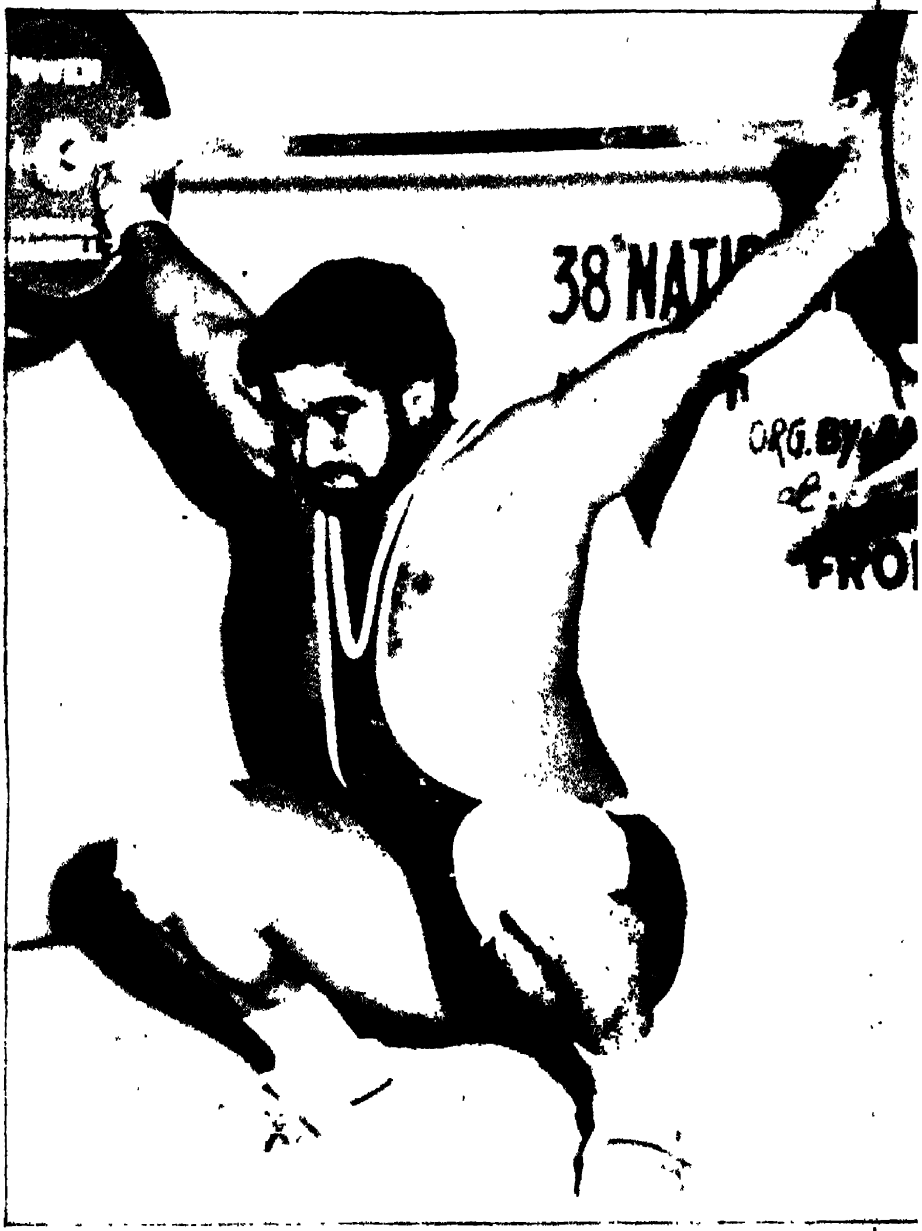
MEHER CHAND, a burly Havildar Major representing the Services, was declared the Best Lifter at the National Weightlifting championships held at Jaipur. Chand, who holds the national record in the 90 as well as 100 Kg category, has improved still further. In the 90 Kg middle-heavy weight class he put up a splendid performance to win the gold medal. In his record breaking performance he improved on his record by fifteen kilos. He snatched 150 kilos and jerked 187.5 for a total of 337.5 kilos. Pritam Singh, the winner of the silver medal, was far behind Chand having lifted a total of 287.5. Though Chand's performance was praiseworthy, it does not speak well for Indian weight lifting that there is no one anywhere near the class of Meher Chand, who himself is thirty-one years old.

The competition in the 75 Kg category was closer and far more exciting, with N.G. Nayudu winning the close contest. Nayudu and Harnek Singh, both from the Railways, had lifted the same weight at the end of the competition. They had both equalled Harnek's record of 292.5 Kgs, but Nayudu was declared the winner on account of his lower body weight.

There were a handful of youngsters—Veeramuthu of Tamil Nadu, Nelson Paulraj and Devan—who caught the eye. However Muthuswamy of the Services, who had performed unbelievably well during the last twelve months, was unfortunately disappointing at this nationals. He was pipped in the 52 Kg category by the national junior champion Veeramuthu. Muthuswamy, who holds the national record, as well as the Commonwealth record, had the consolation of winning the Best Lifter of the Year Award for 1985-86. Though he is training hard for the Commonwealth Games to be held at Edinburgh later this year, he is at present well below his best. He could improve by at least twelve and a half kilos.

Jagmohan Sapra, the four-time national champion in the 87.5 kg category, failed to match the power of S. Nelson Paulraj. Sapra failed to claim any medal in the overall competition. Paulraj snatched 115 and jerked 137.5 kgs for the gold. The silver and bronze went to Kulwant Singh and Paramjit Singh respectively. D. Akhilan made international Mahendran bite the dust in the 56 kg category and also stripped P.C. Sharma of Punjab of his title. Akhilan snatched 107.5 and jerked 132.5 for a total of 240 Kgs. Sharma was placed second and M. Kumaran of Tamil Nadu claimed the bronze. Favourite Mahendran only succeeded in taking the bronze in the snatch.

Devan, who holds the record in the 56 kg category, participated in the 60 kg class. He outstripped Olympian and National record holder Tamil Selvan by lifting a total of 250 Kgs against Selvan's 242.5. Selvan however won the Inter-State gold medal. The team title was won by the Railways' lifters. Services lost the title they had almost made their own. The had to be contented with the silver medal.



The Best Lifter of the Meet—Meher Chand of the Services

PRESS CLIPPINGS

The last hurdle

ACE Indian women's hurdler M D Valsamma told *the Hindu* that she may retire after the Seoul Asiad, "If selected the Seoul Asian Games will be my last international meet I think I have played my part well and I think the time has come for me to retire from the track, "she said,

Valsamma felt that the pressure on an athlete is too much and that she would like to stop competing "However," she added, " I would like to maintain links with this great sport "



Valsamma: final encore?

Pride's fall

LARRY HOLMES, the former World Heavyweight Boxing champion and Muhammad Ali had more than boxing in common They never knew what humility was But losing can bring you down to earth Holmes recently showed signs that the only defeat of his career—against Michael Spinks last September—has affected him

At his first conference since his defeat Holmes said 'I want to thank Michael Spinks for giving me the opportunity to redeem myself

The conference was held to publicise a heavyweight world series designed to establish one champion between the three world boxing organisations

Earlier Holmes told reporters that he was seeking a rematch with Spinks, who made a stop to his bid to tie Rocky Marciano s record of 49 straight victories because of pride rather than money

Star Wars

TEN of the top hockey players in Pakistan have threatened to boycott the training camp for the coming Champions Trophy and the World Cup if their demands for more money and facilities were not met

The decision was announced at a hurriedly called press conference in Lahore. The ten players are Hassan Sardar, Momuddin, Shahid Ali Khan, Qasim , Nasir Ali, Ayad Ahmed, Rashidul Hasan, Naeem Akhtar, Saleem Sherwani and Ishtiaq Ahmed

They said that it was deplorable that hockey stars were not given anything out of the proceeds from the matches played recently at Dubai and Kuwait whereas their Indian counterparts were "handsomely" rewarded

They demand that the daily allowance of players be enhanced from rupees 200 to rupees 500 and from 10 dollars to 50 dollars abroad, with immediate effect

The ten players said that the hockey federation had on several occasions assured them that they would be allotted residential quarters but nothing had been done so far Another promise about cash prizes in appreciation of their 1982 World Cup victory also remained unfulfilled they claimed

Rematch

A REMA TCH between new world chess champion, Gary Kasparov and his beaten rival fellow Russian Anatoly Karpov will be held in London and Leningrad from July 28 according to the International Chess Federation (FIDE)

The first twelve games will be in Britain and the remaining twelve in the Soviet Union With ten weeks play and a week for the switch in venue the match should last until October 11 at the latest

The decision to hold the competition in two centres was made despite FIDE's wish to have the whole match in London

The FIDE President, Mr Florencio Campomanes dismissed reports that his organisation had been engaged in a power struggle with the Soviet federation

Sharp shooter

TENNIS star Martina Navratilova, who had a handgun confisacated from her luggage at San Francisco International Airport said she had been advised to carry the gun because of a series of murders and rape in her Texas neighbourhood

The Czech-born world number one ladies player, who lived in Fort Worth, Texas, said that she didn't mean to take the gun on the airplance She said that the incident was an unfortunate mistake which she would like to forget.



Navratilova: gun-toting

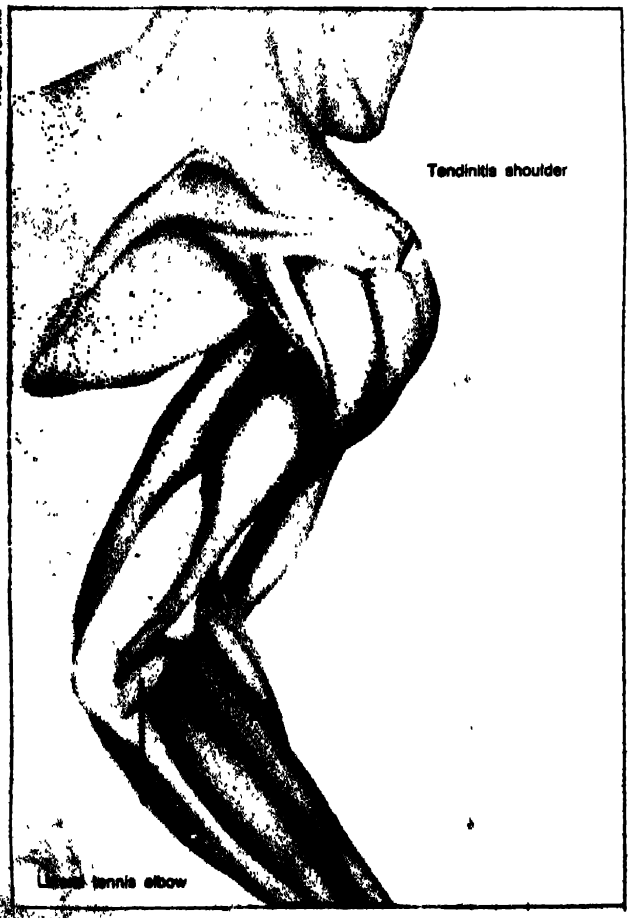
Keeping fit for tennis

IN keeping with this week's cover story, this week's instalment of fitness is also devoted to tennis. Played almost all over the world, this game has started attracting even people in their forties and fifties to pick up a racquet and start stroking the yellow ball across the net. And it is no exception to the injury list. Tennis also has its share of injuries, some very special to the game. The injuries that we are going to deal with are possibly the ten most common injuries faced by a tennis player.

The first one on the list is 'lateral tennis elbow'. Also called the 'hacker's elbow', it is most common in players between the ages of 35 and 50. If you are in this age-group and play tennis two to four times a week, and you find yourself getting pain over the top of the elbow, you could be in with lateral tennis elbow. It usually develops after heavy play with a very flexible or stiff racquet and the pain is most acute when hitting a backhand stroke.

While it is an injury that sets in gradually, it can be set right by merely resting the elbow and regular application of ice. If the pain is really acute, then only is there any need for any sort of medication. But in most cases, rest is enough. After the pain subsides, do some exercises to build up strength and endurance.

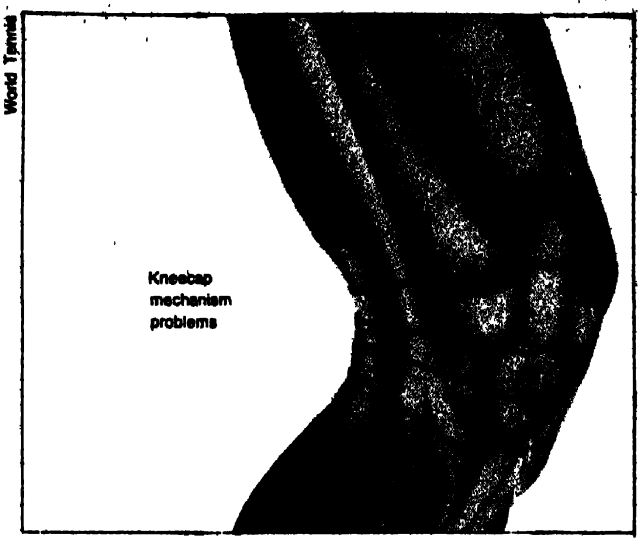
World Tennis



Tendinitis shoulder

Lateral tennis elbow

World Tennis



Kneecap mechanism problems

You could even wear a lateral elbow counterforce while playing. For the same reason, it might be to your advantage to change your racquet or even the way you play your groundstrokes.

The second on the list is tendinitis shoulder'. Often misinterpreted as biceps tedinitis, it is most common in recreational players in their forties. This is much more common in male players as they tend to put in much more shoulder than their female counterparts and even world class players have had their share of this injury. Coming from excessive strain on the shoulder, it could result from excessive serving or overhead play and even from playing with wet balls on a rain-soaked surface.

But the net effect is pain in the front of the shoulder which is felt most when serving and playing any overhead stroke. This injury too can be cured by changing your racquet to a light-head variety and checking up on your service technique.

A very important part of your body is the knee. And in tennis, the kneecap area is prone to three afflictions. 'Kneecap arthiritis', 'patellar tendinitis' and 'thigh tendinitis' can be enough of a handful for anyone and can result in pain in the thigh tendon just above the kneecap, pain in the kneecap or pain in the tendon region just below the kneecap.

Any form of sport which involves a lot of running, especially the start-stop-turn variety that tennis calls for, requires you to do plenty of strength, endurance and flexibility exercises for the thigh, knee, leg and ankle. This gives your leg muscles the ability to take all the strain but when you do over-strain it, it is best that you counter it by wearing a knee counterforce brace to control the awkward movement of your kneecap. If the problem lies in your foot, like flat feet, you could use a foot counterforce brace to remedy the pain.

Another thing that you could check out is your footwear. It should fit absolutely correctly and a soft outer sole will absorb the shock that would otherwise have carried to your foot.

(To be continued)

Pleased To Meet You!

BAHAMAS The Editor of the *Observer*, London went out early one morning while on holiday here, for a round of golf, and teamed up with two Americans As they played, one of them asked him what he did for a living "I'm a journalist," said he, modestly "Well", drawled the American, "I reckon we're in the same profession I'm a crap dealer!"

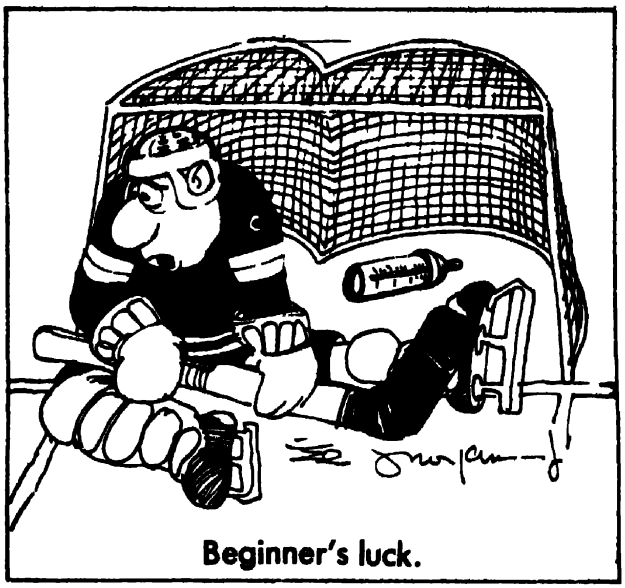
Punch With Ice

BROACH Randhirbhai Naik, the local strong-man who packs a powerful punch is all set for a world record of breaking 11 ice slabs with one punch Earlier he has broken 8, each 4½ feet long and 9 inches thick, and smashed two with his forehead He has the punch, all he lacks is a sponsor

Money Doesn't Make His Mare Go

NEW YORK· Pasquale Consalvo, a 59-year-old bricklayer and his wife Angelina were celebrating their 37th wedding anniversary at home watching TV when the results of the New York state lottery were announced and he realised he'd won $ 30 million, making him the largest single winner in its history "But," said Consalvo, "the money is too much, and in any case if it makes me unhappy, I shall return it " How did he choose the winning numbers? Well, he had no sudden inspiration He simply decided to change one of the six winning numbers to match his son's football jersey—43!

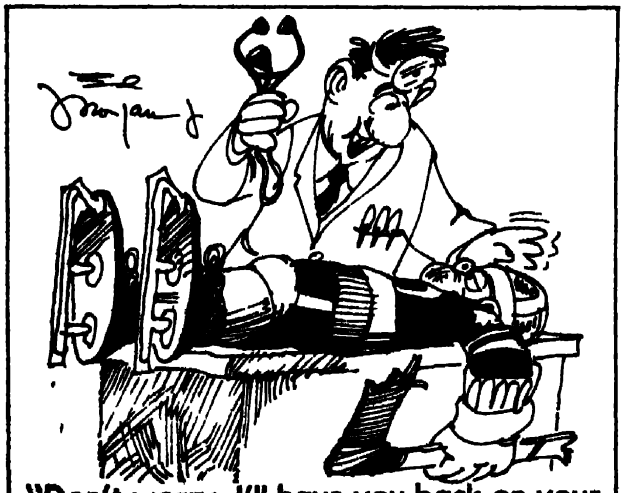
Bernie Tellis



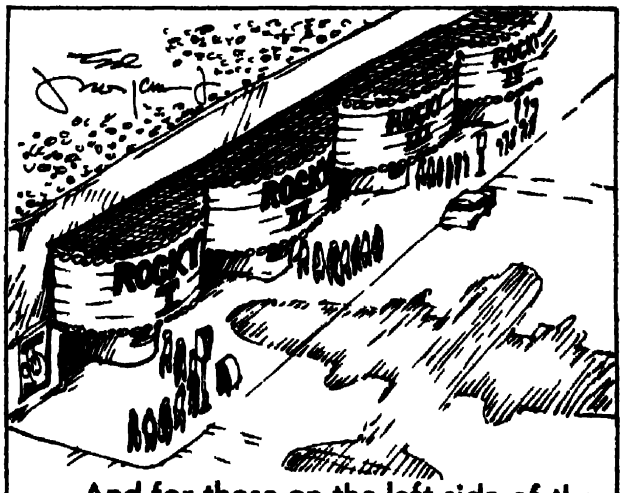
Beginner's luck.



Bonski's folding under the pressure again!



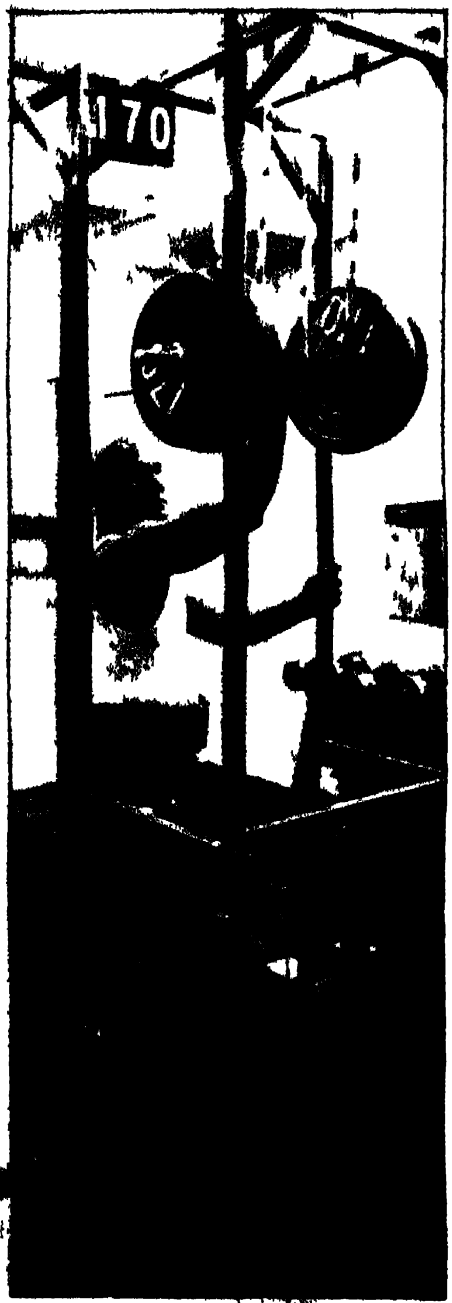
"Don't worry, I'll have you back on your feet, your head, your face and your knees in no time!"



. . And for those on the left side of the plane, there's a spectacular view of the Rockys."

'This is incredible'

With one hand fifty-four year old Sri Chinmoy lifts more than his body weight

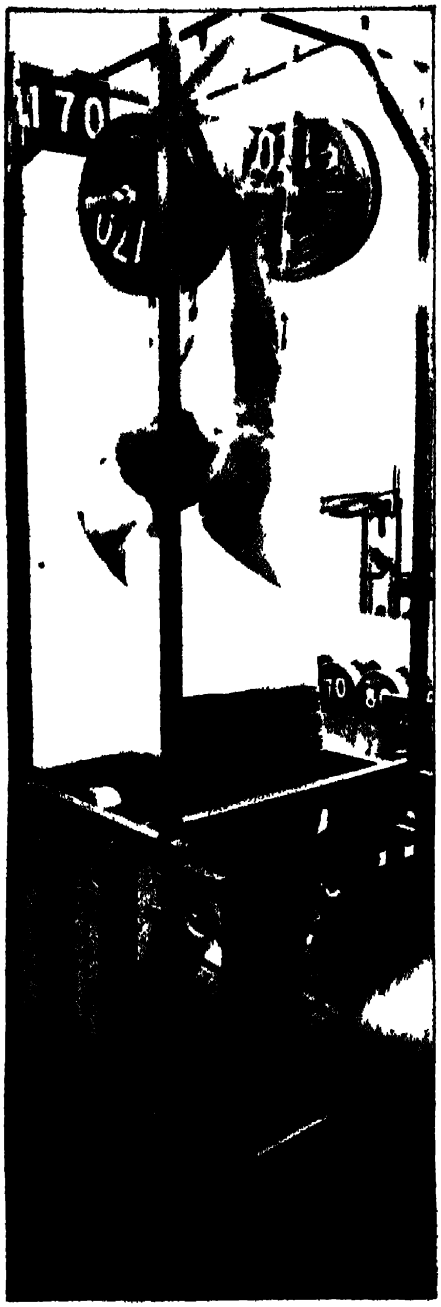


Sri Chinmoy, who directs meditations at the United Nations, recently lifted 170 pounds with his right arm—15 pounds more than his own body weight. The 5'8" 54-year old, born in Chittagong in 1931, is also a noted spiritual author, artist and composer. He began weight training seven months ago when a knee injury curtailed his long distance running. He began training with 40 pound weights.

"If he can lift that much weight, then he can inspire me to break that long-jump record!" said Olympic superstar Carl Lewis. Lee Haney, Mr Olympia in 1984 and 1985 commented, "This is incredible. Because of his age, the world would see this as impossible. He is an inspiration to me."

Sri Chinmoy was an accomplished sprinter in his youth who turned to long distance running with enthusiasm in 1978. He sees sport as an integral part of the spiritual life and self-improvement to be a vital commitment. 'Our goal is always to go beyond, beyond, beyond," he says. "There are no limits to our capacity. Transcendence always reaches an ever-new beginning and an ever-new dawn."

The Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team offers running races, tennis tournaments and other sports events.



Sri Chinmoy in all concentration

He does it fairly easily

Sport Aid

Geldof again

HUNDREDS of thousands of people are expected to take part in a global marathon race in May this year It will be run in 55 different cities at the end of the week of fund raising called Sport Aid

The race which is being organised jointly by Band Aid and the United Nations seems likely to raise amounts similar to those collected after last summer s Live Aid concert when 100 million dollars were contributed towards famine relief and developmental work in Africa

Sport Aid was launched at the beginning of this month by a team which included Bob Geldof Seb Coe Bryan Robson and Bobby Charlton

Geldof called for schools clubs offices and local authorities all over the world to organise parallel unofficial races The week s sporting fixtures are expected to include appearances from most of the world s leading sportsmen

Sport Aid will be inaugurated by an Ethiopian runner who will light a torch from the fire of an Ethiopian refugee camp and then run with it through 12 Europe in capitals and arrive in New York on May 25 the eve of the UN General Assembly s first special session on Africa

Before the UN headquarters he will light the fire which televised all over the world will be the signal for the race to begin in each place irrespective of the time of day or night

In each city the course will be 10 kilometres long to symbolise the 10 years of effort needed to halve the child mortality rate in Africa

One Champion

Boxing unification

IF you were asked as to who the World Heavyweight Boxing Champion was today you will not be able to answer Your answer would probably be of which organisation the World Boxing Council the World Boxing Association or the International Boxing Federation

But there are consultations going on to have a unified champion A seven bout heavyweight World Series co promoted by Don King and Butch Lewis will by the summer of 1987 reduce the three champions to a single title holder

The series will begin with two fights in Las Vegas On March 22 This year Pinklon Thomas will defend his WBC crown against Trevor Berbick and on April 19 Michael Spinks will make his first defence of his IBF title against former champion Larry Holmes

WBA champion Tim Whitterspoon will get into things by facing Frank Bruno in May or June and the Holmes Spinks IBF winner will go against another opponent in September At the end of the year the Thomas Berbick winner will defend the WBC crown against yet another challenger

Then in March or April 1987 there will be a WBA WBC unification bout with the winner to fight the IBF titlest in May or June to produce a single division champion

When the extraordinary series ends it will be the first time the division has been ruled by one man since February 1978 when Leon Spinks won the crown from Mohammad Ali

Seb Coe (left) with Bob Geldof at the launch of Sport Aid



Cool Jog

Around the wall

EVERYONE seems to be running A 45 year old British long distance runner now a director of a Hong Kong health club is to attempt the first marathon along China s 5 000 kilometer Great Wall

David Griffiths a former Commonwealth Games competitor says he plans to make a movie write a book—and create history

He makes it sound quite exciting Other runners he says Go around the local park or round the block Just imagine when every step you take you know you ll never see that part of the world again

Griffiths who has already run from Beijing to Hong Kong will be forced to take a wide detour in the central section from the walled city of Dingbian in Shaanxi Province because foreigners are banned from the region bordering Inner Mongolia

Sporting celebrities including Ian Botham (who will be running for charity) will join Griffiths for the final leg near Beijing

5 March England pull off an against-all-odds win against the West Indies in the second one-day international at Port of Spain. Shortened due to intermittent rain, the match finds West Indies scoring 229 in their 37 overs but a superb unbeaten 129 by Graham Gooch leads his team to a five-wicket win.

The indoor record for the 50m hurdles is brought down by 0.10 of a second as Mark McKoy clocks 6.25 seconds while winning his heat at an international track and field meet at Kobe.

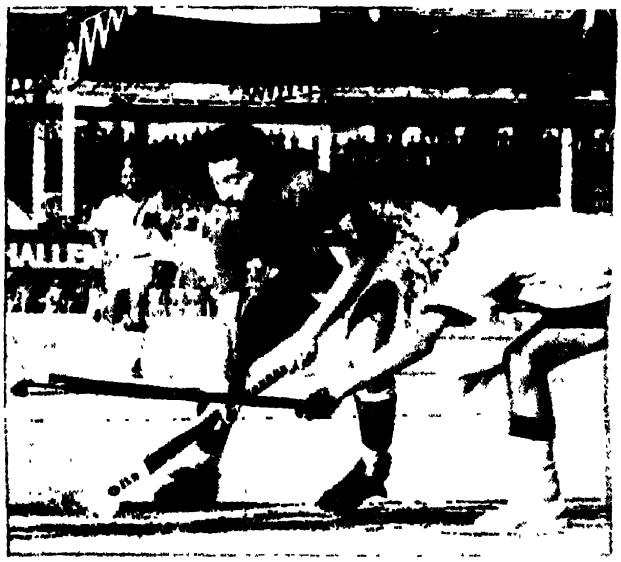
Martina Navratilova, in the wake of her being hauled up at San Francisco airport for carrying a handgun in her bag, admits that she had been advised to carry a pistol after the recent spate of murders and rape in her Texas neighbourhood.

6 March The draw for the India-Czechoslovakia Davis Cup tie is held at the Calcutta South Club with Ramesh Krishnan being drawn to take on Tomas Smid in the first singles and Vijay Amritraj to take on Miloslav Mecir in the second singles.

The tragic death of a 36-year-old-woman and her nine-year-old son following Joaquim Santos' loss of control of his car and skidding leads to the opening section of the Portuguese Motor Rally being cancelled. The rally will drop the first 153 kms and carry on from the second section.

7 March Ramesh Krishnan plays inspired tennis to beat Tomas Smid 6-4, 6-2, 7-5 and give India the lead in the Davis Cup tie against Czechoslovakia at Calcutta. The Czechs, however, level the issue as Miloslav Mecir staves off a late effort by Vijay Amritraj to win 6-0, 7-5, 6-4.

Ten leading Pakistani hockey stars including skipper Hasan Sardar and Qasim Zia, threaten to boycott the training camp for the coming Champions' Trophy and World Cup tournaments if their demands for more money and better facilities are not met.



D.P Sinha

Hasan Sardar (in dark shirt) and his trusted full-back Qasim Zia are leading the Pakistani threat

8 March Czechoslovakia take a 2-1 lead over India in their Davis Cup tie as their doubles combination of Tomas Smid and Pavel Slozil beat the Amritraj brothers, Vijay and Anand, 6-2, 9-11, 6-4, 6-4.

Australia, with a total score of 441, annex the Queen Sirikit Cup ladies' golf tournament at New Delhi. In second spot are Japan, followed by Hong Kong and India.

The West Indian pace battery run through the English batting once again as they are skittled out for 176 in the first innings of the second Test at Port-of-Spain. At draw of stumps on the first day, West Indies reply with 67 for one.

9 March Tomas Smid wraps up the Davis Cup tie for Czechoslovakia as he beats Vijay Amritraj 3-6, 6-3, 6-1, 6-2 in the first of the reverse singles. In the other match, Mecir has it easy against Krishnan.

The West Indians pile up the runs on the second day of the second Test match against England at Port-of-Spain to end the day at 347 for eight, spearheaded by Richie Richardson's 102.

10 March England, 223 runs behind on the first innings, score 168 for three at draw of stumps on the third day of the second Test against West Indies at Port-of-Spain. At close of play, Peter Willey and Allan Lamb are at the crease.

Ric Sayre of the United States wins the first Los Angeles Marathon beating Gidamis Shahahga of Tanzania into second place. Sayre clocks his personal best of 2:12.59 in this inaugural event.

11 March Pakistan clinch the one-day international series against Sri Lanka as they beat the Lankans by eight wickets in the fourth and final match at Colombo. Chasing the Lankan total of 160, Pakistan, in a rain-shortened match, ease home with plenty to spare.

Marvin Hagler retains his world middleweight boxing title as he knocks out John 'The Beast' Mugabi in the 11th round of their title bout at Las Vegas.

Ivan Lendl displays his diversity as he plays an impressive game of ice hockey in the match between a team of former national hockey league stars and a local police side. Playing for the all-star team, Lendl impresses everyone with his talent for other sports apart from tennis.



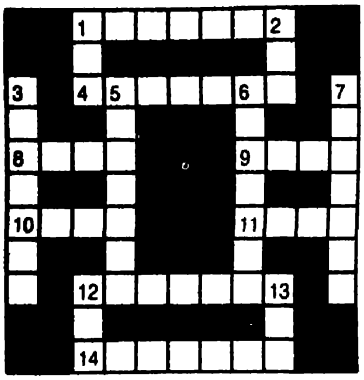
Associated Press

Ivan Lendl—Mr. Versatility

CROSSWORD

Mudar

328



ACROSS

1 Indian hockey player cannot be found in the end (1 6)
4 Cosmetic manufacturers may be mistaken for a former England captain (7)
8 Former Indian captain ends in the singular (4)
9 Kenyan long-distance runner ends in the negative (4)
10 This Shastri is not a Prime Minister of India (4)
11 Excluding the suffix ing this game is akin to bowls played on ice by teams of four players each (4)
12 The Billy Bunter of South Africa cricket indicates that he is a debtor (6 1)
14 Greatest American athlete of all time? He comprises an alternative (6 1)

DOWN

1 Might or could for an English batsman after the War (3)
2 The match India might have been playing in Australia if the fixture did not specify that it was under the lights (3)
3 Middlesex and England batsman with the nickname of Patsy (7)
5 Barefooted marathoner (1 6)
6 Denis Compton's celebrated partner (6 1)
7 Lancashire and England opening batsman nickname Foxy (1 6)
12 What a punter lays at the racecourse (3)
13 Boxers Louis and Frazier ascending (3)

Excellent: 16-15, Good: 14, Fair: 13

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

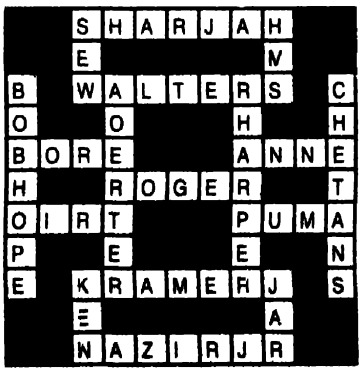
QUESTIONS

1 Why is the Casino in Newport, Rhode Island famous in the history of tennis ?
2 Who is the first athlete to throw the javelin beyond the 100 m mark ?
3 Which internationally famous sportsman is nicknamed Albatross ?
4 Who is the first swimmer in the world to have covered 100 m in less than 49 sec ?
5 What is AIPS ?
6 Who is Lang Ping ?
7 Who are the all-round champions (men s and women s) in world gymnastics now ?
8 What is the popular name of the Korean stick fighting game ?
9 Who is Florencio Campomanes ?
10 Which mark (in round numbers) is the immediate target of top triple jumpers of the world at the moment

ANSWERS

1 It is the birthplace of the U S Nationals (which were subsequently moved to the West Side Tennis Club (Forest Hills)
2 Uwe Hohn (GDR) who threw the javelin 104 m 80 cm on July 20 1984 at Potsdam
3 Michael Gross (FRG)
4 Matt Biondi (USA)
5 International Sports Press Association
6 Famous Chinese woman volleyballer
7 Dmitry Bilozerchev and Natalia Yurchenko both of the USSR
8 Taekwondo
9 President of the FIDE the governing body for international chess
10 18 metres

SOLUTION 327

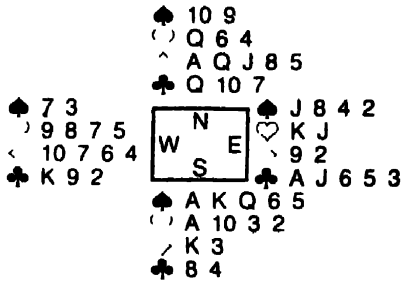


BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Crans Montana has established itself as one of Switzerland's leading winter-sports resorts it also stages arguably the finest bridge tournament of the winter season The dates for 1986 are March 8 to 16 and I strongly recommend a visit Anyone requiring further details is welcome to drop me a line at The *Sunday Times*, 200 Gray's Inn Road, London WCIX 8EZ

This hand from last year's Crans Montana Tournament was played by some in 3NT, losing the first five tricks



This was a better sequence

South	North
1S	2D
2H	2NT
3S	4S
pass	

At most tables West began with a low club won by the jack and East returned a club to the king South ruffed the third round and, if at all knowledgeable, led a low spade from hand East wins with the jack, but this is the end of the defence (It would not of course, be good play for the declarer to play off the top trumps East would ruff the third diamond and South would lose a heart eventually)

At one table East a strong player, won the first club with the jack and returned the 6 West played the same defence as before and the contract was made

"Perhaps the 6 of clubs was misleading suggested East politely "I wanted you to switch to a heart If I had thought that to continue clubs was the best defence I could have played ace and another

"Would a heart from me at trick three have beaten it? West asked "Surely declarer s best chance in the trump suit is to finesse the 10, isn't it?"

'Yes it is, in the sense that x x in the West hand is slightly more probable than J x x But declarer might still play off A K Q, because the hand with four spades might hold four diamonds, allowing South to dispose of his heart losers in time "

Playing Days

This is the third extract from **Tony Lewis'** autobiography In his inimitable style he describes his early days, the depressing tour of Pakistan in 1973, and his last innings—A R. Lewis b Gavaskar 43. The book is published by Stanley Paul and priced at £9 95

Cricket Debut

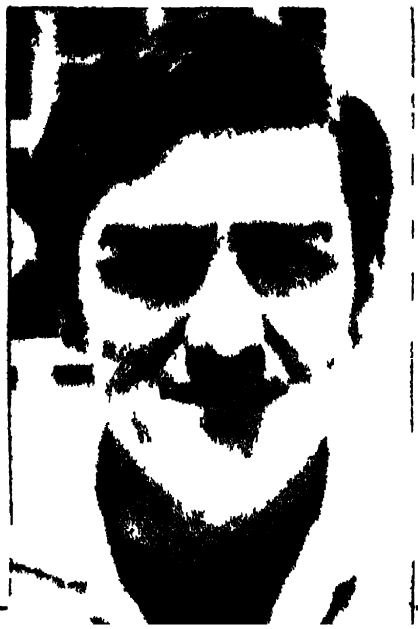
I ONCE took my cricket boots for re spiking to Boss Harris the cobbler in the lane off the bottom of Harlech Street in Neath the town where I was brought up They came back with aluminium rugby studs in them That was South Wales Life's focus from the cradle was a school cap filled with cotton and rags folded over and sewn a rugby ball for the street young lives lost to the fantasy of scoring the winning try for Wales against England at Cardiff Arms Park Dutifully by the age of 19 I had bequeathed my front teeth to a rugby pitch in the Amman Valley with the help of an opponent's toe cap The schoolmaster put a duffle coat over me as I left the field

When you fall boy fall on top of the feet of the forwards not two yards in front of them Only two teeth this time Be the bloody lot next time But I knew that I had paid at least some of the toll for the right of becoming a grown man in South Wales

There was plenty of cricket in summer but it was only a breather between scrummages a four month injury free zone—except for the time I top edged a hook shot into my eye and settled without difficulty on never hooking again in my life You see cricket had something against it rather like tennis which few played It was played better by the English

However stylishly Gilbert Park house was batting for Glamorgan Denis Compton was doing it better in Middlesex But rugby football was different When Bleddyn Williams side stepped an England centre for that sweet moment Wales itself had given history the slip The Anglo Saxons were grouping

There was rugby and there was music When I was young to hear Trevor Anthony's resonant voice on stage at the Gwyn Hall in Neath or a recording of the tenor Walter Glynne or the rich cadences of the Pendyrus Male Voice Choir gave me shivers of Welshness Rugby football and music were the starting points of Welsh identity What do we do better than the English? Play rugby and sing hymns Right then everyone will kick with both feet and have his voice tested Even if you failed at both you could always sidestep your way through life saying that Cliff Morgan knew your father or that your uncle used to play kick the tin in the Cilfynydd quarry with Geraint Evans



At Cardiff Arms Park on international day rugby and music of sorts come famously together It is the day when we insist on telling the world who we are It is unsubtle jingoistic but born of inferiority and absolutely essential

Cricket was played in rugby's shirt down and so it will not surprise you to know that the winter playing headquarters of Glamorgan Cricket Club was secreted in one of the grant Cardiff Arms Park rugby stands the tall black corrugated North Stand Under its front hood were two tiers for sitting rugby spectators for the great stand disdainfully turned its high straight back on the cricketers the other side Cricketers got changed for action in the Cardiff and Wales rugby dressing rooms and could take the field on a fragrant June evening reeking of dubbin and winter green You could never escape rugby football Take a guard at any crease in Wales look around and you saw rugby posts at the other end of the ground

Inside the North Stand the second floor corridor was transformed into a cricket arena by a lot of tugging of net and white tarpaulin and the laying down of 22 yard strips of ship's lino On Tuesday evenings in the winter from the age of 13 to 18 I used to miss a double period of Spanish at Neath Grammar School and take an hour's trip to Cardiff to join the most

promising young players in Wales. There was no heating and no hot water: it was a four-sweater event in deep December. Frost seeped through the old walls, a tempest hurtled along the corridor. Once I even saw snow lying on the lino. But I was proud to be there.

The coach was George Lavis: immaculate diction, properly dressed, a cricketing evangelist. For him, nothing was serious enough to stop play. One dark winter's afternoon I plodded from Cardiff Station in the snow, along Westgate Street and in through the Gwyn Nicholls Gates. There was no light on at the top of the North Stand steps. There always was. This time practice must be off. With the West Wales contingent I made my way through the innards of the big, black monster grandstand, eventually coming to a light and George Lavis's voice. 'Come.' We pulled back a tarpaulin sheet and saw the coach stoking away at a couple of charcoal braziers. On went the lights. Our breath turned to freezing fog just inches from our mouths. But we played

'We never closed', at the Glamorgan Indoor School. At least, only at 9.30 p.m., after getting our expenses. We tried to make ninepence clear, so that we could buy a Lyon's fruit pie at the station on the way home.

On 20 August 1955, I walked the familiar path from Cardiff Station to the Arms Park, but it was in the morning. I stopped for a moment outside the General Post Office to put my *Western Mail* into the dustbin. I did not want the players in the dressing room to guess how many times I had opened and re-opened the paper in the train on the way up from Neath. I could remember the headline anyway—'Schoolboy Star to play for Glamorgan'. The practice was over. The sub-heading was even more embarrassing—'Youth Orchestra's Loss is County's Gain'.

True. My bags had been packed, my violin tenderly polished with Hydersol fluid, and I had been ready to go on the Welsh National Youth Orchestra's summer course. It was to be a glamorous year for the orchestra. Tucked away in the ranks of the first violins I was about to perform concerts in Llangefni, Rhyl, the Royal National Eisteddfod in Pwllheli, Port Talbot, Newport and Cardiff, and ultimately at the Edinburgh International Festival. But the cricket fraternity got the whisper about my intended defection. I guess my father squealed. Quickly, little cogs in the Neath cricket club started bigger ones rolling in Cardiff and the letter which landed on my breakfast table, typed on note paper embossed with the yellow daffodil of Glamorgan County Cricket Club, was from the biggest cog of the lot—the man all Wales called The Skipper. A man not to be refused, Wilfred Wooller.

I had seen The Skipper once or twice, but never met him face to face. I could recall him barging into a Glamorgan second XI dressing room, issuing loud advice, and shouting a bit of coaching down a net. Wilfred Wooller was a colossus. He lived in no one's shadow and his 18 Welsh rugby caps were his passport to Welsh immortality. Rugby folk just nodded tolerantly at his cricket—just his summer eccentricity.

'Dear Tony,' he had written. 'I have been delighted to hear of your good form with the bat and would like you to play for Glamorgan in the last two County Championship matches of the season—Leicestershire at Cardiff and Warwickshire at Neath.'

Dear Mr Wooller, Yes, thank you. I next addressed a large envelope to Y Cyd-Bwyllgor Addysyg Cymreig—the Welsh Joint Education Board—sadly put the violin parts in it and said sorry. Out came the Gray-Nicholls bat.

20 August was a Saturday. I was slowly padding along that pavement to Cardiff Arms Park, a week or two after my 17th birthday. I wanted to turn and run home. Do dreams have to become real? Was it not better to be still batting in my bedroom mirror? In bed I tended to score more runs than Gilbert Parkhouse of Glamorgan and England. A ten-house cul-de-sac by night is cosy; Cardiff Arms Park in daylight made me sweat.

Each step was taking me nearer to an entry in the Births and Deaths pages of *Wisden*—Lewis, Mr A.R. (Glamorgan), b. 6 July 1933—I would have settled for that and then have gone straight home

In through the Nicholls Gates, down the ramp, the giant North Stand, side-on, ahead of me. To the left the great rugby ground and echoes of roaring finishes to the great hymn tunes. To the right of the North Stand, through Cardiff Athletic Club's small car park, along a narrow alley around the back, the professional cricketers went to work.

Up the stairs, through the dark skittle alley and bar, along corridors so dark. There was a stench of stale beer. My eyes were firmly fixed to the floor. Each step was taking me nearer to an entry in the Births and Deaths pages of *Wisden*—Lewis, Mr A.R. (Glamorgan), b. 6 July 1933—I would have settled for that and then have gone straight home.

I wished my cricket bag was leather like the ones the pros had, not thin canvas. Mine was long enough to get a whole bat inside, handle and all, but between the three straps bulged the home-knitted, cable stitch sweater. A novice arrives. Carefully guarded from rain were two pairs of white flannels into which my father, that morning, had ironed creases for eternity.

I slipped as unobtrusively as possible into the 'Home' dressing room. Between chair legs, where I was mainly looking, and under benches, I could see torn Cardiff rugby jerseys, the famous Cambridge blue and black hoops, touch flags and two rugby balls, out of shape but heavily dubbined to stretch another year.

I was shocked to discover my Glamorgan idols arguing. Haydn Davies, the wicket-keeper, was shouting at the Skipper. Surely not Haydn, the popular Panda as we spectators knew him! He used to pad to the wicket wide shoulders hunched forwards and then, at the crease, take huge swipes like a bear swiping flies with an angry paw. Six or out. Allan Watkins was supporting Haydn Davies in the argument. He was wearing an MCC touring sweater, the one with the yellow, red and navy trim. Watkins sounded to be winning at least on volume of words. And then, elegantly arguing from another corner, also against the Skipper, was Gilbert Parkhouse, but no one seemed to be hearing him. How dare they? In every match I had played on Bracken Road (and I had appeared in over a thousand tests), I had been Parkhouse. I lie. I was Denis Compton twice and Len Hutton once, but as soon as I had found out their weaknesses I went

back to Parkhouse who played so very much better than they did on Welsh roads You see Compton and Hutton were no good against the tennis ball which had been dunked in a pool of water, the one which throws spray in the eyes of the batsman as it gets close to him and then skids swiftly off the hard surface They were beaten by sheer pace off the pitch Not Parkhouse

The batting ended with a blast from the skipper in my direction 'Hell I say Welcome to the mad house A bunch of cloth ears here Hey you're in good form Well played the boys will show you around'

The seniors carried on shouting the juniors I followed down to the dining room for tea and biscuits All food was served in a dark area at ground level tucked away in one of the brick recesses of the stand Dining room would have been a flattering description Next to it the ground staff kept their machines stored the fertilizers and dressings returfing spades forks scarifiers and barrows What an unforgettable smell When I took my tea two ladies immortal in Glamorgan cricket catering history Elsie and Theresa had already started the process of softening up large potatoes in metal boilers next to the big mowing machines By lunchtime the dining room would be full of steam and the potatoes still no softer Later in my career I saw professional cricketers come in from the field looking ruddy and weather beaten and leave blanched by the mixed fumes of overboiled potatoes and two stroke engine fuel

Little Joy in Pakistan

Playing for England in Pakistan in 1973 unexpectedly was not the fun it had been with the Commonwealth side five years earlier Pakistan had just lost a war against India Relationships with Britain were strained On the day before we arrived a young Pakistani brandishing a toy gun had been shot by the police in London At Karachi airport there were no garlands no handshakes the photographers were gone I soon discovered that the whole country lacked enthusiasm The British in Peshawar where we first played were depressed Their community had reduced considerably

However one of them took me to the wedding of their household bearer It was shocking A bullock was



I wanted to turn and run home Was it not better to be still batting in my bedroom mirror?

fettered to a post in the garden Its throat was cut it bled to death and then it was carved and cooked in huge cauldrons It was raining which rather dampened the noise of jubilation the continuous music the pistol shots and the explosion of small dynamite parcels The women were separated from the men I was taken on a visit to find them huddled in a wide alcove packed together covering their faces when they saw me with the hoisted bodies of the baby girls which they tended On the next day I went to holy communion at the Old Garrison Church of St Johns with John Woodcock Bernard Thomas and a Mr Roberts whom I recall as a retired British surgeon who was in Peshawar so that he could follow a yearning to do some missionary work There were only two others there to hear the service taken by a Pakistani vicar The large church could scarcely be maintained any longer though seeing it next to the former British Army lines and the Peshawar Club and observing the grooves in the pews where rifles used to be rested it was easy to reel back the imagination to the imperial days What am I doing here? Cricket again

The England team was tired after an exhausting series in India and a fortnight in Ceylon After training at the Lahore Gymkhana one day Jack Birkenshaw addressed the Pakistan press with a dazzling one liner 'After four months of this I'm as fit as a fiddler's bitch but I can't bowl an 'oop down hill' Their mouths dropped open, their pens were poised but they wrote nothing

It was a moment of Glamorgan history when I went out to toss in the first Test with my country friend Majid Khan Majid had been selected captain of Pakistan for the first time It was Jon the *Daily Mail* cartoonist who was quick to spot this—not surprising for a Caerphilly boy—and came up with imagined conversation as we tossed 'Maj Has Wilf Wooller sent you his instructions yet?' On the rest day of the Test I went to Majid's home for lunch The house was large and handsome with pillared porch stout and spacious for drivers to drop their passengers out of sunshine or rain

Quite a few of Majid's relatives live in houses within a couple of acres In front of the house was a neat lawn where family cricket was played The wickets were always pitched in front of a thin tree so that the trees to either side of it each about six yards apart could be the slips Two snicks hitting trees meant another Khan back in the pavilion Human fielders usually lined up to right and left off and on so the run getting area was straight either side of the bowler It was chancy to hit the ball in the air because there were lots of catchers and it was out over the wall or over the hedge in front of the house

Majid's father the hero of the Cambridge University groundsman Cyril Coote talked about the old times deliberate but alert in speech a tall man hollow cheeked and with piercing eyes I particularly enjoyed the stories of the classical music master who taught cricket at the famous Aitchison College where Majid and cousin Imran were taught in Lahore The perpetual cry of Mr Aftab was 'Point your left elbow to the direction of the line of the ball' boy

There were photographs on the wall of Jehangir Khan in the first Indian side at Lord's in 1932 Also a replica of the Lord's museum piece of the spar row he accidentally killed while bowling at Lord's on 3 July 1936 It was fascinating to learn how Jehangir had

stayed in England after the '32 Test. In 1933 he went to an athletics meeting with a friend who was a 220 and 440 runner. Jehangir saw the javelin for the first time and asked if he could join in and have a throw. Not only did he win it, he broke the Indian record with his first throw. He won the shot too. Later that year he represented India in the Empire Games at the javelin.

All three of our Test matches were drawn, but I was happy with the way England played, especially as our worst fears about the mood of the country were correct. In Rawalpindi after we had beaten a strong Pakistan President's team on the Pindi Club ground, over a thousand youths rioted. They smashed the windshields of 17 buses and rammed a double decker into a wall. They manhandled drivers and conductors and pelted stones, injuring six people including a girl who was hit on the head. Police eventually stopped them while they were trying to set fire to the bus station petrol pump.

The best time of the day for England cricketers in Pakistan is early evening. The din of 30,000 screaming spectators is gone, where you had been on display all day, you are now in isolation. doors are closed and no one can touch you, pull a shirt sleeve, pat your back, leer or cheer. The Pakistan evenings are peaceful. It is a country of half light just after business hours. Streets are meagrely lit and the dark shadows you see are the ox cart late home or the overloaded donkey. For England cricketers it is a time to shower after a day in the dust-bowl stadium; time to sip a long whisky soda and think of home, perhaps sit in the open air in the rest house garden or on the hotel balcony and feel unashamed pride that you represent your country. As the muezzin wailed from the mosque, calling the faithful to prayer, as the rest house cook knelt on his mat in the darkest corner of the garden and the air was filled with the aroma of hibiscus and smouldering candlewood, I was drawn to see my role as MCC captain in heroic terms. Then it would pass, but my spirits would be renewed by the sense of mission. I would then go along to the team room for a drink with other's or smarten up for some official function.

There is a day in my diary of 1973 which I entitled 'Pakistan—the longest day'. I have no reason to demote it.



University openers, still together at Scarborough Festival. 'ARL' with Roger Prideaux

even 13 years later—18 March. MCC were playing the first ever Test match in Hyderabad, which is in the middle of the Sind Desert. It was mid-March and ridiculously hot. The Hotel Sanjees made Fawlty Towers seem like the Dorchester. I had no water in my room, not a globule. Toast was not available at breakfast because the charcoal had gone out, and we waited almost an hour for any morsel of food to be hoisted from the kitchen which was on the floor below. Eventually a waiter scuttled our way to inform me, 'Sahib I have to apologize for absence of head-waiter. It is our regret he has been stabbed by chef with knife.'

Good start to the day: not a particularly good start for the chef either. Alas he was dead by lunchtime. At the ground it was ragingly hot, even at ten o'clock in the morning. The dressing room was smaller than any at home. It smelled sickeningly of new paint and when the food was laid out in it at lunchtime, an army of insects flew escort.

There were 40,000 spectators in the ground every day. The home administrators were very proud of their field and, to be fair to them, it was almost a magic process which produced a few acres of green grass in the heart of the desert. The pitch itself was white, rolled mud, cracked all over and shiny from days of watering and heavy rolling. The rest was lush, tropical green.

Sadiq square-cut a ball from Geoff Arnold to the third man boundary. About 3,000 spectators ran onto the field to congratulate Sadiq. When they went back to their side of the fence there was no grass left at all on their route. Truth was every square yard of the field, outside the 22 yards of playing surface, was becoming bald and sandy by the minute. The crowds persisted in running on to celebrate boundaries all day and by lunchtime we were fielding in soft sand. The sun roasted the skin even through shirts. There was no saliva, no air, just a thick coating of dust inside the mouth and on the lips which we tried to protect with white ointment. Alan Knott and Keith Fletcher, wicket-keeper and first slip, came to me with a problem none of us had faced before. They said that the shiny pitch was acting as a mirror and the sun rays were leaping up off the surface right into their eyes. They had tried pulling down the brims of their white sunhats but it was no use. Now in the mid-day, they were being blinded. Their eyelids were swollen and half closed. The only answer we could come up with was that they should expose their eyes as little as possible to the pitch. So, as the bowler walked back to prepare to bowl they looked the other way, fixing their eyes on grass. Also, between overs, instead of walking together up the pitch, heads down to the other end, still picking up the glare, they should take a longer walk, round through the covers.

We got Sadiq out and Talat Ali and Majid and Zaheer, but Mushtaq and Asif Iqbal played easily on the perfect batting strip. At teatime everyone confessed that at some stage of the day he had wanted to leave the field. Mike Denness struggled with gout, Norman Gifford bowled 30 overs, his face a shocking mauve, his lips white and frothing with protective ointment; his feet hurt, and on this rock-like surface he had jarred a calf muscle. Tony Greig was hit a painful blow on the foot by Zaheer when he was fielding close. He limped through the day too and even struggled through a few overs before the end. Astonishingly, one or two, running around in soft sand, had sprung under-the-

skin blisters on the balls of their feet At close of play Mushtaq was 90 not out and Asif 70.

There was still no water back in the hotel except in the rooms of Donald Carr, the manager and Bernard Thomas, our medico I lay on the bed for a while, ordered a sandwich which never came, opened my laundry, which had been returned wet, and in a move of desperation to get some sort of achievement in the day, shaved in hot tea I went to Donald Carr's room for a shower

'I thought you might have taken the new ball earlier,' he said.

Et tu, Manager!' I cried. 'Or in the language of Lord's, bollocks!'

Our third Test was abandoned because of rioting and dust storms in Karachi where the sun blistered down again for five days. The riot squad were with us from the first day because crowds spilled on to the field and carried on their own gang warfare. They charged each other, flailing studded leather belts; the police waded in whacking everyone with their lathi and then the blue-helmeted riot squad lambasted everyone with sticks. This incensed the crowd who broke up chairs, pulled down the shamiana poles and started fires around the ground The crowd stoned the police; the police stoned the crowd. The temperature was over 110 degrees. We sheltered in our dressing room watching the television transmission Outside there was holy war but the cameras avoided it. All that went on TV to the nation was a long tedious chat between commentators on the merits of having two slips to the new ball in the morning's play

On the day off, Mr Abdul Hafeez Kardar, former Oxford University and Warwickshire player, once captain of Pakistan in the fifties, Minister for Food in the State Of Punjab and President of the Pakistan Cricket Board, made a speech at the official dinner in which he claimed that Pakistan should be the centre of world cricket. 'Geographically it would be easier,' he said 'Pakistan is now a major cricketing country. It would be a fitting centre of cricket administration ' It was only then that I was certain of what I had long suspected—he was mad I was straining to get up and speak, but Donald Carr did and turned the other cheek, probably with much more sense, beginning his reply 'My dear old friend Hafeez'.

I took it as a snub against MCC and



Tony Lewis at the University Match, 1960. 'Keeper is Charles Fry, Abbas Baig at slip

I looked hard for Mr Kardar in the third Test to ask about riots, the chaos at the sightscreens, the absence of details like bowler's marker - we were given bottle tops at Hyderabad, where incidentally, there was no mower at all on the ground — and what about the umpire in Karachi who took the field with no new ball? All these petty points proved that the manager's approach had been the right one. He did superbly to pat Kardar on the head, as if to say, 'My dear little boy, there you are, that's long enough playing with your nasty little toys tonight, up the wooden hill you go and off to bed.'

And so it was farewell to Pakistan with a brick through the window of our bus which just missed Pat Pocock. I felt sorry for their highly talented cricketers. They and their friends were proud and courteous. Their Test team were impeccably honest and fair in competition. They deserved to have their game disentangled from politicians who were constantly manipulating every cricket occasion to boost their own end It was obvious that a strong, straight cricket administration was needed which could take on the government if possible and create a game of opportunity for a talented nation.

Shanghai in Bombay

I was going out to lunch in Bombay, Saturday 18 February 1984. For the extra interest of my travelling companion, Roger Michaelson, former Cambridge University rugby captain and Welsh international, I suggested we spend an hour at the cricket. India and Pakistan, past and present, were combining to play a Rest of the World side at the Wankhede Stadium in a benefit match for Farooq Engineer. Our wives were in the safe care of our hosts the Hamieds, Yuku and Farida. We would meet up at the Oberoi Hotel buffet, the scrumptious Outrigger.

Roger was astonished to see a crowd of 15,000 to 20,000 building up, just for a benefit game. Cricket in India is watched with passion by millions; they love their stars. India and Pakistan were fielding.

'I'll just pop into the World dressing room to say good morning, Roger.' I walked in to be met with a bear hug by the West Indian Wes Hall, manager of the World side. He got very excitable. 'Jesus, Sobey, look what's come in, man. We got another player.' Gary Sobers smiled his widest smile.

'Tony, man. Great to see you. You're playing.'

I protested. 'Look lads. I only came to say good morning. I haven't played for ages. I am a stone overweight and, anyway, I'm meeting my wife and friends for lunch.'

It was then that big Wes towered over me and put a fatherly hand on my shoulder. 'You not only playin' man; you in, next but one.'

I looked around the dressing room. There was Joel Garner locked in incomprehensible gossip with Michael Holding. Across the way was Dennis Lillee looking sharp and slender. Great fast bowlers to the left and right. That clinched it. I was on. I had never been in a dressing room with such ammunition before.

Flannels with an elasticated waist band solved the sartorial problem. Dennis Lillee fitted me up with rubber soled shoes half a size too big but expanded my feet with two pairs of socks. The match sponsors provided shirts and so, give or take a jock strap, box and bat, I was ready. There were roars outside. We lost Gabriel, the West Indian, and then just as I was selecting a bat, Mohsin Khan, our borrowed Pakistani, got out. Bats had changed since my first-class days.



In India, 1972-73 Introducing Mrs Gandhi to Chris Old (right)

The handles were fat overlayed with several rubber grips There was not one under 3 lb in weight all like railway sleepers I used to play with something nearer 2 lb 3 ozs Thankfully Bruce Yardley came up with a lighter weapon a Gray Nichols as I always used and out I set into the dazzling sunshine for the amusement of 25,000 Indians

What was I doing playing here making a debut at the Wankhede Stadium at the age of 45? My salad days had been at the Brabourne Stadium up the road As I walked to the middle memories of past Indian Tests came back to me of chanting crowds crouching close fielders of Chandra Bedi and Prasanna I decided that there was nothing more certain to ruin the humour of a benefit crowd than an ageing blocker To turn myself into an ageing stroke-maker was the only acceptable plan

After a couple of sighters I went down the pitch to Ravi Shastri and performed a passable and effective cover drive I settled and hit the ball well I scored 43 and put on over 80 with my partner but his performance was the real weight of the whole experience both for me at the other end and for the whole crowd Gary Sobers could walk only with difficulty because of arthritic knees He scarcely ran it all But I can tell you he had not forgotten how to bat What struck me first was his absolute concentration as if it was second nature He laughed and joked between balls but never once toyed with the great game itself He had too much respect for it In one stroke he produced a thunderclap of a reminder of how superb he was He flicked a ball from Shastri with the spin off middle and leg through mid wicket for four His bat scarcely made a sound it was all eye and timing Was it really happening again? Sober in full flow? That shot had a ghostly perfection to it He scored 41 and was given a tumultuous standing ovation I did not miss one drop of the old Sobers mix of ferocity and grace

I retreated from my own contribution puffing and perspiring When I got back through the door of the dressing room I was met with a drink and a gleaming smile a handshake and a hug from Govind my old bearer of 1973 Sahib looking stronger he beamed very strong man now sahib He was patting my tummy

Yes strong but slow as it turned out The fielding was hard The outfield was short of grass and I was forced to reflect on the hopelessness of holding at cover when Zaheer Abbas in form I was last seen turning and chasing from point deft cuts to the deep third man boundary or frantically gathering balls which had ricocheted violently off my knee So what had changed?

Gulping down 7 Up in a Bombay dressing room was this at last the final exit? Would cricket now leave me in peace? Was the ultimate mark on the scoreboard writ— A R Lewis b Gavaskar 43?

freewheeling

ADULATION. Deadlier than the Wilkinson Sword. Its double-edged action can really play havoc with the recepient. What better example can you think of than a sportsman? Especially an Indian sportsman.

With the tremendous following that exists in India for almost any kind of sport, it is logical that our leading sports personalities have an aura of public adulation that has to be seen to be believed.

Come to think of it, it was only after I started work as a sports journalist that I acquired this feeling that a sportsman is normal; not a sort of demi-God. Frankly, before I started work I used to join the crowds outside the Grand Hotel to catch a glimpse of any visiting cricketers. And when finances permitted (which wasn't too often during my college days) I would saunter into the coffee shop, hoping to bump into one of my heroes in the lobby.

Now, having acquired the tag of sports journalist, as well as access to most of the country's best sportsmen, you start taking it all in your stride. You become bigger than them. After all, it is *you* who give *them* publicity. And then you notice the reaction of the man-on the street when you are with a famous name.

Having spent some time with P.T. Usha and her coach O.M. Nambiar while they were in Calcutta recently, I was amazed at the way people reacted to her. Having enhanced her reputation with excellent performances at the Los Angeles Olympic Games, she reserved a niche in the hearts of people who would not previously have been able to name even a single Indian woman athlete.

Spending an afternoon talking to her in her room at the Great Eastern Hotel, with photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya hard at work while we chatted, we suddenly became aware of what was happening. The balcony and windows of the adjacent building were crowded with office folk who had recognised their heroine. And they weren't disappointed. Usha went out onto the balcony of her room and acknowledged her fans, much to their delight.

While on this topic, many of my colleagues related their own experiences which proved equally interesting. One of them, while still in college, had travelled to Jamshedpur in 1983 to watch the newly crowned Indian one-day cricket champions take on the mighty West Indies in a limited overs game.

Having watched his heroes being thrashed with Greenidge and Richards scoring centuries, he was pleasantly surprised to find himself in the same compartment as Kapil Dev and Co. on the train back to Howrah. But this was rudely interrupted when the train was held up at a small station by a group of enthusiasts who refused to let the train proceed until Shastri and Binny went out and waved to them. After these two had obliged, most of the other cricketers had to arise from their slumber and go to the train door to emulate Shastri and Binny. This, after they had been drubbed the previous day.

Another colleague, who once travelled to Bangalore to interview Sadanand Viswanath, had an entirely different viewpoint. Having spent a couple of days with this dashing cricketer, he was amazed to find very few heads turn as they zipped through town on Viswanath's motorcycle. For a man who had so dominated the public stage during the glorious 1985 World Championship of Cricket, Viswanath was certainly not impressing anyone in his home city.

This was probably a classic example of familiarity breeding contempt. Having grown up in Bangalore and being naturally outgoing by nature, Viswanath must be a common sight in his city. Now, despite his international stature, he remains just one of the boys, albeit a bit special.

And then there is The Man himself. Could any article on adulation be complete without mention of Imran Khan? Easily the favourite in any sort of popularity poll, be it cricketing abilities or just raw sex appeal, he surely boasts the world's biggest fan following.

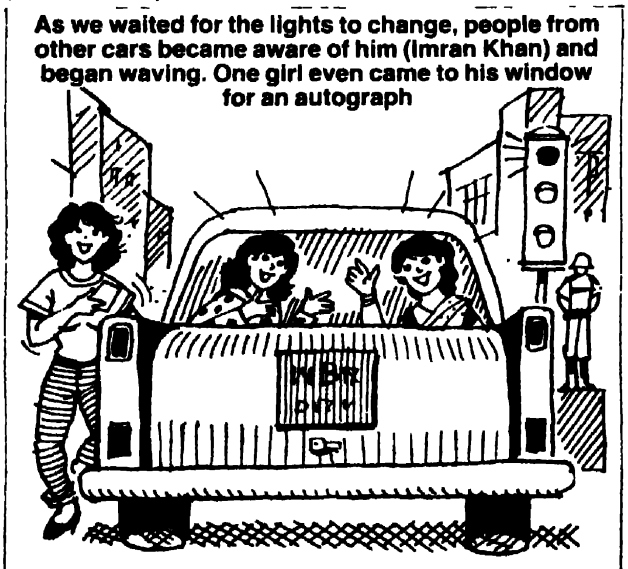
It was while accompanying Imran to a dentist in Calcutta in 1984 that I learnt what blatant adulation was all about. Parked at a traffic signal, I couldn't help but notice two girls craning their necks out of the rear windscreen of the car in front and animatedly discussing Imran.

As we waited for the lights to change, people from other cars became aware of him and began waving. One girl even came to his window for an autograph. I don't know what might have happened had not the light mercifully turned green. My colleagues and I basked in reflected glory. And Imran? He behaved as if nothing had happened.

Imran, Usha.... the list is endless. There have always been and always will be people whom the rest of us mortals admire. But how good is it for them? They deserve the adulation; it probably makes them perform better.

But has anyone ever thought of the danger of an overdose?

Pradeep Paul



As we waited for the lights to change, people from other cars became aware of him (Imran Khan) and began waving. One girl even came to his window for an autograph

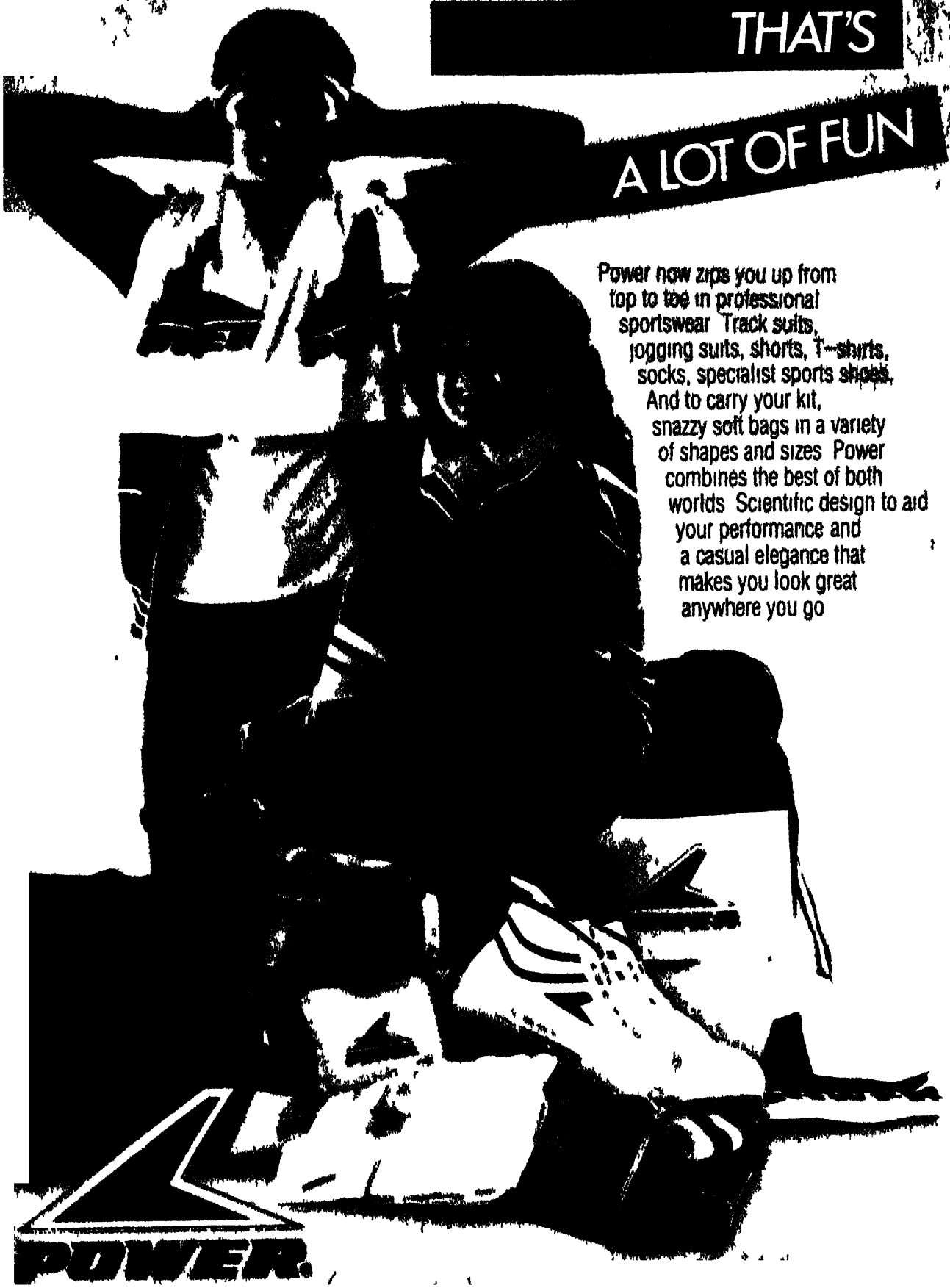
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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataud
Associate Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghosha Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O Brien Pradeep Pal
Correspondents Bombay Haresh Munwan **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The cupboard is bare

ALONGWITH cricket and football another sport seems to be on the steady decline in India and that is tennis With an unsatisfactory performance against the Czechs in the Davis Cup the weakness of the Indian team was thoroughly exposed One shudders to think of what is going to happen to this great game in our country

With the exception of Ramesh Krishnan the Indian tennis upboard is bare and Amritraj and Sashi Menon are well past their prime to say the least Vijay seems to be more interested in things other than tennis Hohandle play nowadays and therefore finds it very difficult to win the match and put pressure on the opponent It is about time he became the non playing captain of the side

It is therefore about time that efforts were made to search for the Younger players should be given a chance now that the event is the necessary time to mature or it might just be too late

SYNDIP KARWA
Durgapur

Kapil again

THE selection of Kapil Dev as captain of the Indian cricket team seems to be justified At present Kapil is regarded as one of the finest all rounders in the world and he demonstrated great skill and temperament in the last Australian tour both in the Test and one day matches Many cricket critics opined in favour of choosing a new skipper But in my opinion my change in the captaincy would have been unwise as for any in test matches like all other games does not depend entirely on the captain Now that the Indian selectors have chosen a comparatively young and balanced team for the forthcoming tour it is expected that the Indian cricket team will performwell All the best to Kapil and his team

NIRJHAR DASGUPTA
Calcutta

Rebels or heroes?

THIS it is not correct to refer to the cricketers going to South Africa as being pirates and rebels Like other cricketers they have been in the hogging the headlines *Wisden* of the world's leading cricket magazine writing about their tours in the details about the money that they receive What is the idea of using these seven doors more and more publicity The Gleneagles Agreement hardly seems to be serving any purpose The Test records and others get on the flight to South Africa made a good packet and are acclaimed as heroes in that country

The least that could be done is that the Press ignores them in the future This will at least keep the errant cricketers out of the glare of the cricketing world

ARJAMISHRA
Cuttack

My XI

IN my opinion the best fifty four One Day International players are Sunil Gavaskar Kapil Dev Azharuddin Sandeep Patil Chetan Sharma Sidhu Vengsarkar Binny and Shastri in India

Mohinder Amarnath the most consistent cricketer in India in the One Day team is the slow batsmen down the order and the primary cause for India's recent tournament win in Australia

JAYAPROY
Kodaikanal

Why not Vishy?

THE selectors have once again recalling that great batsman Gundappa Viswanath THEY have been criticised that will be going to England Viswanath not given a single Test after he was dropped in 1978 He does not seem to be in other players have all been given chance to make a comeback later being totally out of form Mohinder Amarnath Anshuman Gaekwad Yashpal Sharma Sandeep Patil and even Gavaskar have all been given a new lease Then why not Vishy

With Azharuddin and Abid Mulhot recently making their test debut the opportunities given to the selectors to induct Viswanath would have added the experience and class to the team

RS RAGHUNATHAN
R RAGHU
CS PADMANABHAN
SG MURTHY
Madras

AN ANANDA BAZAR PUBLICATION

SUNDAY



The Best Reporting

Seventh Champions Trophy Hockey Championship

Gathering Storm

THERE is this friend of mine who fancies himself as an excellent bookmaker. He accepts bets on anything and everything. Having made a killing on the Test series between India and Pakistan, he returned home and enquired about the forthcoming Champions Trophy tournament. Before departure for Karachi, the six minute...

My friend accepted any bet at all. Claiming to be an open and shut case, the bookmaker put in an appearance, but in an unpredictable today I won't comment on the outcome of the tournament. But would you like to bet that India win in Karachi.

There is much truth in what he said. The gap between the top hockey playing nations is narrow today that just about anyone in the world would like to go on a hapha zard bet. Yet in a tournament like the Champions Trophy, with all its competition where no team can afford the luxury of being off colour in the course of the strenuous schedule. It is precisely because of this demanding nature that the tournament is considered more exciting and exhausting than either the World Cup or the event in the Olympics.

First held in 1979, the tournament has now become an annual feature and it was only five months ago that the seventh Champions Trophy was held in Perth, Australia. The obvious question would be: with so many tournaments over the last couple of months and more to follow (including the Asian Games at Seoul and the World Cup in London) why was the eighth Champions Trophy included in the existing crowded schedule?

The answer lies in the disappointing nature of the tournament held in Karachi in 1984. That the sixth version of the tournament was the most disappointing due to last minute withdrawals of India (due to the assassination of Mrs Indira Gandhi) and West Germany as well as the fact that it came at the wrong time. It was too soon after the Los Angeles Olympic Games and there was too long an interval before the next major tournament.

The International Hockey Federation thus decided that the tournament must always be held before a major event. Just six months before the hockey playing forces of the globe meet in London, Karachi plays host—yet again—to this year's Champion Trophy.

The tournament has generated much interest in India because of the fluctuating fortunes of the national team. In November after the Perth tournament in which India finished last—no doubt fighting all the way—it was felt that the former undisputed masters of the game were in danger of losing their place in the prestigious championship.

Within weeks things were to change drastically as India's performances in the international circuit showed a dramatic improvement. The Indians returned home in triumph after winning the Azlan Shah Trophy in Malaysia as well as the four nation tournament in Dubai. The national

Face to face peace offerings in hand prior to the first Indo-Pak Test at Calcutta



ockey team was back, at long last, in winning groove.

If a cloud of uncertainty lingered over the squad's ability to extend the winning streak, this was swiftly and decisively dispelled after a well-earned victory over Pakistan in the recent seven-Test, two-leg series. Even more heartening was the 6-3 win in the last match of the series played on Karachi's

The I … to Pakistan, announce… March in the wake of the Bombay meeting of the Indian Hockey Federation's executive committee, contained only one surprise. The inclusion of outside right Paulose Horo of Services was the only sole talking point of the afternoon. In fact, the astonished journalists present at Bombay's Taj Hotel thought that Mr K.L. Passi, IHF secretary, had made a mistake with Horo's first name. Was the player's name A. Horo or P. Horo?

The secretary replied without hesitation: P. Horo it was. To compound the surprise, some of the assembled hockey writers asked who the new player was. There could be no better indication of the fact that he is an unknown quantity in the truest sense.

The reasoning behind his selection seems illogical, bringing in its wake the age-old question of whether a



quota system exists or if favouritism still swings the inclusion of certain players

At the Bangalore Nationals, Paulose Horo—the same man who now finds himself in the Indian squad—found it difficult to make his way into the Services first eleven





He was not even at the conditioning camp that began in Patiala on 17 March, so there can be no question of his performances being the basis of selection What then is the real reason for Horo's inclusion? The justification—according to doctors of the NIS—is that outside right Jalaluddin was declared unfit rendered *hors de combat* by a muscle tear in the intestine'

Jalaluddin himself had not fared very competently while in the course of the series against Pakistan, young Tikken Singh of Indian Airlines emerged as an able replacement In fact Tikken played a major role in India s series victory and was one of the revelations of the tour Now even though Tikken still finds himself in the team he has Horo who could well replace him in turn It must be accepted that the speedy Tikken does play in fits and starts but Horo is still no replacement for him

Jude Felix would have been a better choice but he always seems to get the bitter end of the stick Dropped initially from the squad to play the seven Tests against Pakistan he was eventually included for the Pakistan leg of the tour and was sent across the border without any fanfare at all

It is also ironic that the other man who *should* have found a place in the team to the Champions Trophy is A Horo If there was anyone worth singling out for special attention at the Bangalore Nationals early this year it was this Services centre forward Yet, it is precisely this position in which he plays, which probably keeps him out of the side While it is true that centre forwards find little relevance in the context of modern hockey, it is equally axiomatic that any forward in the game today must be competent enough to play in three positions—the wing the inside position and the centre forward role

As in football positions do not count for much in modern hockey In this light, the speed and opportunism of the sturdy A Horo ably backed by Shahid, Marcellus Gomes and Thoiba Singh, could conjure up demons for any opposing line of defence

A major spoke in the wheel of India's path to Karachi was the announcement by IHF secretary Passi on Monday, 24 March that Zafar Iqbal had opted out of the Indian te Zafar obviously in the twilight l international career used the tests to get back to peak physic li in order to help the team through important schedule ahead Although he is the best outside left in country at present he had little cho but to drop out weakened by a bou malaria His exit will seriously ha per both the performance and mo l of the team but the major problem o hand is who will replace him? Whoev er it is one hopes that the person selected solely on merit for there will be enough pressure on the man who seeks the job—and stature of Zafar Iqbal

If the Indian team has a serious deficiency it lies in the lack of consistency One day they play as if they are unbeatable the next they lose a game in almost improbable fashion It is precisely here that the Australians score for they have figured in the top three in every Champions Trophy tournament held so far In addition b winning the last three Champion Trophy titles they are debatably the best team on the circuit for no other reason than their dedication and consistency Because of this they go to Karachi as favourites

Pakistan have won the trophy on two occasions and have contested the top position in every tournament In this light they are the second favourites at Karachi added to which is the fact that they will be performing on home soil This is not to detract from the equally balanced threat posed by the remaining three teams West Germany Great Britain (playing for the first time under that name) and the Netherlands the only other side apart from Australia and Pakistan to have won the trophy

India whose best previous performance in this tournament was their third position in 1982 should be in the top three at Karachi and with equal measures of luck hard work and consistency might even come out on top

The highest form of hope they say is despair overcome Shall we then dare to hope that the barren years of despair studded with only a sprinkling of brilliant displays are now over Shall we also dare to hope that the Champions Trophy will be an important phase in the Indian resurgence that has been so recently so spiritedly set in motion?

Andy O'Brien, Bombay

Pre-match scenes: getting ready and (inset) limbering up

8

IARC Motorcycle Grass Track Racing and Mini Grand Prix

Heroism in the heat

I [illegible] not a firm believer of the [illegible] sport does need a nursery [illegible] certainly be tempted to apply the [illegible] old cliche to the efforts of the Indian Automotive Racing Club Comparing their efforts this year with those of 1985 was an exercise in disappointment

No, perhaps that would be too harsh a way to describe the IARC Motorcycle Grass Track Racing and Mini Grand Prix held at Bombay on 23 February The problem lies in the Big Brother Syndrome Bombay suffers the ignominy of being compared with their more experienced counterparts in Pune coming out second best in the process

The Pune organisers have set standards that will prove tough for neighbours Bombay to emulate While it would be convenient to wallow in the excuse that Bombay plays second fiddle to Pune it might be worth looking at the recent meet from a different view point

Perhaps it is just the thing that is needed to give motorcycle racing in India the boost it so badly requires Still in its infancy the Bombay event provides an ideal level of competition for beginners to win their spurs Indeed the IARC meet could just be the ideal nursery for the sport Although the Pune meet boasts top class competition as well as international recognition it also intimidates the novice rider who is still in the process of mastering the art of high speed riding

In this precise context the lesser meets assume greater relevance to inexperienced riders Competing in less glamorous settings with less pomp and ceremony provides a chance to study promising riders In addition it gives one a true index of the motorcycle racing pulse of the country Such a setting also provides an opportunity for aspiring riders to try their hand at the sport without



...the foreign machines remind one of antelopes



feeling that they are going to be left laps behind by the others

But this attitude can most certainly cut both ways By catering to the newcomers one tends to lose out on the star appeal of the meet as a result of which gate money and sponsorship become a stumbling block It is only when you achieve the delicate balance between amateurism and professionalism that you can provide a truly successful national meet

Having covered last years venture by the IARC at the Brabourne Stadium I must confess that I was expecting more this year After all one does assume that things will improve Instead the IARC decided to tone things down and leave out the essential motocrossing flavour much to everyones regret Switching to flat grass track racing the IARC made sure of higher speeds but ignored the intricacies that go into tackling camel back jumps and negativ berms

The IARC dont seem to have realised that motocrossing in its undiluted form has tremendous spectator appeal In this light they have only just themselves to blame for the sparse smattering that dotted the Brabourne Stadium stands on that Sunday As it was even the diehard motorcycle racing enthusiasts went home feeling a little let down not without cause

Having made a valiant effort to emulate their more illustrious Pune counterparts last year the organisers had everyone bemoaning the absence of an obstacled course which would have held spectator interest more firmly

As it was the Brabourne Stadium which has played host to some rough sport in its time must have taken quite a beating with all the bikes teeming their way across the grass The more powerful bikes equipped with tyres with almost jeep like tread bowed into the turf as they strove for more purchase on the track

One of the advantages of tuning the track down was that the Indian bikes had a easier time Ill suited to the rigour of jumps the Yezdis and Rajdoot had a field day on the grass track which suited them perfectly But it was inspiring to see the three Indo Jap collaborations squaring off in the 100 cc category With plenty of Ind Suzukis Hero Hondas and Rajdoot Yamaha RX 100 models on the line at the meet spectators got a



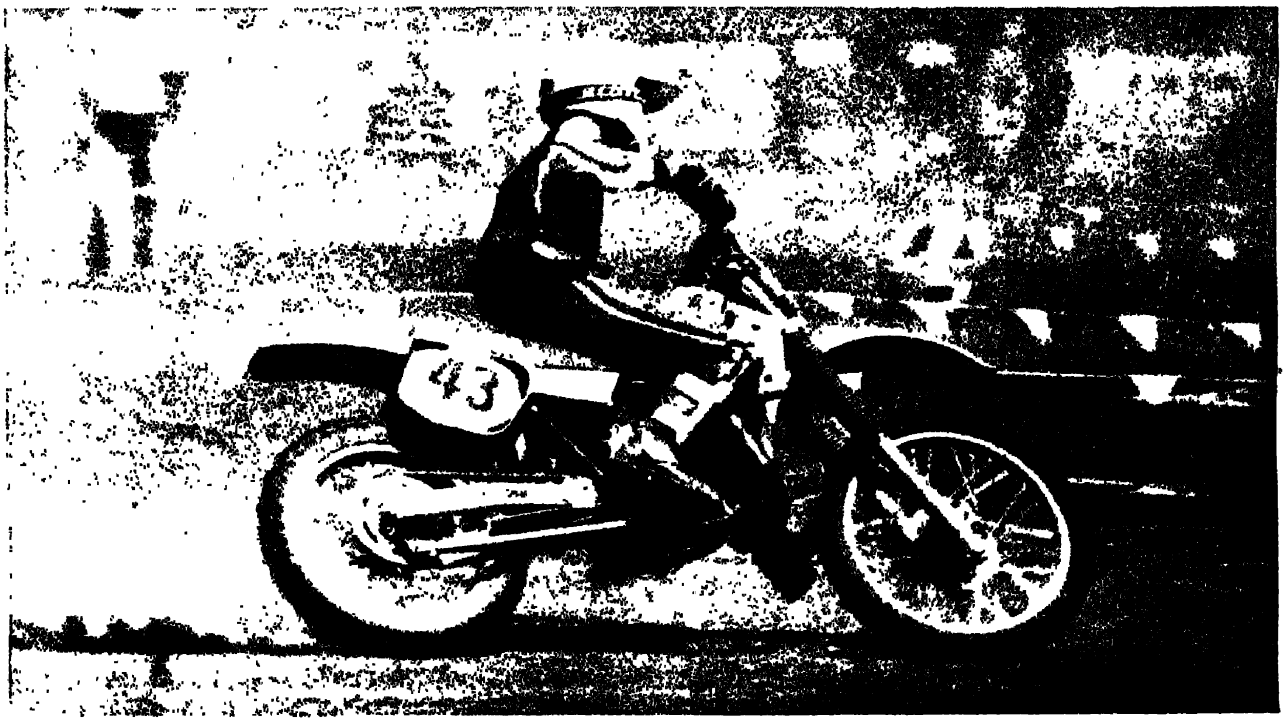
Putting his foot down to negotiate a curve

chance to evaluate the worth of each bike. While the Ind Suzuki and the Yamaha are two-stroke machines capable of churning out an impressive burst of acceleration, the Hero Honda is a four-stroke blazer that can pull you out of trouble in the lower gears as well as if you miss a vital downshift and lose revs.

The Rajdoot Yamaha 350 has an excellent track record. Sired by Yamaha out of Escorts, this three-year-old filly has been turning in consistent winning performances all over the country. At Sholavaram earlier this year, these bikes put Indian motorcycle racing into top gear

Equipped with six gears to milk the maximum out of an engine that displaces 350cc, the Rajdoot Yamaha revels on the racetrack which seems to be the only place it can display its full potential, but it certainly is better suited to speed racing.

If the Rajdoot Yamahas excelled, the foreign machines thrilled. Built tall and lean unlike the speed racers that are low and squat, these machines remind one of antelopes leaping their way across a Savanna grassland. But since this meet did not require any form of jumping, they just tore their way round and round the grass track, leaving the lesser bikes to choke on



With no camel humps to test him, this rider is content with just raising some dust

the dust raised by their rear wheels

And the men who made the day worthwhile If it wasn't for the riding skill exhibited by men like Ajay Batra Rajeev Agarwal and Firdaus Chindy people might just have started leaving halfway through the meet As it was only the fact that I was on assignment kept me at the stadium for the entire duration of the meet

Even then my attention was drawn to the MRF balloon that kept doing aerobics in the breeze It was at such a moment that one of my friends made an observation that set me thinking The idea of a day of motor sport should be developed into a more festive occasion The entire meet could have been injected with a spirit of enthusiasm if the venue were decorated with banners and balloons That way people would not lose interest during races

And by the way I looked around for the lady who was painstaking albeit a little ignorantly explaining things to her little son Later on She wasn't there

Watch out IMRC You could be losing out



Sheer speed was the essence of this Grand Prix

Pradeep Paul Bombay Photography by Nikhil Bhattacharya



Into first gear and the bikes initiate another race

Summer of discontent

Noel Mengel, editor of 'Australian Cricket' magazine, sums up the Australian season that was

DESPITE the gloom and [illegible] Australian cricket [illegible] on Australia [illegible] lowing [illegible] by the Indian Test [illegible] series [illegible] of Australia [illegible] Test year [illegible] Australian [illegible] have united with the mob which [illegible] Returning three days [illegible] Adelaide [illegible] bowler on this but [illegible] he third Test that the will be perpetrated with [illegible] and just other deserve it.

Border and Mark [illegible] probably [illegible] most talented opening combination since Simpson and Lawry and certainly up there with Stackpole and Redpath to there to day.

Wayne Phillips [illegible] a fine series but Greg Ritchie [illegible] has started to prove [illegible] team to match the heavy [illegible] captain Allan Border and the selectors [illegible] question [illegible] consistency.

The same [illegible] young Steve Waugh [illegible] would be futile [illegible] sum by the way he batted how much faith in him during the summer.

New wicket keeper Ian Healy [illegible] reliable but without the brilliance of the man who took the gloves from rebel tourists Steve Rixon in the New South Wales side Greg Dyer.

However positively dynamic in the Sheffield Shield final between Queensland and New South Wales produced twelve thrilling overs stumps and [illegible] beaten 88 which had [illegible] stumped all over it.

Of the bowlers Bruce Reid of course [illegible] effortless and truthful interest [illegible] career but there must be [illegible] question mark now over Dave Gilbert and Craig McDermott.

There is in the [illegible] under steaming through the ranks at Victoria Over called Damien Hickey but until the selectors [illegible] by [illegible] to [illegible] on with more [illegible] pro.

I have the Australian selectors [illegible] four promising players who [illegible] England in Australian off [illegible] experience [illegible] Sheffield League [illegible] The Essendon [illegible] Stuart Brown is [illegible] prospect into the [illegible] Australian team and [illegible] captain DSL [illegible] have included Dan Wellham Wayne Phillip Carl Rackemann Steve Smith Greg Matthews Greg Ritchie Dave Gilbert Steve Waugh Robbie Kerr and Merv Hughes all of whom have played Test cricket.

The year the scholars include Hickey and Mark Waugh the twin brother of Steve now [illegible] established player for New South Wales but there was a surprise omission in opener called Matthew Taylor who [illegible] astonishing first season of first class cricket [illegible] only just behind Kepler Wessels Allan Border and David Hookes on the aggregate run list. At the age of 20 he scored 952 runs at an average just under 50.

Don't be surprised if the selectors have decided he has already done enough and include him in the touring team to India pushing Marsh back to batting first drop. Taylor is also the best slips fieldsman in Australia a position the team desperately needs to fill.

Meanwhile in New Zealand Australia finished the season where it began capitulating meekly to a vastly more experienced New Zealand team spearheaded by that unnamed old fox Jeremy Coney.

A tired looking Border met the press after the debacle and said the words he hardly had to any more.

"We've worked very hard on this tour and to come off was badly yesterday [illegible] real tragedy. He [illegible] that in the West Indies and England too. The [illegible] should be hurting very bad because [illegible] records are on the line. He [illegible] that before [illegible] Richard Hadlee [illegible] with through but to Brisbane in the [illegible] of the summer.

"We [illegible] coming like this [illegible] don't know what I [illegible] add to that. And [illegible] else did they [illegible] welcome to the [illegible] Australian selectors.

Australian supporters often wished that their captain's skill pass on to the other players this season



As the Australians sank to their knees in New Zealand back in Australia the best game of the year was being played.

This year's Sheffield Shield final was a remarkable replay of the one last season when Imran Khan piloted New South Wales home to a one wicket victory. The odds were you wouldn't see a match that close again in fifty summers but the same teams produced a game just as enthralling as last year's with New South Wales

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It would be difficult to drop Wayne Phillips (left), Boon (centre) is developing into a reliable opener while Waugh (right) cannot be discarded after the faith shown in his ability right through the summer

again the victors this time by just two wickets Queensland has never won the Shield New South Wales had won it 38 times before and for Jeff Thomson playing his last game it ws do or die

Certain images from the last afternoon of tension packed cricket will remain with those who saw it forever Like the Queenslanders sprinting into the distance to enquire of Kepler Wessels just how he managed to pelt the ball 80 metres in the time it takes two batsmen to run a quarter of that distance to run out Dyer Or Wellham distraught slouching back to the dressing room after being run out himself Or Glenn Trimble flinging himself from the pack of Queenslanders surrounding the batsman almost as the ball was bowled desperately hoping for a catch to come his way Or Thommo racked with pain, trudging off to mid off for the last time as the crowd spontaneously warmed to the greatest Australian folk hero of the 70s They stood to their feet

As the game concluded Kepler Wessels unavailable for Australia this year after a blow up with the Australian Cricket Board possibly because they believe he had some involvement with recruiting players for the rebel tour of South Africa left his boot symbolically beside the stumps It could be his last game for Australia

In his speech after the game he couldnt resist a final dig I must thank the ACB for forcing me out of Australian cricket because it gave me the opportunity to play a full season with 11 guys I respect and love ' He top scored in the match with 166 and topped the 1000 run mark for the season

How dearly the Australians need Wessels playing for the national team But it appears now that it is not to be

Bordering on the unbelievable

gun during Greg Chappell's reign when that player picked and chose the series in which he would lead the team and continued under Kim Hughes leadership through one of Australia's least successful eras.

Border's tenure hasn't reversed Australia's slide from the top of the world cricketing heap. Australian cricket had been near its lowest ebb when his threat was made and seemed to dip lower when it lost the second one day match by 55 runs.

But Border backtracked, excused his side's defeat and said there had been sufficient improvement in their approach to encourage a continuance as captain. Only days he told a limited Press conference: "I wanted to see what sort of Press I'd get.

He now knew. Though some took him to task for his attempt to disassociate himself from performances for which he must take ultimate responsibility, there was widespread sympathy for the Australian leader. He continued through the New Zealand Test series to be the principal contributor to his team's cause but seemed unable to inspire his fellows to similar feats. He may have had his teammates respect through his actions but could not inspire their support.

So Border admitted his threat had not been made entirely in jest. "My feelings at the time were that if things didn't improve I'd resign as captain," he said.

Border "I wanted to see what sort of Press I'd get



The attitude and effort was good today although we lost and that was all I had been asking for. I didn't use the threat of resigning to get a result. If the attitude is right you can't ask for more," said Border after his side's second defeat.

Border's threat had an immediate effect on his players. They shamefacedly to a small extent called a team meeting to discuss his comments and embarrassed at the turn of events—their losses and Border's response—had voted confidence in his leadership. They ignored the fact that it was ironic that a team which had almost universally let its captain down should band together to express their confidence in him.

BORDER'S disappointment was understandable. His team had lost a closely contested Test series because of a collective disaster on the fourth day of the last match. The first and second Tests had been drawn and the third had been won under freak circumstances. John Bracewell, the New Zealand left-arm bowler, spun Australia out for 103 with a devastating Bracewell figure of 6-32 including Border's wicket to return the best Test analysis ever by a New Zealand spinner completing a bag of ten wickets in the match.

New Zealand who had trailed in the first innings needed only 160 runs on the final day to win the match and its second series against Australia this season. They reached their target with eight wickets in hand. Jeremy Coney had been New Zealand's first innings hero scoring 93 to accompany his century at Wellington and his 98 at Christchurch. He finished the series with an average of 146. Ken Rutherford and



During the course of the series in New Zealand, Allan Border (extreme left) went on record as saying that he did not know what he has left to tell his players to pep them up

John Wright made half centuries in New Zealand's second innings to complete its victory

Border despaired Australia's season had been disastrous to that point Redeemed only by its victory over India and New Zealand in the World Series Cup one day championship at home They had shared honours in the later Test series against New Zealand and seemed certain to share the series outright But lack of application on the fourth day of the final Test had taken its toll and Border exasperated after the subsequent loss of the first one-day match had lashed out in retaliation

Border had a right to criticise his teammates lack of resolve Bracewell found considerable turn and bounce on the fourth day but was helped in his run through of the Australian batting line-up by its lack of resistance Only David Boon who made 17 carrying his bat through the Australian second innings had dug in

BRACEWELL took 15 wickets in the three Test series at an average of 15.26 better statistically than New Zealand's top wicket taker Richard Hadlee who finished with 16 wickets at 21.18 Bracewell also surpassed an individual milestone 50 wickets in Tests

He won many admirers among them Border whom he bowled during Australia's second innings with a classic delivery which pitched on the Australian captain's legs and hit off stump Border was moved to comment He's bowling so well I just have to rate him the best spinner I've played

Coney tempered his praise He bowled superbly although I think the Australians were a bit tentative towards him They had done everything better than us They won the toss batted well enough and picked what the conditions would do better than we did But from that stage we started to play much better With the Australians being very tentative against Bracewell they allowed us to keep men around the bat and pressure them for too long

Bracewell is a changed bowler from the one who first appeared in New Zealand Test sides about five years ago He has significantly reshaped his action and with new confidence in his ability has given New Zealand a solid and reliable slow bowling foundation

I've shortened my delivery stride he said And I bowl more front on I also keep my arm straighter and consequently bring my hand through higher which gives me more control my line and flight

Bracewell has confidence which few left arm spin bowlers possess at present to stick Hill to toss it up to the batsman He gets more turn than the Australian spinner Greg Matthews who bowled at Eden Park with a lower flatter trajectory He has hunted the ball New Zealand's left arm spin bowlers have usually been orthodox finger spinners But New Zealand's current twelfth man Stu Udy is the only left arm medium pace spin bowler we've considered good enough to play at first class level but were rather a victim of their ability bowling long periods and to contain batsmen

Previously his success at Eden Park has begun to spin bowling mystique

Steve McMorran, New Zealand

National Football

Punjab basks in glory

The 42nd National Football Championship for the Santosh Trophy held in Jabalpur (with Bilaspur and Bhilai as subsidiary centres) Madhya Pradesh from February 26 to March 18 was a disappointment Top teams of the country the cream of the nation's soccer talent were on view but what unfortunately was missing was good football

No one perhaps can complain of a dearth of talent in the country now What was obviously wrong was the absence of proper application Added to that was the atrocious ground conditions at the Wright Town Stadium, Jabalpur the main venue of the meet Such turf is not conducive to good football It was dry devoid of grass and cracked at places with the surface soil too lose for swift interchange of position

It was creditable to Punjab that they could adapt to the ground conditions better than their chief rivals Bengal who despite an abundance of talent at their disposal could not rise to the occasion

The final was anything but interesting Ninety minutes of play saw neither a goal nor any Bengal attack of consequence Punjab always got the better of the proceedings and eventually retained the trophy

Bengal experimented with a new system involving a central midfielder Coach Amal Dutta believes that experiments are sometimes necessary to get better results But at Jabalpur Amal Dutta's gamble did not pay dividends

Take, for instance, the introduction of Tarun De[illegible]en Moke Mukherjee — both [illegible]d players in the deep defence [illegible]n the role of a central midfielder Both [illegible] carry out Dutta's instruction [illegible] they seemed to be at a lo[illegible] In their first match of the tournament [illegible] Tamil Nadu Bengal won 3 0 [illegible] to impress

Their second [illegible] against Maghalaya the babe [illegible] tournament was an easy affair to say the least Star internationl [illegible]t Bhattacharya better known as [illegible] replace Tarun in the key role and was immediately in troubled waters

With three of the better players in the team having failed to produce the desired effect Amal Dutta reverted to the 4 3 3 formation [illegible] final against Kerala Of course this was not before Bengal had spent 90



Punjab boys with the trophy: invincible

anxious minutes against Services' youngsters in their last group league match. Bengal scraped through.

The Kerala boys play football in the same style as Bengal — neat, short passes, deft ball play and stress on possession football. Yet, they were no match for Bengal. Thomas Sebastian's solo efforts down the left flank were the only interesting feature in Kerala's game.

Bengal's 2-0 victory was a worthy one, both the goals being scored by Subir Sarkar, who has earned a reputation for wasting chances alongwith Debashis Roy, the Bengal skipper. His first goal was off a Tarun Dey high cross, tapped in after Debashis Roy's header was rapped out by the goalkeeper. His second goal came in an almost identical fashion.

All the while the Kerala men were busy marking Bengal players who looked dangerous. While Krishnendu was policed by one, Krishanu Dey had to take considerable pains to elude the other defenders. This stress on marking Krishanu had the effect of stifling the natural ball players' abilities.

Punjab, on the other hand, concentrated on playing their natural game, however staid. And their success is for everyone to see. To top it all they were functioning without several of their better players. Narander Gurung and Parminder Singh (jr) could not reach Jabalpur, being busy at the police games, held concurrently with the Santosh Trophy. Ace defender Gurcharan Singh Parmar was confined to bed for the better part of the tournament due to a leg injury. And, in the final, Parminder Singh (sr) and their first goalkeeper Daljit Singh had to go off the field too.

Punjab's track record in this year's tournament had been far superior to that of Bengal. They had to overcome hosts Madhya Pradesh (3-1) in front of a hostile, albeit scant, crowd, Gujarat (8-0 with Kashmira Singh scoring a hattrick) and Karnataka. Their toughest match was against Karnataka. That they won by a slender 1-0 margin was not surprising if one considered the presence of talented players like Mohammed Amjad, Mohammed Issac in their attack line. And their defence was being manned by Mastan Ahmed, the new recruit of Mohun Bagan.

Being held by Madhya Pradesh in their last match, Karnataka, the former champions, were determined to give the holders a trying time. The champions were playing for a draw, which would have taken them to the semi-finals, but Karnataka's rough tactics changed the situation. Punjab's better built forwards went out in full throttle and 15 minutes to full time their Satish Kumar booted home the winner.

In the semi-finals, Punjab took on Goa. It was an uneven contest. The Goa players had promoted themselves to the semi-finals from the Bhilai centre. In group three they had topped the chart along with Maharashtra. Their first encounter ended goalless and a replay was ordered. Goa won 4-2, but lost out on time. They had to play their semi-final against Punjab two days later. So, without food, they travelled 11 hours by bus to Jabalpur. Their practice session on the eve of the semi-final could not be supervised by their coach.



Debashis Roy mounts an attack on the Punjab goal: missed opportunities

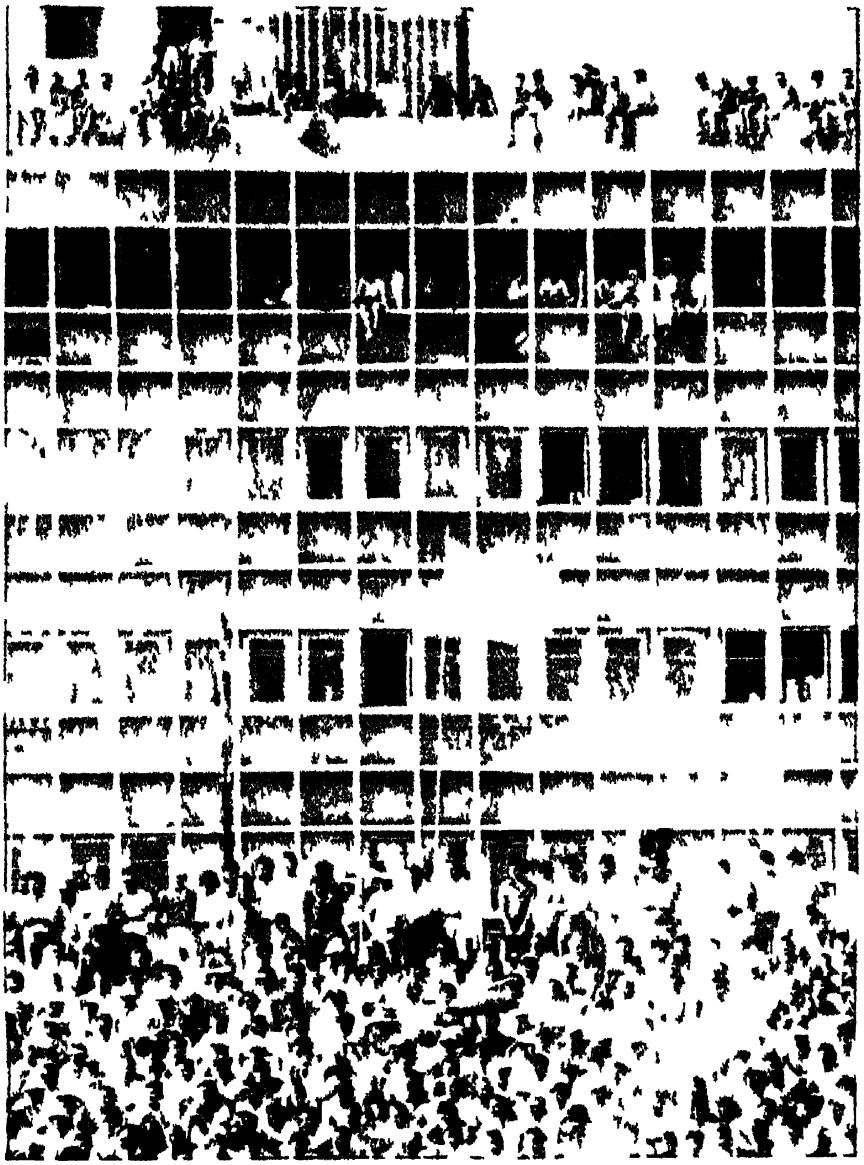
Go t t s on t l uled to tal ontr l s is their wont ng h l the match t t ting his never be p up with good h the flanks Camil C nce was mis sed r l were down to nil l red lot no doubt but t l to re produce their nat

n Singh scored the all u l Punjab only defen c Almeida and goalkeeper l d Sankhawalkr h wed t m the Gol ranks the final was between two r al Punjab n l l ngal There not even a wisp of l ubt in the ds full to the capa ty for the first ne in the tournament that Bengal were in Jabalpur to d molish all opposition Punjab coach G S Virk however was not so worried Bengal have not been performing up to the mark he had said the day before We are not cared We will play our natural game

And that they did They adopted tactics that seemed easy to be put into practice Deepak Kumar their right back would send forward whatever he managed to get his feet to and Satish Kumar upfront would lap it up Charging up the right wing Satish would cross high lob into the box where Krishnamurthy Dhanwant would shoot home But the field did so leaving the entire duration of regulation time and then the 30 minutes of extra time goalless was mainly due to the poor shooting of Dhanwant coupled with the panicked jamming of the goalmouth by the Bengal defenders

Bengal play was wayward untidy and seemingly disinterested They tried clever trick like taking the attack up the middle they were even cured of the ageing wingback Amarjit Singh Bhatti Krishnamurthy never manage d to cross the veteran in the match But the halfline had crumbled soon after the whistle blew signalling the end of the semi final match Prasanta was the only man who put in some work Bikash Panja lost his temper but not a rival player and was shown the yellow card Manoranjan Bhattacharya too seemed to come unstrung in settling accounts physically

Not that the Bengal players are to be totally blame They had been busy very busy on the eve of their final match, settling money matters



Vantage point Soccer fans watch the Bengal-Punjab final

with club officials who had come from Calcutta to secure players for the forthcoming season And some players even had their baggage moved out of the hotel in the early hours of the day They were leaving immediately after the match with their respective clubs to sign the papers of transfer

Excuses followed for Bengal while Punjab rejoiced To be honest Punjab played positive football while Bengal were bogged down by too much planning bragging and their mortal fear of injuring a limb That would result in their prices plummeting in the transfer market

About the organisational facilities the less said the better Madhya Pradesh Football Association secretary S Deb was busy attending to the VIPs in the stand most of the time rather than ensure a smooth conduct of the tournament That the teams were getting no transport to the practice grounds did not seem to bother him The Punjab team got their transport for the final match at 3 15 pm with the match scheduled to begin at 3 45 pm The final therefore, started 25 minutes late Neither was he worried about the incident of a lathicharge outside the gate on the day of the final as police tried in vain to control unruly crowds

Sujit Bhar from Jabalpur


Sportsworld
The rising cost of
admission into
grounds have
the entire lot of
Indian spectato



Virginia Slims Tennis Championship

Martina scores a duck

She won the title, but the bonus was a much-awaited duck meal cooked by her mother

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA's historic four-set win in the Virginia Slims championship has placed her as the undisputed Number One on every computer. It looked like the replay of the US Open as Hana Mandlikova rolled over Chris Evert Lloyd once more before succumbing to the mighty Martina. Still the attention was primarily focussed on 16-year-old Steffi Graf.

They came to the grand finale of the Virginia Slims series to determine the Number One woman of the 1985-86 tennis circuit. Yet they returned with it reversed, before controversial picture of the Number Three player in the event.

A US$ 1 million-odd [illegible] got under [illegible] convinced that [illegible] Number One [illegible] Graf [illegible] Hlasny [illegible] The WTA computer [illegible] ranks players according to their performances. But Martina with her [illegible] scheduled at New York while [illegible] Under the rules [illegible] New York Martina [illegible] points ahead [illegible] 100 with [illegible] over [illegible] the US Indoor and Dallas Club who suffered her third worst-ever defeat at the hands of Martina at the Dallas final had 400. If she could add 400 more by winning the New York event she would be 10 points ahead of Martina and end the season as Number One in the Slims series.

For Martina and Chris the Number One issue was settled in the final of the Australian Open which Martina had claimed. Usually Chris and Martina do not travel to Australia to decide the Number One issue but this time they were forced by Hana Mandlikova the eventual semi-finalist after she pulled out in each of them at the US Open. Had Martina or Chris won the US Open instead of Mandlikova, the Number One dispute would not have been raised even by computers.

Statistics favoured Martina. She had won two grand slam events (Wimbledon and the Australian) while Chris only took the French. She held a 2-1 advantage over Chris during the season and had also won 21 of the tournaments she entered while Chris only managed 16. Yet Martina who recently grossed 10 million dollars in career earnings had to prove herself to the Slims computer.

Martina Navratilova's historic four-set win in the Virginia Slims championship has placed her as the undisputed Number One on every computer system



Ironically Mandlikova who had started the mess in the first place would sort it out in New York by beating Chris in the semi-finals and then conceding to Martina in the final.

For Mandlikova it was a replay of the US Open until the finals. She swept past Zina Garrison in the first round and Claudia Kohde-Kilsch the fourth seeded West German before challenging Chris. The US Open champion made no secret of her displeasure of being ranked behind Steffi Graf (5) and Kohde-Kilsch. She was particularly critical of the fact that Graf who was only tenth in Virginia Slims point standing, was Number Three on the WTA Hewlett Packard computer rankings and consequently seeded Number Three in the tournament. "There are some players who play by the computer," she said after her quarter-final match against Kohde-Kilsch. "They play at certain time to rank higher. I think to be a professional player tournaments and do not worry about the surface or anything else." She was certainly referring to the fact that Graf had played only 12 tournaments during the season.

While Mandlikova was creating the controversy 16-year-old Steffi Graf was going about her business as usual calm and quiet under the watchful eye of her coach and father Peter. She had nothing to say about the whole issue.

The opening match between Steffi and Gabriela Sabatini of Argentina another 16-year-old star of women's tennis was a glimpse of the future. Gabriela was out of the circuit for two months taking a rest. Her lack of practice and stamina showed after the second set which she won after a tie-breaker. She just folded in the third losing to Graf for the third time in a week-and-a-half. Steffi is a year older. Gabriela said with the help of her court interpreter. "Both of us have a long future together. We will play many matches together. That is if they don't get injured or burn themselves out which is common these days."

STEFFI GRAF stole the limelight of the tournament by her stunning win over Pam Shriver in one of the biggest upsets of the Virginia Slims championships. It was neck to neck in the blistering heat in New York at the US Open a few months ago. Fortune favoured the diminutive German at that time. Outcome was no different this time. Another Pam Shriver who had defeated Canadian beauty Carling Bassett in the opening round was 6-4 ahead in the second set tiebreaker. Her serve was unbelievable and she could end the day with 11 aces. Yet as she was getting ready to close out the tiebreaker and the match her young German rival withstood two booming serves and went on to win the tiebreaker at 7-5. In the third set Graf began to serve better and with three passing shots broke Shriver in the eighth game the only break conceded by the American. It was all it took to steal the match and set up a semi-final meeting with Martina Navratilova. Shriver and Martina had also been upset in the second round of the doubles by eventual winners Mandlikova and Wendy Turnbull.

Martina Navratilova had given Graf a demonstration of near perfect tennis in the semis of the US Open. She did the same at the Garden. Graf had an impressive 83 per cent of first serves compared to Martina's 60. However Martina had four aces and 5 service winners against the youngsters lone service winner. Martina was at the net 39 times while Graf approached it only 9 times in all. That made a tremendous difference in the 53 minute 6-2, 6-2 match. Martina's first round victim Terry Phelps had experienced the same treatment. "She's like a cat at the net so quick," Terry had said. "You just try to laugh it off and not get mad."

Chris Evert Lloyd was in no laughing mood as Mandlikova began to play cat and mouse with her at the net in their semi-final. The bitter memories of her US Open defeat was fresh in Chris's mind as she took on the most unpredictable player of the women's circuit. "About Hana you can never say," is the comment of most players. She committed 36 faults in comparison to 26 by Chris and still won the match. Both had equal number of break points going each but Mandlikova



Mandlikova's form has been predictably unpredictable



Graf managed just four games against the perfect Martina

capitalised on six of them and Chris managed only four That made the vital difference Hana pinned Chris to the baseline and caught her flat footed on several occasions Time and again Chris would make a touch volley and each time the unpredictable Czech with a daring response came up with a winner

Mandlikova was stroking the ball fluently and rushing to the net as often as she could She took chances on her second serve and won points on 50 per cent of them while Chris could do so only for 52 per cent of her second serves Hana was at the net 34 times and won 23 points in the process as compared to Chris eight trips to the net for 3 points

Her temper which has let her down many a time in the past seemed to be Mandlikova's saving grace After claiming the first set comfortably at 6-3 she dropped two service games and jeopardised a 5 2 lead over Chris in the second When the net cord judge reported a code violation against her in the form of audible obscenity she was really angry "I used my anger the right way In this case, they upset my mood', she said Her anger roused her to break Chris for a 6 5 lead and to hold her own serve to win the set 7-5 and the match She vehemently denied that she had said any four-letter word as accused by the net cord judge

Yet neither her temper nor her incredible talent would help Mandlikova in her finals against Martina Navratilova All she could do was to share the making of history in modern tennis Hana and Martina became the



Shriver crashed out

first women in the history of professional tennis to play a four set match It was the first time since 1901 when Elizabeth Moore defeated Myrtle McAteer in five sets in Philadelphia that two women crossed the four set mark The Virginia Slims championships is the only tournament with a five set final Although it was introduced in 1984 the last two finals were straight set wins for Martina

For the first two sets it looked like history would have to wait another year The first which began with a break at 1 all Martina took 32 minutes The second began the same way but Martina would not allow Mandlikova to break back in the first instead she swept the set in 17 minutes establishing a 10 game streak in the process She did everything and very well for Martina sounded like a jubilant child as she recalled that set How many shots did I miss in that set I missed six points but however few shots did I miss I [illegible] everything went right even my [illegible] volley I hit everything right on top spin the backhand volley the backhand lob the drop volley My only mistake was a drop shot

Mandlikova took the third set 6 3 but it hardly troubled her frenzied display against Chris the day before but only enabled her to be part of the record book [illegible] in the fourth and eighth [illegible] the fourth set ensured Martina her sweet revenge

Martina had another consolation prize for Mandlikova besides the $60 000 runner up cheque an invitation to the duck meal her mother had cooked for her [illegible] the last few days of her mothers stay in USA She wanted this win especially for her mother and for her self It was like the icing on the [illegible] he said referring to fact that Chris lost the day before which made her the undisputed champion of 1985 86 Virginia Slims season

Martina promises to be back for her fourth consecutive title I am refreshed and I'm ready to go , she said [illegible] through a tough time [illegible] I'm still Number One Martina [illegible] $125 000 first prize and the $ 000 year end bonus being Number One has become more important for the supreme champion of women's tennis

George K George, New York

Such teams are dangerous

Keir Radnedge, Associate Editor of *World Soccer* assesses the situation and feels both Poland and the Soviet Union could go a long way in Mexico

F[illegible] nation of such size, such [illegible]urces and such international po[illegible], it is remarkable how the n[illegible]onal football team of the Soviet [illegible]nion appears to 'freeze' so consis[illegible]ently in the World Cup.

Not that senior sports officials in Moscow are oblivious to the fact. How could they be? Since the Soviet Union rejoined FIFA, the world governing body, after the last war, they have qualified regularly for the finals. Yet their best finish remains the fourth place acquired in England in 1966.

After each failure, the blame has been apportioned in different directions. Perhaps the coach is to blame and is fired or, at the least, sent back to the club from which he was borrowed; sometimes it's the sport's officials themselves who must carry the can—though they are not the ones who go out on the pitch; and sometimes it's the players' human weaknesses which get the blame.

Such was the case after the Soviets reached the second round of the 1982



Colorsport

Oleg Blokhin (left) is experienced, smooth and extremely dangerous

finals in Spain yet weakly conceded a goalless draw to Poland in a match they had to win to enter the semi finals

On their return to Moscow the finger of guilt was pointed largely in the direction of the Dynamo Kiev forward Oleg Blokhin Coach Konstantin Beskov claimed that Blokhin had spent too much time on the pitch moaning and complaining and not enough time trying to put things right

Blokhin the senior Soviet international former European Footballer of the Year all time record goal scorer in the Soviet supreme league was put out to grass by new manager Eduard Malofeyev

But when it comes to the World Cup and the attendant pressures the most vital element is experience And no player has more international experience than Blokhin —a member of the Kiev team who in 1975 became the first Soviet side to win a European club trophy when they landed the Cup winners Cup

Malofeyev is well aware of the importance of experience in the World Cup He should know Before he built a second successful career in management at Dynam Minsk Malofeyev was himself a fine forward Indeed he was a member of that side who finished fourth in the 1966 World Cup

Thus despite suggestions that Blokhin was finished and should be ignored Malofeyev recalled him to duty when the World Cup qualifiers got under way

The Soviets had to make up for lost time They had blundered out of the 1984 European championship in the qualifying rounds and their Olympic ambitions had been thwarted by the politically ordered boycott of Los Angeles 84 At least the Olympic qualifiers had provided an opportunity for Malofeyev to bring through new stars such as Oleg Protasov—scorer of a domestic record 35 goals last season for Dnepr

By mixing the newcomers with the old guard he was soon creating a potent mixture It was one which proved too good for England in a Wembley friendly at the end of the 1983 84 season The Soviets scored their first ever win in London by 2 0 thanks to goals from Gotsmanov and Protasov who was playing in the European Youth Finals only four years ago

Malofeyev has built his team on effective tactical lines with a four



Smolarek (right) Ingenious

strong midfield made up or players who are as ready to help out in defence as they are to support the two strikers Such tactics easily stifled England at Wembley and could be ideal for Mexico where the heat and altitude will reward those teams with the ability to conserve the ball—and energy —and force the opposition to work themselves into the ground

With experience and ambitious youth as respectively represented by Blokhin and Protasov plus the superb goalkeeping of Rinat Dassayev the Soviets could go a long way

WHEN Poland were named as the sixth seeds for the World Cup finals in Mexico players and officials were both delighted and depressed

They were pleased with the seeding honour but depressed by the reward of occupying—top place in a group centered on the north eastern city of Monterrey which is close to sea level and notorious for its heat

Group rivals England Morocco and Portugal will tackle that challenge by staying at altitude and coming down to Monterreys Tecnologico and Universitario stadia just for the games But Poland manager Antoni Piechniczek has decided on another more controversial solution

The Poles are to stay in Monterrey Piechniczek says Later in the finals we hope we will have to move up to other cities and play at altitude Then we shall have to find other solutions But we wanted to deal with immediate problem of the heat and get our players accustomed to that

Star forward Zbigniew Boniek in brilliantly consistent form since he led European club champions Juventus to Roma last summer is among Piechniczeks fiercest critics Boniek says Our preparation is all wrong We cannot hope to do well We must have experience of playing at altitude It is too late to just go along and hope that it will work out all right At this level such things do not happen

Poland were third in the World Cup finals in both 1974 in West Germany and in 1982 in Spain Players such as Kazimierz Deyna Robert Gadocha and Grzegorz Lato were rarely known to miss a trick and Piechniczek is in the same mould

Piechniczek realises that if Poland are to get anywhere near winning the World Cup they need not move out of Monterrey until the semi finals That is because the group winners stay in Monterrey for the second and third rounds And that is why the Poles priority is to stay put and let their opponents come down to their level

The Polish team in Mexico will be packed with experience especially in defence Goalkeeper Jozef Mlynarczyk now long past the stage where he collected an international suspension for turning up for a flight having had one drink too many plays his football with one of Portugal top teams Porto

In the middle of defence Wladyslaw Zmuda now happily recovered from a string of serious injuries has had his safety first approach further honed through playing in Italy—for Cremonese

And in attack where in the past the Poles have usually had only one reliable finisher there is now three

Winger Wlodek Smolarek now for Dariusz Dziekanowski and Boniek

Boniek says he will retire from the national team after this World Cup But he is only 30 and the pace and attacking inspiration he has shown this season at Rome demonstrate why Juventus paid £1 million for him a record for an Italian European player four years ago

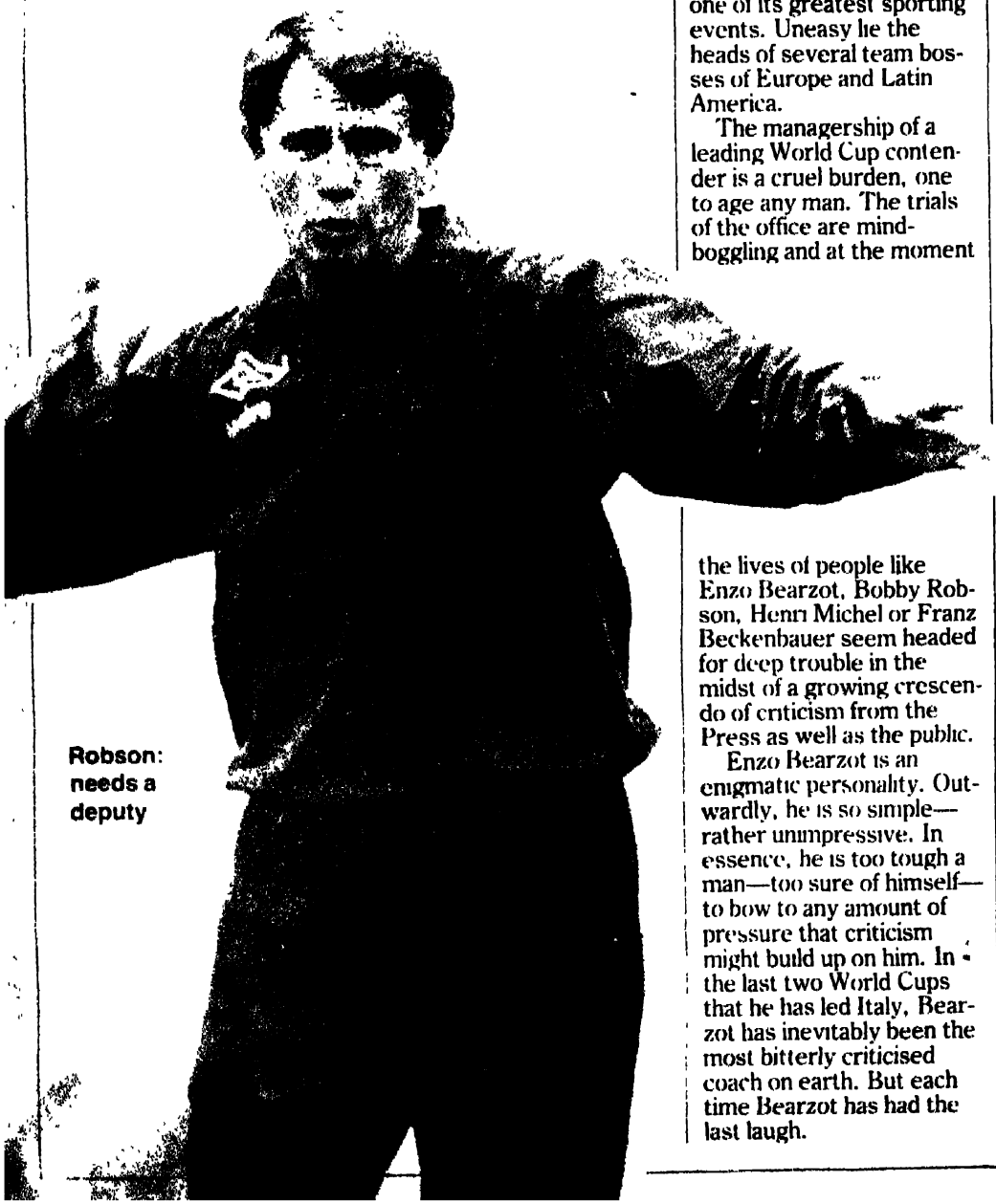
With Piechniczek to plan Mlynarczyk and Zmuda to defend Boniek and Dziekanowski to attack Poland promise to look worthy of their seeding whatever the conditions and whatever the opposition

Managers attract snipers



THE countdown to the big kick off at Mexico has entered its final phase, with barely two months to go. With bated breath the world awaits the start of one of its greatest sporting events. Uneasy lie the heads of several team bosses of Europe and Latin America.

The managership of a leading World Cup contender is a cruel burden, one to age any man. The trials of the office are mind-boggling and at the moment the lives of people like Enzo Bearzot, Bobby Robson, Henri Michel or Franz Beckenbauer seem headed for deep trouble in the midst of a growing crescendo of criticism from the Press as well as the public.



Robson: needs a deputy

Enzo Bearzot is an enigmatic personality. Outwardly, he is so simple—rather unimpressive. In essence, he is too tough a man—too sure of himself—to bow to any amount of pressure that criticism might build up on him. In the last two World Cups that he has led Italy, Bearzot has inevitably been the most bitterly criticised coach on earth. But each time Bearzot has had the last laugh.

In 1978, the soured Italian Press did not give him a chance. They attacked his choices for the team, his reluctance to infuse fresh blood in place of some players who seemed to be running out of breath. Even his ability to motivate his boys psychologically was questioned. Bearzot left Italy for Buenos Aires in an atmosphere of despair.

But Italy had a few surprises to spring. Stung by an early goal by France in their very first match, they came out of their shell not only to down the French but eventually to beat Argentina and finish fourth in the tournament. Bearzot had his revenge.

But 1982 once again found the coach in the eye of a blazing controversy. As Italy faltered in their opening games in Spain Bearzot faced a fresh attack from some of his colleagues in the game and of course some 'friends' in the Press.

But once again there were a few surprises in store for the critics. Surprises that covered Italy with glory. As they entered the second stage of the tournament Italy and Paolo Rossi struck wonderful form. Rossi scored as many as six goals in the last three games. And the rest is history.

In 1986, Enzo Bearzot is once again under severe fire from his own countrymen. The present Italian team, now awaiting their departure for Mexico has been described by many as dull, unimaginative, lacking in speed and the all-important killer instinct. Italians have no great expectations about them.

But Bearzot has. He is as confident as ever and those who rely on his track record at Argentina and Spain refuse to write him off. Bearzot might just turn on his old magic, they believe. If he does Bearzot



Robson s boys at the Sphinx and Pyramid of Gyza during a sight-seeing tour of Cairo

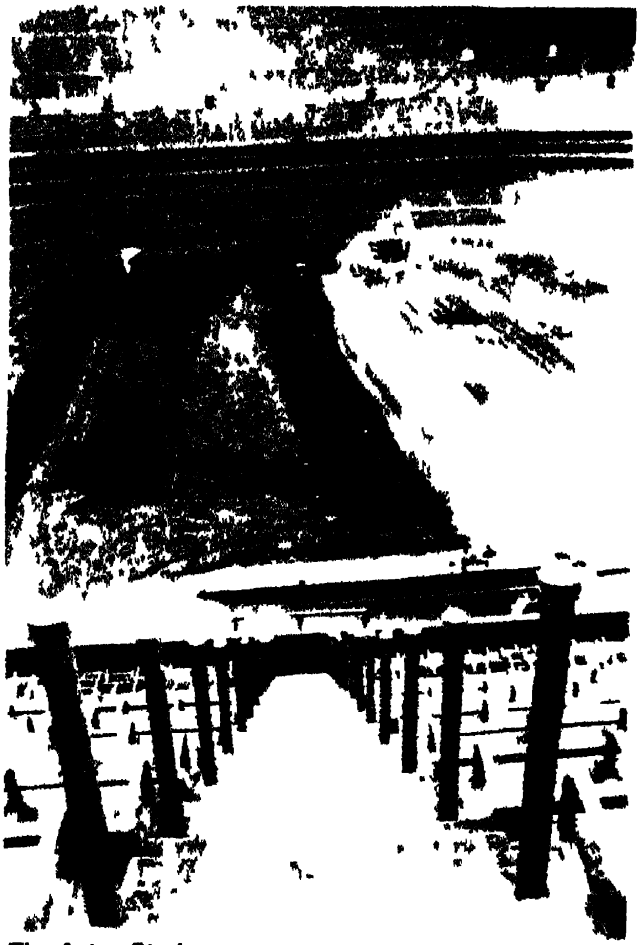
will silence his critics once and for all

CHILLIES abound in the camp of Argentinian Carlo Bilardo also The Argentinian media have little confidence in him They ridicule his strategy they denounce his attitude to the game they condemn his choice of player they find fault with almost anything he does any decision he makes

And Bilardo stirred up a hornets nest by dashing with one of Argentinas most popular soccer heroes ex captain Daniel Passarella one of the chief architects of the nations 1978 triumph He denied him the captaincy of the team and did not call him up by ordering not to join his former Director Maradona

Passarella immediately declined himself unavailable for Mexico The Argentine soccer federation took considerable pains and eventually succeeded in making peace But scars remain

In Spain Diego Maradona was scarcely successful chances are the glamour boy would run into similar



The Aztec Stadium gets ready for the inaugural game on May 31 between Italy and Bulgaria

troubles in Mexico as well being a constant target of his rival defenders Bilardo should have realised that veterans like Passarella now in formidable form in Italy with Fiorentina could better suit his purposes than the Napoli superstar He could ill afford to upset him Argentinians are not going to pardon him for that

In England and Germany the lives of Bobby Robson and Franz Beckenbauer are growing equally difficult as their Italian and Argentinian counterparts The England manager has already started showing signs of tremendous temperament comments about players of England have even forced the nations premier club that Robson need an efficient deputy in order to handle the job well

I can well sees the plight of the Kaiser The pressures have already proved too much for him to bear Franz Beckenbauer has made up his mind to quit after the Mexico Mundial success or failure

32

Frank Bruno: The great British hope



MARCH 17, 1897 A stadium especially constructed in Carson city is host to the world heavyweight championship bout between Gentleman Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons Round 13 Corbett's gloves are slippery with the challenger's blood, yet ironically the next round will see Corbett a victim of two of boxing history's primary alterations Round 14 Fitzsimmons sidesteps feints and delivers the first ever knockout punch to the solar plexus, rendering Corbett paralysed for over a minute Yet, more important he is now the only Britisher to have held the world title

Eighty-nine years have passed since Carson city and no British heavyweight has proven to be even a serious contender with the arguable exceptions of Henry Cooper and Tommy Farr

But in the midst of this English boxing depression comes Frank Bruno Black fitness crazy and with a lethal right (ask Gerrie Coetzee), he is now *the* contender for the World Boxing Association (WBA) heavyweight crown

Bruno's test was his fight against South African Gerrie Coetzee last month Promoters Mike Barrett and Mickey Duff had asked the WBA to recognise the contest as an "official eliminator for the title Yet this trial was the cause of much speculation on numerous fronts

Initially, the issue of apartheid was the focus, with sections of the public and ex-boxer John Conteh, urging Bruno to forfeit the fight due to Coetzee's South African connections Surprisingly the more serious controversey concerned the alleged use of Coetzee as a 'fall guy' The argument insisted that the flabby, out of touch and inept Coetzee was hardly a worthwhile opponent for the hardy Bruno In fact an ironmonger in England, who had a couple of pounds on Bruno was quoted as saying "The word is that Bruno cannot lose, because Terry Lawless (Bruno's manager) and Mickey Duff are too clever They would not have taken this fight if Bruno could be beaten I have seen this Coetzee fight and this Coetzee is no good at all Too slow I think Bruno will be too fast for him"

COETZEE asserted that he had trained sufficiently, but thousands of people saw, that even if he had, it wasn't enough Bruno, with shades of Ali coming through, predicted "This is my year to be world champion I've got to knock him down. And with an executioner's precision he did.

With Coetzee on the defence Bruno after a few circumspect jabs curved in a wondrous right to have Coetzee counted till eight And then in an even more brutal action replay 110 seconds into the first round the right descended and a dazed Coetzee skidded through the ropes It was all over After ten years since Richard Dunn was mauled by Ali Britain now had a serious contender for the heavyweight title

Yet Bruno like the other Britons before him is a flawed contender What is really fortunate however is that he doesn t suffer from the maladies that the quintessential British boxer did He is certainly not small at 6ft 3in is not affected by the 'bleeder syndrome personified by Henry Cooper and moreover is endowed with a savage punch (ten of his last 12 fights have been won on knockout)

Nevertheless the immense difference in standard between the Americans and him remains The present bunch of Yanks have come through the ranks the hard way their primary assets being power speed occasional glimpses of science and most important resilience Their ability to absorb punishment recuperate and come back as strongly

British Heavyweight Contenders

1937	Tommy Farr Outpointed by Joe Louis
1955	Don Cockell Mauled by Rocky Marciano
1959	Brian London Felled by Floyd Patterson
1966	Brian London Knocked out by Muhammad Ali
1966	Henry Cooper Savaged by Muhammad Ali
1975	Joe Bugner Outpointed by Muhammad Ali
1976	Richard Dunn Savaged by Muhammad Ali
1986	Frank Bruno ?

is apparent This correspondingly raises an interesting question Bruno can give but can he take?

The American s superior skill notwithstanding Bruno s temperament could play a decisive role The only blemish on his near perfect (27 1) record was due to a temperamental failure on May 23 1981 after leading on points he froze against American James Bonecrusher Smith and was promptly KO ed for his sins He was as tight as a drum said manager Lawless aware that such a repetition during the WBA final could result in Bruno s massacre

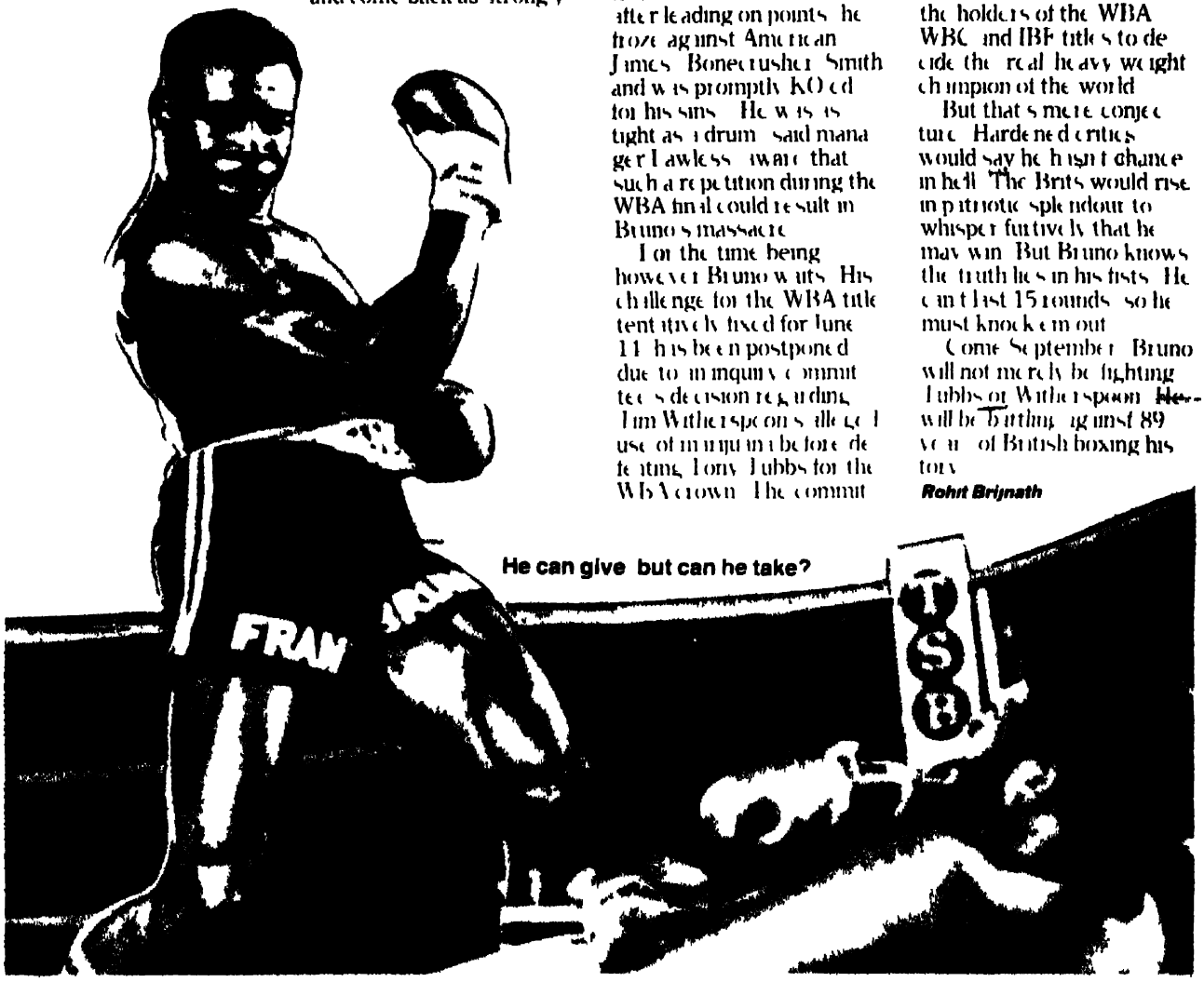
For the time being however Bruno waits His challenge for the WBA title tentatively fixed for June 11 has been postponed due to an inquiry commit tee s decision regarding Tim Witherspoon s alleged use of an injunction before defeating Tony Tubbs for the WBA crown The commit tee inquiring into the drug scandal have decided on a re match between Witherspoon and Tubbs and in all probability Bruno will challenge the winner in September

If somehow he were to win Bruno may enter the tournament organised by promoter Don King and Home Box office between the holders of the WBA WBC and IBF titles to decide the real heavyweight champion of the world

But that s mere conjecture Hardened critics would say he hasn t chance in hell The Brits would rise in patriotic splendour to whisper furtively that he may win But Bruno knows the truth lies in his fists He can t last 15 rounds so he must knock em out

Come September Bruno will not merely be fighting Tubbs or Witherspoon He will be battling against 89 years of British boxing history

Rohit Brijnath



He can give but can he take?

Lethal Lineker

Oxford United player Trevor Hebberd analyses the many facets of English football's most lethal striker, Gary Lineker



A neat finish and lots of pace. That's Lineker for you

I WOULD have been very surprised if the PFA Footballer of the Year award had not gone to Gary Lineker.

One of the big problems in assessing the top players in England over the last 12 months is that because of the dispute between the TV companies and the Football League, which meant no matches being screened until January, we have not seen that much of them! Still, I don't think anyone will quibble with my choice of Lineker for the top PFA award. To me, his record (33 goals up to today's programme) puts him head and shoulders above the other contenders.

It can be argued that any striker would get a high number of goals in a team as strong as Everton. I am sure Lineker, bought from Leicester for £800,000 before the start of the season, would be the first to admit that he has benefited by having better players around him.

The point is best illustrated by the fact that Andy Gray, Lineker's predecessor at Everton, has not looked the same player since his transfer to Aston Villa.

Still, it usually takes time for a player to settle down in a new team—a striker, especially—and I don't think that even Everton can have envisaged Lineker doing as well as he has.

Though Lineker had a good scoring record with Leicester, not many managers in Howard Kendall's position would have signed him for fear of



upsetting the balance of the team After all Everton hardly seemed in need of improvement last season when they won the Championship European Cup Winners Cup and reached the F A Cup Final Moreover in replacing Gray with Lineker they acquired a totally different type of player

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of Linekers success is that though not rated as effective as Gray in the air around half of his Everton goals have come through headers

One explanation is that Everton have put the emphasis on lower driven crosses as opposed to high looping ones Another is that because of Linekers sharpness and pace he is able to get in front of defenders He doesnt have to actually outjump them

Lineker is the quickest front man I have seen since Trevor Francis was at his peak That attribute counts for a lot in pro football because most central defenders tend to be big men and inevitably have problems when forced to turn quickly

Thats why when facing Lineker most teams prefer to fall back rather than push up and leave a lot of space behind them in the hope of catching him offside He is so quick that if he beats the offside trap it is virtually impossible to catch him

His marvellous goal in Evertons 1 0 F A Cup quarter final win over Luton provided a good example of this aspect of his play Lutons central defenders Steve Foster and Mal Donaghy were about two yards in front of him when the ball was played through and he still managed to beat them to it

I was also struck by his composure in beating the keeper Usually players who rely mainly on their pace to get into scoring positions find it difficult to suddenly slow down sufficiently to produce an accurate finish Indeed when Lineker was at Leicester I remember their captain John O Neill saying that he needed to improve in that department

His improvement is easily explained It is just due to the extra confidence he has acquired through being part of the best team in the country not to mention the England side

Services in the winning corner

THE popular Muhammad Ali song "he floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee....", fits Seerae Jayaram like a glove. Chandigarh's Bhagatsingh Thakur will, I am sure, agree. Jayaram of the all conquering Services boxing team took only 40 seconds, in bringing Thakur to his knees, in their light [illegible] weight national boxing final at Pune's Nehru stadium. Jayaram won the best boxer's title and Services once again proved, that they were still the kings of the ring, bagging 10 golds out of the possible 12.

The Jayaram-Thakur bout was easily the most electrifying bout of the evening. A swift left uppercut and a sledge-hammer like right on the solar-plexus had Thakur facing the mandatory count in only the eighth second of the bout. Two more similar knockdowns in the next ten seconds, were then followed by a complete annihilation through scientific punching. Thakur was battered and dazed. The referee mercifully stopped the contest.

Assamese Harak Bahadur Dorjee, was chosen the best loser. The light-fly, from Guwahati, really made Services ace Lokbahadur Gurung sweat for the title. The two had traded punches in the last national semi-finals at Calcutta, but Dorjee has improved a lot since then. Dorjee's unanimous verdict over Meghalaya's Thapa in the semi-final bore ample testimony to the fact. It was a delight to see the pint-sized Dorjee throw his strong punches at the tall Gurung with aggression and speed. He tried to make every punch count, but Gurung's experience saw him through on a split verdict.

In fact one of the interesting features of this years championships, was the participation in large numbers by young pugilists from the North-East. Young and gutsy. These boxers from Manipur, Meghalaya and Assam fought like tigers. Their ability to take any amount of punishment and still fight, was an object lesson to boxers from some other teams, who winced and writhed at every punch. One very important facet of boxing, often ignored by many boxers, is the capacity to take punishment. The north-eastern boxers have this in-built ability and they have age on their side. It won't be long therefore, before they establish themselves as a force to reckon with.

The most glaring aspect of this year's meet, was the fact that the final bouts began at 4.30 pm in the afternoon, with the blazing sun making life miserable for the boxers. The tournament was held at the Nehru stadium in open-air. As boxing is basically a night sport, the bouts preceding the final day, were held towards late evening, when the cool breeze and the lights made it ideal boxing environment. But a callous disregard for the boxers' interests was exhibited, as the bout timings were intentionally preponed to accommodate the Information and Broadcasting Minister Vithalrao Gadgil. Gadgil finally did not turn up.

That success in the result of ninety-nine per cent perspiration and one percent luck, was proved by the Services' boxers. They bagged 10 golds and one silver to take home the team championship with a total of 75 points. Railways with 27, Rajasthan with 17 and Assam with 14 followed in that order. The Services boxers from all over India, had assembled at the Army School of Physical Training (ASPT) in Pune, for a month long strenuous camp.

THE initial rounds this year, showed a distinct fall in the standard of boxing, with the retirement of boxers such as the lithe Bhirendra Singh Thapa, Xavier, Macchah and Kaur Singh. But the 'fists of fury' started emerging towards the end, leading to a grand finale, as curtains were about to be drawn on the 32nd championships. The Services boxers Lokbahadur Gurung (light fly), Shivraj Birajdar (Fly), Gundidas Kamble (Bantam), Subramanian Nityanand (Feath-

Gopal Dewang (Services) gives Maharashtra captain Pratap Chavan a beating in the welterweight category



er) Gangera Chandrasekhar (Light) Seerae Jayaram (Light Welter) Gopal Dewang (Welter) Manjitpal Singh (Light Middle) Chikananda Chengappa (Light Heavy) Girwar Singh (Heavy) and Narbahadur Thapa in the super heavyweight group not only kept the Services flag flying high but also assured the boxing buff that India's fortunes are still in safe and capable hands

If Jayaram's 40 seconds win could not satisfy the spectator's appetite for a long and solid duel the welter weight fight between Gopal Dewang and Pratap Chavan did. Both were real tough antigonists. Pratap the Maharashtra captain is a veteran boxer and a great fighter. Gopal of the Services is much younger fitter and tougher blessed with more pugilistic attributes. Gopal hit Chavan left right and centre. But Chavan an ex armyman now working for Telco (Pune) took the punishment. The home crowd loved Chavan for he could give something back as well. But Chavan was lucky the bell saved him in the second round. Very few could have withstood that cannon ball right which ripped through his guard. But Dewang let loose a flurry of vicious punches in the third round. A thunderbolt on Chavan's weak jaw gave Dewang a knock out seconds before the final bell.

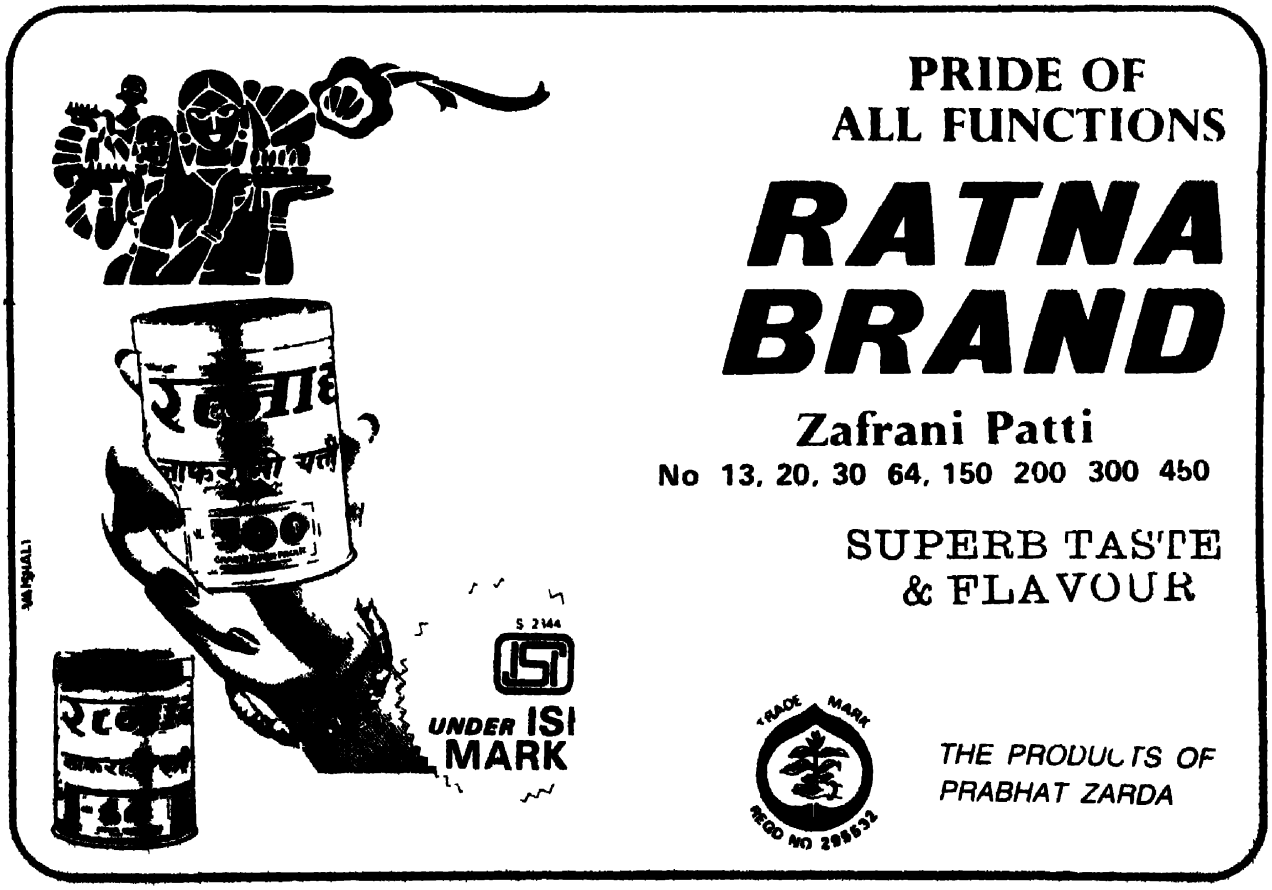
Neograj Kant Bhatt of Delhi was one boxer who really won the hearts of the crowds with his gritty display. He was pitted against the experienced Nityanand of Services in the feather weight class. Bhatt was constantly on the attack from the very beginning upsetting Nityanand's rhythym and movement. Lack of scientific technique was however young Neograj's problem and he bowed out on points.

Former India boxer Mool Singh who is now in his thirties deserves praise for being able to bag the overall third place for Rajasthan the hitherto babies of Indian boxing. Mool Singh was a boxer who had the ability to take any amount of punishment and yet remain in the fight.

Two boxers Zarir Vasagar of the Railways in the feather weight category and Ibomcha Singh of Manipur in the middleweight category started off extremely well in the initial rounds before bowing out suddenly and to the disappointment of their fans. Zarir had all that a good boxer requires a sound guard good footwork and a lightning switch to aggression. Ibomcha in fact pulled off a great victory on the opening day when he shocked Services boxer D B Gurung who is the Asian silver medallist and Indian champion. This was the only category where Services was unrepresented in the finals. But instead of grabbing the title Ibomcha lost to Railways Jagdish Chander the ultimate champion in the middle weight.

Besides being just a display of fists of fury this year's Pune meet was an exhibition of great determination blood sweat tears and toil. Killer instinct was also sufficiently displayed and the visions of the north east youngsters taking it squarely on the jaw and yet coming at you with a powerful right proved that boxing is not yet dead in India and that it should be encouraged further.

Rahul Chandrawarkar Pune





Jagdish Yadav

"At the start of the season Lamba was dropped."

final this season Still, he could not take for granted his place in the Delhi team At the start of the season he was dropped for the match against Jammu and Kashmir The man they chose in Lamba's place failed and he was again back in the team This time back with a vengeance

His consistent performances as batsman and fielder have shadowed even those of the dashing Surinder Khanna The century on the spinner's wicket at Kota where he moved from 99 into three figures with a six over extra cover – there were also 22 fours in his 110– settled the argument in his favour as far as the national selectors were concerned

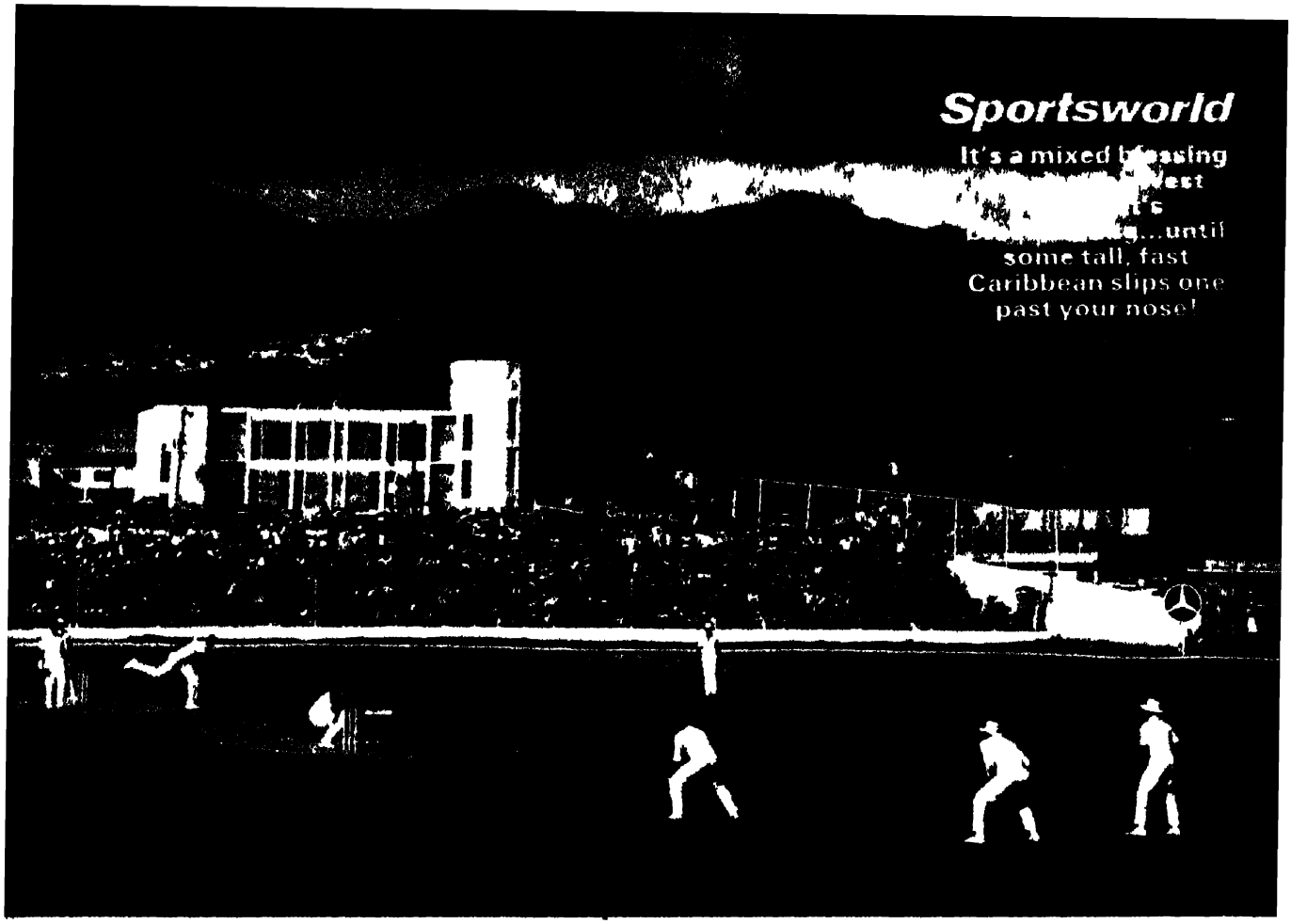
Raman's critics keep pointing out his flaws But he is not disturbed What matters is runs and he has been getting them in consistent 50s and 100s In addition to his double century and two centuries in the Ranji Trophy this season he stood out with three half centuries in the Wills Trophy limited over tournament

He shuffles across say his detractors But coach Sinha thinks that is exactly why he is so good in his onside shots His critics forget that Raman has been confidently middling the ball and smashing it all over They say he is not well equipped to play in English conditions But Lamba has sufficient experience of batting against the moving ball in those conditions He has been doing well for four seasons in the Irish League

Readers of thumbnail sketches in daily newspapers will have observed the lack of detail with regard to his date of birth Who says Lamba is old and ageing? His date of birth? January 2 1959!

A Correspondent




Sportsworld
It's a mixed b[illegible]ssing
[illegible]est
[illegible]'s
[illegible]...until
some tall, fast
Caribbean slips one
past your nose!


Sportsworld
Everything is perfect
when Michael Holding
runs in to bowl. Only
when the ball

Tennis injuries

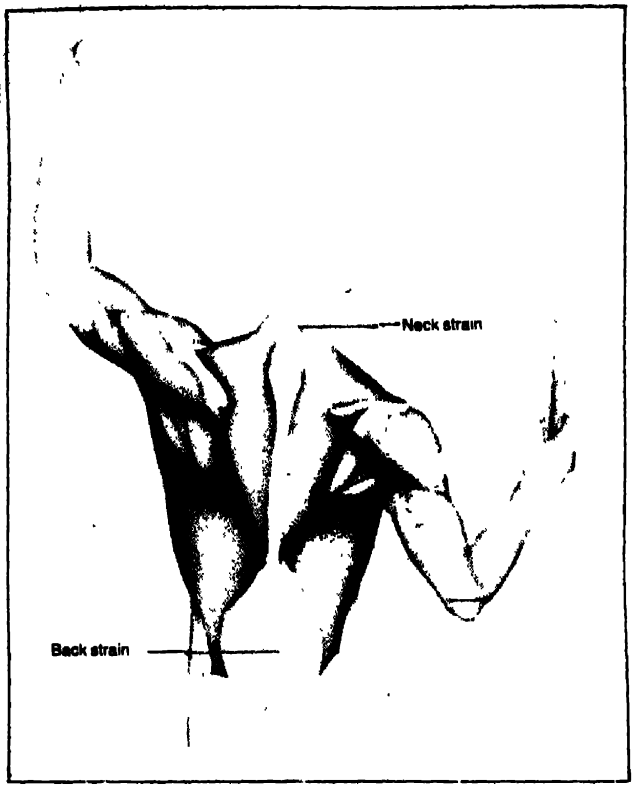
CARRYING on in the list of the top ten injuries associated with tennis, we take up the last few.

The younger tennis player is very prone to 'wrist sprain' where plenty of zest is injected into the game. If you fall into the category of the young hard-hitting tennis player, you are very liable to place strain on your playing wrist by trying to slam the ball as hard as you can. In your enthusiasm, you may just try to reach that angled volley, reaching it with tip of your racquet and feeling the entire strain on your outstretched wrist. Even excessive wrist roll on your groundstrokes can cause wrist sprain.

But pain in the wrist should not be put down to just these reasons. If you lose balance and fall on your outstretched hand, it is advisable that you go for an X-ray immediately to check for any fractures. A direct blow on the wrist or a fall on the wrist could be more than just a wrist sprain. A wrist sprain usually occurs at the side base of the small finger at the wrist (or back of the wrist) at the base of the index or long finger.

The only way to counter this ailment is to correct your stroking technique. You could even wear a counterforce wrist brace to cut the pain which will be helped by some concentrated strength training in the wrist region.

World Tennis



The next one on the list is 'tennis leg', also called medial calf rupture. Coming on with the suddenness of a kick or impact, a sudden stab of pain in the back of the calf can announce the onset of tennis leg. Mainly affecting players in the age-group of 35-50, it is commonly mistaken for plantaris rupture

While this is on the serious side of tennis injuries, there have been players who have made it back on court in the space of two weeks. As usual, you could use a counterforce calf brace with a small-heel lift to counter the pain. But the important thing to keep in mind with this injury is to be careful when you get back on court as this area does take some time to heal fully.

Though most of don't realise it, the neck and back also play an important role in a complete tennis player. Most people think that a strong arm and shoulders propped up by a pair of strong legs is all that is needed but the entire body comes into play whenever you wind up to hit the ball over the net. While the younger players possess enough all-round physical fitness to survive a rigorous afternoon of tennis, the older players are prone to strains in the back and neck region. This is even more evident in the case of peoople who have associations with pre-existant arthritis or slipped disc.

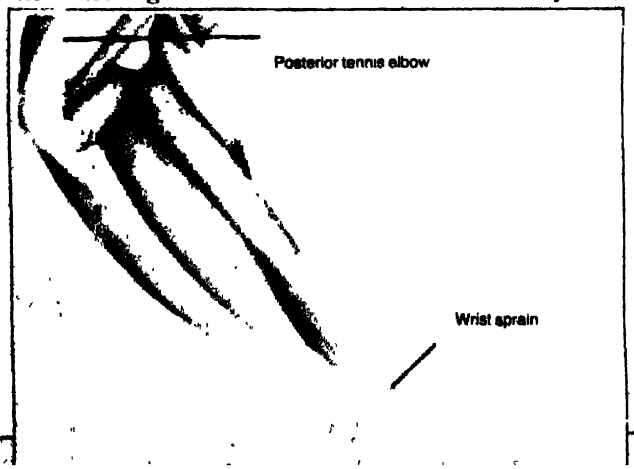
The serve is the aspect of tennis that brings your neck and back into play. Uncontrolled lobbing of the ball while serving can make you twist your back to levels that cause a strain. If the ball is tossed too close to the body or too far away from the body, the back has to arch in order for you to reach the ball with the racquet. Also, excessive backswing on your forehand can twist your abdomen to excrutiating levels.

If the pain is incapacitating, then you have to undergo traction of the neck and back. Otherwise, you could try and get rid of the pain by doing strength exercises to strengthen your back and neck. It could also be helpful to reduce your body weight as this might be the root cause of your discomfort. But, before you do all this, try and correct the aspects of your game where you are placing undue stress on your back and neck.

The last injury that we are going to deal with in this instalment of tennis injuries is 'posterior tennis elbow'. Mainly a baseball injury, where the pitchers complain of pain in the rear upper region of the elbow joint, posterior tennis elbow has been very common among the younger players on the circuit.

The treatment in this case is very similar to the one for the lateral tennis elbow and the medial tennis elbow. But if the pain is very severe, you could opt for a special counterforce brace for the posterior elbow. In the case of the presence of bone spurs, and therefore pain, occassional surgery might be required for a permanent cure.

World Tennis



For the West Indies...

Money is more important than victory

Matthew Engel watches West Indies batter England in the third one-day international

ENGLAND'S aberrant moment of one-day triumph was crushingly reversed in Bridgetown when they were bowled out for 114 and went 2-1 down in the four match series by 135 runs. Marshall only bothered to bowl six overs, but took three for 14.

That settled whatever doubt there might have been after West Indies had notched up another big score, largely through Richards and Richardson: 249 for seven off 46 overs.

Then came the now-familiar collapse, with England falling to 85 for eight and, with 14 an over needed off the last 10, the tailenders—short of batting practice all tour—decided this was as good a moment as any to try and get some.

Gower had won the toss, enabling his batsmen to avoid the morning juice in the pitch. By the time England went in, the pitch was halfway between the dead surface on which England had previously won. And the cruel one in Kingston on which Gatting and the team suffered so mightily.

The bowling was not that much more hostile than England's; but the batting once again caved in pitifully. The decisive moment came when Robinson, Slack and Gower all fell to Marshall and Holding in the space of 10 balls, though you might argue—since Gooch is the only man who has shown the ability to play an innings of real authority—that England were finished when he was caught behind, off what seemed a very thin edge indeed, in the fifth over.

Robinson and Slack never looked like being able to score quickly enough to get anywhere near the five-plus an over England needed. Robinson did play one or two of his summery back foot forces, until he tried one too many and was well caught at backward point. Slack, half-an-hour to get off the mark, was caught behind, flicking; and Gower was unluckily lbw for nought to a Marshall scuttler.



Marshall the victor, Botham the vanquished

Lamb played a couple of decent shots and there was a bit of a stand with Botham, though hardly a convincing one. Botham's long innings has not yet given him any better idea where the middle of his bat is; and when he was caught at mid-off for 14 he walked away with no histrionics, merely the look of a hare when the hounds are on him.

Early on, the wicket had been zesty, and Botham, Thomas and Foster all produced deliveries that had the batsmen in trouble; Foster even had the Richards cap falling off as the great man jerked out of the way of a short one.

Normally, England would have been delighted. But in these pessimistic times one started to wonder whether Botham was bowling better because he was angry at the latest press reports, how much more the West Indies bowlers might have got out of it, and how badly England might do if they are forced to bat first in the Test match.

Informed local opinion believes that the West Indies Board are now anxious that as much grass as possible is taken off the Test wicket to ensure that the game goes on for at least four days. Money is more important to them than victory.

Courtesy: The Guardian

PREVIEW

CALENDAR

National Events

Hockey: Aga Khan Cup tournament at Bombay, from 16 to 28 April onwards Revived after a lapse of 3 years Holders PIA, Karachi, to participate

Cricket: 36th All-India Sheesh Mahal tournament at Lucknow from April 20 to May 1

International Events
Athletics: Rotterdam marathon on 19 April
Mars-London marathon on 20 April
Boston marathon on 21 April

Cricket: Five-nation Australasia Cup at Sharjah from 11 to 18 April India Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Australia and New Zealand to participate

Asia Cup in Sri Lanka from 1 to 5 April

England s tour of West Indies

3-8 April 4th Test match at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad Rest day 7 April
11-16 April 5th Test match at Antigua Rest day on 14 April
23-25 April Start of English season, with the traditional match, M C C vs County champions, Middlesex, at Lord s

National Games: 21st National Games of Pakistan at Quetta from 12 to 16 April India to participate
Hockey: Six-nation Champions Cup at Karachi, from 4 to 11 April India to participate

Equestrianism: World Cup Show Jumping final at Gothenburg, Sweeden, from 9 to 13 April

Golf: Greater Greensboro Open at Greensboro, North Carolina, from 3 to 6 April
U.S. Masters at Augusta from 10 to 13 April
Cannes Open championships at Mougins, France from 17 to 20 April
Houston Open at Woodlands, Texas from 24 to 27 April.

Ice-Hockey: World championship, Pool A, at Moscow from 12 to 28 April European junior championship, Pool A, at West Germany from 3 to 9 April

Ice-Skating: World Speed championships at Chamonix, France from 5 to 7 April

Motor Racing: San Marino grand prix at Imola, Italy on April 27

Snooker: Embassy World Professional championship at Sheffield, England from April 19 to May 5

Football: European Cup, European Cup Winners Cup and UEFA Cup semi-finals, 1st legs on 2 April F A Cup semi-finals on 5 April European Cup, European Cup Winners Cup, UEFA Cup semi-finals, 2nd legs, on 16 April Milk Cup final, Oxford United vs Queens Park Rangers at Wembley, on 20 April England vs Scotland at Wembley on 23 April

Badminton: European championships at Uppsala from 30 March to 6 April Thomas and Uber Cup finals at Jakarta from 27 April to 4 May

Motor Cycling: World Championship TT F1 at Mugello, Italy on 13 April
Swimming: Great Britain vs USSR, International match at Coventry on 12-13 April

RADIO

Daily sports programmes:

6 30—7 00 p m Khel Seva, a Hindi sports programme, consisting of news, interviews, discussions and commentaries, on 294.9 metres, Delhi-D.

7 05 p.m —7.10 p m : Sports news in Hindi on Vividh Bharati, 219 3 metres and Delhi-D, 294 9 metres
8 05 p m —8 10 p m Sports news in English on Yuva Vani, Delhi D, 294 9 metres

National Sports Programmes:
9 30 p m —10 00 p m., National sports magazine, a programme of views, news and interviews broadcast on 4 April on 450 5 metres, Delhi B and relayed on the national hook-up by all additional frequencies Programme to be repeated on Saturday, 6 April, at 7 02 a m on the same metre band
9 30—10 00 p m Khel Jagat, a Hindi sports programme broadcast on Thursday, 17 April on 366 3 metres, Delhi A and by all additional frequencies Programme repeated on Saturday, 19 April at 7 02 a m or Delhi B, 450 5 metres

TELEVISION

World of Sports featuring national and international events to be telecast on the following Sundays 6, 13, 20 and 27 April Live telecast of India's matches at the Australasia Cup at Sharjah Timings and dates yet to be confirmed

BOOKS

Trumper, The Illustrated Biography by Ashley Mallet, published by Macmillan, London, 1985 price 17 95 Australian dollars

A biography on the world s most charismatic batsman by a recent Aussie off-spinner Why this tribute? The biography, a collection of memorabilia of the legendary opening batsman before World War One, Victor Trumper, has a strange Indian connection An avid collector S.S. Ramamurthy (based in Whvalla) showed Ashley Mallet, a Collins diary—Victor Trumper s 1902 diary This was the inspiration for the biography on Trumper

This is the most complete biography on the enigmatic but brilliant Trumper The author Mallet, for whom Trumper was a boyhood hero, has talked extensively to people who remember or were acquaintances of Trumper and are still alive One such person was Sir William McKell, former premier of New South Wales and Governor General of Australia, a 93-year-old man who recalled the batting artistry of Trumper McKell reveals how along with some childhood friends they followed Trumper wherever he played in Sydney At the end of the season, Trumper to encourage the youth gave a huge swag of cricket gear to the young boys for virtually nothing

Trumper s sister-in-law Gladys Trumper, 92 years old, recalls the maestro's fondness for the piano and Victor s batting in Sydney grade matches The book abound with such memoirs There are lively accounts of the charm and style of batting of Victor Trumper, the man who was the first to score a century before lunch way back at Old Trafford in 1902 There are extracts from the diary of Trumper, during his four tours of England

The book also has rare photos of the vintage Trumper in action and group pictures of great Aussie teams of the past

There are many anecdotes about the man from the times he paid for children to get into the Sydney Cricket Ground to buying an urchin's bundle of sheet music outside a music hall in London to allow the boy to go home to a warm fire The book is not just a cricket lover's delight but a remarkable insight into the motivations and social compulsions of a man who personified the spirit and romance of an age gone by. A collector's masterpiece Considered the sporting title of Australia in 1985-86.

Novy Kapadia

Ranji Trophy semi final

Haryana through, Bombay out

INVINCIBLE hallmark not with has l It j ks thi to k been the ket And ise Bombay the 52 Ranji is winning it no thirty times But bility has now been by none other than Haryana Hurricane nd plotting Haryana s its first ever Ranji final Kapil could take a great deal of ding out a crushing lso lete it to the defending cham n at Wankhede stadium

While Kapil himself was refreshing modest about his contribution nd instead singled out Ravinder Chadha s century in the first innings which provided us with he base to launch our bid for an upset win and off spinner Sarkar Talwar s six wickets Bombay s captain Ravi Shastri put it aptly when he said The only differ ence between the two teams was Kapil Dev and that s saying a lot for the Indian captain because he proved that he is good enough to handle any side in the country

When Bombay batted Kapil very early in both the innings produced superlative spells to literally rock the boat and the eventual termination of the innings became a mere formality

Admittedly Haryana s triumph can be described as a win for the side that played better cricket out there in the middle but the fact remains that the talent and application shown by some of those who currently don Bombays colours must have come as a rude shock to yesteryear cricketing greats like Vijay Merchant Polly Umrigar G Ramachand and Ajit Wadekar

Of course Shastri was brave enough to confess that he missed Sandeep Patil and Sunil Gavaskar Just like Kapil reserves his best for Bombay I am sure that the great batsman that he is Sunil finding Kapil bowling with great fire would have risen to the occasion and produced an equally dazzling effort Besides a line up that boasts Gavaskar Patil Vengsarkar and myself would require some handling

While Sandeep missed this crucial match due to an injured right hand thumb Gavaskar surprisingly preferred to be in Hong Kong and Kerala for the duration of the match on grounds that can be best termed vague In fact this season Gavaskar has not played most of the domestic circuit

Be that as it may this is why one can understand Shastri s agony when he says This year every major championship has been won by Bombay or West Zone The Ranji Trophy will be the only exception I guess you cannot have everything in life Needless to add Shastri led the side that won the



Vengsarkar stretches and Ravinder Chadha goes in the second innings off Shastri's bowling. Kapil Dev attributed Haryana's victory to Chadha's first innings effort

Wills Trophy, Irani Trophy, Deodhar Trophy and Duleep Trophy.

Coming to the match itself, Kapil was rather surprised that despite calling wrongly he was invited to have first strike on a wicket that is generally known to favour batsman. Defending his decision, Shastri explained: "On the second day Kapil was genuinely moving that ball either way and seaming it as well. Can you imagine what he could have done on the first day? Moreover in Kapil and Chetan, Haryana has the best new ball attack in the country. It was a funny Bombay wicket—dusty, patchy and damp which can be best described as a slow turner."

With Bombay deciding to include an unfit Raju Kulkarni and Balwinder Sandhu, who was off-target, the burden fell on off-spinner Mokashi and Shastri. As for the early Haryana batsman, most of them got into their strike and literally gifted their wickets away. While Deepak Sharma laboured over three hours for his 48, Aman Kumar (40) and Ashok Malhotra (49) played positive cricket. Kapil himself fell at 39, when cover fielder Allan Sippy held an overhead blinder.

When Kapil fell at 227, Bombay still had everything under control. Except that they had to reckon with Ravinder Chadha. The 36-year-old battle-scarred veteran ensured that Haryana reached the imposing total of 423, with an unconquered 159, his eleventh ton in Ranji Trophy. Obviously Chadha relishes the Bombay attack because in the 1983-84 semi-final he scored 168.

Chadha alone batted with a sense of determination and made strokes all round the wicket. Twenty-three of these crossed the boundary line.

Bombay could ill-afford allowing Haryana such a big total but the catching was awry. "We captured the seventh wicket a little before the 300 mark and there was no way they should have crossed 340, but we bowled badly on the second morning and fielded shabbily," admitted Shastri.

Huge totals are nothing new to Bombay but then Kapil had some other ideas. Relying entirely on his experience rather than on pace, Kapil with line and length created terror in the ranks of the opposition. In the space of 15 deliveries, Kapil sent back both openers Rajput and Hattangadi and the country's star batsman Vengsarkar, to break the back of Bombay's batting strength. And when he later returned to induce Ghulam Parkar to edge an away moving ball, Kapil had ensured that Bombay was on its knees.

Ghulam Parkar, along with the left-handed Allan Sippy, was beginning to bring the innings on a steady course, after Vengsarkar had departed to make it three for 22. Struggling but still surviving the lionhearted Parkar (51) was the ideal foil to the in-form and elegant Sippy. But Kapil always held himself back, safe in the knowledge that he could always provide the breakthrough. And when Sippy (61), who displayed good temperament, failed to drive without keeping the ball down, he was back in the pavilion at 137, and only the die-hard Bombay supporters would have predicted Bombay overtaking Haryana's total.

It was under these circumstances that Ravi Shastri and Chandrakant Pandit produced the best batting of the match. It was also the only phase where Bombay dominated the proceedings of a match in which Haryana was always the superior side.

Scoring at a healthy average of a run per ball, Pandit and Shastri proved that not only could the score be accelerated without taking risks but also that attack is the best form of defence. Able to pierce the gaps from the word 'go', Pandit crossed the fifty mark in 53 balls, which included seven hits to the fence. Shastri, unlike his other colleagues, wisely refrained from playing ambitious strokes.

But the overnight break seemed to have affected Pandit, who was caught behind in the first over of the third day's and the writing was now firmly etched on the wall for Bombay. Pandit (57) and Shastri (65) added 99 runs for the sixth wicket, while Sarkar Talwar, Haryana's off-spinner ran through the later batsmen to capture six wickets, like Mokashi his counterpart in the Bombay side.

Captain Kapil Dev spoke to the umpires and then himself went towards the stands. Obviously reason did not appeal and Kapil had to return to the pavilion. The organisers could have ensured some sort of security. Or was it asking for too much?

When Haryana batted for the second time, Bombay tried hard to dismiss them cheaply to go for an outright win. But once again for the title holders their catching left a lot to be desired. Once again it was Ashok Malhotra (63) and Chadha (28) who thwarted their bid and held on to the good work done by Haryana in those part three days. "Had we dismissed them for 170 or so we would have made it. At one stage Haryana was 98 for 3. But for lapses in the field and some close decisions, they could well have been 98 for 5," Shastri felt.

As events unfolded themselves Haryana went on to score 252 and batted till half an hour on the last day. Once again Kapil Dev very early in the innings got his act together taking three wickets and a catch to give Chetan Sharma Rajput's wicket to send Bombay reeling at 4/59. Last man out Vengsarkar in an unnecessary gesture broke the stumps to show his disapproval at being given out leg before by umpire N. Sen. Or was it his frustration in ending up as a loser once again in his battle with Kapil Dev on the domestic circuit?

The rest of the Bombay batsmen threw in the towel except for Parkar and Pandit. While Pandit missed his ton by a solitary run because he ran out of partners, Parkar (39) and Pandit once again played creditably under crisis and were perhaps the only ones interested in saving Bombay the ignominy of a defeat

On the last afternoon a section of the crowd started throwing missiles on the ground. Captain Kapil Dev spoke to the umpires and when nothing was forthcoming from the men in the white coats or the organisers, he himself courageously went towards the stands. But obviously reason did not appeal to the rowdies and Kapil had no other choice but to return to the safety of the pavilion. It is difficult to analyse the crowd's behaviour. Surely it did not have anything to do with cricket, because Haryana outplayed Bombay fair and square. But the point remains that for 25 minutes the game was held up at which point tea was taken early. Surely the organisers could have ensured some security arrangements. Or is that asking for too much?

Haresh Munwani, Bombay



VALERY BORZOV

Many felt that the champion Soviet runner was more machine than man. He used the latest scientific technology to win the 100 meters as well as the 200 metres at the '72 Munich Olympics. The blond-haired, blue-eyed Ukranian was the first non-North American to win the sprint double.

Though Borzov was the favourite to win the 100 metres he was fortunate that his two chief rivals, Americans Rey Robinson and Eddie Hart, turned up late for their heats. Borzov went on to win the final in 10.14 seconds, even finding time to look back and raise his arms before reaching the finish line.

With seventy meters to go, Borzov went past Larry Black of the USA to win the 200's in a brilliant time of 20 seconds flat. Borzov ambitiously entered the 100's at Montreal, but only managed to come in third.

Borzov, who later married Lyudmila Turischeva, was, contrary to opinion, quite human. He once said, "I suddenly feel on the street that I have to run dressed in a suit, wearing hat and tie, not paying any attention to the passers-by."

Illustration by Subrata Gangopadhyay

Bad Boys

English footballers

AND now a few statistic for all those civilized and erudite gentlemen who believe that English soccer teams should not bear the responsibility for their fans behaviour This of course with reference to the hooligans who perpetuated the Brussels disaster resulting in English teams being banned in Europe

A recent study however has proved that the players behaviour itself is degenerating to an all time low In 1971 905 players were booked and there were 37 dismissals while in 1981 10 years later 4 067 players were booked and 229 dismissed And so while we continue to hurl criticism at the boorish fans lets give some thought to the situation on the pitch

'Soccer Expert'

World Cup computer

SITTING comfortably and having a cuppa while reading a newspaper report on the World Cup football you will probably do a double take And a triple For the report has a plethora of detail anecdotes incidents and facts all of which make very interesting reading But before you start lavishing praise on that particular journalist take a peek at another paper The report has similar interesting details

The answer to your quandry is quite simply the soccer expert an IBM computer with 125 million words of information about the sport and the World Cup

Available to the 5 000 journalists at the Cup this year it contains information like Which foot did



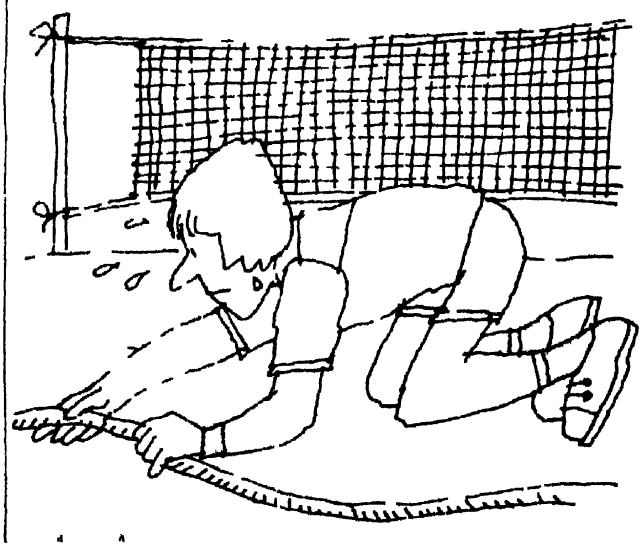
Pele use to score his third goal in his first World Cup ? How was each goal scored in the past 12 World Cup? And with such a memory the list is obviously endless In fact the soccer expert has calculated that Brazil with the odds in their favour (83 17) will defeat Italy by a score of 2 1 this year C'mon Rossi prove him wrong

Oh Dear

An Italian gaffe

ITALIAN soccer maniacs are legendary for their unbridled ehthusiasm for anything football They will spend lire on the game's treasures like Murdoch does on newspaper companies But somewhere down the line they're bound to make a gaffe and actually a few weeks ago they made a wonderful one

Brazil were due to play an international against Hungary so a group of Italians with visions of an electric Brazilian display trooped off to Budapest This despite an important league fixture between the star studded Juventus and the stylish Roma and the fact that Brazil would be playing without Zico So



crates Falcao Junior Dirceu and Edinho

Yet they did witness an electric display as Hungary played marvellous football to maul Brazil 3 0 and the Italian grumbled their way home The climax however was reserved for their return when they learnt they had missed a spectacular match when Roma upset Juventus 3 0 The irony of the story being that the goal of the match a superb volley was scored by—oh dear—none other than the Brazilian midfielder Cerezo

Double-Fault

Wrong feet

DAVID LOYD must be a rather embarrassed man Just a few weeks ago he opened a £2 5 million luxury tennis center at Croydon With a membership of 3 500 who paid £10 an hour for the use of a court Lloyd must have been riding high That was of course until the bizarre happened when members began playing atrocious tennis the common factor being recurring double faults and poor serving

And as the mystery deepened someone mentioned tape measure and so Lloyd was brought literally down to his knees to measure the courts only to emerge rather red faced to explain the problem In eight of his 11 courts the measurements were incorrect The distance between the net to the service line is supposed to be 21 ft and between the service line and baseline 18 ft In those courts they were unfortunately the opposite way around

So as the players got over their service phobia the courts were resurfaced and a luxury tennis center has become the focal point for many rather poor jokes



West Ham keeper Parkes gathers the ball as Arsenal s Martin Hayes looks on Arsenal won the Division One match 1-0

19 March New Zealand continue their winning streak in the series against Australia In the first of the four Rothmans One Day internationals at Dunedin New Zealand score a modest 186 for 6 in their fifty overs Superman Hadlee rips through the Aussie batting with four wickets giving away just 15 runs off 9 overs

India s Ramesh Krishnan tumbles out of the $ 315 000 Florida Classic tournament losing to American Robert Seguso in the first round 2 6 1 6

20 March The West Indies take on unbeatable 2 1 lead in the four match One Day series against England at the Kensington Oval in Bridgetown Richards and Richardson both score a fast 62 to pile up a maximum moth score of 249 for 7 off 46 overs The impressive bowling attack of the West Indies then destroy the English batting line up for a meagre 111

Top seed Ivan Lendl and second seeded Jimmy Connors move into the second round of the $ 315 000 Florida tennis tournament

21 March On the opening day of football transfer in Calcutta Mohun Bagan make the biggest grab in the form of Aloke Mukherjee De bashis Roy and Debashis Mistr

Lendl and Connors advance into the third round of the $ 315 000 Florida Classic tennis tournament defeating Eliot Teltscher and John Lloyd 6 4 6 2 and 6 2

22 March New Zealand take an unbeatable 2 0 lead by beating Australia by 53 runs in the second One Day international at Christchurch Rutherford (64) Edgar (74) and Coney (64) helped New Zealand pile up 258 for 7 in 49 overs The Australians only managed to score 205

Thanks to Richie Richardson s unbeaten 150 and Desmond Haynes 84 West Indies score at will to reach 269 for 2 at the end of the first day of the crucial third Test at Bridgetown

Sri Lanka only manage to score 191 for 4 at the end of the first day of the third and final Test at Colombo against Pakistan

23 March Pakistan restrict Sri Lanka to 281 in their first innings of the third Test at Colombo But Sri Lanka hit back strongly dismissing the top five Pakistan batsmen for 180 At the crease is the last pair of recognised batsman —Rameez Raja with 73 and Imran Khan with 3

David Gower and Graham Gooch put on an unbeaten 104 run partnership for the second wicket for England to end the day at 110 for 1 Earlier Thomas Botham and Foster claimed the last seven West Indian wickets for just 58 runs restricting the hosts to 418 in the first innings

Hana Mandlikova scores a straight set shock win over Chris Lloyd at Madison Square Garden to reach the final of the 500 000 Virginia Slims tournament The Czech wins 6 3 7 5 to qualify to play Martina Navratilova who beat West German teenager Steffi Graf 6 2 6 2 in the other semi final

24 March Martina Navratilova wins the first four set match in women s tennis in 85 years to win the $ 500 000 Virginia Slims tournament for the third successive year In the final she beats Hana Mandlikova 6 2 6 0 3 6 6 1

Ivan Lendl picks up $ 90 000 for winning the final of the Paine Webber Classic tennis tournament thrashing Jimmy Connors 6 2 6 0

England crumble to 199 all out thanks to the pace of Marshall (4 for 52) Patterson (3 for 59) and Holding (2 for 37) At the end of the third day of the third Test against the West Indies the England following on are 132 for 6

25 March West Indies clinched the Test series against England with an easy victory in the third Test at Bridgetown England were bundled out for 199 in their second innings thereby giving the West Indies victory by an innings and 30 runs Kuwait caused the first upset in the eighth Gulf Cup football with a decisive 3-1 victory over Asian champions Saudi Arabia at Bahrain

Wendy Brown of the University of Southern California jumps 44 feet 3 in to create a new indoor record in the triple jump event



The New Woman Has Punch

BOMBAY Eve teasers had better beware! The woman they're inclined to tease may appear frail shy or even timid but one punch from her could land the Romeo on the ground, breathless for the wrong reasons For she could be one of the 700 state government employees being taught karate on the Mantralaya terrace all for free They train twice a week for six months and attendance is a must No lame excuses or ministerial interference is tolerated So now we know if the government does not get the country into the 21st century it won t be because it lacks punch!

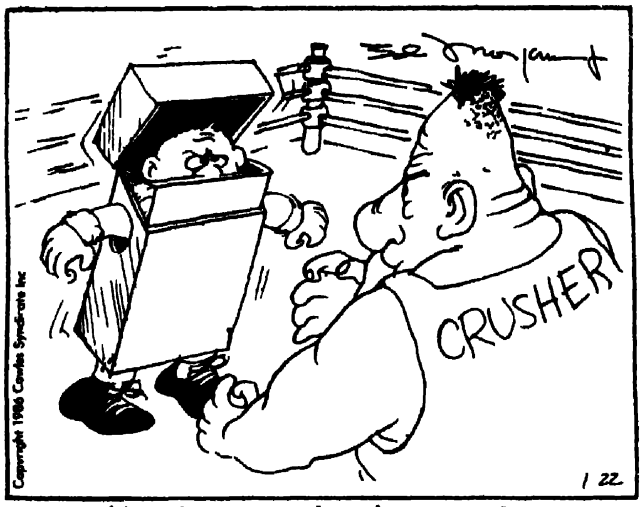
Sporting Feet

NEW YORK Americans spend more than $500 million a year on canvas shoes of the kind or another With the growing interest in physical fitness and sports the sale of canvas shoes is booming with some major companies reporting a 100% increase in sales It s not uncommon for one guy or gal to possess as many as 6 different pair for walking jogging playing a particular sport or maybe just impress members of the opposite sex with their potential

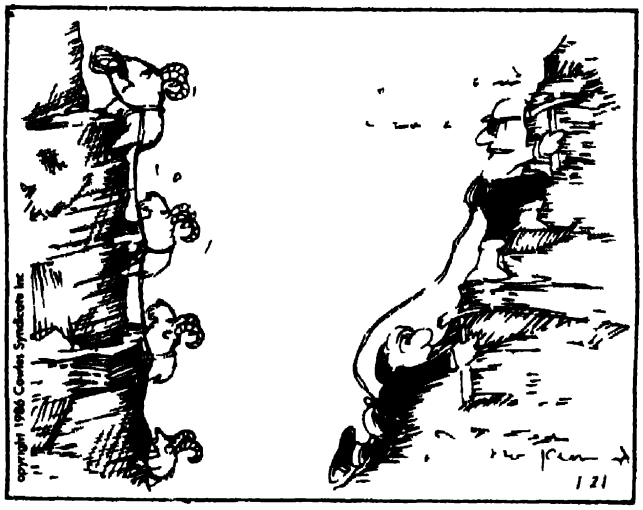
Showing Her Teeth

INDONESIA A 27 year old American woman sailor survived a sailing mishap for three weeks by eating smile toothpaste The survivor Judy Schwartz and three others in the boat ate the toothpaste while adrift off Indonesia for 21 days after the vessel s engine broke down It was really good said Ms Schwartz of this source of nourishment After a while my stomach would start growling for toothpaste No one was happier to hear that than the makers of that particular brand To thank her for the unexpected advertisement they got they gifted her with 600 tubes of it Apparently the paste not only helps users smile with confidence it also keeps them afloat!

Bernie Tellis

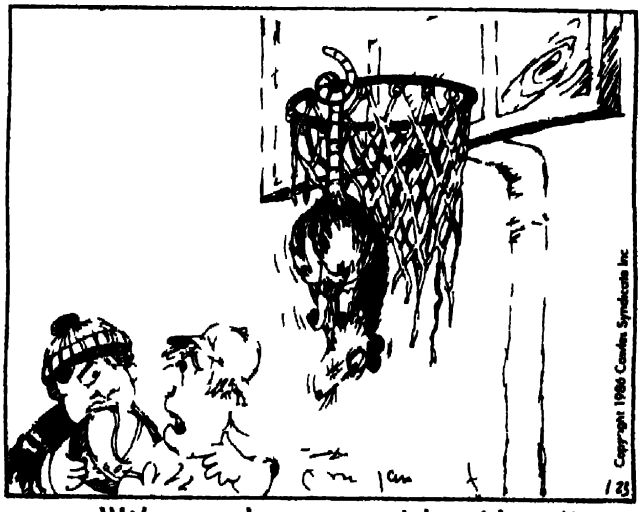


Martin stalks the champ in his crush-proof box.





"This looks like a good spot."



"It's your hoop, you 'shoo' him."

Playing Days

This is the last extract from Tony Lewis' autobiography. The author is off to Sri Lanka on the occasion of the country's inaugural Test match. In the West Indies, Lewis finds himself batting against a 'head hunter'! The book is published by Stanley Paul and priced at £9.95

What am I doing playing here?

SRI LANKA has always been the country where Test sides are called on the way to somewhere else Stor ies abound of friendships in the game and of personal experiences Maybe this week gives everyone licence to recall his point of contact with Ceylon and its cricket

The deep voice from a dark corner of the golf clubhouse told of terror as he faced up to the demon West Indian, Prior Jones, in 1950, and how Clyde Walcott caught him and then let the ball slip out on purpose, smiling and saying "you gave us some party last night Have a decent knock, enjoy yourself '

Members of the John Keells Com pany are renowned for the warmth of their welcome to MCC touring sides By coincidence I flew out here with a former director who had not been back for 25 years

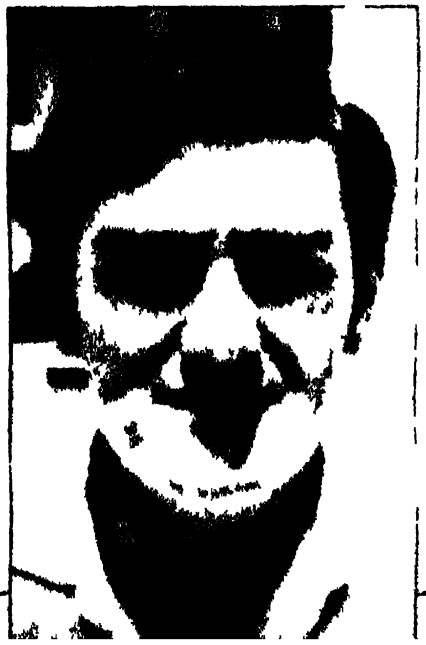
"Remember a cracking night with the England lads in the early thirties It was Harry Elliott of Derbyshire who tumbled into his room one night and because he had not seen a mos quito net before went to sleep under ne ith the bed

I stirred him in the morning with a prairie oyster– always worked y'know Ole Harry swallowed it with out opening his eyes and stayed asleep there on the floor for hours

It is exactly a 100 years since Sri Lanka played against an English side he Hon Ivo Bligh's team was on the w to Australia Reports are conflict ing but I will go for the one which says England beat 18 of Ceylon in a two day match and then set sail on the *Peshawar*

Unfortunately the *Peshwar* was not far out of harbour before she collided with *Glenroy* So back to Colombo went the England party and they were persuaded to play a one day match against the Dublin Fusiliers In fact the match was not completed The ship repairs were finished sooner than expected and so the teams shook hands and went their separate ways in mid afternoon

In many ways this was always Ceylon s trouble how to be taken seriously They were so obviously excellent cricketers, but they were always facing up to Test teams who were building up to a major Test series or cooling down from one Colombo is on the direct line sea route from England to Australia



In many ways Ceylon cricket was done an injustice Their fight for Test match recognition has been long and painful full of toil and tears They invited investigation always stood up to the inquisition on field but never satisfied the International Cricket Conference off it

It is up in Nuwera Eliya that I have learned of coffee planters of the mid nineteenth century travelling 30 miles on horseback for a cricket match beating a dangerous way through wild country

The oldest Sri Lankan club was founded in 1863 in Colombo By the 1880s there were 12 clubs in the country now there are many hun dreds To find the spirit of Sri Lankan cricket you must look to the colleges the most famous of which are Royal St Thomas s and Trinity Kandy The Royal— Thomian annual dust up cal led the Battle of the Blues is over 100 years old Like so many other MCC cricketers before me and after I can recall attending school morning assemblies in Colombo and talking cricket to the whole school before going with other touring players to coach the First Eleven

So, you might guess that Sri Lank an cricket is based on discipline Players are always perfectly turned out shoes whitened flannels pressed Their sportsmanship is firmly rooted in the best of the Old Boy morality

If I have a worry about this aspect of their Test Match presence it is that they may have to be corrupted by the stage-work of many of the England players, some of whom enjoy pointing a dismissed batsman towards the pavilion, or kicking up dust at an appeal turned down.

I hope that England will understand how the whole Sri Lankan cricket community looks to them for skill and honesty. The English County Championship scores are digested daily out here. Every morning, bets are laid on horses racing at Chepstow, or Newmarket, Ayr or Newton Abbot. The man known as the founder of Ceylon cricket, Ashley Walker, Royal College master of the 1880s, was English. Let Keith Fletcher and his men be up to his mighty occasion in the little island, now in 1982.

Sri Lanka is 270 miles long, north to south, and 140 miles across at its widest. There are 14 million inhabitants, mostly Sinhalese, who compete aggressively with the couple of million Tamils in all matters except cricket. It is a tea island, and rubber. You can drive through rice fields and still hunt leopard. Beaches are delightful, but filling up, because the tourist industry has grown quickly. Sri Lanka is green, almost smothered by tea estates and Palm trees, and; astonishingly, it proudly boasts a 90 per cent literacy figure—almost all Sri Lankans have 'O' levels.

My own cricket in Sri Lanka was played against such excellent players as Michael Tissera, Neil Chanmugan and Anura Tennakoon. Stanley Jayasinghe was the most charming and talented emissary to British cricket with Leicestershire in the Sixties. Clive Inman, too, came from Sri Lanka to make his mark with the same county.

I shall not forget the roar at the Colombo Oval, now known as the P. Sara Stadium, when Geoff Boycott had his stumps shattered with the second ball of the innings in 1970: G. Boycott b. Kehelagamuwa O. They reckoned that the noise of the crowd was so loud and prolonged that coconuts fell off the trees up in Kandy, and, who knows, the light bulbs might have peaked in the golf clubhouse up in Nuwera-Eliya.

There was another roar in 1973, just as loud if not louder. "What was it for?" I asked the umpire.

"Ceylon take first ever first innings lead over MCC." He grinned at me. Thanks to Don Wilson's 8 for 36 in the second innings, our dignity was rescued, with a win.

So, back to the great day on Wednesday, and that television aerial. The ICC were always concerned that Sri Lanka could not sustain a Test match programme. Where else could they stage a match other than at Colombo? They have provided startling proof. Once ICC agreed to their inclusion, money has spilled into the reshaping of the ground at Kandy, called the Asgiriya Stadium. They literally moved a mountain.

Around the ground there, and at Colombo, are advertising hoardings, every bit as numerous as at Lord's or Melbourne. The key to the incoming funds? Television. The Old Boy brigade have learned quickly, and if admitting Sri Lanka makes me sense now than it did ten years ago, it is because television has arrived.

Through TV screens also, the administrators of the game—who have a cricket foundation which is starting to tend to the youngsters—want to disseminate the game's fund and skills. They want television coverage of matches to spread the gospel and encourage the formation of district competitions. Sponsors will be easy to find.

So all looks well. Sri Lanka's hour has indeed come. On Wednesday morning, Mriamma, the long-serving groundswoman, will tug her roller by rope as ever, and set up the stumps for a new history.

New Zealand was the last country to gain Test match status; that was in 1929-30. Some cruel statistician pointed out that over their first 50 years, in 136 Tests, they have won only ten times.

'G. Boycott b Kehelagamuwa O'. The noise of the crowd was so loud and prolonged that coconuts fell off the trees up in Kandy and the light bulbs might have peaked in the golf club house in Nuwera-Eliya

Tolerance and understanding will be required in the case of Sri Lanka. They are desperately keen to prove themselves worthy. I think they will be glad when the fanfares are over, the birds have been released and the balloons floated away. Once the first dot has gone into the scorebook, they are official for the first time.

In 1974, after operations to my knee and achilles tendon which had effectively ended all hope of prolonging a brief Test career, I went to Barbados with the wandering club founded by E.W. Swanton, called the Arabs. I wriggled my toes in the white sand of Settler's Beach, sucked in a strawful of iced daiquiri, closed my eyes to the hot sun and fell back into the arms of a long-lost friend, amateur cricket.

I let the sea rollup over the surgeon's scars and forgot about ever playing for England again. I was 36 years old. With me was E.W. Swanton, OBE, in posture imperial, weighty and meticulous in prose, serious in judgement. How far apart we were in one sense. He was drawn to the gravitas of cricket, which had been the platform of his life's work, drawn to the established order and to the important people. I treated cricket less seriously, though with affection, and later could not hide the traditional strain of liberalism in my bones when Kerry Packer and his star players tilted at the very world for which Jim stood. Given our contrary views on some matters, we have agreed on most and the Arab connection has been one of the happiest in my playing days. This is because the Founder has drawn together players who believe that cricket is worthwhile only if played seriously and by sportsmen. A wandering club would not have celebrated its jubilee, as the Arabs did in 1985, if it did not have lasting merits.

I had toured West Indies with Glamorgan in 1970, playing in Bermuda *en route* to Dominica, St Kitts, Granada and Trinidad. I understood the West Indian mentality well, which wants to lash the ball like lightning to the boundary and bowl quicker than the wind. To my mind, the finest West Indian batsman I played against, omitting Gary Sobers, was Rohan Kanhai. Rohan could turn his fiery temperament to an innings of quite savage strokeplay, and yet it was controlled; it had an aesthetic quality at the same time. Somewhere in him, the West



Mriamma, the long-serving groundswoman, will tug her roller by the rope as ever, and set up the stumps for a new history

Indian flamboyance merged with an instinct for accumulating runs by delicate deflection He was short neat in his dress and movements and the position to be avoided if you were in the field was deep point He played the square drive off the front foot with such an electric impulse that the ball could be over the boundary before you had raised a trot

The Arabs in Barbados found the going tough Quite a number of them worked in the City and at first their minds were on the appalling and sudden decline in the British economy It was January 1974 and the country was undergoing the dreadful cut back known as Phase Three One lunchtime in the dressing room I discovered the boys listening urgently to the radio

One twenty seven someone exclaimed Amazing

Who has scored that? I inquired

No one looked up but someone muttered Not runs old boy gold 127 that's the highest it's been It's record

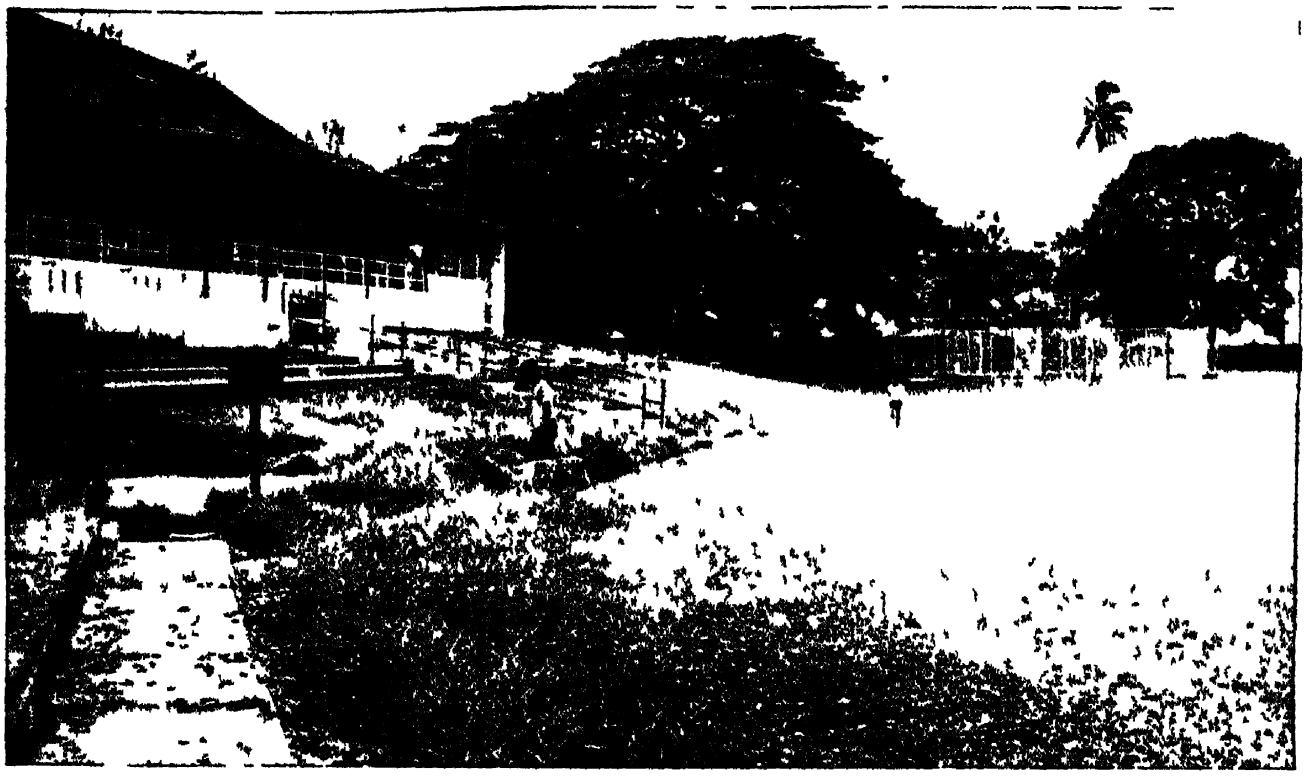
the man on this tour our bowlers were hit hard around the island and the batsmen failed to get going Jim fortified in his island home Coralita grew deeper frowns daily Nor was the fast bowling problem improved by the delayed arrival of the Earl of Cottenham though he was received with great expectations At a Coralita dinner one night Jim announced to Rita his cook "The Lord's supper Rita he is due any minute Reincarnation flashed through her eyes She was happier later in the evening after Charlie Cottenham had been brought from the airport by Gibbon's Jim's Bajan driver with the slouch hat and few teeth Gibbons ordered Jim Bring in the Lord's luggage will you Loaves and fishes thought Rita'

Frustrated by the erratic bowling of his side Jim as is his custom in Arab matters tried to right things from the sidelines Gibbons one day presented me with an envelop from the Founder Inside was a long length of string The note read as follows

Tony here is a 26 yard length of cord which you may think a help in guiding bowlers line

If you mark out a narrow rectangle outside the off stump I'll answer Hutton's snorts by betting him five dollars he can't land in it six out of six If you just stretch it wicket to wicket it would at least indicate where they must pitch a good length ball to hit off stump Only a tentative suggestion— but I'd like the cord back J

I put the wayward bowling down to the fact that one of our leading practitioners had new boots and therefore bleeding feet and Richard Hutton of Yorkshire and Tom Mottram of Hampshire were not exactly in control of their fitness and run-ups let alone their direction The whole side had come out of the deep mid-winter and the Barbados side were very, very good Of course, Jim's understanding of West Indian batting habits was perfect They tend to hit every ball wide of off stump through the covers and every straight ball to mid-on and mid wicket therefore as a faster bowler, you have to bowl a line just



Sri Lanka is green, almost smothered by tea estates and palm trees, and proudly boasts a 90 per cent literacy figure

outside off stump on a good length and hitting it

At a cocktail party a day later the Founder asked about the success of the rope theory Marvellous Jim I enthused Do you know that Ian and Emma Balding have been sleeping in twin beds from the start of the holiday but now with that cold we've lashed their beds together and they're perfectly happy

The Founder snorted and left I should have been more tolerant In fact I was to blame for our heavy defeat in the three day match against Barbados because I chose to bat first when I won the toss Even as I walked off with the opposing captain David Halford, his big cousin Sir Garfield chuckled and told me what a big mistake I had made It had rained in the early morning Gary said the ball would fly It certainly did At lunch we were 30 for 6 under siege, muted by the hell of batting on a rock hard pitch which had been moistened by rain John Barclay, my not out partner at the crease, announced, with youth on his side and the stiff upper lip of Eton that facing Gregory Armstrong and partner was a most interesting challenge More realism came from Richard Hutton who had opened He sat in the corner smoking but not smiling Gregory was a fine bowler Armstrong was a good bowler too It's a good job this bugger can't bowl at both ends

Richard was reading the mid day newspaper which carried a photograph of Mike Denness's MCC touring party just arriving in West Indies for their major tour Thank goodness the cavalry has arrived said Hutton

Our match was lost early on the third day but the team generously did not discuss how the pitch had eased out under the sunshine John Barclay had been brave evidence of the resolve which would make him Sussex's captain one day and he was last seen that afternoon stretched out on the beach in bathing costume explaining to Charlie Fry's nanny what a dinking good game cricket was

I imagined that the Arab tour would be my last visit to the crease in West Indies, but it was not I so enjoyed my stay at the Coral Reef Hotel with proprietors Budge and O Hara that I decided to stay on after a Test match there in 1981 I think a letter I wrote to my younger daughter's godfather Cardiff solicitor Jeffrey Cohen best catches the fun and the perils of taking on Bajans at cricket

Coral Reef Club
St James Barbados
5 April 1981

My dear Jeffrey

It is almost a month since we tucked away a couple of snorts in the attractive basement of the Park Hotel in Cardiff

A month in Barbados! The England team has come and gone currently continuing the unequal struggle against West Indies in Antigua Holiday makers come and go but ARL and wife are still at the rum punch

As well as writing to say hello, I want to tell you about my cricket match The general manager of the Coral Reef insisted late at night, that



I understood the West Indian mentality well, which wants to lash the ball like lightning to the boundary and bowl quicker than the wind

The author (left) with Gary Sobers and Clyde Walcott (right)

I ought to turn out for the Reef Waiters XI against the Colony Club staff from the hotel up the road

'I am forty-two and knackered ' I cried I have not played cricket for years Besides I have no kit ' I was duly selected

There were three days to the match I launched myself on a Muhammad Ali slimming course you know-the one which takes off stones in days and leaves you even more knackered

Surprisingly for someone of my normal sangfroid, I became the victim of nightmares, memory sharpening memory This was not my first rub with the Coral Reef Waiters I remembered being here before with the Arabs E W Swanton s wandering club On that occasion 1974 I was making a very cautious comeback after knee surgery and in order not to let down the Swantoncorps, which I was leading I asked a waiter if he could line up some bowlers for a net across the road on the Trents Ground

He did We strung up a back netting I took guard and they three of them measured out their runs They almost disappeared from sight In from 30 yards or so came the first At the split second before delivery he opened up the body into a javelin thrower's posture, bent the arm and threw one of the fastest bouncers it has ever been my great luck to avoid

The ball hissed over my shoulders However by the time I had raised from the crouch and was standing up again, the ball was on its way back catapulting out of the taut net and whacking me between the shoulder blades The waiter beamed

The second guy hurtled in and javelined another lightning bouncer Down I went and staved down Back sprang the ball again which he caught first bounce at the end of the follow through I straightened up to meet the third

This fella was not one for disguise From the start of his long run his elbow was bent and he kept it that way as he crescendoed into the release He wore a white headband A spear would have suited

I was in the ducking position long before he got to the crease and this was just as well because he actually despatched a lethal beamer I was angry now and stood up but as I did, I met the ball catapulting off the back netting It struck me between the shoulder blades I vowed never again to tangle with Coral Reef waiters

So you understand maestro, my diffidence But there was a point which even in the heart of the night had cogency—I would now be on their side

My selection by the hotel management aroused lively interest among the waiters all young and fit They grouped in corners of the restaurant, whispered and pointed I detected a flash of disbelief in their eyes

Panicking at my thirteen and a half stone I took to early morning jogging After the first time, I staggered back into the apartment and slumped at the breakfast table, the sweat pouring out of my forehead I soaked my bowl of

cereal and made the cornflakes soggy without even pouring milk over them

The breakfast waiter lurked and looked he could not hold back his astonishment Are you the Mr Lewis who is playing cricket for us on Saturday?

I could not speak Joan answered yes

'Oh!' he said I don t think you'll make any good That Hartley Alleyne and his boys—fast man He played a hunched defensive stroke with a napkin, closed his eyes and made a whistling sound as the imaginary ball went past his head Then laughed

Well Jeffrey I don t know whether you have seen Mr Hartley Alleyne bowl for Worcestershire but he is quicker than your average waiter He is like greased you know what

More research revealed that not only is Hartley Alleyne a dishwasher at the Colony Club but four of the Barbados side are employed there Apparently one giant of an all rounder called Hartley Harrison fast bowling batsman a magnificent specimen of the male form happens to be a bell boy So did not to know for whom ?

More slimming more jogging and an investment in Dunlop Green Flash tennis shoes Came the day 1 p m for 11 overs a side 35 overs each

We won the toss and batted I was billed as number six and I sat with the only other holiday maker who had fallen to the influence of rum punch Jim Yates 16 years old and a practitioner of village cricket

The umpires by the way were an informal couple one dressed in peaked cap (grey) shirt (yellow) and trousers (blue) He had a transistor radio to his ear throughout the game so that he could take in the ball by ball commentary on the Test in Antigua The other umpire was out of his mind on rum He wore yellow ankle socks jogging shoes shorts and tee shirt He sang throughout the whole game

My panic returned when I saw goats cleared off the outfield to make way for Hartley Alleyne s long run The first ball a bouncer went over the heads of the batsman and the keeper Jim Yates and I shuffled uncomfortably on the wooden bench Four byes The second ball hit the batsman on the point of his shoulder Every other ball in the over went through neck high at about 90 m p h

The bowler at the other end was every bit as quick and nasty In the third over our opener was hit on the head No helmets worn here Jim Yates turned to the skipper offering not to bat at all I too said what a pity it was for me to take up the position of a waiter who could only get off once a week Jim and I would willingly do numbers ten and eleven The skipper then pointed out that we only had nine men and that we were in the bottom four anyway



Tony Lewis with his family outside their home

The bowler at the other end was every bit as quick and nasty In the third over, our opener was hit on the head No helmets worn here Jim Yates turned to the skipper offering not to bat at all I too said what a pity it was for me to take up the position of a waiter who could only get off once a week Jim and I would willingly do numbers ten and eleven The skipper then pointed out that we only had nine men and that we were in the bottom four anyway

Alleyne hit a second man on the head whereupon Jim Yates performed instance maths to work out that it was costing him £960 for the privilege of sitting in death row with his pads on

The tale ends as a success story, though modestly told, I hope that A R Lewis followed to the crease a young man who was retiring with injury a split finger

Not for the first time in his life Lewis took guard in the pool of blood unreasonably left by the batsman before him However he made 30 not out by reason of his long experience and natural cowardice He saw the first slow bowler arrive leapt down the pitch and belted him over the top for six then four the four careful blocks so that he would not be taken off

Indeed Lewis was never quite able to take the strike at the other end, and if the truth be known outside the basement bar of the Park Hotel he actually ran out the skipper in a desperate effort to make a second run back to the safe end

When the fast men were brought back Lewis then demonstrated the retiring square slash and the innings ended where it started with bouncers and batterings

There was one sadness Poor Jim Yates did not get in It was worse in its way than his batting We took tea between innings but he sat there with his pads on right through the interval grey him darkened by sweat like a prisoner the brutal interrogators had refused to put out of his misery If only he could have gone out there and have been hit on the head first ball, at least the inner turmoil could have ended He craved for his own execution He would prefer to be lying in a dark unconditioned room in the Hole town Hospital Now he would never know So Jeffrey baby as the good Mrs Lewis is greasing up for another day on the Sandy Lane golf course and my good friend Robert Sangster is sharpening up his irons ready to gouge a few more dollars from me over eighteen holes just to prop up Vernons Pools for the day I suggest you give me a call if ever you want to play cricket in Barbados I can offer white sands lively sea beneath palm trees and machine-gun and life assurance

Love to the pretty girl who served us the whiskies on the frozen day in Cardiff

Tony

freewheeling

THE secret of tennis [illegible] Ranjit Muttu[illegible] can now be told [illegible] of the jour[illegible] to this mag[illegible] thed the [illegible] eight wee[illegible] prevente[illegible] revealing the [illegible] (the stor[illegible] journalist) by La[illegible] Three of [illegible] Secrets Act. [illegible] speculation cen[illegible] possible com[illegible] the Indian Davis [illegible] that would meet Czechoslovakia at Calcutta [illegible] March, one heard that there was a sensation in the offing. It appeared that a Montreal-based Indian was having a great season, scalping some of the bigger names on the circuit and as soon as our officials heard of his amazing run of success, they began a determined campaign to have him included in the squad to play the Czechs.

But the men who control Indian tennis were not too sure whether such a move could be made. When they first met to discuss their strategy, there were a number of intriguing viewpoints. They had one single objective: to get past the Czech team, but this was not as easy as it sounded. Muttuswamy could be the answer, but was he an Indian? And, if so, was he qualified to play a Davis Cup tie? Finally, and most important, what would they do if he was included at the expense of Vijay Amritraj or Ramesh Krishnan?

That was when they decided to adjourn, having delegated one of their senior committee members with the responsibility of contacting someone who could provide the answers to all three questions.

The next day, the phone rang in the *Sportsworld* office and we asked who was calling. "The AILTA," answered the caller, who refused to identify himself, insisting that it was a matter of national security. After a pause, he revealed that the letters stood for the All India Lawn Tennis Association and he had been told by his superiors to contact someone in a position of official importance. Could he come and see us? We told him to come in right away. He hesitated before explaining, in confidential tones, that he was on a secret mission. Would we mind if he came into our office clad in an overcoat with the collar turned up and with a cap and dark glasses to mask his identity? We told him that wouldn't be a hassle, except that the temperature was 37 degrees outside.

"My boss hasn't briefed me on an alternative disguise, so I don't have any real option," he said sadly. He showed up half an hour later, looking harassed because his taxi had been stopped five times by autograph hunters who had mistaken him for Pran, the Hindi film villain.

Then, after he had recovered, he told us about how Ranjit Muttuswamy had beaten Stefan Edberg and Jimmy Connors in a Miami tournament that week. Then one of our colleagues, a smart young lad who reads all the Reuters tennis flashes, pointed out that Edberg had been leading 5-4 in the first set when he conceded the match because of cramps. Connors hadn't even shown up for the tournament, so Muttuswamy went into the third round by default.

"Really? I don't think my boss knows that," explained the official, his frown becoming more deeply ingrained all the time. But he did brighten up marginally when we pointed out that neither Vijay Amritraj nor Ramesh Krishnan had reached the third round of any tournament in 1986, default or no default.

He met us a week later, the frown permanently entrenched by now. Ranjit Muttuswamy had been contacted and had revealed that he somehow held dual nationality and was therefore eligible to play Davis Cup for India. Since he had reached the third round at Miami, the AILTA had asked him to play two of the four singles matches. But this created an immediate problem, for either Vijay Amritraj or Ramesh Krishnan now had to be dropped from the team and not one of the AILTA officials wanted the responsibility of conveying that decision to Amritraj or Krishnan.

The situation over the next couple of days was tense. The Amritraj brothers, confident that they would be in the squad, were flying home. So too were Ramesh Krishnan and Sashi Menon. And in Montreal, Ranjit Muttuswamy was packing his track shoes and rackets, overjoyed that he had been chosen to play for the country of his birth.

No one wanted the awesome task of tackling the problem that now assumed diplomatic proportions. The Foreign Minister and the Home Minister were informed but said they would maintain a "hands off" policy. The AILTA would have to sort out their own complicated tangle.

But Ranjit Muttuswamy solved it, albeit inadvertently. He packed his Canadian passport instead of his Indian passport and when he arrived at the Immigration counter at Delhi airport, he was sent back because he didn't have an Indian visa.

None of the other Indian players knew how close they had come to being dropped from the squad, while the AILTA officials breathed normally once more. But before I end, I'd just like to remind you that yesterday was April Fool's Day. Of course, you knew this was all a hoax. Or did you?

David McMahon

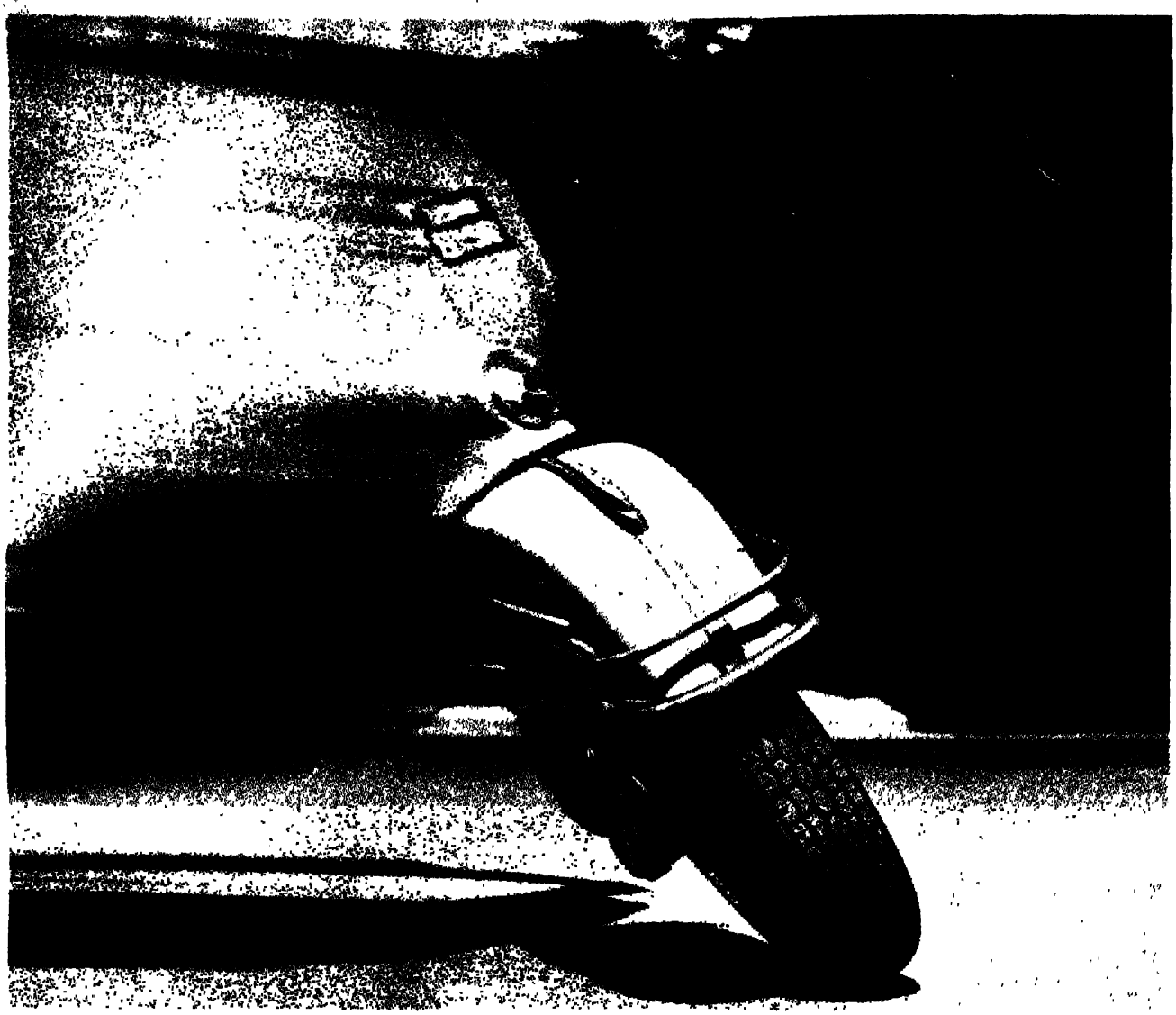
Ranjit Muttuswamy revealed that he held dual nationality and was therefore eligible to play Davis Cup for India



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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O Brien Pradeep Paul
Correspondents. Bombay Haresh Munwani **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ageing Vijay

ONE would never have dreamt that the Davis Cup tie between India and Czechoslovakia would prove to be a fiasco The odds were definitely against India But at any rate, India could have done better Indeed, India did really well in the World Group quarter final against the defending champions Sweden last year

Vijay Amritraj considers it a great honour to play for India But does he realize what a tremendous responsibil ity he is entrusted with as a member of the Davis Cup squad? If he did we would not have faced such a humiliat ing defeat We expected too much from Vijay As a result when he failed India flopped

Vijay seems to be torn between his tennis film and television commit ments No wonder he was not able to rise up to the occasion and deliver the goods He had been in exile from the tennis kingdom for too long to do anything better A player who is completely devoted to tennis can hardly take his eyes off tennis In these days of heated competition tennis demands utmost dedication

Vijay seems to be pestered by the problem of lack of time It is wise not to expect too much from Vijay He is an ageing star And age is telling on him These days he can hardly last for five sets Vijay has done a lot of good to Indian tennis It is quite lamentable that there does not seem to be anyone to don the mantle of leadership on Vijay s retirement How long can Vijay afford to wage a long battle for India?

V JESUDOSS & V SAMPATH
Bangalore

Could have been better

THE dual selection of the cricket teams for Sharjah and England is far better than the last one to Australia These teams should bring glory to us

I fail to understand why Sadanand Viswanath is axed even for these tours Did he fail so badly in the tour he had played last? I feel, the opportu nities provided to him during recent Zonal Matches have been insufficient as compared to the other players who are now selected One hopes he will not be a victim like Budhi Kunderan during the 60's But, in his (Kunder

Uttarpara
Public Library

equally good

It seems, Viswanath has no God-father among the selectors!

J MENEZES,
Bombay

Holding to retire

THE game of cricket will soon lose one of the all time greats The mag-nificent West Indian fast bowler has announced that he will retire im mediately after the present series against England His achievements with the ball have been matched by very few He has been the backbone of the West Indian attack for over a decade and though he does not bowl half as fast as he used to say five years ago the West Indians are going to find it very difficult to find a suitable replac ement

It is shocking news Holding is still a world class bowler and all batsmen find him very difficult to face Though he has cut down on his pace he has become a master at the art of swing bowling He uses the crease to great effect, and as always, he is accurate and deceptive He definitely has a few years of cricket ahead of him, and one cannot really figure out why the cham-pion fast bowler has decided to quit from the highest brand of the game

CHABIN CHATTERJEE,
Bhadrakali

Bad for Bengal

THE eclipse of the favourites Bengal in the National Football Championship recently held at Jabalpur via the tie breaker pained millions of soccer fans and sport lovers in Bengal Punjab, who annexed the Santosh Trophy for the second year in succession demon-strated better strength stamina and skill

It is basically the desire to win which was deficient—Bengal hardly played like champions To the star players, the state honour appeared relatively unimportant—most of them were interested in the money game for which IFA's schedule of soccer transfers looks solely responsible Some players became indisciplined, ignoring the instructions of the coach

Mr Amal Dutta, known for his rigid stand and professionalism paid dearly for too many experiments and thus deprived Bengal of a possible victory

SHYAMAL GUPTA,
Burdwan

Champions Trophy Hockey

Hockey opens all doors

Andy O'Brien, reporting from Karachi, finds that being a journalist has its advantages. Especially a journalist covering international hockey

It is not very often that you meet a smiling Customs officer. It is less often that you come across one who smiles and talks to you apart from asking you to open your suitcase.

The young officer I approached at Bombay's Sahar Airport en route to Karachi to get an import licence for this typewriter and my dictaphone was quite enthusiastic about meeting two people on their way to cover the Champions Trophy.

Glancing through the pages of my passport he said, "Why have there been so many changes?"

"That's because the date on the first stamp was wrong," I retorted, making an excuse for the multiple "deleted" stamps on my imigration clearance.

"No, I'm referring to changes in the Indian hockey team," he clarified. Then, in my surprise I think, I gave him a long rundown on why Zafar Iqbal and Paulous Horo were not in Karachi. I don't quite remember what I told him, but he seemed to have understood. My import document was ready in a flash and when we were leaving he called out, "All the best! Hope we win the tournament." A smile was all that I could offer.

Yes, it's quite intriguing, the kind of attention those connected with sport enjoy in the otherwise strict procedural environment at international air





With the numerous changes in international hockey, aerial ball play has assumed vital importance

ports I recall talking to the British hockey umpire Douglas Bruce at Bangalore Airport when he was doing duty at the Bangalore Hockey Nationals He could not comprehend how normal procedures (otherwise so necessary) were being overlooked just because he was an international hockey umpire

On arrival at Karachi there was still this kind of preferential treatment for us. Because you had come to cover the Champions Trophy, you were through the various channels and out through the exit even before you realised you had forgotten about duty free shopping and changing your money

One can measure local interest in the game when one considers that this is the fifth time the Champions Trophy is being held here Of the eight instances the trophy has been contested, Lahore, Amsterdam and Perth have hosted it once each, while on all other occasions it has been held in Karachi

Yet, the kind of enthusiasm that the tournament still generates has got to be seen to be believed Crowds turn up to witness the practice sessions and each team is cheered onto the ground

The Indian team seems to be quite popular, especially skipper Shahid. Much was made of the arrival of the Indian team and they got plenty of footage on the local television news. No wonder the schedule ensures that no other game clashes with the India-Pakistan tie

And India seem to be highly ranked, especially after their win over Pakistan in the recently concluded series against Pakistan India not only have



M P Singh and Pargat Singh (jersey numbers 2 and 3) have to guard the citadel as well as get the goals

the advantage of playing under conditions similar to those at home they also have the edge because the other teams arrived in Karachi only a few days prior to the start of the tournament

Conditions will play a major role in the outcome of the tournament and there were even suggestions from the European and other teams that the substitution limit be raised but an objection to this by India and even Pakistan saw the end of the debate The rules governing the Champions Trophy can only be changed if all six participating teams agree unanimously on the change Even if one of the teams objects then the FIH rules have to be used The Europeans it seems intend shifting the game to a level which suits them to the ultimate In this light it was good that someone did take a stand as firm as India

Talking about the changing nature of the game hockey seems to be attracting the attention of television In fact the FIH has openly declared that making hockey a spectator sport especially for television is their aim thus the frequent change of rules

The Champions Trophy this time around seems to be a step in that direction For the first time the tournament will see hockey played under floodlights The compact but beautiful Pakistan Hockey Club Stadium has been fitted with floodlights at a huge loss to the country's federation the main aim being to attract television



Australia will depend heavily on Haselhurst's skill

Zafar Iqbal's withdrawal has raised quite a few question among Pakistans public and press It still seems to be a crowd favourite in why not? The Indian team will face their hand icapped with out his experience but former Indian skipper Ajit Pal Singh who accompanied the team is full of confidence and Hanif is an able enough replacement for Zafar He seems to be in two mind about whether to retire or not and my advice would be that he should call it a day If he can't keep fit he can't make it to the team said Ajit Pal Singh the man who led India to its only World Cup triumph From his words it was quite clear that he felt Zafar should call it a day and not hope to play in the Asian Games and the World Cup

The Indian team at its meeting the day before the commencement of the tournament realised the fact that the opening game against West Germany was crucial Not only were the Germans the most well balanced side as well as the team to beat in the tournament but a victory in the opening game would be a tremendous boost to the morale of the team

A close race all the way

THE people of Karachi never seem to have had enough of hockey Perhaps that is one of the reasons why Pakistan can still hold its own among the world's top teams

One thought Calcutta had a sports crazy populace but Karachi gives them a run for their money The top six teams in the world have descended on this port town of Sind for the fifth time and have swept the people off their feet

It seems as if all activity will cease once the tournament gets under way The favourite topic of debate at road side tea shops and even at the Taj Mahal Hotel where the teams officials and media are staying is who will win the tournament?

Of course no one even ventures to hazard a guess such is the nature of the tournament One error can bring a team down from the top position to somewhere near the bottom of the table A bad decision by an umpire could cost a side a place in the final standings Such is the kind of tension and pressure that players officials and umpires will face

And what makes this year s tourna ment even more enthralling is the narrow gap between each of the six teams It now becomes very much like one day cricket and a tournament of this nature can only be good for promoting the game of hockey

Australia having won three succes sive trophies will be looking to extend that to four in a row but this time they are without Charlesworth and Walsh two key players who took them to the top rung of the international hockey ladder

West Germany who on so many occasions have come close to grabbing the top spot but failed look the most balanced side here They have the experience of Blocher Fischer and Smidt to back up their newfound talent They will not be taking things too lightly remembering the day when they led India 5 1 at the Perth tournament and eventually ended up with just a solitary point in that game They look a determined lot and will be a good bet

Pakistan will really have to produce some powerful magic to win their third Champions tournament Not only is their morale low after their defeat by India in the last series, neither is team spirit too high at this point of time There are allegations of dissension within the team itself and between the squad and officialdom The team assembled only a few days prior to the tournament and things do not look all that rosy for the hosts though the junior team has been faring well in the practice matches against the visiting teams

Great Britain, the most improved side, are an unknown quantity be cause of their inconsistency a draw back that also afflicts the Dutch What the Dutch have in their favour is the penalty corner which they have all but mastered In a tournament o this nature, conversion of opportunities is the key to success

India hold the key All they have to do is use it The Indian forwards are very competent at enforcing penalty corners, but it depends on Mohinder Pal Singh to do the rest He was extremely successful during the Pakistan leg of the last series and if he repeats his brilliance, India should do better than their third position in the Amsterdam tournament

The struggle among the teams is intense and exhausting but will nonetheless please hockey fans not only in Karachi but the world over

The organisation of the tournament has been quite satisfactory, but there are rumours that PIA's sponsorship of the tournament (which includes free travel for all the teams) seems to be in jeopardy With the end of martial law in Pakistan civilians are taking over important posts and questions are now being asked Can PIA afford to spend so much money on a hockey tournament?

One thing though is not in doubt If the airline drops out, there are many potential sponsors waiting on the sidelines to sink their riches into this hockey extravaganza

Andy O'Brien, Karachi



Australia (left) and Pakistan seem to be keeping in step in their race for hockey supremacy

"Let me play for England"

GEOFFREY WILLIAM BOYCOTT, the scourge of bowlers world dwide, is back in the groove batting so well ...talk of a good fight.

"There is nothing in my life I would love more than to be out to open for my country again," says Boycott.

"I know I could do a good job. I wouldn't let anyone down. I think the whole world knows that."

As another of England's batsman trudges back to the pavilion, a West Indian voice booms out: "Hey Boycott, you could do better."

With a knowing smile, Boycott, of Yorkshire and England, turns his head and says simply: "I know." It is a statement not meant to sound conceited. They are the words of a man with massive confidence in his own ability.

Boycott, a veteran of 108 Tests, is far from happy with what he sees in the West Indies. He feels certain he could do better. And would like the chance. There is nothing he would relish more than for England to turn to him in their hour of need.

What would Geoffrey William Boycott do to counter the four-pronged speed-bowling menace that is the West Indies attack?

"I would play the same way I have always done," he says, "I would play straight up and down the line.

"I wouldn't go in for any heroics. At this level you've got to play yourself in, see what the pitch is doing, and what the bounce is like.

"The great thing is to play an innings. If only someone in the current England team had got their head down and played the sheet anchor role with another 100 or so runs on the board it could well have been a different story."

Even at the age of 45, Boycott believes he could do as well-- if not better—than his current England counterparts.

"It's all very well tonking spinners and medium-pacers all over the ground in county cricket," he says.

"That makes you look good. But the real test is Test cricket, especially when you face these fast boys from the West Indies.

"That is the difference between a class batsman and an also-ran."

No one, I doubt, has worn the England colours with greater pride. Boycott is a fighter through-and-through, and despite criticism of playing for himself and the record books, his record is second to none.

He would have played in even more Tests but for a self-imposed three-year exile in the late 1970s. But he has still chalked up 19 centuries and more than 8,000 Test runs.

Here in the West Indies Boycks, as he is affectionately known, is a living legend. People everywhere want to shake him by the hand and talk to the man. He is covering what is fast becoming a nightmare tour for a rival Sunday newspaper at a fee reputed to be in excess of £20,000.

His love affair with cricket has gone on for some 25 years and shows no sign of abating. There are few journalists who could step from the Press box into the cauldron of a major sporting battle. Boycott could. And he knows it.

A lot of other people are fast beginning to realise

Geoff Boycott, touring the West Indies as a journalist this time, makes no secret of his belief that he is a better cricketer than some who are struggling against the pace bowlers



As another of England's batsmen trudges back to the pavilion, a West Indian voice booms out: "Hey, Boycott, you could do better." With a knowing smile, Boycott, of Yorkshire and England, turns his head and says simply: "I know "

that the English public and importantly English cricket would be better served with him behind a bat than a typewriter

He is as fit today as he was 20 years ago The co ordination speed of thought and eye are still as good as ever Practice is compulsory for him

As he says To stay at the top in any sport you must practice Golfers do snooker players do so do tennis players Why should cricketers be different?

Perhaps that is what is wrong with the present England squad They don t seem to practice much it all merely go through the motions for half an hour and think that s enough

I suppose I am one of the last of the old school with different attitudes and approach to life People may criticise me but surely my record speaks for itself

Boycott certainly sniffs out the best practice facilities And he gets anyone and everyone to bowl at him including on one famous occasion Rolling Stones singer Mick Jagger a self confessed cricket fanatic

As a tourist he displayed the same mental discipline he has shown time and again at the crease

He had frequent rows with officialdom because he insisted on having a room to himself Being a non smoker and practically teetotal Boycott wasn t party to the late night shenanigans favoured by many of his colleagues

He explained I like to be in bed by 10 30 or 11p m at the latest to get a decent night s sleep There is no way I would want to have someone stagger into my room at some ungodly hour switching on the lights and disturbing me

Boycott s views on the England team are typically frank He respects Ian Botham for his ability but finds upon occasion his lifestyle rather less than professional

Their meeting on five playing days would not have pleased him he told me Their friendship that Boycott himself thinks he should be included

And his great rival for one last time set how England would do it

West Indies captain Viv Richards met Boycott at a reception thrown by the British High Commissioner in Port of Spain

How would you handicap our fast bowlers inquired Richards Okay replied Boycott

Viv nodded reflectively and said Yes I think you probably would

Geoffrey William Boycott Yorkshire and England has no doubts

THERE is absolutely no doubt about Boycott s fitness I am your man for that

The former England star went challenged me to a game of tennis and gave me the thrashing of my life

In two matches I mustered a paltry 10 games in five sets much to the delight of the 45 year old batting supremo

We met for the first time while waiting for a court at the Hilton Hotel in Port of Spain Trinidad home for the team and the accompanying Press party during their stay in Trinidad

In immaculately pressed shorts and shirt with a blue hat keeping his thinning hair from blowing in the wind Boycott suggested a game

I accepted with relish the chance to play one of my sporting heroes but soon wished I hadn t

The man is old enough to be my father I thought to myself Surely I would be able to beat him

The first encounter took place during the heat of the day with temperatures touching the high eighties and England players roaring on Boycks from their hotel balconies which gave a grandstand view of the hard court below

I soon realised I would be in for a big defeat I was sweating profusely and chasing fruitlessly piercing shots delivered with unnerving accuracy

Boycott s stroke play is immaculate as I soon found to my cost

He ran about with the zest of a man half his age Botham and others watching from their vintage point revelled in my misfortune

I soon discovered that Boycott still maintains the same steely determination and will to win that characterises his life After handing out a comprehensive 6 2 6 2 defeat he ran up to the net with a spring in his step

After my public humiliation we adjourned for a drink No not a beer or even a rum punch Boycott has thoughts only for a cup of tea

Having supped his cup pa Boycott says goodbye explaining he has to go for a net As he goes he quips Anytime you want a rematch let me know

We met again this time during the cool of the evening but the result was just as bad 6 2 6 2 6 2

Mark Souster, Trinidad



He feels certain he could do better And would like the chance There is nothing he would relish more than for England to turn to him in the hour of need

Ranji Trophy final

Delhi get past Haryana with a yawn

ON Haryana had ground the ry cricketing juggernaut to h he semi finals of the Ranj l y championship there wa n to believe that Delhi was not ng to have it easy in the final that llowed less than a fortnight later

But such hopes which were partial ly based on the fact that Haryana had done it not on their homespun under prepared wickets in Rohtak or Faridabad but on Bombay's own Wankhede Stadium were given an indecent bu rial at Delhi's Feroze Shah Kotla tadium on the morning of All Fool d y

Delhi's victory margin of an innings and 141 runs with about five and a half hours to spare was lightly ex aggerated especially because it is not every other team that can bring the might of Bombay (without for the record the services of Sunil Gavaskar and Sandeep Patil) to its knees

Haryana will be hard put to explain their abysmal show in the final Agreed Delhi were the favourites Agreed again Delhi had the benefit of playing the final on home ground Agreed yet again the collective ex perience of the victors far outweighed that of the pretenders It was the margin that separated the two finalists in the final analysis that rankled Doubly so because Kapil Dev's Haryana seemed to have given up the fight very early in the match It is one thing to be realistic about a task at hand and quite a different ball game to throw in the towel by the sheer gigantism of the task Once Delhi had acquired a 350 run first innings lead only Ashok Malhotra and to a lesser extent Kapil Dev seemed to think it worthwhile to give the match all they had before going down

Three of Delhi's four national squad recalls had a wonderful match There was Kirti Azad with a powerpacked 107 that vindicated the national selec tion committee's stand that he could provide the quick runs in the middle order when needed in the Australasia Cup in Sharjah Then there was Manoj Prabhakar emphasising that apart from moving the ball in England he can still be rated more than a reason able batsman

The third Delhite to celebrate his resurrection in the national squads for Sharjah and the England tour that



Smiles all around and why not? Delhi players with the Ranji Trophy

follows was Maninder Singh The left arm spinner was back with a huge bang taking three for 66 in the first innings and following it up with a career best eight for 54 in the second

Mohinder Amarnath may have scored a point or two against the selection committee which dropped him for the Sharjah leg of the national squad's summer campaigns But in the context of limited overs cricket which is what the Australasia Cup is all about—Amarnath's knock which fell six short of a double century did not have much to recommend itself unlike Azad's in the same match

Somewhere along the line tilted in Ajay Sharma's elegant 110 which made him the match's and Delhi's fourth century scorer The four selectors Ambu Roy V G Kripal Singh Hanumant Singh and Manmohan Sood who watched young Sharma must have lit up and taken note for use in the future And a bright future Ajay Sharma certainly has He seemed to have both the big occasion against Haryana coming with a three figure knock he did it in the Ranji final last season too He could be one of the aim of the national selectors decision to window shop for talent in this year's final even though the national squad for the immediate commitments had been chosen immediately after the Ranji Trophy semi finals

From Haryana's point of view there was little to write home about except the success in the second innings of left opener Ashok Malhotra and the failure of even off spinner Iqbal Siddiqui to exploit the wicket

After the final this correspondent spoke to Ravinder Chadha who with Talwar is the senior most player in the outfit Chadha's assertion that Haryana missed the service of Rajinder Goel may hold a lot of water but the fact that no replacement has been found for the veteran does not speak too highly of the state's cricketing nurseries

Goel was in Calcutta playing for Mohun Bagan in the Cricket Association of Bengal league in the Maidan having called it a day from first class cricket Twice in the past he had changed his mind about quitting top grade cricket on the domestic circuit but was successfully persuaded to change his mind One wonders after seeing the way his state caved in during the Ranji final whether he might change his mind a third time Ironically the veteran left arm spinner's son Nitin Goel was in the Haryana squad as a left handed batsman

If further testimony to the bankruptcy of Haryana's bowling resources in the final is required one has only to recall that skipper Kapil Dev tried to do a Gary Sobers With no conspicuous success though One suspects Kapil's decision to don an unaccustomed bowling *avatar* of medium pace had as much to do with his bowling cupboard being bare as his distrust over such a patently unsporting wicket as is the one that was provided by the Delhi and District Cricket Association (DDCA)

Much before the first ball was bowled the track was shaved bare The wicket began responding to spin a little after lunch on the first day It's a different matter that Delhi still managed 658 runs in their first innings against 388 by Haryana

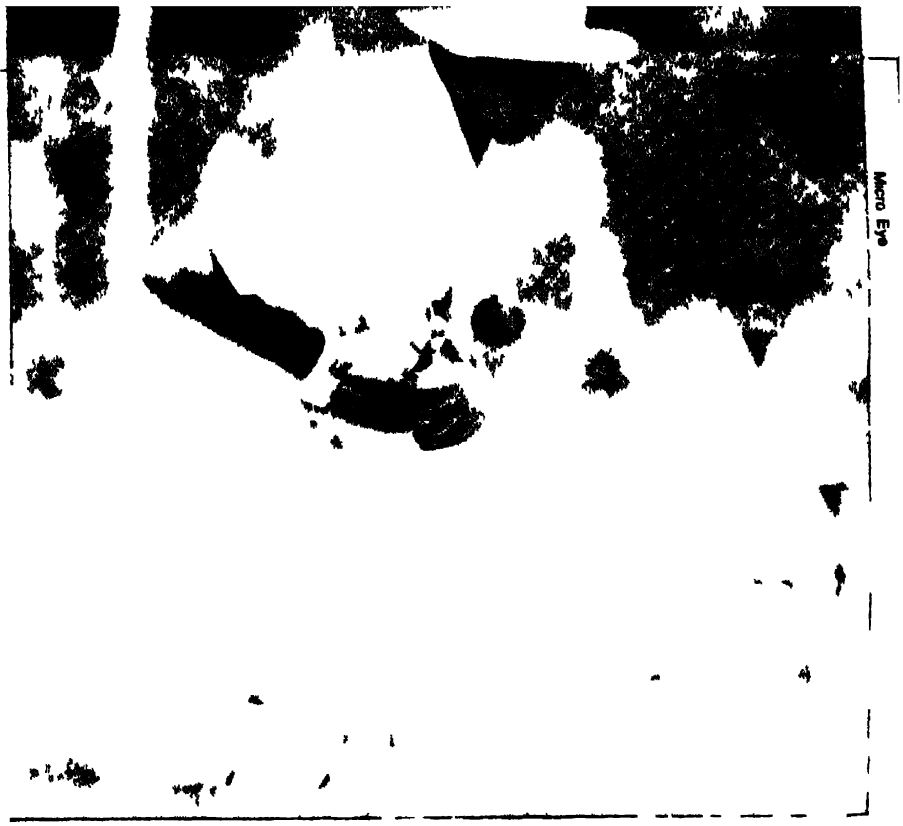
The fact remains that the home team tailored the pitch to blunt whatever edge it might have provided to the Haryana new ball bowlers Kapil and Chetan Sharma who significantly hated the new ball in the national team too But having said that it must be said that Haryana did have the option of staging the match on their home ground but were disinclined to do so

With four century makers contributing to that imposing 600 plus total it was left to Maninder Singh to drive home the 350 run first innings lead This he did remarkably though he did get away with a disproportionate amount of loose stuff on the penultimate day

One of the lessons which Haryana may have gleaned from the loss of the final is that the administrators of the game in that state will have to go back to the drawing board stage and chalk out very definite plans about the game there Of the team founding triumvirate of Rajinder Goel Ravinder Chadha and Satkar Talwar only the first mentioned has formally quit The other two may be able to continue for a season or two but in time the state severed its umbilical cord with Delhi (Almost all members of the Haryana team have at some time or the other played in the Delhi circuit)

Chadha who skippered the team in Kapil's absence was very happy that the team had reached the final for the first time since the state made its debut in the national championship in 1970 71 But the state will have to develop a cricketing culture of its own if it has to sustain its impressive run over the last few years

Ashok Kamath, New Delhi



When the commentator says next time that Mohinder Amarnath got close to the ball, you know just how 'close'!



Ashok Vaidya

A triumphant Madan Lal receives the trophy from Lt. Governor Kapoor

Who's congratulating who? Mohinder Amarnath (left) and Ajay Sharma in the middle. The raised bat can be an obvious clue

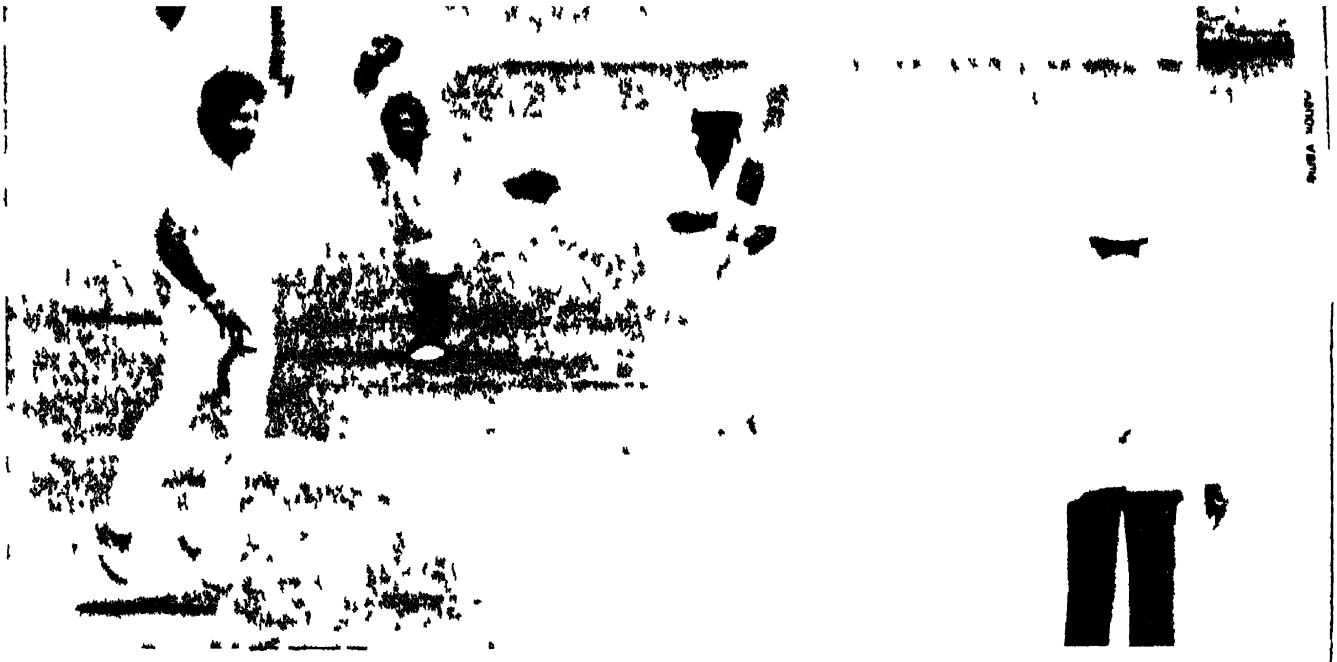


Micro Eye

Manoj Prabhakar—shades of Allan Lamb—playing a pull is not to the delight of Haryana's wicketkeper



Micro Eye



The umpire has got the trigger ready Eventually he ruled Chetan Sharma caught behind off Prabhakar

Kapil Dev is not admiring rival skipper Madan Lal s manicure



Ajay Sharma, final centurion by habit, gives it the middle





Salim Ahmed launches into a drive off Prabhakar which might have been

Chetan Sharma exults. Surinder Khanna departs lbw



Kirti Azad justified his inclusion for the Australasia Cup with a fine hundred



Limited-overs series

England settle the issue peacefully

.. And West Indies steamroll their way to 3-1

ENGLAND started the day with the prospect of winning the consolation prize of a tie in the one day series. Their total of 165 for nine was not as bad as it sounds on a very grudging pitch but West Indies after losing Greenidge to the second ball of their innings soon began to build up an ominous momentum and it was Haynes and Richards who saw the West Indies home in comfort.

It began as a normal sort of Port of Spain day. *The Trinidad Express* ran a leader headlined Go jump in a lake. Geoff Stonefaced Gooch read over breakfast that he was a Judas and the England selectors racist for leaving out Cowans and Lawrence. Botham meanwhile says he is taking *The Sunday Mirror* to the Press Council. If they stay here much longer these boys might learn to appreciate Fleet Street.

The cricket however was a little unusual. With Garner, Walsh and Harper all playing (all the perky little Best has been sidelined) it looked more than ever like Lilliput V Brob Dingnag. But this was no pitch for big men especially not big fast bowlers. It was very slow, almost wholly grassless and the only thing harder than bowling quickly was scoring quickly.

England put into bat never seemed to be up with a desirable rate. All the time there was a flicker of hope that these conditions would favour West Indian batsmen even less but as the cream now rather soured of England's batting came and went that grew dimmer.

Gooch whose one great moment of the tour came in the first one day game here was first out pulling too eagerly at Marshall. Happily there is no Like in the vicinity.

Gower was fooled by the low bounce. Lamb who for two months has appeared to be on the brink of a big score, fenced at a wide one.

Robinson and Botham! Ah it home in these conditions. Robinson settled into play the anchor role which has fallen into disuse amid the current drift. He played a lot of nudges and chops backward of square for singles but still only 88 had come in 31 overs when he was joined by Botham.

Robinson and Botham! Ah that golden Leeds Saturday long long ago. Actually 10 months ago but you would hardly believe it. Botham came out bareheaded (this comment on the pitch) but all his form is still hidden beneath layers of doubt and despair.

He did at least bat within the limitations of both himself and the condition. He stayed for 14 overs and made 29. But there was not an authentic Botham shot in the innings and when he did try his first big wind up he sent the ball straight to Harper at wide long on.

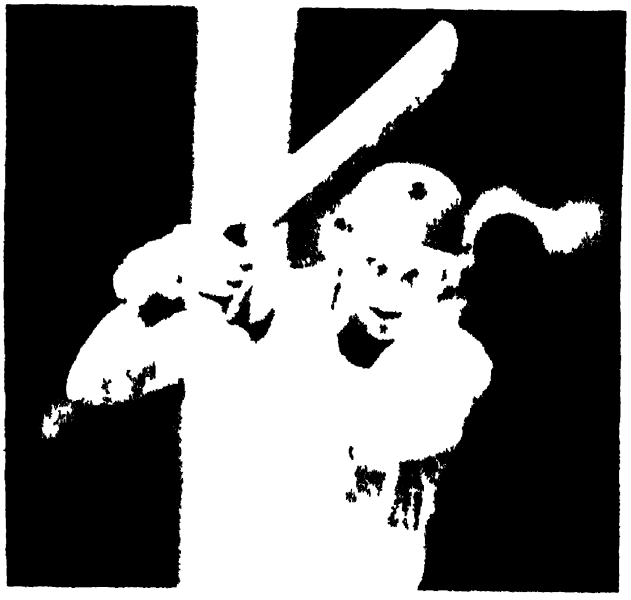
Botham also managed to outlast Robinson whose 25 was diligent if a little painful to watch and included one outrageous piece of luck. He was bowled by a no ball from Walsh and ran a bye off the ricochet.

Little is expected from the later England batsmen these days so no one was that disappointed when from 154 for five the innings dribbled away to 165 for nine as time ran out after 47 overs. It was rather a tepid entertainment for the largest crowd that has watched England all tour the holiday brought in almost 25,000 people. This crowd decidedly outnumbered the 30 odd demonstrators standing outside carrying placards echoing *The Trinidad Express* view of things. Everything seemed peaceful inside and outside.

The West Indies innings started disastrously when Greenidge played on to Foster with the innings only two balls old. But this did not start an immediate trend. In familiar fashion the pitch played differently when the West Indies were in. Although their batsmen also had trouble with their timing. Richardson and Haynes began to drive to great effect whenever the opening bowlers length strayed which happened worryingly often in the opening exchanges.

England only scored 11 boundaries all innings had seven in their first 10 overs. Having taken the decision to include the extra spinner Gower was now reluctant to deploy anything except seam. And there was a danger that Richardson would be clear and away before anyone could rein him in.

The West Indies duly clinched the one day series 3-1 by eight wickets. Haynes and Richards unbeaten respectively on 77 and 50 took them past the England total at 166-2.

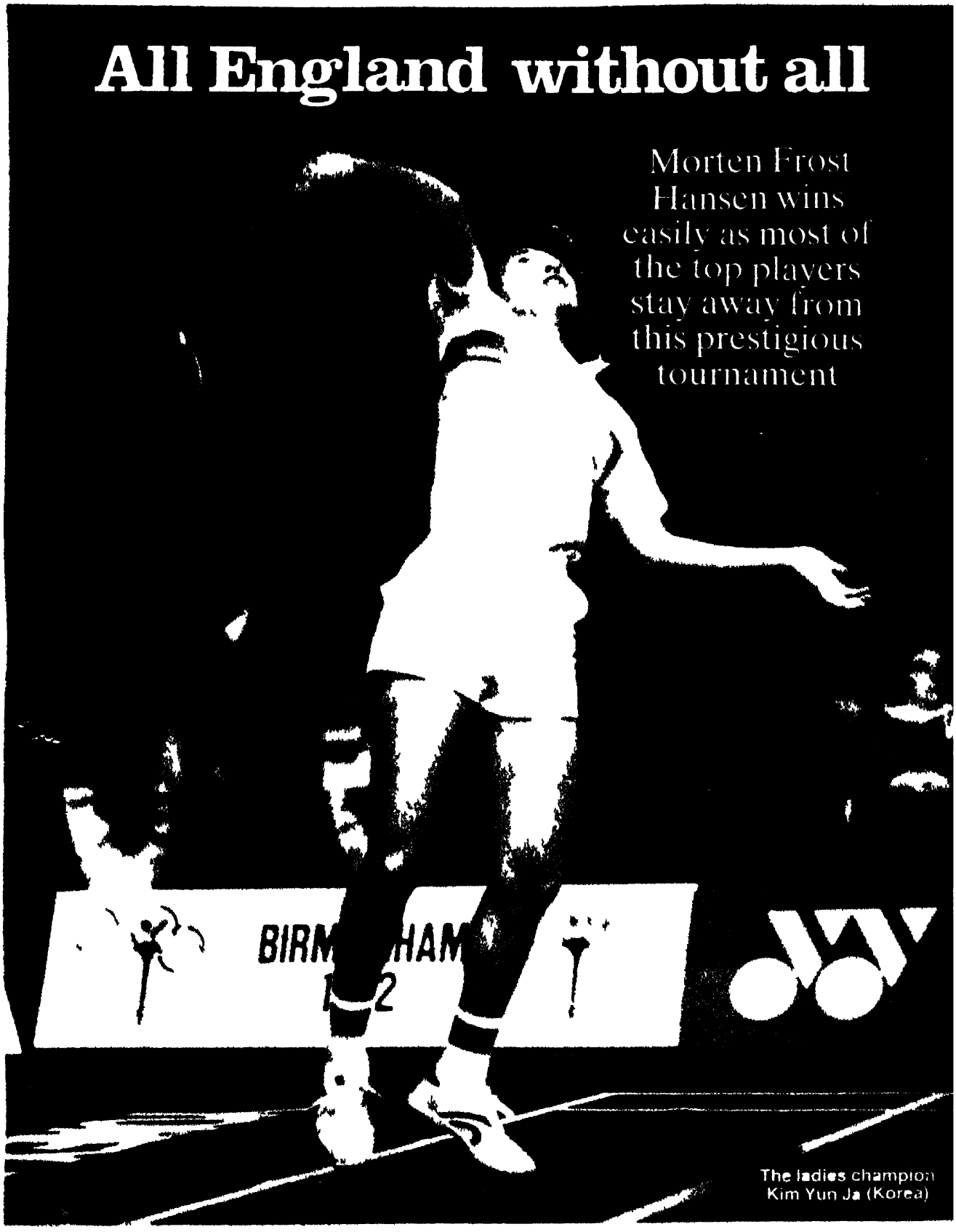


David Gower in a rare moment of flourish before being 'fooled by the low bounce'

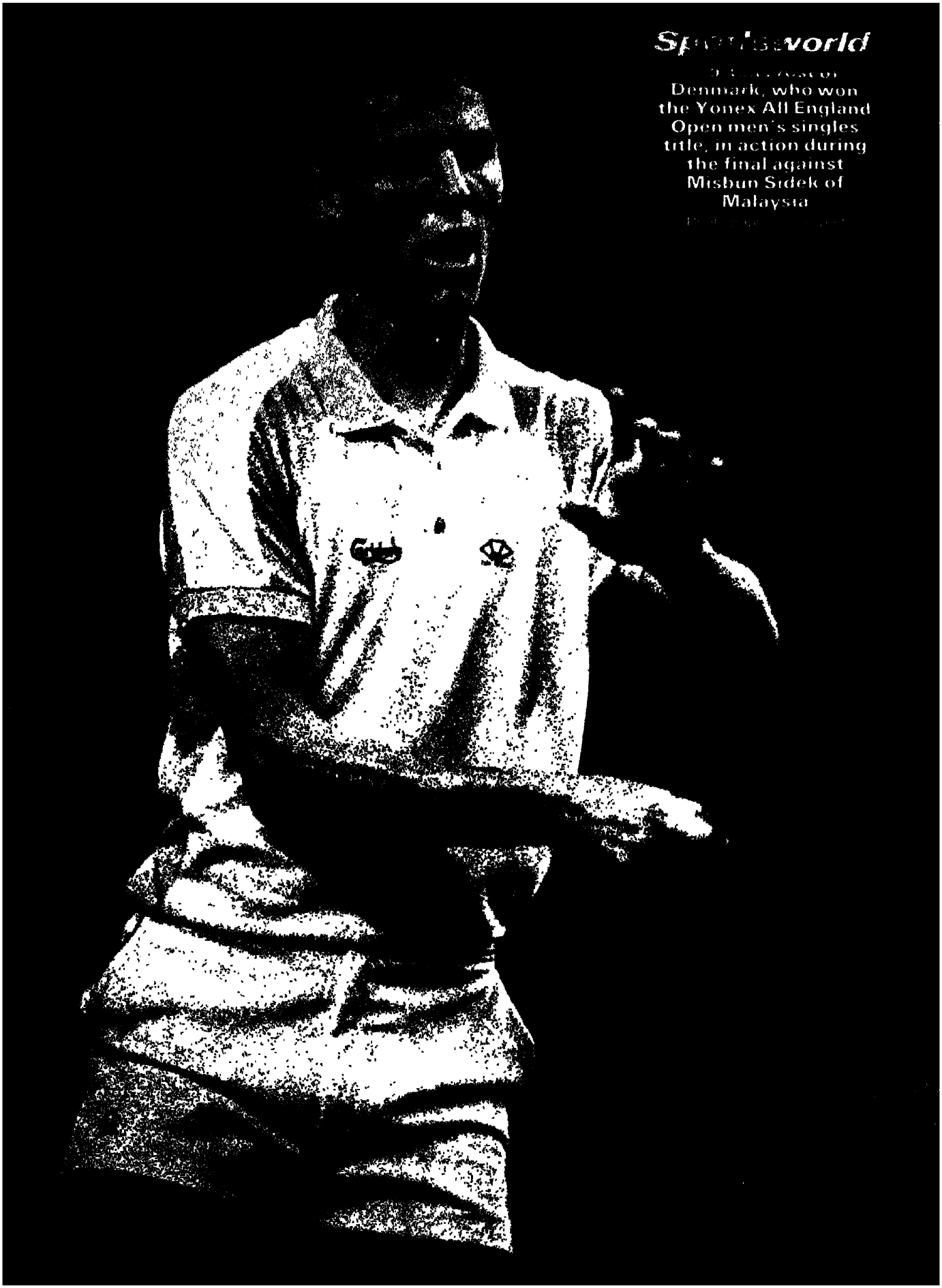
Courtesy The Guardian

All England without all

Morten Frost Hansen wins easily as most of the top players stay away from this prestigious tournament



The ladies champion Kim Yun Ja (Korea)



Denmark, who won the Yonex All England Open men's singles title, in action during the final against Misbun Sidek of Malaysia

Sportsworld

Yonex All England Open ladies doubles winners Chung Myung Hee and Hwang Hye Young of South Korea receiving the trophy from Wimbledon's oldest surviving ladies singles champ Kitty Godfree



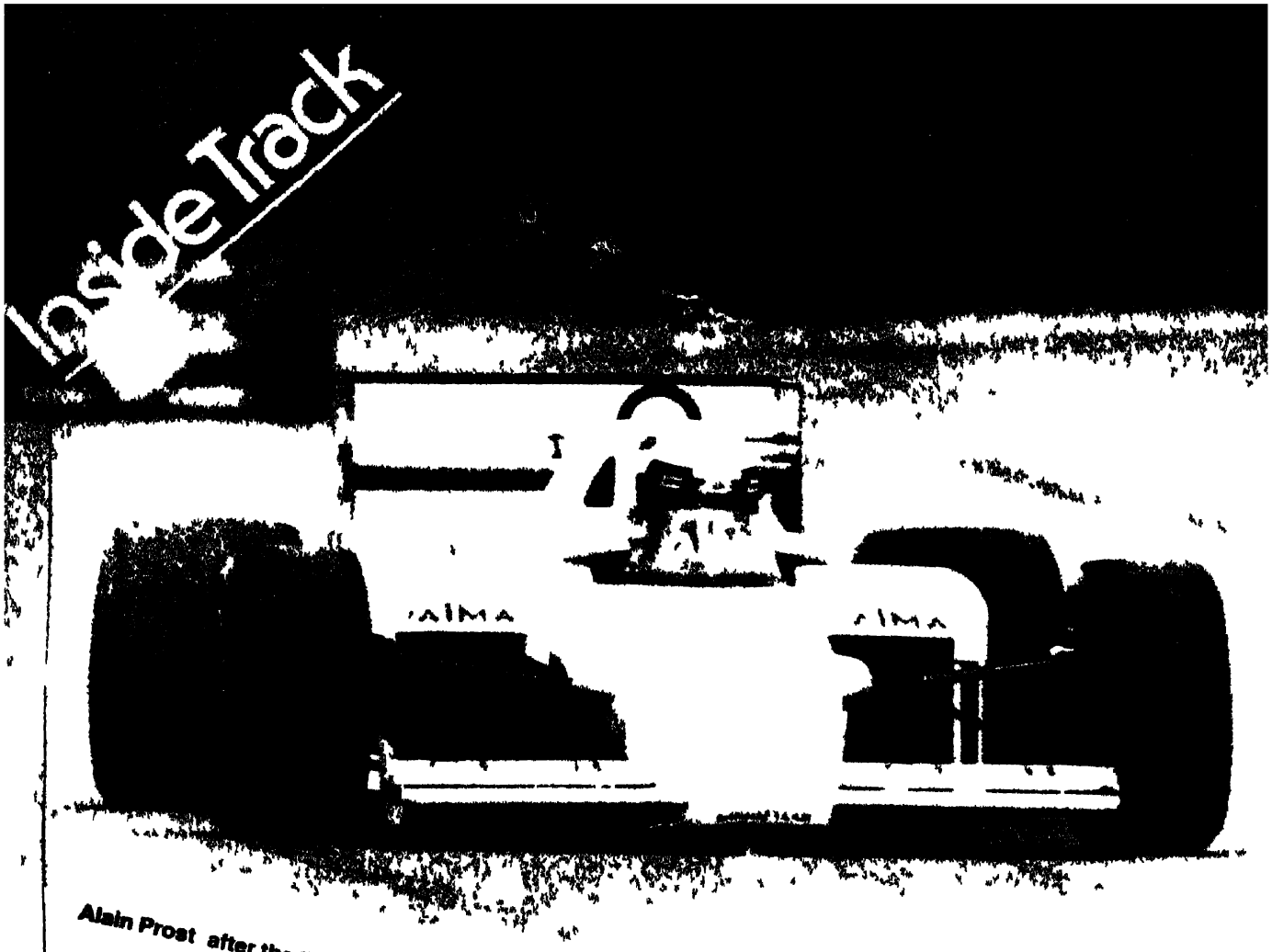


Padukone defeats Li Mao (China) to move into the semi-final



The mixed doubles final was an all Korean affair. The winners, on the right, Chung Myung Hee and Park Joo Bong and the runners-up Lee Deuk Choon and Chung Su Young

Inside Track



Alain Prost after the title again

GRAND PRIX motor racing is going through a golden age Never before in the 80 year history of the sport have there been such powerful cars so many brilliant drivers so much technological innovation and public support Four world champions are after the title again this year and the McLaren team have two of them reigning champion Alain Prost from France and 1982 champion Keke Rosberg from Finland

But there may be problems ahead for the McLaren pair The Porsche designed engine cannot match the power of its rival The chasis handles superbly but the cool Frenchman and the exuberant Finn have very different styles and they will want their cars adjusted to suit their particular styles a strain for the McLaren team after the years of Prost and Lauda who both drove and thought alike

Brazilian Nelson Piquet has taken Rosbergs place in the Williams team and he is a very happy man as Williams won the last three races of 1985 and the 1986 car using the latest Honda engine looks powerful and reliable Alongside Piquet will be Britains Nigel Mansel and the Williams team looks strong

Former world champion the veteran Australian Alan Jones driving for the Haas team is unlikely to be a serious contender for the title He and team mate Patrick Lamby will start the year at the underpowered and unreliable Hart engine before a new Ford turbo charged unit is ready

For other possible title contenders we have to take a look at two other teams namely Brabham and Lotus Brabham have acquired the services of the brilliant young Italian driver Elio Deangelis who was runner up to Prost in last seasons championship However the new low line car with a BMW engine driven through a seven speed gearbox could prove a problem with its reliability Lotus have gone for innovation in their Renault powered cars have no valve springs and their number one driver Ayrton Senna has consistently been the fastest in testing Senna did not make any friends in Grand Prix racing when in a much publicised incident he refused the British driver Derek Warwick as his number two However this has closed the door for Scotsman Johnny Dumfries who as the son of an Earl has had more than his fair share of problems of breaking into the very competitive world of motor racing Watch out for a few surprises from the Ferrari team of Michele Alboreto and Steffan Johansson and also Rene Arnoux in the Ligier

ZOLA BUDD steered the English team to victory and a personal double for herself when she stormed home to win the World Cross Country Championship in Neuchatel Switzerland

Running barefoot in an icy gale-lashed Swiss valley, Zola led every step of the way to beat the best cross country talent from 40 countries Miss Budd won in a time of 14 minutes 49 6 seconds at least 100 metres clear of America s Lynn Jennings, who was second in 15 minutes 7 8 seconds

To retain the title she gained so gloriously in Lis bon last year and she would have done even better but for her stubborn love of bare foot running that saw her struggling on the slip pery slopes It is fantasic to think that Zola packs more power in her 6 5 stone frame than all the girls who tower over her With su perb self confidence she accelerated to the front of the extremely large field right from the start and just kept on increasing her lead until the finish Lynn Jen nings who was left in her wake admitted that the strongest girl succeeded over this three mile mud died military assault course

Zola next runs in the five windmills race in Milan over cobblestones and she has promised to run in shoes for this one There was a computer slip up in determining the final plac ings in the women s team event when Jane Shields was not awarded any points but on a later re count her finishing position just edged the English team ahead of New Zealand with America in third place There was no joy for the English men's team as they could only finish in sixth place behind the very strong Kenyans The Ke nyans had three runners that finished in the first five with John Ngugi winning the event after a thrilling tussle over the final circuit with Ethiopia's Abebe Mekonnon



Zola Budd steers England to victory

DENNIS TAYLOR came through a mighty struggle against Cliff Thor burn to help Ireland to a 9 7 victory over Canada in the final of the World Team Snooker Cup in Bourne mouth When Taylor came to the table for the last time the two teams were locked together 6 6 But Bill Werbeniuk failed to score single point against Ireland captain Taylor in either of his two frames and the score was 8 6 when Thorburn made his last appearance of the day

The tactical genius of Thorburn saw him win a 19 minute due on the final red to pinch the 62 minute frame on the pink But Thorburn could not main tain his impetus and a break of 49 by Taylor saw Ireland clinch victory with a 68 12 success in the 16th frame of the match Thorburn however had the consola tion of claiming £3000 for the highest break of the tournament with 88 Alex Higgins playing one scin tillating net won four of the seven he played and Lucie Hughes the third member of the squad took a vital frame off Kirk Steven which brought the two teams level at 6 6

Michael King, London

The Hungarians are coming



Th ire
long
sp t lent
di ition is
urn to the
of world soccer
ut for them in
co
There was a time not
long ago when it
emed the Hungarians
would prove unworthy
heirs to the heritage of the
great Puskas and Com
pany Hungary seemed to
be on a downhill trip per
petually But in a sudden
spurt of talent the nation
has arrested the decline
and according to many the
present side is arguably the
fittest and certainly the fit
test the Hungarians have
seen in recent times

It has also been de
scribed by pundits as more
pragmatic, collective and
modern than most national
sides the country has put
up in the last decade

Even more impressive
the German coach Franz
Beckenbauer has admitted
that the present Hungarian
squad is to a certain extent
better than his highly fan
cied German team Quite a
compliment, isn't it?

In fact, Beckenbauer
even warned the Brazilians
of a disastrous experience
when they met the east
Europeans in a World Cup
warm up game His
prophecies proved true
The Hungarians proved to
be giant killers

The architect of that vic
tory was Lajos Detari the
22 year old midfielder who
averaged a goal a game for
Honved Tall and underm
ing he is deft at out
manoeuvring his rival de
fenders It was he who
scored the first goal for
Hungary confusing the
Brazilians with a lob out to
the right wing and then
running to head in the re
turn And it was his razor
sharp passing that often cut
Brazil to pieces Detari
would be the man to watch
in the Hungarian side at
Mexico

The defeat came as a
shock to the Brazilians Of
course they could not
afford to consider the
Hungarians a pushover
given their own poor track
record on their way to
Mexico but the prospect of
a defeat by the Hungarians
was not even at the back of
their minds The debacle
opened their eyes to the
reality

Brazil is now sifting
through their young talent
to unearth immediate heirs
apparent to the ageing So
crates Falcao Cerezo and
others even though their
reluctant coach Tele Santa
na ignored nationwide en
thusiasm to recall the veterans
to the World Cup squad
Santana's confidence in
them now seems to have
been shaken in the face of
unforeseen troubles

And Brazil do have a few
gifted youngsters who de
serve a break in top class
soccer Remember Syd
ney the young teenager of
Sao Paulo who mesmerised
Indians during the first su
per soccer extravaganza?
Alongwith sharpshooter
Muller they can form a
formidable combination
worth replacing some of
the old timers who can
hardly do justice to their
reputation any more Brazil
would do well to given
them a chance

Perhaps it is Brazil's
depth in budding talent
represented by the likes of
Sydney and Muller as well
as in experience provided
by the veterans which
prompted many pundits to
put their money on Brazil
for all the intransigent
problems that have been
plaguing the three time
champions over the years
Even Gyorgy Mezey the
man who has built Hungary
into such a splendid unit
commented There i
such a gap between styles,
and so many great Brazi
lians in so many parts of the
world I would not disagree
with making them
favourites to win in Mex
ico I would give no Euro
pean a chance in Latin
America

But are the Latin Amer
icans themselves as confi
dent of their chances as the
experts? Most Brazilian
old timers are sceptic
Pele, the pride of Brazil,
made no secret of his con



Colorsport



cern for the nation s sorry plight And not without reason It is wellknown how Brazil was halfway into their World Cup prepara tions without a coach The world was shocked to learn that Brazil was running short of young talent which thankfully was not true It was only a miscon ception caused by the faulty selection proc edure the country s football author ities have been following of late And to crown it all the country s established stars were busy elsewhere doing club duties and making money In short Brazil was enveloped in an atmos phere of no hope

The other Latin Amer ican super power Argentina also had problems aplenty The leading European clubs have lured away most of their star players including Diego Maradona their wonderboy And Argentina did not re ally have too many young talents coming up In a way their coach Bilardo also had to follow Tele Santana s method of blending youth with expe rience to select the squad

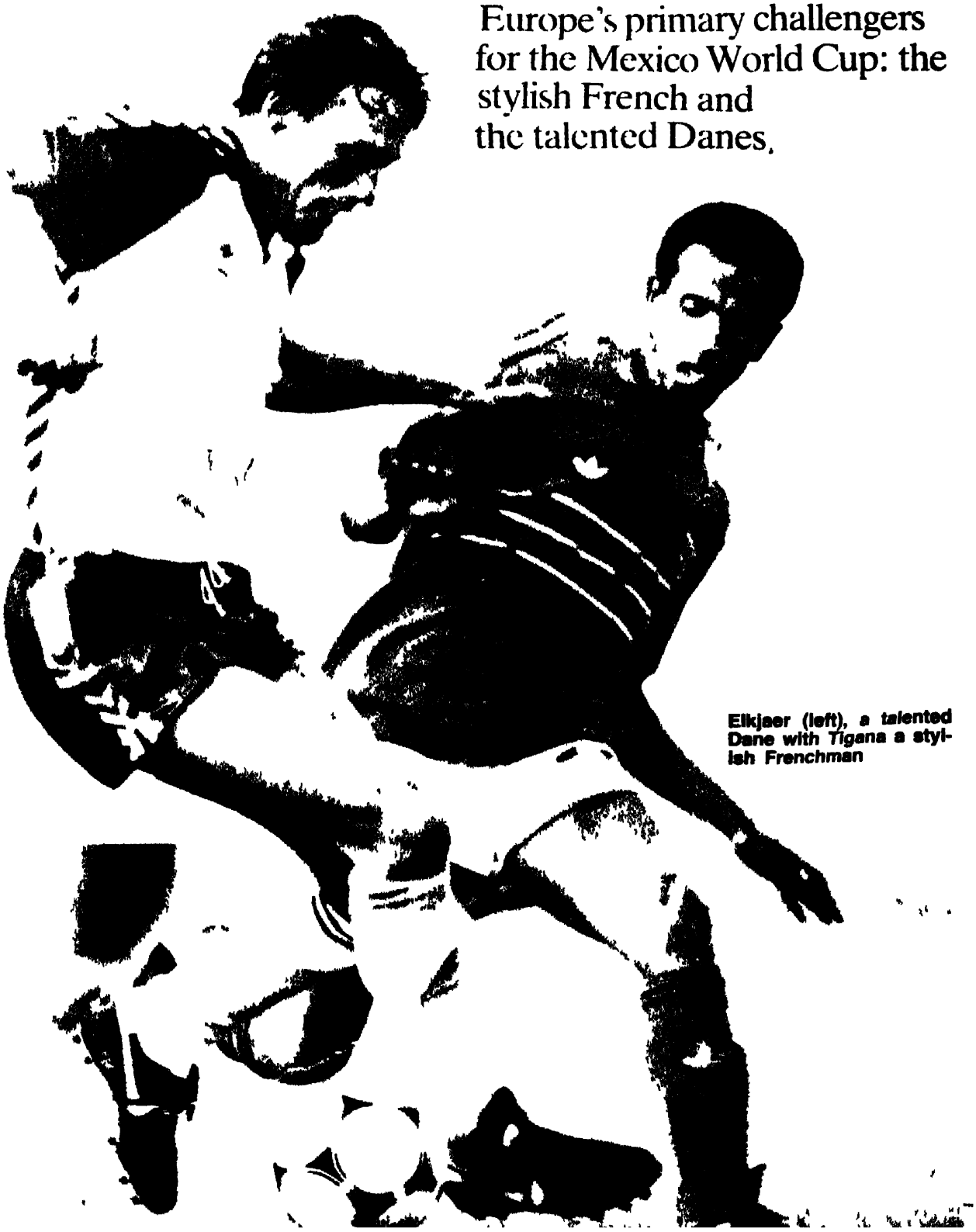
History howe er will be on Brazil s side The winners of three World Cups they have a reputa tion for their unpredictabil ity True they could not get close enough to the Cup in 78 or 82 and in 86 they may be an unprepared lot compared to the sides that took part in previous World Cups But the fact remains that Brazil is still the best exponent of the Latin American soccer magic Mexico might just be in for a surprise

Brazilian veterans Socrates (top, left) and Falcao (bottom, right) take on the Germans in a recent encounter



The European Challenge

Keir Radnedge analyses Europe's primary challengers for the Mexico World Cup: the stylish French and the talented Danes.



Elkjaer (left), a talented Dane with Tigana a stylish Frenchman

NO player in world football has achieved as much as French skipper Michel Platini. He is a champion of Europe at both club and country level with Juventus of Italy and with France he is also a World Club champion with Juventus.

But there is more to the French national team than Platini. His midfield partnership with little Alain Giresse, African born Jean Tigana and Spanish born Luis Fernandez is the most dynamic in international football. All four men can make goals and take them with equal facility.

Little wonder that France, fourth in Spain in 1982 when they lost unluckily in a penalty shoot out to West Germany in the semi finals, come to the 1986 World Cup as one of the favourites. That judgement rests not only on their status as champions of Europe, a title earned in front of their own fans in Paris in 1984, but on their status in the football community.

A Frenchman Robert Guerin was the first president of FIFA in 1904, mother French human Jules Rimet was instrumental in launching the World Cup. It was in Paris too that the daily sport newspaper L'Equipe set off the chain events which created the present three enormously successful European club competitions.

For most of this century the French have been football's thinkers and innovators rather than the practical achievers out on the pitch. In 1958 in Sweden the national team did achieve third place in the World Cup with Just Fontaine setting an all time finals scoring record of 13 goals. But this and the boast that France were among the four European nations who helped launch the World Cup in 1930 seems pretty little compared with the records of Brazil or Italy or West Germany.

Even in the realms of international club competition France have offered little. Reims reached the Champions Cup final in 1956 and 1959, only to lose to Spain's Real Madrid on both occasions, and go bankrupt a few years later. In the mid 1970s Reims spiritual successors, Saint Etienne, also reached a Champions Cup final only to lose 1-0 to West Germany's Bayern Munich.

The national team then made little impression on the World Cup. France failed to qualify in 1962, in 1970 and in 1974 and were first round failures when they did scrape through in 1966 and 1978. But 1978 in Argentina provided the first signs of potential.



Colorsport

Denmark's Laudrup looks a dangerous striker

France were not disgraced by only elimination after being dropped into a group which also included host Argentina, Italy and Hungary. Manager Michel Hidalgo was starting to pull together some talented players. Michel Platini, with the best But his squad of 22 included men such as Patrick Battiston, Maxime Bossis, Bernard Lacombe, Dominique Rocheteau and Didier Six who would form an integral part of the French scene over the next years.

In 1982 in Spain France recovered from the shock of conceding a goal after just 27 seconds of their first game against England to reach the semi finals. There they met West Germany losing eventually on a penalty shootout after one of the most dramatic matches in World Cup history.

Tired they lost to Poland in the third place play off. But their ability was clear for all to see. As Brazil's manager Tele Santana said, France are the most skilful team in Europe, the most Brazilian of the European sides.

France were obvious favourites to become champions of Europe when they staged the finals in 1984. But not only did they win, beating Spain 2-0 in the final, they did so with verve and style.

Manager Hidalgo retired in favour of his assistant, one time international midfielder Henri Michel, but few changes have been made. Poetry in writing, Joel Bats is one of the best French goalkeepers since the war. Bossis and Battiston, reliable central defenders and Manuel Amoros one of the best fullbacks around, the midfield quartet speak for themselves, which leaves only the attack. But manager Michel may hold he.

But then when your side includes in midfield someone who is Platini, scorer of a record 9 goals in 63 internationals, who needs a formal attack.

THE extraordinary talents of stars such as Jesper Olsen, Preben Elkjaer and Michael Laudrup have revitalised Denmark.

For many years the star produced and sold into exile by Denmark could not raise much enthusiasm for international football. Those players successful in Italy, France, Belgium, West Germany, Holland and Spain did not appreciate being summoned home for the privilege of being dragged down to defeat by home based players of inferior quality.

Then as with Holland in the 1970s, along came an extraordinary generation of players and a manager in former West German full back Sepp Piontek experienced enough to make the most of it.



Giresse's (France) mid field play is electrifying

he class of newcomers like Olsen Elkjaer and Laudrup gave veterans such as Allan Simonsen and Morten Olsen new enthusiasm for the national team

1964 Denmark had reached the of the fledgeling European Nations Championship and with the luck of the draw finished fourth behind Spain the Soviet Union and Hungary But that achievement was as nothing compared with what would come 20 years later

The Danes results in the 1984 European Championship were indeed outstanding One of their most notable performances was their 1-0 victory over England at Wembley Simonsen who scored the goal through a penalty broke his leg in the opening match of the finals against hosts France in Paris But the Danes rolled on undeterred to reach the semi finals where they ultimately fell in a penalty shoot out to Spain

Now having stormed through their World Cup qualifying group they are in the finals for the first time in their history

Along the way they were involved in perhaps the finest match of the qualifying campaign when they beat the Soviet Union 4 2 in Copenhagen last Jun Paul Wolfisberg then manager of group rivals Switzerland and who was in the crowd said later Football cannot be played better than that I am glad my team were not out there today

Many consider that Denmark are Europes best bet to win the World Cup but much will depend on whether they can make their hard working all action tactics work in the unfavourable Mexico conditions

Also it must be said that the Danes are not exactly spring chickens!

Piontek has built his team almost exclusively around Denmarks exiles and several of them have been around quite a long time Their 30 year old sweeper Morten Olsen from Belgian club Anderlecht fellow defender Ivan Nielsen from Feyenoord of Holland and midfielder Frank Arnesen from PSV Eindhoven have all lost their earlier pace

One man though who seems to have the legs for the job is Bayern Munichs midfield driving force Soren Lerby The same can be said of Italian based strikers Elkjaer (Verona) and Laudrup (Juventus)

Laudrup and Elkjaer shared the four goals which beat the Soviets in that memorable game last year Laudrup in particular has improved by leaps and bounds since returning to Juventus last summer after two unsettled years on loan to crisis hit Rome club Lazio

Last December Laudrup played a key role as Juventus became World Club Champions Despite all the praise of Denmark it appears to be stretching the imagination to believe he will shortly become a world champion at national team level as well

The author is the Associate Editor of World Soccer

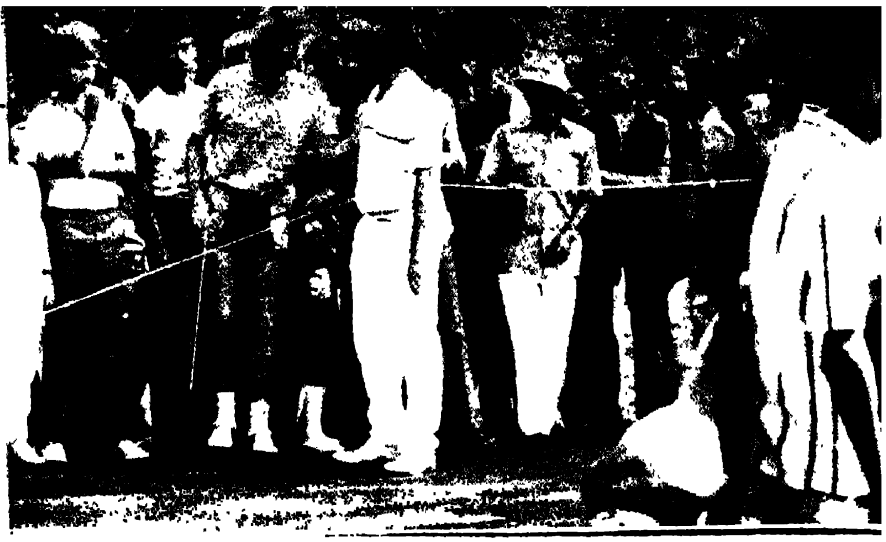




Iron Man Randhawa

Sarda Plywood Invitational Golf





Pilling, out of the running, has a pat on the shoulder for Bunty Randhawa

GOLF'S your game? Then you'll recall—with a shiver up your spine—the Bad Times of a decade ago, when neither the competition nor the prize money were comparable to existing levels. With the advent of sponsors, the sport received the transfusion it so badly needed and prospects on the Indian circuit today could well be mistaken for prominent signposts on the game's financial highway. The more fortunate beneficiaries have been the caddies, long denied the status they deserve.

It was fitting, then, that the 1985-86 Indian circuit should conclude with a newly-introduced event, the Sarda Plywood Invitational Masters. Won by Bunty Randhawa of the Royal Calcutta Golf Club, the tournament carried a total purse of Rs 1,00,000 that gave it the enviable stature of the richest event on the domestic circuit. The Sarda Plywood event will be held every alternate year at Calcutta's Tollygunge Club and will serve as a warmup for the Indian Open, hosted by the RCGC every second year.

There were 35 invitees in this tournament. Five amateurs and thirty professionals were chosen to participate, on the basis of their performances over the 1984-85 season. This yardstick ensured that the level of competition would be consistently fierce while there were other added incentives. Even the pro who came last was guaranteed a minimum cash incentive of Rs 1000, while a silver trophy was reserved for the best amateur.

The Masters was a genuine test of nerves for the participants, playing under a scorching sun on a hard course, with the greens playing true. There was a dearth of sub-par cards, however, the best of which was a one-under par 70 by Randhawa who hit his irons well, while others chose to play regulation golf. The scorecards were close enough till the third round to guarantee an exciting finish, but it was still impossible at that stage to predict the winner.

As we talked with Mr P.D. Chitlangia, the promoter of the event, Basad Ali of the RCGC led the field by a single shot in the third round, but it seemed only a matter of time before Chinni overtook him. This he did in due course, despite a drive shot on the sixteenth which rebounded off a tree trunk and then rolled towards a drinks shed. Having shrugged off this mishap, he made a fine recovery with a subsequent bogey. The sixteenth hole, having frustrated Feroze into breaking his putter in disgust in the third round, nevertheless saw Chinni maintaining his composure, forging ahead of Basad Ali and Bunty Randhawa, while amateurs Rajiv Mohta and Kanwalinder Singh hovered dangerously, a solitary stroke behind.

Rohtas Singh and Phil Pilling were both out of the running by this stage. Despite an impressive start, both suffered an erosion of confidence because of their lack of form, allied with the threatening rhythm of the other

With the empty tank on the 14th in the foreground, the Sunday crowd treks behind the last fiery threesome of Basad Ali, Chinni and Bunty Randhawa





Basad Ali 'roughing' it out on the 17th hole, where his title hopes ended in despair



Rohtas Singh takes a break on the 18th tee in the third round

challengers Pilling confessed, "There was nothing wrong with the approaches or the greens I can't even blame the scorching sun It's just that I played badly' His figures were proof of his disgust, at the end of the fourth round he was twelve strokes in excess of the par 280

On the afternoon of Sunday, 30 March, there was plenty at stake for 23-year old Randhawa who turned professional after the 1982 National Golf Championship and whose only success on the professional circuit was the Sher e Kashmir crown At Calcutta, he was under pressure because Basad Ali notched up an eagle on the tenth hole of the final round following it up with a birdie on the subsequent hole But the magic was shortly to desert Ali's golf, while Chinni was no longer able to find the groove he had revelled in the previous day

Randhawa unperturbed by the tension, brought in a one over par card, having played with the sort of calm confidence so characteristic of a big winner Ignore the fact that he three putted the third and fifth and he hadn't played too badly But he was really in sight of victory after the sixteenth, where Chinni failed to make amends for a drive that ricocheted off a tree on the sixteenth The challenge of Basad Ali meanwhile ended when his second shot on the seventeenth went onto the rough With a five over at 285, the title and Rs 16 660 was Randhawa's

Among the amateurs the struggle centred around the efforts of Rajiv Mohta and Kanwalinder The latter, son of Chandigarh pro Simran Singh played well for a par card on the final afternoon He drove well but missed four birdies and conceded the lead by a stroke on the seventeenth Mohta, who had already missed a couple of four foot putts had still not sh igged off the problem at the final hole Kanwalinder lying for a three on the same distance putted confidently to seal the issue

The Sarda Plywood Masters, instituted with the sole purpose of encouraging the sport and the men who revel in it could only be termed a resounding success at the conclusion of the inaugural tournament

Subhash Sarcar, Calcutta

Vying for Venables

As the soccer season reaches its final stages the almost inevitable game of managerial and superstar musical chairs has begun. Manchester United who had been [illegible] but rumour [illegible] that Mark Hughes transfer [illegible] Barcelona for [illegible] £2 million [illegible] Andrew was initially [illegible] engagement to M[illegible]h Ferguson finally [illegible]d the news that [illegible] Welsh international [illegible] indeed leaving for [illegible] fusher financial pas[illegible] [illegible]f Spain. Hughes still [illegible] mere 22 year old will become a millionaire by the time he sees his contract through.

He joins another Briton the Scottish international Steve Archibald who left Tottenham Hotspur for Barcelona and has blossomed under Terry Venables expert eye. It was Archibald's magic head which squeezed the ball through the narrowest of margins into the Juventus net in the second leg European Cup away tie in Italy. And although the incomparable Michel Platini the French maestro equalised for Juventus with a goal of artistic perfection the score at the end of a splendid tactical battle read Barcelona 1 Juventus 1. Which meant that as Barcelona had won the first leg 1 nil at home they had moved into the next round.

Terry Venables long the toast of Barcelona (he had guided them to the Spanish League championship last year over rivals Real Madrid) was now the talk of Britain and Europe.

Venables who in his time had played for Chelsea Tottenham Hotspur and Crystal Palace and appeared on a number of occasion in English national colours before an injury brought his career to a close has done excellently as a manager. He did great things at Crystal Palace



Venables the 40 year old manager with the Midas touch

Uttarpara
Jaikrishna Public Library

following up with another successful stint with Queens Park Rangers who became contenders for English football's major honours

Still barely 40 his name hadn't crossed the water When Barcelona offered him its vacant managerial position in succession to the great Cesar Menotti of Argentina people in Spain blinked in amazement and asked Terry who? The witty and likeable cockney has since made himself a Spanish household term for success an object of adoration in the Basque country whence Barcelona are based and of admiration further afield

Suddenly there was talk of getting Venables back to England He had climbed to the star in Spain would not the prospect of doing so again on his native soil be even sweeter? Who knows similar success here might bring him the ultimate prize of the English managership for Bobby Robson the current incumbent is hardly growing younger So the rumours flew thick and fast A number of the superclubs were ending the season on a fairly disappointing note Tottenham for example with such an abundance of talent and simply nothing to show for it at the end of the day Or Manchester United whose hopes of the League title receded disappointingly having already been eliminated from the League and F A Cups Arsenal are in a comparable situation They all have tradition money and wonderful players They thrive on success and abominate failure They seek a man with the Midas touch

Do they in other words want Terry Venables? Well Arsenal certainly do They made their intentions clear prompting their current manager Don Howe to request his release from the remainder of his contract which had another three months to run Arsenal had just registered a 3 nil victory over Coventry their fourth in succession and are outsiders for the League title The Arsenal Board are in something of a flap and the saga is far from ended



Archibald pure Scottish magic

Howe is the fourth First Division manager to quit The others are Jack Charlton (Newcastle) Johnny Giles (West Brom) and Ron Saunders (Birmingham) The resignation of Brian Kidd once a Manchester United and City star as manager of Fourth Division Preston brings this seasons total of managerial departure to 21

So much for off the field drama Now for the events on it Everton the English First Division leaders suffered their first defeat since December when they went down 1 2 to Luton whom they beat in the F A Cup quarter final 1 nil It was sweet revenge for the midlanders for whom their captain Steve Foster performed three miracles First he put through his own goal to give Everton the lead Ten minutes from time he headed home Ricky Hill's free kick powerfully past the diving Neville Southall in the Everton goal Five minutes later he repeated the dose this time with a lower header and Luton had come back from behind to title the match

Meanwhile Liverpool playing at Oxford fairly swinged their hosts with 6 goals which might have doubled but for the merciful intervention of crossbar and sidepost Perhaps a benign Providence had put them there for God so the scripture tells us is compassionate However He is also just and for the inventive skill of Messers Dalglish Kirsl Lawrenson Whelan and Molby the scoreline was eminently fair

The top places in the First Division read as follows Everton and Liverpool are joint leaders with 66 points each from 33 and 34 games respectively

Praveen Addy

A need for Clemence

Everton striker **Graeme Sharp** is adamant that Ray Clemence should go to Mexico as Shilton's deputy

RAY CLEMENCE should be on the plane to Mexico this summer as cover for Peter Shilton.

I know Ray told England manager Bobby Robson a couple of years ago that he didn't want to play second fiddle to Shilton anymore and voluntarily withdrew from the England scene. With the World Cup looming, however, I am sure that Ray would love to be involved again. I feel that either he or Robson should swallow their pride, that any differences should be forgotten and that the door should be re-opened for Clemence.

I can understand why he opted out. Nobody likes to play second fiddle, but with the World Cup at stake England need their strongest possible squad and that means Clemence should be included.

Dino Zoff, Peter Shilton and Pat Jennings have all proved that great goalkeepers, like great wine, improve with age. Clemence is no different. Experience is so important for a goalkeeper, perhaps more so than any other position. Positional sense, knowing when to go for a cross, when to come of the line, how to narrow the angle as a player shapes to shoot...all these qualities can only be perfected by the accumulation of knowledge gained from game after game, year after year.

The ability to stay calm under pressure is vital too. One of the goalkeeper's most important roles is to organise his defence and when the going gets rough, only those with a level head can do so successfully. Clemence knows all about pressure games—he's been playing in them for nearly twenty years with Liverpool and Tottenham in this country and Europe, as well as having played in 61 internationals.

That is the kind of experienced cover England should have. I don't suppose Peter Bonetti would thank me for bringing up England's exit from the 1970 World Cup at the hands of West Germany, after Gordon Banks had had to withdraw at the last minute because of a stomach bug. Peter had



Clemence has had years of experience at playing second fiddle

only played six England games and, despite being one of the best goalkeepers of his day, lost his composure a little as the West Germans stormed back to win the game 3-2 after being 2-0.

It is just possible that Shilton might have to pull out, and it would be ridiculous that England might suffer while a man who could walk into his shoes without batting an eyelid was sitting at home.

Not that I don't rate those goalkeepers who seem the most likely to go to Mexico along with Shilton, Norwich's Chris Woods and Manchester United's Gary Bailey. But there remains the question, with both having such limited international experience, whether they would be able to take over from Shilton in an emergency.

Gary Bailey didn't do himself any favours when he made his England debut against Eire last season. He made a mistake, which allowed Liam Brady to score, showing that the step up from club to International football is just as hard for goalkeepers as outfield players.

Losing his place to Chris Turner in the United team is not going to do him any good either. Indeed, by that token, I think Turner should come into consideration for selection. Turner is a very good goalkeeper and given a platform at United he may possibly have a chance. Against that, if he were to go he would almost certainly do so untried, which would be a gamble.



Southall: the best keeper in Britain?

If Clemence does not get back, I think Woods is Shilton's best deputy. He has already had a taste of International football, playing one full game and twice as a substitute, and for me is the man who will eventually succeed Shilton. He is so commanding and in one respect is even better than Shilton. He is marvellous at anticipating crosses and if he decides to go for one, comes off his line and catches with great conviction, something which is perhaps a slight chink in Shilton's otherwise flawless armour. The only doubt against him is that, having played a season in the Second Division for Norwich, he might not be as sharp at the top level as he would like to be.

Aston Villa's Nigel Spink is a name that seems to have been forgotten but, like Woods, he is a dominant sort of goalkeeper—and defenders like to have a confident figure behind them. When Gary Lineker arrived at Everton he brought high praise of his former team-mate at Leicester, Ian Andrews. Having played against him this season I have to agree, but at 21 he is too young for consideration this time round. However, I'm sure he will be vying with Woods for the place in future years.

Sheffield Wednesday's Martin Hodge is another name being touted around at the moment. He was at Everton when I came down from Dumbarton five years ago, and I found him to be a very dedicated footballer. He had to suffer the disappointment of not making it at Goodison, but showed the right sort of attitude and his performances for Wednesday this season, particularly in their recent FA Cup tie against Derby, confirm that he ranks alongside the best of the contenders.

There is certainly no shortage of choice for Robson, but if he wants the best of the bunch then he should plump for Clemence.

The one goalkeeper I really feel sorry for is my teammate Neville Southall. I think he is Britain's number one, ... better even than Shilton, but the failure of the Welsh to qualify for Mexico means that he will be denied the chance of showing off his skills on the world stage.

And if you think it is a bit ironic for a Scotsman to be talking about the strengths of goalkeepers, we now have a genuine world class 'keeper in Aberdeen's Jim Leighton... whose performances in our World Cup games in Iceland and Australia were a major factor in our qualification. I think he has brought to an end the jokes about Scottish goalkeepers.

Capital Notes

I CAME across two blatantly misleading and mischievous articles in the February issue of *The Cricketer* edited by Christopher Martin Jenkins

Severe criticism has passed against Kapil for lashing out at the Australian umpires Editorial comment on the Indian umpires have in the past been the object of unprofessional criticism this publication has expressed opinion after opinion that Australian umpires are the worst in the world was a case of the pot calling the kettle black

To criticise any captain for denouncing the umpires is fair enough But why complain about India and Australia in these terms? More unjust is the remark about captains allowing players to become unruly on the field A long list of erring captains who have permitted this to happen is given but not one English captain figures in it

Probably the Editor would want us to believe that English players are models of good behaviour I wouldn't like to catalogue incidents to the contrary Would want to know however whether Christopher Martin Jenkins has heard of some one called Ian Botham

The other piece of writing is more shocking Clayton Goodwin has dubbed the absence of whites in the West Indies team as Apartheid in Reverse

He writes South African the argument goes should not be ostracised for practising race segregation when it is almost certain that no white man will be picked to play for the West Indies For many of us can't recall the last time that a white cricketer represented the region regularly and yet they were plenty enough in former years There seems to be a policy apartheid in reverse, double standards which are not acceptable to a fair minded observer

The above argument overlooks one basic fact Team selection in the West Indies, unlike South Africa is not determined by the colour of the player's skin Black white blue yellow or any other shade, it is the best eleven chosen on cricket ability alone that plays

THE Wills Trophy was even thusiastically received the cricket was keen and the crowd response almost encouraging The Delhi Bombay final was watched by a throng bigger than what has been seen at the Kotla for a very long time

Unfortunately TV and AIR blacked out the tournament not wanting to associate themselves with a tobacco company Not one glimpse of the proceedings was telecast not even in the World of Sports

Lamented one exasperated tournament official 'The Benson and Hedges and Rothmans Cup were apparently covered in public interest With us they just refused to play ball

We told them to cover the game without mentioning our name This too was turned down At this stage certainly all hopes went up in smoke

ITC has reasons to be peeved because it spends 8 to 10 lakhs on the tournament every year In return they get no money The understanding with the Cricket Board is that the staging association makes ground arrangements ITC looks after all else The staging associations pocket gate money plus revenue from advertising ITC gets only goodwill and publicity

Is this sufficient return considering the enormous expense? Explained Udayan Lal Branch Manager ITC Delhi Can't say for sure Marketing pundits claim 50% of all advertisement money well spent

Advertisement apart ITC has the noble intention of benefiting cricket Said Udayan We have a long tradition of promoting sport The limited-overs trophy was in fact started to popularise this kind of cricket in India in 1978 Before that we've been sponsoring polo, hockey, golf Even kite flying "

SAIL too have ventured into cricket sponsorship They began this year by hosting an excellent cricket tournament The teams were primarily from North Zone but the matches mercifully were played over three days on the Ranji pattern

According to Bishen Bedi the force behind the project there were two reasons which moved them One North Zone has no decent tournament like the Buchi Babu Times Shield Moinuddowlah Scindia Cup or the Arlem Trophy Two existing tournaments are limited overs ones We wanted players not to forget the nuances of longer games

Like Wills SAIL gets only publicity and goodwill in returns for its Rs 2 lakh expense But so kicked are they about the response to the tournament that plans to enlarge its scope next year are already afoot

The Scindia Cup of Gwalior meanwhile continues to grow in strength The tournament as usual attracted all top teams and all top players this year The entire Indian team fresh (or stale) from Australia was there Including Gavaskar who had stayed away from Wills and Ranji

The generous prize money—winners get 40 000 plus sundry gifts—is considerable stimulant for the players Otherwise too the Gwalior tournament is extremely popular with everyone The hospitality is lavish and the arrangements matchless Matches are extensively covered by the Press, AIR and TV

Amrit Mathur

Kapil Dev Crucified by *The Cricketer*



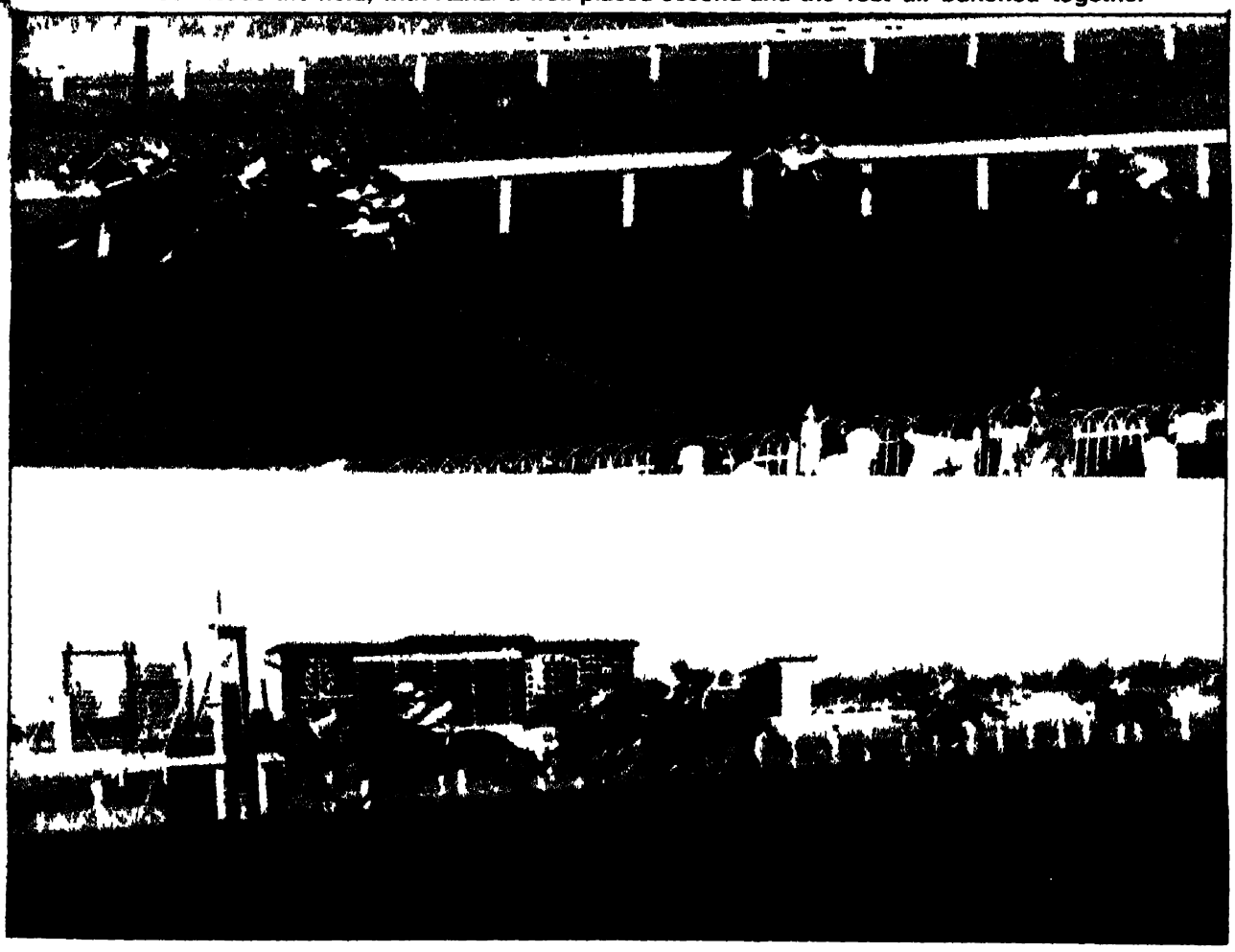
Azhar runs into form

CRICKETERS they say have always enjoyed pride of place in India, but at present they appear to have come into their own on the Calcutta Race Course Horses named after top Indian players have stolen the limelight this season what with a colt named Chetan winning the Champagne Stakes and another named Azhar winning the Grand Annual handicap The way things are going cricketing names are very much in vogue and one waits to see just how long it will take before the entire Indian cricket team appears on a racetrack In fact all one needs now are a couple of international names and presto you can have a world series of the Equine breed

On Monday 24th March the top juveniles in Calcutta lined up to face the starter for one of the three most important races of the season confined to them namely The Grand Annual Handicap Run over a distance of a mile, the race had attracted eight colts and three fillies and it looked wide open from the betting The favourite Azhar for instance was freely available at 11 to 4 which gives you an indication as to what the bookmakers thought about the race The joint second favourites were Break the Law, Andiex and Ivanoe all at fours Very close in demand after them came Raindancer and Street Walker along with Splash at fives In other words seven of the eleven runners were in the fray and the run of the race showed just how correct a picture the betting presented with a mere length and three quarters separating five of them at the finish

The excitement was very much there as loading operations commenced and it resulted in a false start, as Across the River tried to take on the gates before they opened and broke out In a chain reaction the other gates also opened and the field jumped out very scrappily indeed only to be called back by the starter who was quick to realise what had happened

Gumaan leads the field, with Azhar a well placed second and the rest all bunched together



Brilliantly ridden by Nicky Bird, Azhar finishes a neck ahead of Street Walker (Gowli up)



The horse to watch Azhar winner of the Grand Annual Handicap run over a mile at the Calcutta Race course

In the bargain Pinto dropped his rider and bolted and Ethical with James Reuben astride went careering after him Nothing Reuben could do could stop the colt and he happilly finished the course on his own despite the fact that he knew that it had been a false start As a result he was permitted to be withdrawn as was Pinto who had hurt himself after his little jaunt not to mention his rider who was also bruised and shaken up

The remaining nine horses were restalled and finally the Grand Annual was finally under way The totally unfancied Gumaan was the first to show out in the initial stages hotly chased by Azhar Andrex and Break the Law Tucked in behind them was the top weighted Ivanoe along with Street Walker Then there was a gap of a few lengths followed by Splash and Across the River

The order remained somewhat unchanged with the exception of Andrex who appeared to lose pace at one stage and dropped a little behind the front runners while in the rear Splash was making some headway and Across the River was finding it difficult to bridge the gap

Turning for home Azhar ranged alongside Gumaan to essay his challenge but things were really hotting up just behind him Break the Law Ivanoe and Andrex were still very much in the running and on the outside came Street Walker with a devastating run It was anybody s race at that juncture and all the five were in a line at that stage with Azhar having a very slight edge Also in the reckoning was the rank outsider Gumaan who after having made all the running certainly did not chuck in the towel immediately He came on with a second run along the rails but the effort of setting the pace from the word go was too much for him and he eventually had to retire from the fray

Two hundred metres from home and there was a wall of horses fighting for the lead In the centre was Azhar with jockey Nicky Bird riding like a man possessed On his inside a little cramped for room was Andrex with Robin Corner trying to force a passage On the outside of Azhar was the topweighted Ivanoe with Jagdish giving his all On his outside was Break the Law with Naresh Engineer but the My Sparrow colt was showing signs of distress On the even wider outside was Street Walker with Robert Gowli getting the clearest of runs and moving resolutely forward If anyone could have nominated the winner from amongst that lot he should have been awarded a medal because it looked like it could have been anybody's race inside the distance

In the final 100 metres the final outcome of the race eventually became a little clearer Ivanone who was conceeding weight all around found the welter weight of 62kg a stopper and he began to shorten his stride Break the Law was the next to exit from the fray Gumaan too had retired and now it looked a straight fight between Azhar Andrex and the filly Street Walker Eventually even Andrex had to drop out and it was straight fight between Azhar and Street Walker In a ding dong battle Azhar managed to keep his elegant neck in front thanks to a real powerhouse finish on the part of Nicky Bird Gowli on Street Walker pulled out all stops but he obviously found the grey too hard a nut to crack At the wire a neck separated them from each other A mere length and three quarters away were Andrex Ivanoe and Break the Law finishing together just a neck and short head being the verdict between them

The time that Azhar clocked all out on a fast track was 1min 39 8sec which was a mere 1 5 seconds off the course record set by the great Bergamo in 1985 It showed that the pace must have been incredibly fast but even more to the point it added a great deal of weight to the quality of the crop of three year olds that are racing this season in Calcutta They certainly have a bright future ahead of them and they can well be expected to hold their own this summer when they journey down to Bangalore.

Adi Davar

Sportsman, take note

THOSE of you who have been with us for the last couple of weeks will be quite up to date on tennis injuries and how to deal with them. After going through a list of the top ten tennis injuries you will have realised that most of the injuries arose from faulty techniques in playing the sport. As is the case with tennis all the other sports played over the world have their own injuries that are characteristic to them. Many of these injuries are attributable to particular sports while an equal number can be attributed to just sport in general.

Any sportsman has to bear up with injuries in his tenure on the field. Depending on the type of sport you play—contact or non contact the injuries sustained also differ correspondingly. If you are into games like table tennis golf or long distance running the most common injury is going to be over exertion. There is very little chance of your hurting yourself by colliding with someone else in a hard tackle and the only way you could end up at the doctors is if you try to outdo yourself.

On the other hand if you are the type that goes in for outdoor sports where a lot of body contact is involved like football hockey and rugby you are literally inviting injuries. A sport where you come into body contact will surely leave you with sore spots that will make sure that you grunt in pain every time you go in for another tackle.

In non contact sport although there is very little chance of severe injury the possibility of injury cannot be ruled out. The faster games like tennis and badminton call for extreme fitness and anyone who is not fit could end up with strained muscles and ligaments. Combine this with a faulty technique and you can come up with some injuries that can be quite disabling, if not incapacitating.

Unless you are physically fit you could find yourself in trouble in any form of sport leave alone a lot out of breath. All the stretching and running around can tire your muscle and if you really exert yourself you could even end up with sprains and strain. But if you already have a decent level of fitness your muscles can adjust to the demands placed on them and your game of badminton will not affect you as much as it would have if you were unfit.

The contact sports do not hold firm to the rule that a fit person will not face injury problems. In a game like football even the fittest of people can get injured mainly through no fault of their own. Although all your muscles might be well developed and can withstand any amount of stretching, and over exertion the impact of another player colliding with you can injure you. A flash of legs as is so common in football can be quite harmful to the shin and regardless of your personal level of fitness it can leave you limping in pain.

A decent level of fitness will help any sportsman to steer clear of most injuries



So while physical fitness is vital to anyone playing any form of sport it is like asking for the impossible to expect anyone playing contact sports to go injury free.

The common factor with sports injuries is almost always the joints. These are the areas that get affected the most and most people who play serious sport eventually end up with complaints in the joints. More often than not the joint that is affected is the joint that is pressed into action the most often during the playing of the particular sport. While the obvious joint that will top the list is the knee joint as most of the sports involve plenty of running, other joints also play up with equally painful results.

A tennis player apart from the fact that his knees are taking a pounding, has plenty of pressure on his elbow and shoulder joints. This applies to all players of racquet sport too as games like badminton and squash also require plenty of effort from the shoulder and arm region. Footballers do not depend on the upper body as much as they do on their legs. In this case it is the knee joint that comes into play and takes all the pressure of the game. All the running around and kicking the ball places tremendous strain on the knee and ends up damaging the ligaments.

An athlete involves almost his entire body in his sport and requires all round fitness. So if you can maintain a high level of fitness and especially concentrate on the area of your body that will be used in the sport that you play you should steer clear of most injuries.

PRESS CLIPPINGS

Big-hearted Becker

A CHAMPION they say always has a big heart Boris Becker is no exception The West German tennis star has agreed to become an ambassador for UNICEF The teenager was greatly moved after reading that 40 000 children died in the world every day because of a lack of simple medicines

UNICEF is launching a five year world wide vaccination programme which they hope will cut the number of deaths by half Spreading the message alongwith Becker are film stars Danny Kaye Irving Berlin and Peter Ustinov

Bring it to Birmingham

TWO Birmingham MP's have defied all warning and have flown to one of the most troubled spots in the world in an attempt to boost their city's bid to host the 1992 Olympic Games

Denis Howell and Sir Reginald Eyre have ignored advice from the British and American embassies in the Peruvian capital Lima to stay away A curfew has been imposed in the city where gunfire and heavy fighting have become commonplace The two men have defied all odds and have gone ahead with their meeting with Peruvian International Olympic Committee member Ivan Diboss

When the IOC meet in October at Lausanne to finally decide who will host the Games Diboss vote could prove to be decisive At one time it seemed certain that the South Americans would vote en bloc for the favourites Barcelona But indications are that support for the Spanish city from the Latin block is by no means unanimous and Birmingham has sensed an opportunity to take advantage of the situation Whether Birmingham gets the nod or not one thing is for sure they certainly did their best

Cornered Connors

JIMMY CONNORS thrilled tennis fans and fighting fitness in the top five will miss this year's French Open

The veteran American has been fined $20 000 is well as suspended for ten weeks Pro Council administrator M Marshal Happer said the action was taken against Connors for violating provisions of the Council's code of conduct relating to aggravated behaviour

The suspension unless delayed by appeal will extend through the French Open to be played from May 26 to June 8 This is the first time that a player has been suspended through one of the four Grand Slam tournaments for misconduct The fine is the largest since the Council fined Vilas in 1983

Connors stormed off the court after defaulting in the fifth set of a semifinal against Ivan Lendl in the Lipton International Players tournament on February 21 at Boca Raton Florida Connors who has thirty days to appeal on the suspension said he will review the decision with his attorneys

Judge judged

SOVIET UNION figure skating officials have banned one of their judges for two years for biased judging in favour of Russian Alexander Fadeyev at the world championships The judge Liuiana Danilenko may face further sanctions from the International Skating Union after giving Fadeyev a score of 5 9 out of the maximum of 6 0 for the technical merit of his free skating in the final Fadeyev the 1985 World Champion who finished third here fell twice and put his hands on the ice on two other occasions during his routine He was awarded technical scores of 5 5 or 5 6 from most other judges Cricketing nations please note!

Gooch faces another Bird

THE controversy continues England opening batsman Graham Gooch may quit the current tour of the West Indies He is reported to have sent a letter to the Test and County Cricket Board indicating he may pull out of the fifth Test match in Antigua starting on April 11

The thirty two year old champion English batsman was annoyed at the criticism dished out to him by the Deputy Prime Minister of Antigua Lester Bird Last year the current tour was put in jeopardy when Bird claimed that Gooch had indicated he would be willing to play in South Africa again and demanded a retraction from the opener who has been constant target of anti apartheid demonstrators because he took part in a rebel tour of South Africa four years ago

Gooch then made a statement reaffirming his opposition to apartheid and Bird said that the cricketer would be welcome to Antigua But a report in an Antiguan newspaper last month had blown the lid off again Although its report did not reveal Bird's published comments *Daily Express* said Gooch who gave long and serious thought over whether to tour in the first place now wanted an apology



Connors defends, for a change

Prize Idli Eaters

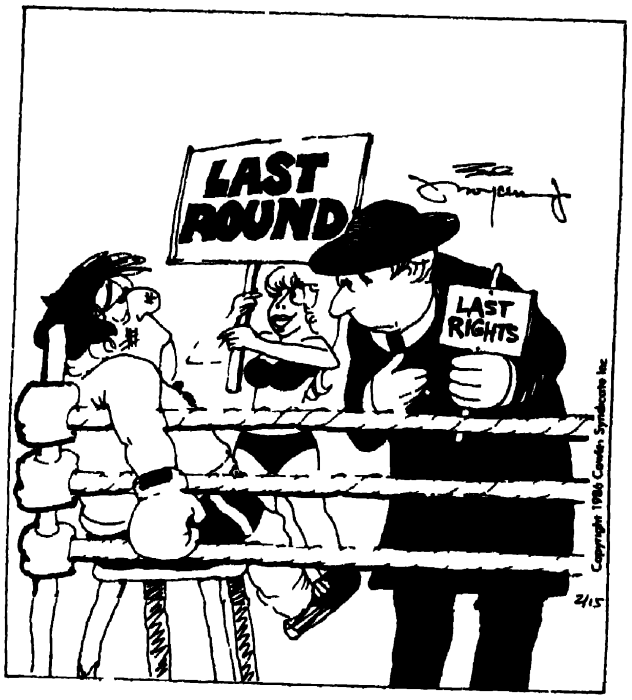
NEW DELHI: A champion weightlifter of the IAF, and a leading aircraftman Mr. C.S. Shivaramu established a new idli eating record when he gulped 32 of them in 15 minutes. Last year he managed just 25. The contest organised by a Kannada monthly was an amusing spectacle with 15 competitors devouring the stuff together with sambhar or chutney, some of whom threw up in disgust while others ended up with red eyes and streaming noses.

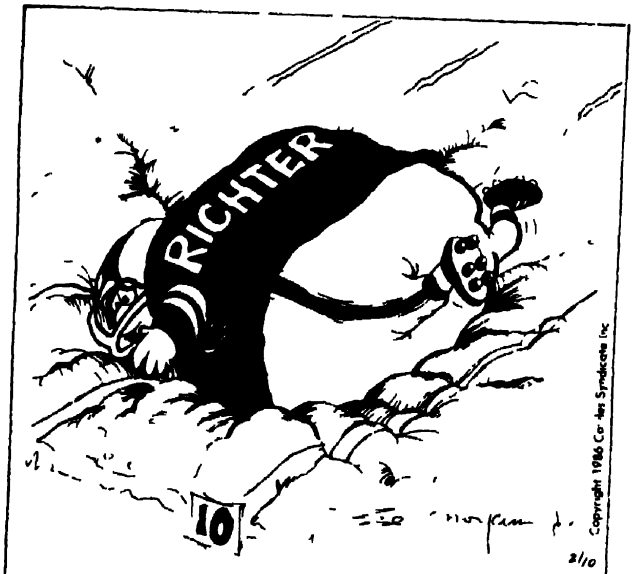
Where's That?

PROSECUTOR: Where did car hit the victim? Doctor At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae. Judge (ponderously) Excuse me, but I've lived here for 40 years now, and I've never heard of the place!

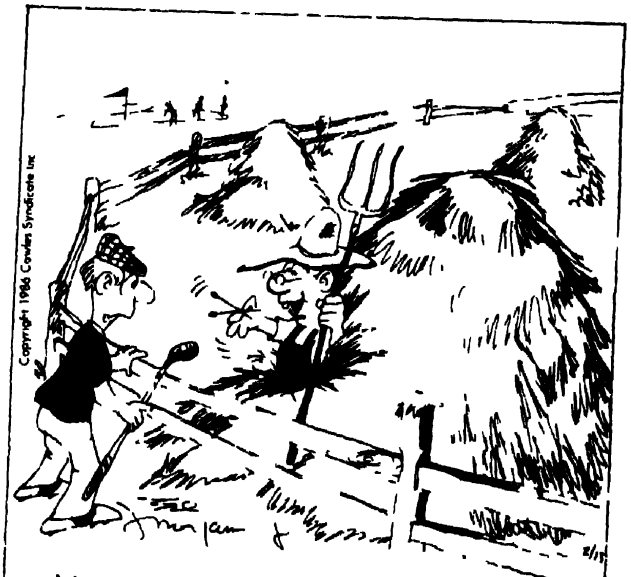
Bernie Tellis



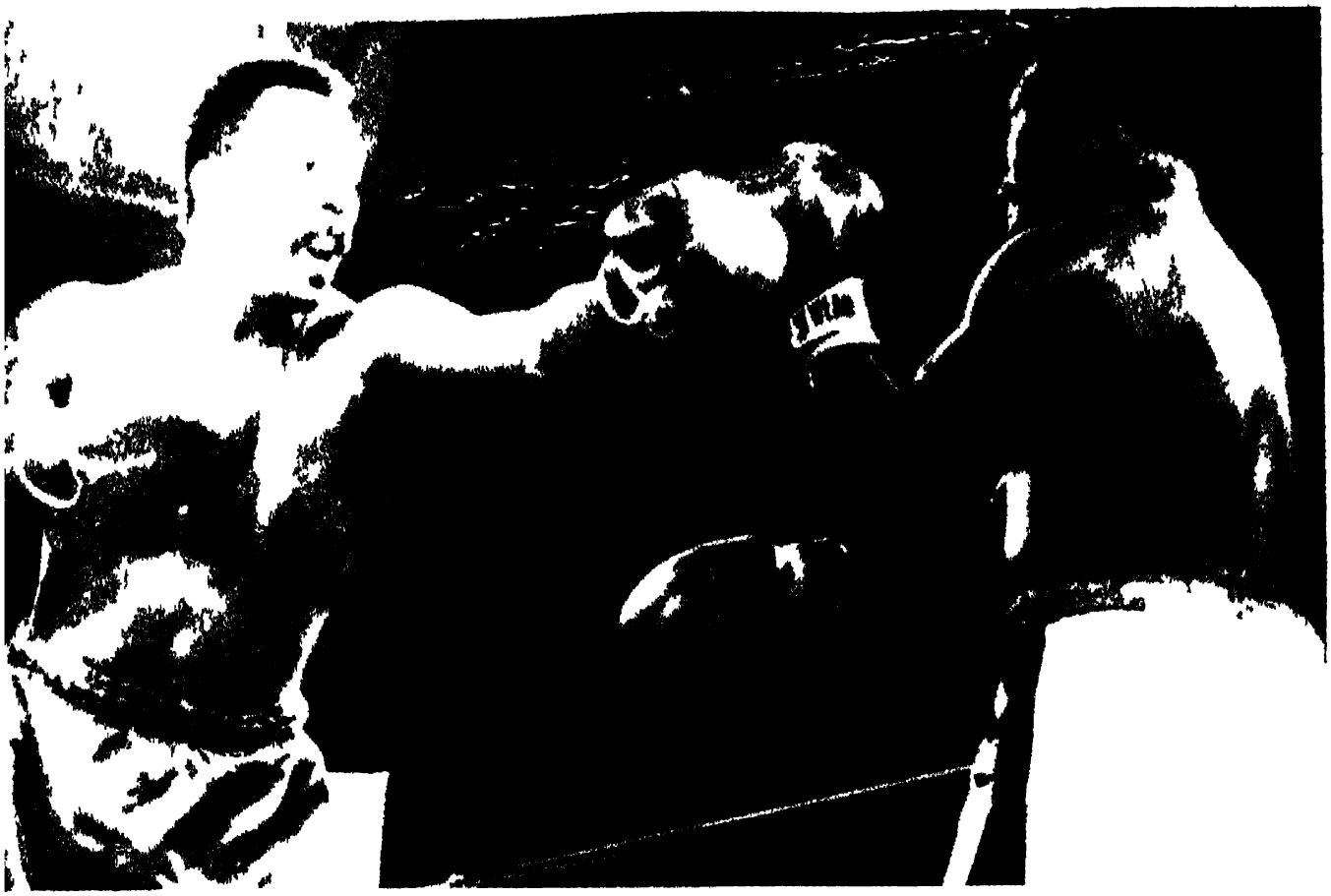




Richter trips and registers 7.6 on his scale.



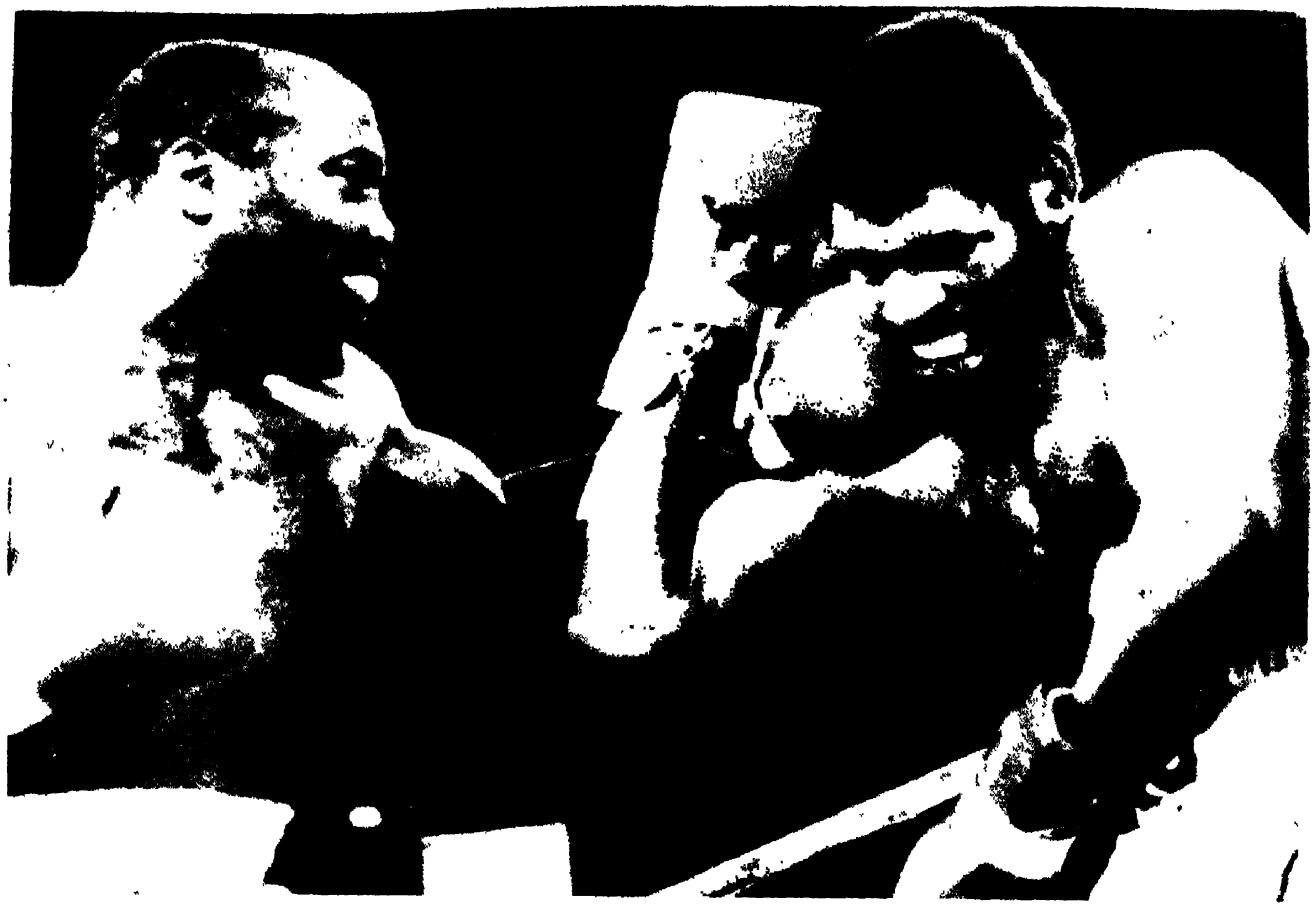
'Ain't found no golf balls...just these here needles."



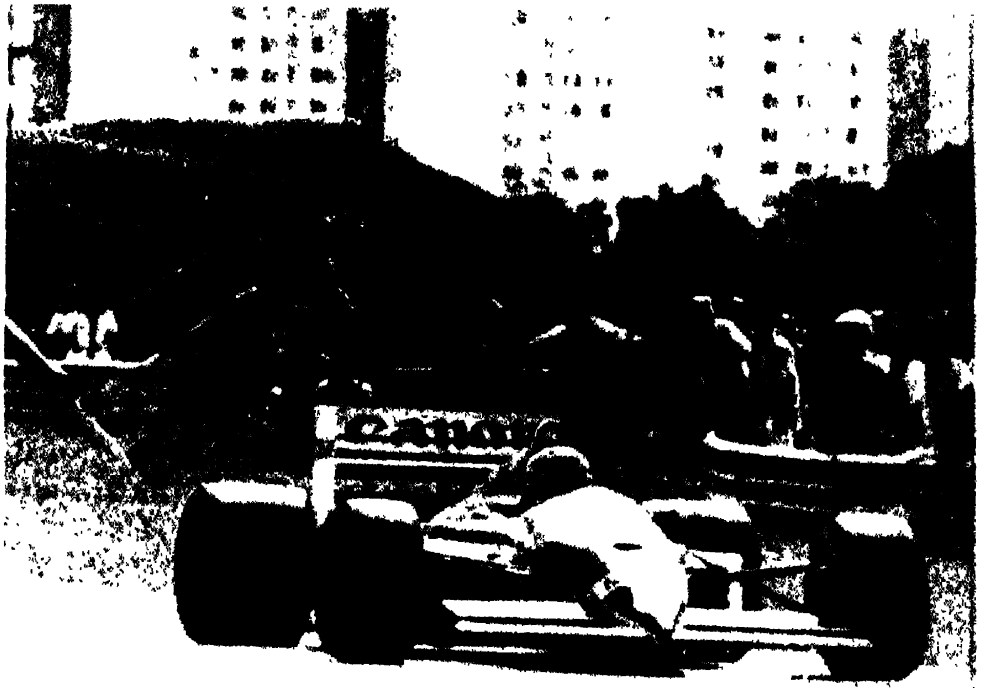
WBC heavyweight champion Pinkion Thomas jabs with his left, but Trevor Berbick keeps out of reach to win an unanimous points victory



A pleased Mrs Margaret Butler with K-Battery, who won the recent William Hill Lincoln at Doncaster



Light-heavyweight champ Dwight Qawi hooks in a left, on his way to a sixth round TKO over challenger Leon Spinks



Nelson Piquet, two time world champion wins the seasons's first Formula 1 Grand Prix in Brazil, in his new Williams-Honda

48



NIKOLAI ANDRIANOV

Pint sized Nikolai Andrianov won as many as seven medals at the Montreal Olympics—four gold two silver and one bronze The five foot five and a half inch Soviet gymnast had earlier won three medals at the 1972 Games He finished his career with a grand total of 14 Olympic medals having won two golds a silver and a bronze at the Moscow Olympics

His pet events were the floor exercise and the long horse vault In the former event he almost created a record of sorts when he narrowly missed out on a third conscutive gold medals losing to Roland Bruckner by a tiny fraction

In the long horse vault he won the gold easily at Montreal and repeated the feat at Moscow overcoming the strong challenge of the legendary Alexander Dityatin Though not as well remembered as Dityatin Andrianov was a gymnast close to excellent His concentration and confidence made him the greatest gymnast of his time

No boxing

Only karate

IN a world of growing awareness regarding the danger and crudity of box ing, a so called sport Win chester have finally put their very proper public school foot down

After a 600 year history of pugilism the authorities have finally decided on a change of scene and Ralph Braund director of physical education said as only the British could say It is an archaic way of building character Did it take six hundred years to realise that?

Anyway since boxing is out what is in Is it the extremely spiritual and re laxing judo and karate where you won't die of brain haemorrage but broken bones are part of the self disciplining pro cess

The SAS strike

Attacking soccer

"I THOUGHT bloody hell what is all this about The thought of it made me shiver Strange words from the hardy Northern Ireland soccer In ternational Sammy McIl roy yet so terribly true For late last fortnight Man chester City reserves were faced with possibly their most formidable oppo nents ever No it wasn't Liverpool nor Juventus neither was it Flamengo and certainly not Barcelo na In fact the opposition consisted of extremely mediocre footballers Yet why the awe and fear? Simply because the men in red and black were Bri tains elite commando and anti terrorist unit the SAS (Special Air Service)

Imagine striding smooth ly down the pitch with the ball and suddenly some



thing hard nudges you in the back It's the SAS man with an Uzi saying Can I have the ball please You obviously readily agree Or while going confidently for a sliding tackle you find yourself flat on the ground with an ugly knife at your throat and again that whis per Please don't try that again In fact you might consider early retirement

Anyway the SAS played hard but behaved them selves and although they lost 7 0 I'm sure Manches ter City had words with Bobby Charlton who orga nised the match

Ice skating

Puerile gesture

MANY years ago Oleg Protopopov and Lyud mila Belovsova were un doubtedly the world's pre mier ice skating couple their career record includ ing four world cham pionship titles and two Olympic golds In 1969 the Soviet authorities for rea ons best known to them (a nice phrase and one often used to explain their actions) declared that the couple were out of date lacked technique and thus they were out of favour

Ten years later while performing in Switzerland the couple defected leav ing the Soviets to stomach an act which for them is the final humiliation

So the authorities reacted in a characteristic puerile manner At their r cent world ice skating championships the Soviet contingent were summarily warned not to even glance at the couple who were present in extremely ludicrous attempt at ostra cisation

But the couple extreme ly happy and still skating in freedom remained un moved and as the English would say They're doing very well thank you

Get the point Gorbachev?

Injury plague

World Cup football

BANNERS swirl in the wind in Mexico City tickets are being sold in black and with two months to go for Pique to start the ball rolling, the game is plagued by injuries Last month of course it was the perennially injured Robson who dislocated his shoul der but then there were more Tele Santana trying to fuse the Brazilian team into something skilful recal led the old men Zico Socrates and Falcao all of whom have undergone surgery and are still not fit Argentina are playing on shaky ground with Marado na's knee creating con troversy after controversy A desperate tackle a mali cious foul and it's all over for Maradona and Argen tina

And of course in the sidelines we have lesser known players like Eng land's Gary Stevens Scot land's John Wark and De nmark's Allan Simonsen who are struggling to retain form after a variety of op erations

History does not augur well for these gentlemen and other unknown victims Beckenbauer played with a broken arm in 1970 and Germany lost a half fit Puskas determined to play was unable to avert Hun gary defeat in the 1954 finals and in 1982 Rumme nigge with a persisting hamstring ailment stumbled his way to a humiliating defeat in the finals Will history repeat itself?



Associated Press

Starting the year in style is Nelson Piquet (centre) who celebrates his Brazilian Grand Prix Formula I win Flanking him are runner-up Ayrton Senna (left) and third placed Jacques Laffite

27 March Unbeaten centuries by Ashok Gurunghe and Arjuna Ranatunga deprive Pakistan of a chance to force a victory in the third and final Test against Sri Lanka at Colombo Sri Lanka score 325 for three in their second innings to thwart a Pakistani victory bid

Tom is Smid shows that he has benefitted from his country's Davis Cup tie with India as he beats Vijay Amritraj again this time in the second round of the Rotterdam men's Grand Prix tennis tournament The Czech wins 6 4 7 6

28 March Domestic cricket hits the limelight again as Haryana and Delhi square off in the Ranji Trophy cricket final at New Delhi The first day's play finds Haryana taking a bad start but eventually losing seven wickets for 232

Boris Becker tennis latest sensation assumes the role of an ambassador for Unicef Becker along with many other film stars will launch a vaccination drive which will reduce the number of children dying due to the lack of proper medicines

29 March Delhi take a vital first innings lead over Haryana in their Ranji Trophy cricket final Chasing the Haryana total of 288 Kirti Azad and Manoj Prabhakar score centuries to take Delhi to 291 for the loss of just three wickets

Australia beat New Zealand by 41 runs in the last of the one day games at Auckland to level the four match series Greg Matthews with 64 runs and three wickets for 33 is named the man of the match

The $315 000 Grand Prix tennis tournament at Chicago moves into top gear as Ivan Lendl Boris Becker Jimmy Connors and Scott Davis enter the semi finals

30 March Delhi pile up the runs as Mohinder Amarnath and Ajay Sharma also notch up centuries on the third day of their Ranji Trophy final against Haryana At close of play Delhi are 367 for seven

Pakistan scuttle out Sri Lanka in the first match of the Asia Cup cricket tournament at Colombo Scoring 197 in their turn at bat Pakistan restrict Sri Lanka to just 116

Boris Becker edges his way past veteran Jimmy Connors to enter the final of the $315 000 Grand Prix tennis tournament where he will meet Ivan Lendl who beat Scott Davis

31 March Haryana crash to 200 for six and stare an innings defeat in the face as they are still 150 runs behind the Delhi total of 638

Pakistan have it easy against an inexperienced Bangladesh as they beat them by seven wickets in the Asia Cup cricket tournament at Colombo



Associated Press

The UEFA hierarchy make the draw for the semi-finals of the European Club soccer competitions in Geneva



Associated Press

Martina Navratilova is a proud lady as she displays her Virginia Slims trophy after beating Hana Mandlikova in the final of the Virginia Slims tennis tournament at New York

Boris Becker records his first ever win over Ivan Lendl to win the $315 000 Grand Prix tennis tournament at Chicago This loss which halts Lendl's 29 match winning streak is the fifth time these players have met

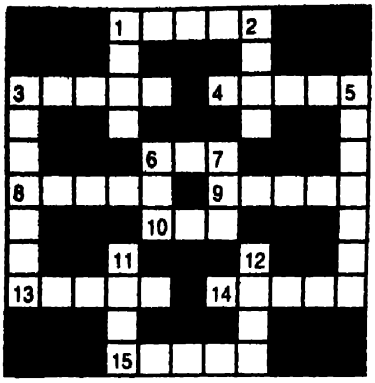
The Union government exposes the Indian red tapism as they refuse to clear Paulose Horo after he had been named in the Indian hockey 16 by the Indian Hockey Federation This means that the IHF will have to fill two places vacated by the dropping of Horo and the unfitness of Zafar Iqbal

1 April West Indies crush England by eight wickets to win the fourth and final one day international at Port of Spain Chasing an England total of 165 for nine the West Indies score 167 for the loss of just two wickets

Maninder Singh spins Delhi to the Ranji Trophy title as he snaps up eight Haryana wickets for 54 runs and sends Haryana to an innings and 141-run defeat

CROSSWORD

330



ACROSS

1 Direction for India s premier tennis club (5)
3 Width for an English batsman against the West Indies in 1984 (5)
4 Financial institutions for a former English champion soccer goalkeeper (5)
6 Perfect score (3)
8 International hockey official comprises an Egyptian sun god (5)
9 An Australian bowler returning who played in the Tied Test has a pharmaceutical ring to his name (5)
10 When you are not in in cricket (3)
13 A soccer Villa but not Ricardo (5)
14 West Indian Test cricketer now retired begins with an automobile (5)
15 Delhi batsman may be mistaken for an English front order batsman at least as far as the name is concerned (5)

DOWN

1 Boxing practice comprises a golfing term (4)
2 Part of the body for a tennis equipment manufacturer (4)
3 Association Football Club of Lisbon ends in Chartered Accountant (7)
5 Game played with a rattan ball on a badminton court and mainly prevalent in South East Asia ends in the Research and Analysis Wing (1 6)
6 One of the means of elimination in a boxing bout (1 1 1)
7 Court divider (3)
11 'To thwart for an item of fencing equipment (4)
12 Czech table tennis great begins with a victory sign (4)

Excellent: 18-17, Good. 16-15, Fair 14

QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1 What is field archery ?
2 Which jockey won the first race for the Derby Stakes?
3 When was India affiliated to the FIG (International Gymnastics Federation)?
4 A gymnast (woman) world champion several times was seriously injured in training but fought courageously against paralysis refusing to yield She has since received the Olympic Order Who is she?
5 What does RSG stand for?
6 What is MILAN 100 KM ?
7 And what is *MIDI LIBRE*
8 Who was the first swimmer man or woman to win three individual titles at a single Olympic Games?
9 Who was the first swimmer to break the minute for 100 metres?
10 What is Schwingen?

ANSWERS

1 Field archery means shooting arrows at bold animal figures
2 (Sir) Charles Bunbury (in 1780)
3 1952
4 Yelena Mukhina (USSR)
5 Rhythmic Sports Gymnastics
6 An annual road race walking event in Italy
7 French four day professional cycle race
8 Miss Deborah Meyer who won the 200 400 and 800m freestyle in Mexico City in 1968
9 Johnny Weissmuller (on July 9 (1922) His timing was 57 4 secs
10 A form of wrestling practised in Switzerland for centuries

SOLUTION 329

	C	H	A	M	P	I	O	N	S	
T				O		V				J
O				R		A				I
N	O	B	L	E		R	A	H	I	M
Y		R			W			A		T
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R		N			G			E		O
E	V	O	T	S		L	O	S	E	R
I				S		E				P
G				I		G				E
	D	U	C	K	W	O	R	T	H	

QUESTIONS

1 How much does a game of American football last?
2 Who is the only woman to have been elected president of an Olympic international federation?
3 In which year was India affiliated to the International Volleyball Federation (FIVB)?
4 The founding President of the International Volleyball Federation retired after holding the post for 37 years Can you name him?
5 Is India a member of the International Canoeing Federation (ICF)?
6 What is paddle tennis?
7 In which country was underwater hockey introduced?
8 Who/what is Churchill Downs?
9 Which famous race is held in England on the last Wednesday in May or the first Wednesday in June?
10 Who is the first Welsh athlete to win an Olympic gold medal?

ANSWERS

1 One hour (divided into quarters of 15 minutes each)
2 Mrs Inger K Frith (Great Britain) who was elected FITA President in 1961
3 1953
4 Paul Libaud of France
5 No
6 A bat and ball game played chiefly in the USA
7 South Africa
8 A race track in the USA
9 The Derby Stakes
10 Lynn Davies (high jump 1964)

QUESTIONS

1 Who was the first woman to win the Chess Oscar?
2 Who holds the maximum number of world records in swimming (men s) ?
3 Whose world record record in swimming is are the oldest?
4 What is Iapta ?
5 Where was the first World Indoor Games held?

ANSWERS

1 Nona Gaprindashvili (USSR)
2 Michael Gross (FRG) (4 world records 200 m freestyle 400 m freestyle 100 m butterfly and 200 m butterfly)
3 Tracy Wickham (Australia) whose records in 400 m freestyle & 800 m freestyle were set up in 1978
4 A cricket like bat and ball team sport prevailing in the USSR for quite a long time
5 Paris

A GAME ENJOYED

Peter May's eminence can be gauged solely from the fact that experts still consider him to have been the finest English batsman after the Second World War. He led his country in 41 Test matches and was, after retirement, one of the youngest-ever Presidents of the MCC. He even put in a stint as England's Chairman of selectors. It is this last capacity that he deals with in the opening edited extract from his autobiography. The book is published by Stanley Paul and priced at £9.95

Foreword by J. J. Warr

PETER MAY in collaboration with Michael Melford has given us a true and fascinating picture of the cricket world in a vintage period in its history As some one who played in sixty six Test matches as captain in forty one which fell mostly between 1951 and 1958 when England were undefeated in a series home or away and as a vital ingredient in a Surrey side which won the championship seven consecutive years twice under his captaincy Peter is uniquely placed to give his version of events from the centre of the stage

Those of us lucky enough to have played with him know that the story will have no recriminations against authority no insensitive knocking at contemporaries and above all no bitterness towards the game itself As someone who has occupied three of the hottest seats in sport—as captain of the England cricket team as President of MCC and as chairman of England's cricket selectors— he has you could suppose a masochistic streak in him but the title of the book says it all

He had a great stroke of luck as a schoolboy at Charterhouse in being coached by George Geary Here was a great bowler and no mean bat who had played with and against all the great pre war masters and had studied their technique from the front line He instilled the basics of balance foot work and head position into a school boy prodigy basics which stayed with him all his career The immediate product was an extraordinary last year at Charterhouse in which Peter made 100 against each of Eton Harrow and the Old Carthusians, followed at Lord's by 148 for the Southern Schools against the Rest and 146 for the Public Schools against the Combined Services (next highest score 18)

For those interested in technique, the nearest player in modern cricket to Peter May is Vivian Richards They both have appeared to favour the onside but in fact any bowler who tried attacking them on or outside the off stump would find plenty of strokes in the repertoire in that area They both have had the unerring foot movement to position themselves for the intended shot keeping batsmanship as one dimensional as possible They also have both had that extra sixth sense which seems to anticipate where the ball is going to be bowled Peter possibly punched the ball with wrist and forearm more than Vivian Richards who is more a swinger of the bat



However, one important difference lies in the pitches on which they played Pitches were not covered until 1959 and many of the county matches were played on rain affected wickets on which spin bowlers could really turn the ball A glance at any *Wisden* of the period will show quite emphatically that P B H was head and shoulders above his contemporaries on such pitches It was not uncommon at The Oval for sides to be bowled out for less than Peter scored himself

There was once a barmy theory that he was vulnerable against leg spin. It is not a view that I have heard expressed by the best leg spinners of the period

In Test matches he seemed to be

like Horatius on the bridge keeping the foe at bay single-handed. He would arrive at the crease time after time with a crisis either on hand or impending. It has always been a mystery to me how, with his ice-cold temperament, he failed to do himself justice in the Varsity match in which he played three times. After my year as captain the choice of my successor lay between Peter and David Sheppard. Undergraduates tend to be swayed by considerations of success or failure on what they considered the big day and the choice fell on the future Bishop of Liverpool.

As it turned out, Peter's career, both as captain of his country and his county, was not blighted Indeed, in a wider sense his two mentors in the art of captaincy were Stuart Surridge and Sir Len Hutton who represented different ends of the captaincy spectrum. Stuart was the enthusiastic, extrovert, buccaneering risk-taker who pushed and prodded his players into whole-hearted effort. Len was the deep-thinking introvert whose attitudes were supremely, cautiously, professional, who drew on his Yorkshire roots to give nothing away with bat or ball Peter's approach lay somewhere between the two, being slightly inclined to Len's when captaining England and more to Stuart when at the helm for Surrey.

Another very important difference between first class cricket in that era and today was the distinction between amateur and professional. Peter was the true blue amateur and it was not always easy in that role to gain the fullest respect and admiration of your professional colleagues who were inclined to see you as a threat to their livelihood. What is remarkable is that if there were not a Saint Peter already, all the Surrey professionals who played with Peter May would press for his instant canonization They would unashamedly class themselves as hard-bitten and difficult to impress with cricketing performances, but their admiration and respect for P.B.H. are unanimous and unbounded.

It must be said that he never played 'instant' one-day cricket which started in earnest in 1963 My own feeling is that it would be like asking Arthur Rubinstein to play honky-tonk or persuading Sir Thomas Beecham to conduct the Rolling Stones. Cricket is now clearly divided into classical and pop and whilst I have the greatest admiration for the good 'pop artists' who bring in money and crowds to modern-day cricket, I am enough of a purist to think that Peter May should be remembered as a great performer in the classical tradition.

But Peter's life has by no means been confined to cricket. A devoted family man whose wife and four daughters are dedicated to the esoteric world of three-day eventing, he has plenty on his plate acting as chief bottlewasher and cheerleader. He is as keen for them to win on a horse as he was himself to win on the cricket field more than twenty years ago. He mentions in the book that he does not ride himself but the real reason for that came in his cryptic reply to me when I queried his lack of horsemanship. 'Easy, J. J ' he said. 'No brakes.'

Pictures of people and events tend to get blurred and even distorted with time. But nobody who saw Peter May at his peak in the fifties and early sixties will forget that sight. A tall willowy figure with a slightly disjointed way of running between the wickets, he was the supreme professional in the ranks of the amateurs just as Denis Compton was the supreme amateur in the ranks of the professionals. Peter easily joins the distinguished band of all-time great batsmen. Like Sir Jack Hobbs before him, a modest man who was almost embarrassed and weighed down by the lime light, he has taken a long time to tell his story but it has been well worth the wait.

It must be said that May never played 'instant' one-day cricket which started in earnest in 1963 My own feeling is that it would be like asking Arthur Rubenstein to play honky-tonk or persuading Sir Thomas Beecham to conduct the Rolling Stones. Cricket is now clearly divided into classical and pop...

Selecting sides

BEFORE the 1962 season I told the Surrey committee that I would not be available for every match. Suzanne was barely a year old, Nicola was on the way and in my semi-retired state I did not want to be away from home too much. I did, in fact, play in seventeen of the championship matches, more than for some years, as well as against both universities and Pakistan.

On the whole that season I played fairly well, beginning with 82 against Glamorgan made with rather more ease than in the days of Wooller. I made a century against Warwickshire at Edgbaston and against Pakistan and Middlesex at The Oval I must add that in the other match against Middlesex I was bowled Titmus nought so I finished my career at Lord's with three noughts, which must be some sort of record.

I usually went in after three very good players in Micky Stewart, John Edrich and Ken Barrington. Bernard Constable was still consistent and we did not often go short of runs. The bowling would doubtless have been stronger if David Gibson, a very useful all-rounder, had stayed fit, but our two opening bowlers, Peter Loader and David Sydenham, both took over 100 wickets Tony Lock was still bowling well and we found a useful partner for him in Ron Tindall though he had scarcely bowled a ball in the days when we had three other off-spinners in Jim Laker, Eric Bedser and Tom Clark

Thus, having finished fifteenth in the championship in 1961, we found ourselves still in with a chance of winning it in the last week in August when we played Yorkshire at The Oval There was some congestion at the top of the table but Yorkshire were best placed and first innings points were the height of their ambition in this match They made certain of them by batting for about nine hours during which I damaged a hand fielding in the gully I took no further part in the match So, on a disappointing note, my season finished There was no more cheer in Surrey's final match at Southampton which was drawn We finished fifth

I went home and reviewed the position It had been quite an exciting season but I felt that I was not enjoying the game so much. Perhaps it was anticlimax after the glorious



1953 to 1983 England's team of the Fifties reunited in Sheffield nearly three decades later

years of the 1950s, beer after champagne, as it were Perhaps I was not playing up to the high standards which I had always set myself

It seemed the moment to retire in almost every way Many of my colleagues were retiring I felt that I had done all I could to help pick Surrey cricket up again I had an able successor in Micky Stewart Two personal considerations were a growing family and impatience to develop my career in the City As when I had given up Test cricket the year before, I was not influenced by any one factor but by a number

So I resigned the captaincy of Surrey that autumn while telling the committee that I would be glad to play while on holiday if required

I had no complaints I had been lucky enough to do almost everything that a player could wish to do I suppose that if I regretted anything it was that I was foregoing a chance of making a hundred 100s which only one other batsman, W G Grace, had done as an amateur But I never saw the game as a personal thing which was why I enjoyed it so much I was always more interested in how we did as a team This may sound prudish, and today perhaps when so many careers depend on it it is a different story but that was the thinking in the era in which I grew up

There were two popular misconception at the time of my retirement One was that I had retired as a result of harassment from the press That is quite untrue I never let criticism bother me to that extent In fact if it was constructive I would often appreciate and act upon it The other prevailing belief was that I would make a comeback to Test cricket as Washbrook and Sheppard had done That was never in my mind

My subsequent cricket was interesting in that, to my mind it contradicted the theorizing about the structure of the game which prevailed at the time One day cricket was being mooted— the Gillette Cup was just starting— and one of its great virtues was said to be that it would allow recently retired players or amateurs to play when they could not afford the time to play three day cricket In fact, it was soon established that one day cricket required a fitness and an amount of practice which was well beyond most players emerging from a city office

No subject has been more thoroughly examined in recent years than limited over cricket and its virtues and failings My views on it are not exactly novel I recognize the rise in the standard of fielding to which it has contributed I realize its attractiveness as producing a definite result in a day I think the recent institution of circles has been a big help in avoiding the ridiculous field settings of former years But I shudder for the coaches whose pupils see on television so much cross batted batting and negative bowling, especially by spinners And it goes against all the basics of the game that a side can win without taking a wicket

I was never asked to play for Surrey in a limited-over game but I realized soon enough from a short experience with the Charterhouse Friars in The Cricketer Cup, which had also just started, that, for me anyhow, cricket was not a game to be approached casually



Four captains hanging on to my words in South Africa (from left) Col Stanyforth, Freddie Brown, Wally Hammond and Arthur Gilligan

I made 100 for the Friars against Harrow at Charterhouse It was great fun to make runs there again after all that had happened since my school days fifteen years or more before But I came down with a bump in the next round when we played Repton on a neutral ground in the Midlands and I was quickly bowled out by Sir Leonard's younger son John Hutton

There was no dishonour in that and I could not have asked for a more estimable executioner But it confirmed what I had come to realize in the three matches which I played for Surrey in 1963, two at Guildford against Cambridge and Sussex, one at The Oval against Northamptonshire when there was a shortage of players through injuries and Test claims I made 85 against Sussex but only 5 runs in the other innings Because of everything that had gone before a great deal was expected of me and I knew that, without the constant competitive cricket on which I had thrived I would not be able to produce it It was like having a golf handicap of 14 and being expected to produce the results of your younger days when you played to 3 I did not enjoy the idea of letting people down It seemed to me that I would soon be keeping out younger players on false pretences So I retricted myself in subsequent years to matches for charity and for friend In relaxed conditions I usually made the runs required though once or twice I privately winced at being put out to some one who I did not think could bowl at all

I resumed my links with Test cricket in 1965 as a selector Doug Insole was the new chairman the others were Alec Bedser and Don Kenyon captain of Worcestershire

In England the selectors have an especially difficult job because there are seventeen first class counties as against about half a dozen first class sides in other countries The hardest thing is to know whether in form county players will be successful in Test cricket It depends so much on temperament because in home Tests they are subjected to intense criticism and are thrown into a new environment for nearly a week with tension building up It is an enormous jump The guiding principle of course, is when in doubt pick class The most notable coup in this respect is probably the selection for Australia in 1954-55 of Colin Cowdrey who had not previously played in a Test match, although he had made runs against some of the stronger bowling sides he had met

I found the meetings of selectors interesting It is not always realized that they pick not only a team but the reserves in case anyone drops out This avoids collecting everybody together again for an emergency meeting The reserves are often more difficult to pick than the team itself for it depends so much on who drops out There have been times in recent years for example when we had to work on a hypothesis that Ian Botham might withdraw which would need far more rejigging than if a specialist batsman or bowler had to be replaced

I enjoyed the travelling round and being back in the game but it has many frustrations in England that are not experienced in other countries We do not have players on our front doorstep, as it were as selectors

living in Sydney or Melbourne would. We have to set off early in the morning to drive across the country and when we get there, we may find that if we want to look at a batsman he is fielding or, if it is a bowler we are after, his side is batting. It may be raining.

My most frustrating experience was when I drove down to Swansea in 1965 to see the young fast bowler, Jeff Jones. I went down the night before. Happily the next morning was glorious and I went out on top of the pavilion before the start of play, looked out over Swansea bay and breathed in the sea air, full of goodwill to all men, my satisfaction completed by the fact that Glamorgan were in the field.

As they came out, I looked for the red-haired Jones. 'Where's the great fast bowler?' I asked a committee member standing nearby.

'We've left him out,' he said. 'The boyos think the ball will turn.' I was speechless, although in fact the boyos were right about it turning.

In England it is physically impossible for selectors to watch players time after time, except where the selector is a current player as Don Kenyon was in 1965. But we did a lot of talking then—and still do— to coaches and umpires. Umpires see a lot. Charles Elliott was very helpful to us in the 1960s and became a selector himself later. Information received from coaches who are experienced cricketers themselves is also welcome. After all, it is the county coaches on whom we rely to find us the players from whom to choose.

We had M.J.K. Smith as captain in my first season as a selector. He had just won a series in South Africa and led by example. In committee he gave a balanced view of the qualities of the players under discussion.

This was the first season of the two-tour arrangement. New Zealand and South Africa were the visitors. This system, sold overseas by Gubby Allen, was prompted by several debacles in which weak visiting sides unused to English conditions had been swamped. It was badly needed. Three one-sided Test matches are infinitely preferable to five, unless they are one-sided against England in a home series. Then the selectors have a chance to experiment and the English public, unlike that of Australia and West Indies, still goes to watch, as it did when England were swamped by



Peter May flourishes under the watchful eye of Andy Sandham

West Indies in 1984. But interest swiftly fades if the opposition is weak.

At the time I joined the selection committee the accent was strongly on greater enterprise with the bat. It was a policy which was rewarded within eighteen months by the extraordinary feats of Bob Barber who hammered his way round Australia with huge success. But it led us into almost immediate difficulties when Ken Barrington batted for seven hours to make 137 against New Zealand at Edgbaston. He had certainly been out of form so far that season but the fact that others played fluently on the pitch and that when in the 80s he spent an hour without scoring before speeding up after reaching 100 forced us to take action. We had to show that our call for a more positive approach was not just talk. So we left him out of the Lord's Test. This caused something of a furore but he was such a splendid chap that he took it well. He was back for the Third Test in which he made a fine 163.

It was not exactly a quiet time for selectors. In 1966 we had three captains against West Indies—Mike Smith, Colin Cowdrey and Brian Close. We made numerous changes after each defeat. One of the more successful was to bring back Tom Graveney, who was probably a sounder player at the age of forty then ever before.

With the series decided, we won the last Test at The Oval under Close. In the next season, 1967, India and Pakistan were not the sternest opposition and the season was relatively peaceful for selectors—until near the end. Just after the last Test against Pakistan Brian Close, as captain of Yorkshire, was severely censured for what many thought to be a gross piece of time-wasting a fortnight before when Warwickshire had looked like beating Yorkshire at Edgbaston. He was given a chance to apologize but refused and MCC, not being prepared to send to represent them on an overseas tour an unrepentant captain whom they had just had to censure, instructed us not to pick him as captain.

The selectors had no part in the decision, of course, and merely had to act on it. We turned back to Colin Cowdrey who, as it proved, did a great job and won the series.

Colin was our captain throughout the 1968 series against Australia, which we eventually squared at The Oval but should have won. England had the better of all three previous Tests but were almost certainly thwarted by rain in two of them. We lost the First Test at Old Trafford after what at the time was hailed as a classic piece of selectorial misjudgement. We took fourteen players to Old Trafford but left out three bowlers, David Brown, Tom Cartwright and Derek Underwood. This left us only three bowlers—now, Higgs and Pocock, plus Barber and d'Oliveira, who had taken only a handful of wickets that season.

The reasoning behind this was that we were bothered about the batting—Ken Barrington had had to drop out—and were concerned about making enough runs on a dubious pitch. In fact, Australia won the toss, made 310 for 4 on the first day when the pitch was at its best and had settled the match by then. We might have got away with it if we had won the toss but, in retrospect, I doubt if we were very bright to discard the accuracy of both Cartwright and Underwood.

We ended the 1968 season—and my four years as a selector—heartened by our win at The Oval. Some good bowlers, notably Snow and Underwood, were coming on the scene and England's Test prospects for the next year or two looked rather



Presented to the Queen during her welcome but, as far as cricket was concerned, ill-fated visit to Gildford in 1957

good But almost at once we as selectors involved ourselves although with the best possible motives, in a sad controversy We had had to find a late replacement at The Oval for Roger Prideaux who was ill I thought that Phil Sharpe the designated reserve batsman would be called up but Basil d Oliveira was summoned because the captain had become worried about the suitability of our chosen bowlers for late summer conditions at The Oval Colin had played for Kent there the week before the ball had swung a lot and he did not think that Ken Higgs who was in the twelve would be particularly effective

Since playing in the First Test Basil had taken 40 odd wickets for Worcestershire but he had not done much with the bat He had also not had a great tour of West Indies the previous winter and as the summer passed we had ruled him out of the team which we were penciling in for that winter s tour of South Africa We were already overstocked with batting candidates

After Basil had made 158 at The Oval we reconsidered the position but as he had been dropped twice early on came to the conclusion that his innings valuable though it had been in its context did not alter the judgements made over the cricket of the past year

It was of course entirely the decision of the selectors plus the one or two others who ex *officio* and not all with voting powers sit in on the selection of a touring team No instructions were given us by MCC the TCCB was not yet born They never were given except on those rare occasions when for disciplinary reasons we were told that players were not available for selection Close as captain in 1967 was one example Wardle in 1958 59 was another and more recently the banned players of the 1982 team in South Africa

We were not so ingenuous as to ignore the likely hubbub which might follow the non selection of Basil We knew that it would be easier to pick him than to leave him out But I myself thought and I believe that the other selectors did too—that it would be grossly wrong and utterly against the principles on which our selectors work if we allowed ourselves to be influenced by considerations outside cricket We included Basil in the list of reserve who would replace any of those who dropped out before or during the tour Thus when Tom Cartwright withdrew in September Basil came into the side in his place as a similar type of bowler indeed an all rounder

The subsequent reactions of the South African Government and of MCC are too well known to need elaboration here I thought some of the criticism fired at us much of it from people entirely ignorant of the cricketing arguments was incredible We were for example called politically naive Heaven help the world if selectors of cricket teams have to be politically sensitive or are instructed from above to select on political grounds

freewheeling

WHAT do you do when you might be faced with a *bandh*? If you're out and about and you have time on your hands to pick up the necessary Press sticker for your vehicle you may get around your area and to make your presence obstructive. Fun, huh? But the real video part is the crazy. You spend hours on the phone frantically trying to organise a foursome.

Cricket crazy. Okay, okay, don't all answer at the same time. You check your favourite tattered pair of jeans for durability. You struggle into that ancient T-shirt. They fit. Pretty! You're ready for the Big Comeback to road cricket.

Preparations always start the night before. You don't have enough stumps. No problem. The orthodox use the traditional method, piling a brick or two at either end, with a bat or other implement substituted. The innovative do with a hurried chalk mark on the kerb while the perseverers stay up trying to visualise and design a suitable alternative.

That done, your next major task is to capture the pitch of your choice for road pace always at a premium. You set merely slow and bully your young brother to guard the net. The city street, normally choked with vehicular traffic, are now teeming with cricketers of all ages, hopes and fears.

Every twenty two yards there is a separate pitch with the wicketkeeper of one game hampering the run-up of bowlers in an adjoining match. Hundreds of challenge games, each of them organised well in advance, are in simultaneous progress but it still seems to be one of those blue moon cricket.

Neutral uncles are invited to umpire each game. The verandahs are full the formalities of the toss complete. Your road is now set for the Annual (now becoming more frequent) *Bandh* Day Cricket Match.

Road cricket like the present form of the sport is a game of glorious uncertainties. It takes several seasons of detailed study to correctly judge the bounce *off* the buildings in the vicinity. Unlike the traditional form of cricket a new ball or its equivalent can be introduced into the game at any stage.

At the start of the match the canvas ball is dipped in a bucket of water. A wet ball must be claimed after a specified number of overs but it ought to be claimed at least once. It will (eventually) collect the ball into the pavilion. Permanent water behind mid-off.

Then of course there is the uncertainty of whether the game will be played to a finish or not. The batting side may decide that it would be more sensible to concede rather than wear it out in the sun. And finally there is the strong element of uncertainty as to whether a batsman has gone in to bat once, twice or never at all.

Let me assure you that road cricket is a completely different ball game. Bowlers must be adept at manoeuvring (even navigating) their way to the top of their run-up. Batsmen must be vigilant against the ball that rears on kids after pitching on a seemingly harmless stone chip. But spare a thought for the fielders who have the most demanding task of all. A fielder must focus attention perpetually on *his* games so that he doesn't end up catching a batsman in a neighbouring match.

A fielder must focus attention perpetually on *his* game so that he doesn't end up catching a batsman in a neighbouring match



Desh Deepavali

But I am playing in a neighbouring match.

A game I truly hope will be free of the ugly incidents that have been the hallmark of obstructions. Recently having once lost a match because of this. My captain decided not to post a fielder on the long on boundary as a car parked there was doing the needful. With one ball remaining the batting side needed four runs to win with the last batsman at the crease. The task seemed impossible. The batsman lifted the ball to the deep expecting to get just a single. But there was a change in the field. The owner of the car had driven off—he got four.

Only at such games can umpires be overruled. The umpire can be yelled at and made to change his mind. Arguments are as frequent as lost balls. When things really start hotting up the greybeards on the balconies are asked to intervene irrespective of whether or not they have been watching the game.

This is the only brand of cricket where your biggest six earns you infamy. I once timed a shot to perfection right from the meat of the bat. Even as the ball soared to the third floor the umpire was already signalling a six. But my elation was short lived, for the ball had sailed smoothly through a window. The street was deserted in seconds.

The noisy post mortem, the aches and pains. They all add to the fun that comes with this highly specialised game. Never tried it before? Get involved in the local game in the next bylane. You'll soon be an addict but remember the cardinal rule—no one is ever declared leg before wicket.

Don't complain the next time you have nothing to do during a *bandh*. The authorities make all the necessary arrangements to ensure that people do not waste the day doing nothing.

Make the most of it. Hit the roads. It's one day you can't get run over.

Barry O'Brien

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Editor Manzur Ali Khan Pataudi
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Editorial Staff Subhash Salgaonkar Suprakash Ghosha Mudar Pathery Clive Andrew O Brien Pradeep Paul
Correspondents Bombay Haresh Munwani **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pampering Usha

THOUGHI thoroughly enjoyed the interview with Kip Keino Usha is the best thing to happen to Indian athletics *Sportsworld* (26 March 2 April) I was a trifle disappointed There is no doubt that Usha is easily one of the greatest athletes the country has ever produced but there is also no doubt that the champion runner may very well become over confident Though we are proud of our wonder girl we are all very concerned about her future She should be encouraged all right but she should not be over pampered If he or her be might just go the way several of our sportsmen have gone

We should at the same time try and recognize the talent in other athletes in the country Though they are not half as talented as Usha they must be encouraged and trained so that they too can improve and win laurels for the country Rather than give them an inferiority complex they should be helped to achieve the highest standard that has been set by their colleague from the south There is not would be a good idea if used in correctly for improving the general standard in India as well as not shortening her illustrious career

AKUPAKUMAR GHOSH
Purulia

Unreasonable

ONE fails to understand the reasoning behind the non selection of Sidhu and Viswanath for the tour of England and the Australasia Cup at Sharjah Chandrakant Pandit inclusion was expected His hitting is undoubtedly of very high standard But not much attention has been given to his capabilities as a keeper The capable of keeping wicket for the national side

Including Kiran More was to say the least surprising He may just about be capable keeper and a less than capable batsman His performance in Australia was nothing really out of the ordinary

Viswanath on the other hand is an aggressive active and an exceptionally talented wicketkeeper Though he has not lived up to the promise that he had shown as a batsman he is capable of getting a few runs The selectors I feel should try and select the best keeper in the country We want a good wicketkeeper and not an average one capable of scoring many runs Our selectors seem to have their priorities mixed up

RANI GHOSH
Delhi

Good team

THE Indian hockey team has improved a great deal in recent years Today any team can win a tournament Whether India wins the next few international tournaments or not one things for sure India is potentially a very good side With Sujoy Shahid giving the thrust and Baljit Singh and M P Singh taking care of the deep defence India's core is well kept others from scoring quite ably The half line which has for many years been the weak link in the team now has a more balanced look with Hardeep Singh giving the correct guidance Let's hope this fine blend of youth and experience will play together for a few more years and bring the country more laurels

SANJAY KAR
Allahabad

Super Sandeep

THE flamboyant Sandeep Patil has finally made it back into the Indian team He is a hard hitting Bombay batsman using a bat of his He has also improved his fielding a great deal His below average fielding was the chief reason for his being left out of the team for some time It seems he has worked on this aspect of his game and is much fitter now Here's hoping that the talented middle order batsman has learnt to play a big innings and strengthens the middle order of the Indian team

D K VARMA
Calcutta

Once again a reminder

We appreciate your writing in to us but it would be much more relevant if you voice your opinion on a particular issue rather than just state facts that everyone else is already aware of

Editor

Champions Trophy Hockey

Germany deserved their victory

Andy O'Brien reports from Karachi on the tournament's conclusion. All photographs by **Nikhil Bhattacharya**

ONE morning in Karachi I awoke with an aching middle finger on my right hand the one and only finger used by journalists all over the world while typing their reports My throbbing finger was sore and swollen

Worried about how I was going to type I ran down to Doctor Cruze who was accompanying the Indian hockey team Interrupting a team meeting I called the medic out and explained my problem

You have an infection he said You have been biting your nails

When I insisted that I had never done so in my life he smiled Circumstances young man Circumstances he said with a knowing grin

The tension and suspense of the tournament had got to me I just had to admit it I had heard so much about the odd nature of the tournament now I could appreciate the constant relentless pressure

The West Germans were always the best bet on paper They were a well balanced side and fully deserved to win their first Champions Trophy title their first victory in a world tournament after the gold medal in the 1972 Munich Olympics

In a tournament of this nature where you meet five top teams in seven days you have to utilise all the chances you get For instance in the match against India the Germans took full advantage of the few opportunities that came their way Moreover they had the highest penalty corner conversion rate both with direct and indirect goals Carsten Fischer the German full back who won the coveted award of the Player of the Tournament not only did an extraordinary job of holding the defence intact but kept the opposing goal under constant threat with his powerful and well directed short corner hits No other teams effort in converting penalty corner proved satisfactory and this perhaps made the vital difference

Less extravagant than they were effective the Germans remained the only undefeated team in the tournament and here again the credit should go to Fischer With him out there even I would not mind being in the shoes of the German goalkeepers Frank Lobers and Christian Schliemann Between them they conceded only five goals in five matches Combine Fischers consistency with the hard work of Stefan Blocher the tireless efforts of Ekkard Schmidt and the smooth movements of captain Heiner Dopp and you have a team that will take a lot to beat

After the first two days it seemed that the tournament would be dull and predictable with Germany far ahead of the rest and only Australia capable of providing a serious challenge

But as the days went by things began to happen There is no such thing as a form book in the Champions Trophy and the eighth version of this tournament proved this once again This is precisely why the week long tournament is the most attractive hockey carnival on the international circuit

In spite of complaints about the supposed excess of international hockey these days the utility of this meet has never been questioned Comparable to the Masters tournament in tennis it brings together the cream of world hockey and in the words of FIH president Etienne Claverie Representing your country in the Champions Trophy should be the greatest privilege for any player

Indian forwards attack the German goal





Hassan Sardar exults after scoring the equaliser against Britain

Though the eighth championship maintained the same competitive level set by the seven that preceded it the general consensus was that the standard of hockey seen throughout the seven days at the Hockey Club of Pakistan did not match the status associated with the tournament. There were no doubt flashes of brilliance and thrilling moments but there were also times when watching became a tedious business because of the poor quality of the game.

There could be two reasons for this. First that there is too much hockey being played at present. Second the conditions at Karachi. Barely five months ago the same teams met at Perth for the Seventh Champions Trophy. Since then the hectic schedule of each side has had a telling effect primarily on their performance and subsequently on the standard of the Karachi tournament.

The Indian and Pakistan teams had a non stop programme from Perth to Karachi while the British were not far behind. On the other hand the Dutch had not played since Perth and thus were below par here. The only two teams that struck a reasonable balance between tournament play and periods of rest were Australia and West Germany a factor that no doubt helped them to take the top two positions at Karachi.

Playing in a tournament such as this required carefully planned preparation. An excessive build up would exhaust the players midway through the taxing week. On the other hand an underprepared side—as proved by the Dutch would also run into problems. A perfect balance had to be found but both Pakistan and India obviously failed in this endeavour.

CULINARY discussions would in normal circumstances not find their way into a report of a hockey tournament but this is a must for the standard of the tournament suffered greatly because of health problems faced by the players. If the Indians experienced hassles with the food in Karachi one can well imagine the predicament of the non Asian sides. Dutch captain Die Kruize was hurried by dysentery from start to finish a situation shared by most of his team mates as well.

Local folk blamed the drinking water and not the food for the epidemic. Whatever the cause the result definitely reduced the players to sub par performers and the tournament to mediocrity. The tournament confirmed the belief that modern hockey bears little resemblance to the game it used to be. It also stressed that each world region has its own distinctive hockey style and flavour.

Pakistan and India have attempted to accommodate the essence of this brand of physical hockey within the framework of their traditional game. But they have failed to narrow the existing gap that separates them from the European teams who have raised their game to an unprecedented physical level. There were times in Karachi when I wondered what time I was watching, so intense was the level of physical contact.

The so called Australian style of hockey seems to have borrowed the best features from the European approach on the one hand and the Asian on the other. They are reliant on speed and skill as they go on the undoubted benefit of their physical advantage. This is probably why they have been able to maintain the gap created between them and their rivals despite a steady rate of improvement by the latter.

This brings to the forefront the question of umpiring and how umpires should deal with increasing body play. It appears that they have come to terms with the fact that this kind of play is acceptable only upto a limit. But how does one define that limit? In the absence of law to protect them umpires —who have enough mandate already will find themselves at the receiving end of a fair bit of flak.

If the standard of umpiring at Karachi was unsatisfactory it was due solely to this problem which in turn assumed minimum proportions for Asian umpires who lag behind their foreign counterparts. The game between Holland and Great Britain was supervised by India Wahla and Pakistan Bajwa whose problems were apparent. They had to resort to warnings two yellow cards and a green card in an attempt to keep the game under control.

Sounding the boards

Players (and spectators) did just that

THE entire hockey-playing world descended on the harbour city of Karachi and the throng of players, officials and media representatives converged on the Taj Mahal Hotel. Normally flooded with Arab tourists, the hotel was transformed into a sports resort where every second person was clad in shorts and a T-shirt. The 440-room hotel was crammed to capacity and on the surface, it would seem that everyone was having a jolly good time. Not so. Beneath the casual look of those who strolled the corridors and the lobby was a combination of tension, exhaustion, sometimes discontent and often boredom.

Tension and exhaustion resulted from the nature of the event that was in progress at the Hockey Club of Pakistan Stadium; discontent and boredom from the conditions prevalent in this part of the subcontinent.

Boredom is a horrible disease to suffer from; and it was in epidemic form through the ten-day tournament. Each visitor could, if he so wished, count the number of steps they took along the pavement outside the hotel. And whoever desired a change from airconditioned comfort lazed around by the swimming pool which was the star attraction for the Europeans.

A predominant complaint among the visiting teams and media men was the usual stomach upset. Every team had its share of players feeling uncomfortable because of the food.

The Taj Mahal Hotel gave the Pakistan Hockey Federation concessional rates which included food and lodging, so it would be unfair for anyone to blame the hotel caterers for what they produced. In spite of their professed dislike for spicy food, the German team was always outside the dining room well before the scheduled time for lunch or dinner. As one hotel steward put it, "They enjoy it so much, but when they fall ill they complain about the food."

Perhaps no city in the world has seen as much international hockey as Karachi. The sprawling city, the largest in any Muslim country, is trapped between the sea on one hand and the desert on the other, giving rise to strange climatic conditions. The European teams were lucky to avoid playing under the scorching sun thanks to a three thousand dollar investment by the PHF which lit up the picturesque

The German team was always outside the dining room well before the scheduled time for lunch or dinner



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Hockey Club of Pakistan Stadium.

Nearly all the matches were played either under floodlights or during the latter part of the evening, when conditions were easier and the sun had lost its venom.

Karachi is divided into two sections. The town, which is similar to Old Delhi; and the city, beautiful and spacious like any other modern metropolis. The Hockey Club Stadium and the Taj Mahal Hotel fell within city limits and each day on the way to the stadium we passed the local Naval Headquarters with gunnery artefacts decorating its surrounding gardens. Each day I wondered how we foreigners, especially Indians, were allowed so close to the naval command post of what some people like to classify as a not-so-friendly country

When I received my Pakistan visa, on close scrutiny I read the instructions that forbade us from entering any military or cantonment area. Yet we passed the Naval HQ every day and on inquiry it came to light that the hotel and the stadium where the tournament was being held—and where we were spending all our time—were both strictly speaking in the cantonment area. I wasn't allowed to be there!

Crowds at various international tournaments have their own methods of cheering or jeering. Here they showed their feelings by banging the advertisement boards around the stadium

Crowds at various international tournaments have their own methods of cheering or jeering. Here they clapped and whistled for a good piece of play and even occasionally disturbed the silence and tension with an odd cracker.

But the oddest mode of showing their feelings was by banging the advertisement boards around the stadium. The entire first row of the eastern section of the ground sat with their feet dangling over the ledge of the stands and whenever noise was called for, all they did was bang their feet against the tin boards. The sound was deafening.

There was this one gentleman sitting below the Press Box who became quite popular with those around him. He had this ability to make loud clear bird calls for durations as long as a minute, no easy task. His repertoire cut through the silence and was fairly entertaining. But nothing could surpass the comment he made when Indian goalkeeper Rawat made some brilliant saves against Pakistan. Very matter-of-factly he let his friends know, *"Arre yeh log ke liye tho bhagwan hanuman khud khel raha hai."* Whether Hanuman who symbolises strength and power in the Hindu religion had really lent his weight to the Indian effort was debatable, but the notion carried a welcome element of comic relief. Our friend even carried a Watchman (a miniature TV set the size of a walkie talkie) to view the highlights of the Asia Cup cricket final. But he soon lost interest in the cricket when Pakistan went 1-0 ahead against their traditional hockey rivals.

Andy O'Brien, Karachi

Perhaps no city in the world has seen as much international hockey as Karachi



Nikhil Bhattacharya





Collision course

Nikhil Bhattacharya presents the action at the Champions Trophy hockey tournament at Karachi

(Right) Shahid collides with the West German goalkeeper Frank Tobias to miss a golden scoring opportunity

(Top) This photograph shows how closely India's gifted forward Shahid was marked by Germany's Markku Slawyk (no. 12)



10



Hassan Sardar launches an attack on Great Britain

Britain's Taylor makes a goalline save





Mohammed Shahid outwits a rival West German player

The British goalkeeper foils another Pak attack this time by Farhat Khan



Hell hath no fury like a West Indian pace bowler unleashed

Patrick Eagar's photo essay on the second Test between England and West Indies at Port-of-Spain





The choice is yours. Patrick Patterson (left) and Malcolm Marshall look equally menacing as they wind up to hurl the ball down the pitch at speeds over 90 miles per hour. Marshall, with eight wickets in this match, passed the 200 wicket milestone in Test cricket



Given a chance the Englishmen would love to put Fred their bowling machine into a set of flannels Here Bob Willis the assistant manager operates the machine at nets

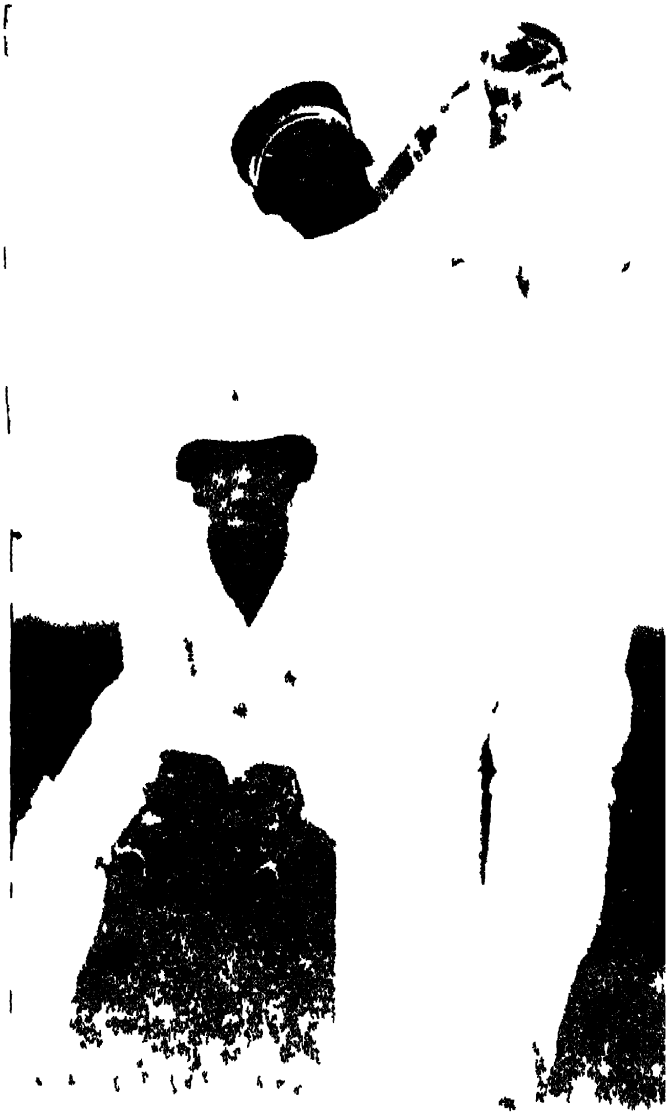


What you want and what you get could differ a lot While the English team might want Fred to open the bowling they have to make do with the likes of Greg Thomas



Graham Gooch the man of the match takes a short one from Marshall on his shoulder







Desmond Haynes (top) misses the line off Emburey and finds Downton whipping off the bails while Phil Edmonds (above) would not take off his helmet even for a glass of water On the other hand Greenidge (right) can see well enough through his sun glasses which he wore to protect an eye injury to clout Emburey for six



Richie Richardson in full cry against Greg Thomas during his innings of 102 in the West Indies first innings score of 399 West Indies won the Test by a margin of seven wickets



There was action outside the ground too. Some West Indians protest the inclusion of those English players who have played in South Africa. The dummy is adorned with currency notes and swastikas



Botham departs and it's time for high-fives!

Oil, Porsche and cricket

AIR India's *Cauvery* made a perfect landing at Sharjah International Airport. Its smooth touchdown could draw a parallel with the calm waters of the river after which the Airbus has been christened.

First impressions? Amazement at the exquisite architecture of the terminal building, the plush lounge and the commendable neatness all around.

The only discordant note was struck by a Customs official who, unlike the businesslike though very polite Immigration corps, sought to, well, throw his weight at us.

The drive to the Sharjah Continental Hotel, the nerve centre of the Rothmans Challenge Cup—the teams and mediamen were housed there and the CBFS had a liasion setup—was pleasing. To put it economically.

The highway was flanked on either side by acres of sand, only occasionally one saw neatly barricaded construction sites. For the uninitiated, it was an unique experience being part of the zooming all left-hand-drive traffic.

A more-than-pleasant surprise awaited us on screeching to a halt in the Continental portico: a warm *salam* by the Sikh doorman, and a knockout smile by the Filipino receptionists.

Despite our intention of prolonging the checking-in formalities—after all, beautiful smiles can spell magic in alien territory—we were dismissed from the counter within minutes. Of course, after being told "Do have a pleasant stay." And, we *did*.

What hits the eye straight away—and really so—is the abundance of greenery. Yes, all real, transplanted though it may be. It is no exaggeration to state that some of the tree-lined roads in Sharjah would eclipse the tree-filled avenues of New Delhi. Of course, one can, in the distance at night, view the flares from the oil wells.

And, yes, the roads. To say that they're perfectly maintained, is an understatement. To the motoring aficionado, nothing would be more aesthetically satisfying than accelerating on the Sharjah roads as also the Sharjah-Dubai highway.

Dubai, incidentally, is 20 minutes of highway-*ing* from the centre of Sharjah. Both are, however, separate Emirates. Five others complete the United Arab Emirates jigsaw.

The Sharjahites are principally turned on by three sports: camel racing, football and cricket. But it's only cricket which sets aflame the passions of the predominantly expatriate (Indian, Pakistani and also Sri Lankan) population. The split into Indian and Pakistani camps is almost even.

Cricket buffs from as far away (by UAE standards) as Abu Dhabi, three highway-hours are needed to bridge the Abu-Dhabi-Sharjah distance, not to speak of Honda and Porsche-loads of fans from the neighbouring Emirates of Ajmen and Ras-el-Khaimah, converge onto the Sharjah Cricket Stadium for Indo-Pak duels.

Tickets, as is the Sharjah tradition, are sold out well in advance of the action proper. As no one venue holds a monopoly over blackmarketing of sports tickets, there is a thriving blackmarket for cricket tickets in Sharjah.

You have cine stars from Bombay crossing the Arabian Sea to cheer the India outfit; millionaires from Karachi boosting the morale in the Pak camp, and Sheikhs and Emirs aplenty from the Gulf, enjoying the fare on display.

The Indian movie idols—the Khan borthers, Feroze and Sanjay in particular—are permanent fixtures in Sharjah tourneys, enhance the starry status.

Feroze, who was promoting his newest film during last November's Rothmans Challenge Cup there, felt extremely let-down after India's defeat to Pakistan, that he cut short his stay, saying: "It's kind of silly saying you're an Indian supporter. After the defeat (against Pakistan) it's become embarrassing stating one roots for India. I'm flying back."

Clearly Feroze will not be alone in hoping for a more rewarding essay by the Indians in the Australasia Cup. Many, like the turbaned civil engineer from Abu Dhabi, who was "disgusted" at the Indian performance during their last visit to the gulf, will be looking forward to a repeat of the Asia and Rothmans Cup-winning wizardry.

Tailpiece: One gathers that only the police force in Sharjah is not very enthusiastic about frequent international engagements with willow and leather within their jurisdiction. Reason: it's only when cricket fixtures are on that they really have to work, disciplining the traffic and clearing the VIP gate of star-gazers!

One really doesn't know how the Dobermans—who patrol the VIP enclosure—feel about spending in excess of seven hours amongst rumbustious human beings. Any guesses?

Lokendra Pratap Sahi



The Sharjahites are principally turned on by three sports: camel racing, football and cricket. But it's only cricket which sets aflame the passions predominantly expatriate population. The split into Indian and Pakistani camps is almost even

Calcutta Football Transfers

Electricity in the air

Lapierre's city of joy celebrates the renewal of its soccer ebullience

There is an uneasy silence in the air It lasts a long moment The crowds are running out of patience A little while ago they were jostling pushing and yelling as they milled about in a mood of frenzied excitement But it has been a long wait for them They have been here since early morning and now the angry afternoon sun melts everything in a blistering heat shower Still there is no sign of the man they have come to greet

Then suddenly there is a commotion on the far side of the road A shining new Maruti van bedecked with flowers and piloted by a pair of sturdy outriders on motorcycles catches the eye Immediately the crowd explodes with a deafening roar of joy The shock waves set off by their cheering is perceived as much by the skin as by the ears

THAT was the climax of the annual drama Calcutta's soccer transfers Drama that is so quintessential of the city's unique character its vibrant soul its craze for soccer hero worship

The soccer clock in the life of a Calcuttan never stops Once the curtain goes up amid the dizzy delirium of the transfer season the devotees of the soccer god attune themselves to a gradually unfolding scenario that stretches over an entire year

And just as the game is all running jumping kicking—a host of powerful agile sportsmen careering up and down the field—the fans probably the most fanatical in the country match that pace in the stands and on the streets whooping hollering parading, fighting The spectacular outpouring of emotion that we witnessed that afternoon at the Netaji Indoor Stadium, the temporary office of the state football authorities is just another way of life in this city

Even if the soccer itself has been only fitfully exciting and the tournaments lacklustre the ebullience of the fans has not ebbed If there were doubts on this score they were spectacularly dispelled once again during this year's football transfers Public memory is admittedly short but even more fleeting is the memory of soccer fans The poor performances at domestic tournaments over the last two years were suddenly a thing of the past The debacle in the IFA Shield was swept aside the disaster at Trivandrum ignored the surrender at Jabalpur forgotten The likes of Mastan Ahmed Bikash Panji or Babu Mani starred in a massive money making binge Fortunes were there for the asking



And of course nobody could have asked for more than Jamshid Nasirn Calcutta's latest soccer messiah In a field of poor scorers only he seems equipped to execute the game's most crucial job He is your match winner and Jamshid has exploited this advantage to the hilt Two and a half lakh rupees is an all time high, even by Calcutta soccer standards It was only fitting that Mohammedan Sporting chose to take their costliest asset to the transfer office in a triumphant motorcade There could have been no sweeter a triumph by signing Jamshid they took the wind out of East Bengal's sails

Mohammedan Sporting pipped East Bengal at their own game The secret of a club's success in player recruitment depends on more than just the prices of the players This is a world of intrigues, of conspiracies,

Cheema Okeke: Mohammedan Sporting's powerhouse



Euphoria A welcome kiss from Krishnendu to Debashis

of manipulation Those who excel in the trick of the trade emerge the winners And over the years no club has exemplified the fact better than East Bengal

Perhaps complacency bred by the club's successes last year hindered East Bengal to a great extent There can be no doubt that the club has two major advantages the most energetic set of officials in its ranks combined with impressive assets in its coffers Both factors combined decisively last year to give them the strongest football team in the country

The same officials are still in power while cash has surely been a stumbling block for Calcutta's Big Three This time the initiative was snatched away by Mohun Bagan and Mohammedan Sporting both of whom made few gains at last year's transfer market Come 1986 and they were determined to reverse the trend which they did with success

Rumour had it that the controversial Cheema Okene would be donning East Bengal colours for the season of 86 The more explosively the turdy Nigerian made his presence felt the stronger grew the rumour that he was joining East Bengal Fans imagined what things would be like with Cheema Okene playing alongside Jamshid Nasiri and Debashis Roy

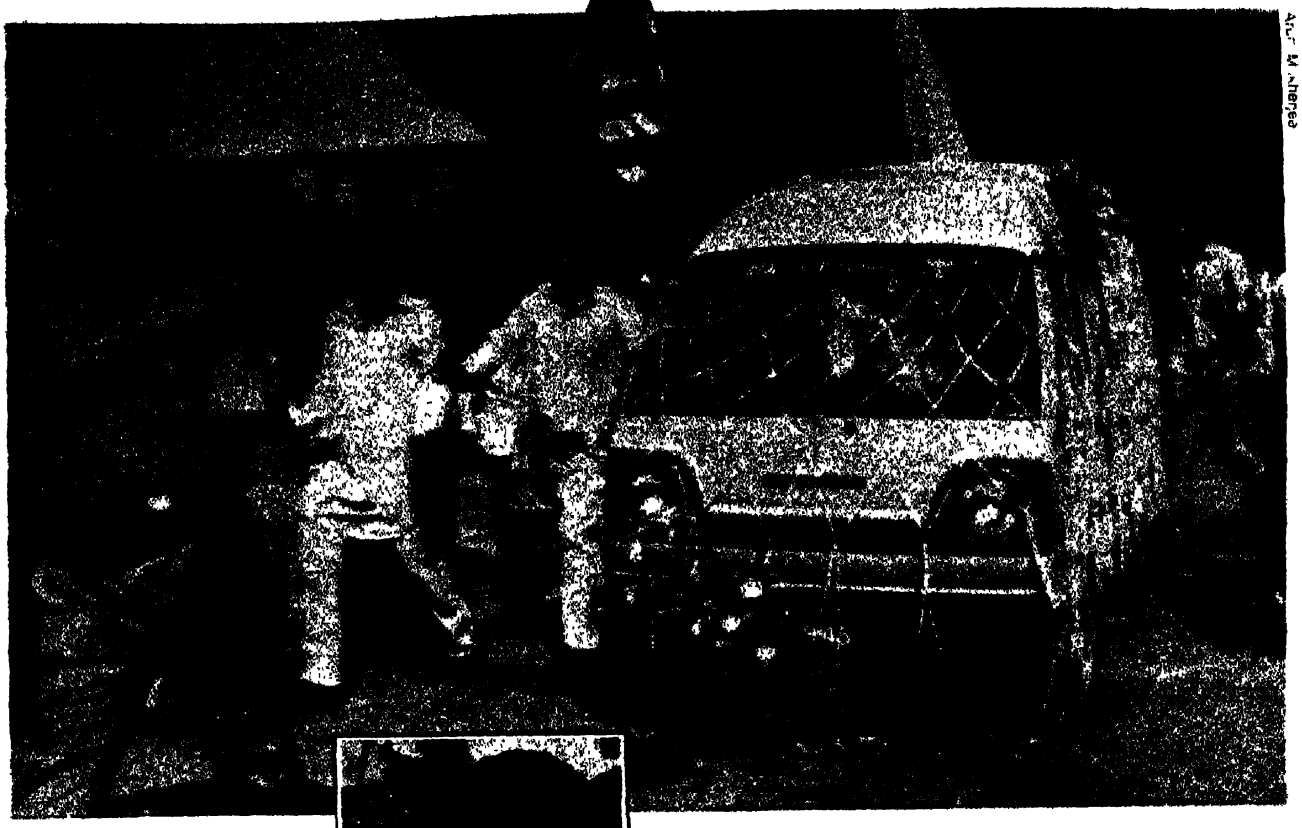
But after the lesson they learnt last year neither Mohun Bagan nor Mohammedan Sporting could afford to give East Bengal the upper hand Accordingly they closed in on their targets only wrecking East Bengal's plans Mohammedan Sporting retained Cheema lured away Jamshid Nasiri Mohun Bagan ensured the services of Debashis Roy Frankly if you talk scoring power these three are a cut above the rest No two opinions about that And in 1986 East Bengal will be hard pressed to combat the hostilities from all three of them As the procession escorting Jamshid to the transfer office passed by I heard the loud voice of an exuberant Mohammedan Sporting official one of the men behind the club's successful player hunt We have floored East Bengal he yelled satisfaction seeming to mix with the sweat sparkling on his face

He was certainly not the only man who was savouring at that moment the role of a successful club chief His counterpart in Mohun Bagan and even East Bengal— who did not mind losing Jamshid and Debashis as they had retained most of their key men in defence and midfield were equally jubilant But the fact is that merely enlisting the services of better players is hardly a guarantee of success Instead what was really interesting was that the 1986 reshuffle will in all likelihood bring in its wake keener competition and more entertaining football in sharp contrast to last year when East Bengal became too powerful a side to be matched even by their arch rivals

The transfer of Aloke Mukherjee to Mohun



Fans surround Jamshid as he enters the transfer office



The Mohammedan Sporting procession on its way to the transfer office



Jamshid signing in favour of his former club

Bagan will certainly add beef to the club's ageing line of defence. Debashis Roy, currently the most aggressive forward in this country, will lend the hitherto mediocre frontline the necessary cutting edge. And Atanu Bhattacharya? His appearance in the East Bengal ranks brings with it an aura of impregnability. Delve into the details of these changing equations and you reckon all three clubs got what they really needed. Only East Bengal suffered a setback; there can be no other word to describe Jamshid's exit.

LOOKING for intensity? Take time out to watch the keen competition for the post of East Bengal's first goalkeeper. One gathers that Bhaskar Ganguly will continue to be the side's number one vote in goal, but it is as evident that Bhaskar is past his prime as Atanu is on his way up.

Over the last few tournaments, Bhaskar scarcely enhanced his reputation and it would now perhaps be a little preposterous to expect any wonders from him. If you believe in calling a spade a spade, you'd admit that his reflexes are suspect.

Will Bhaskar eventually have to make way for Atanu? Bhaskar would be the last person to let such a thing happen, despite the tremendous challenge involved. One only hopes that competition brings out the best in both men, provided of course Atanu is not exiled to the bench for the entire season just to shield Bhaskar's prestige.

Prestige. That is the commodity at stake. The coaches, Amal Dutt, Shyam Thapa and Abdus Sattar all have to prove their worth in the minefield of forthcoming tournaments. This year there are few complaints they can fall back on with regard to the composition of their teams. The club officials have given them almost everything they could have asked for: talent, experience, youth and glamour. Given those four vital ingredients, can they mould success? Assuming they do, they'll give the clubs their money's worth and the fans some entertaining football.

The Calcutta football transfers have often been described by many, including this writer, as a spectacular farce. But, all said and done, perhaps one cannot deny the fact that it provides an exciting start to the city's football season. The futility normally associated with it is generally the result of the poor performances that follow. But Calcuttans, have no time for regrets. Each year brings with it a new season of soccer. Each new season of soccer brings with it fresh expectations.

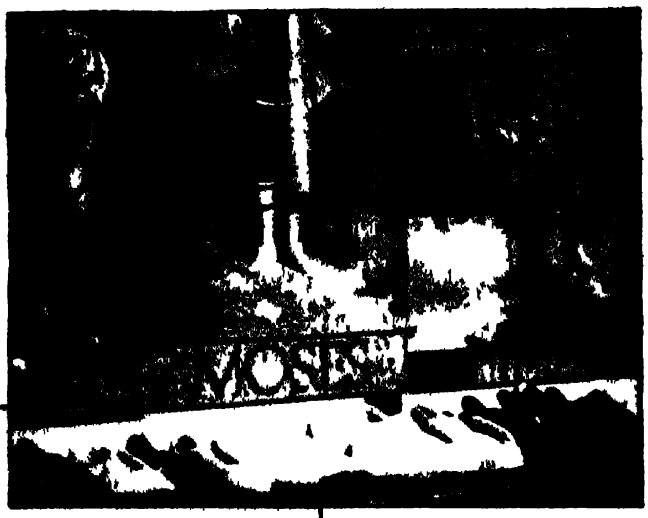
And the transfer fortnight celebrates the renewal of that ebullient spirit of Calcutta, Lapierre's city of joy.

Suprakash Ghoshal

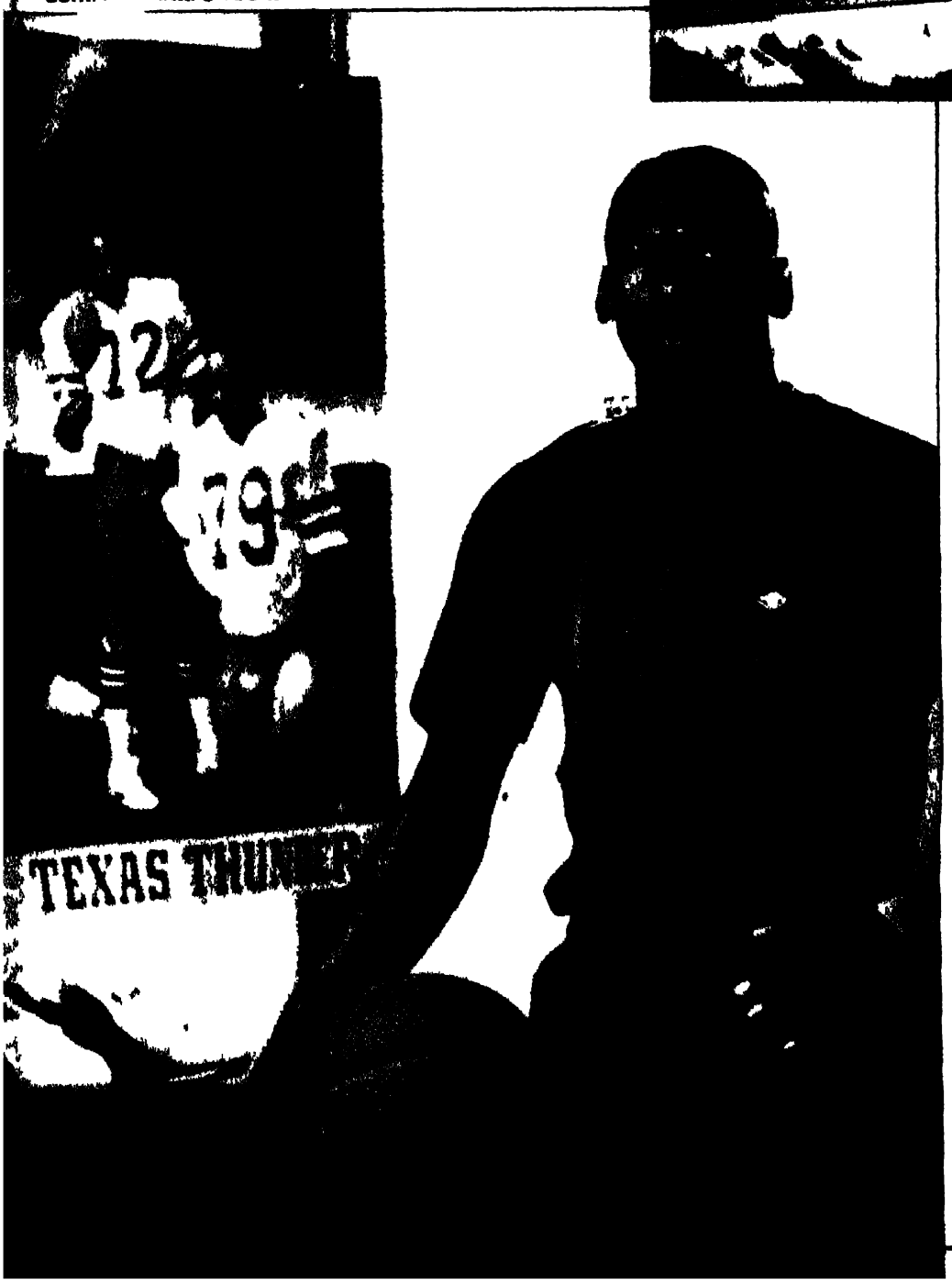
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Nike it or lump it

Photographs Nikhil Bhattacharya



This life-sized cut-out of a basketball player stands sentry outside Dutta's room



Part of the Nike shoe range

A LITTLE healthy competition never hurt any one On the contrary, it has only helped to hone the competitors' skills to levels closer to perfection And that is where the common man comes out the winner

Be it in sport or business competition always benefits the third party In sport you see photo finishes and better timings In business you get better products and service And what if you combine the two? That is where the advent of Nike (pronounced Ni key) into the Indian market will count

Still awaiting clearance from the Indian government Nike are planning on entering the Indian market through a tie up with Burroughs Wellcome one of the leading pharmaceutical manufacturers in the country And even though most plans are still at the drawing board stage, Nike has already sent shudders down the backs of all the Indian competition The foremost sports goods company in the United States of America, Nike is well on its way to capturing parts of the European market that used to swear blind by the German brand names—Adidas and Puma And just their formidable

[illegible] Indian sports good [illegible] Nike [illegible]

[illegible] the people know [illegible] Nike [illegible] Nike [illegible] Dutta, the chief [illegible] Nike in [illegible] his room in the Bom[illegible] Durrani's [illegible] adorned with [illegible] and products from the Nike range. The room reeks of sport and it was only fitting that the gent I was about to meet was a sportsman.

Dutta was studying in England when he joined Nike and is now in charge of the Indian venture by virtue of his nationality and the confidence he has instilled in Nike over the few years that he has been with them.

Still unsure about his footing, Dutta is very guarded about details of the 'coup'. But he does take pains to emphasise is that Nike are not planning to exercise from the market created by Indian sport wear manufacturers. He is equally insistent that Nike will find and make and create a market of their own.

After a torrid half hour in which Dutta refused to comment on almost any question asked of him, the cracks of formality were [illegible] he even relaxed enough to admit to me that I had guessed correctly and interview Nike Green while we were at Lincoln Inn Fields.

Nike, according to him, is the fastest growing sports goods company in the world. The empire began when Phil Knight, an athlete and his coach started working on methods to make running a little more comfortable. Kenny Moore, who finished fourth in the marathon at the Munich Olympics designed a shoe with the help of his coach Bill Bowerman. Moore tested the product during his marathon run and since then, there has been no looking back.

Bowerman's interest in [illegible] with improving the sports shoe eventually culminated in his invention of the waffle sole that was pioneered by Nike. If the strong points of Nike are the ruthless tests that have gone into the making of the perfect sports shoe, the name itself is the result of a memorable on the spot decision. Called long distance and asked what brand name he wanted for his shoe, Bowerman, phone in hand, looked at the book of Greek mythology that he was reading and shouted out "Nike", the name of the Greek goddess of victory. Since then, Nike and the Swoosh sign have been the symbols to look out for.

Choosing the Greek god "does not seem to have certainly paid off as Nike grew in strength. With the Nike insignia adorning the vests and shoes of many a world champion John McEnroe, Steve Cram, Mary Decker Slaney and Sergei Bubka [illegible] Nike [illegible] Nike [illegible] Nike

Border still captain, Matthews still clown prince

ALLAN BORDER is still captain of the Australian cricket team and Greg Matthews still its clown prince. Controversies which burned mid season smoulder less and less and if all's not right in cricketing circles Down Under then things are at least less frank.

Border led his team home from a disappointing tour of New Zealand with its pride dented by a Test series loss but with consolation success in a four match limited over series.

It might have escaped attention in the Northern Hemisphere where the West Indies have cowed the English lion and where Sri Lanka has upset Pakistan, but momentous things have been happening down south this summer.

A New Zealand cricket team with the inspirational leadership of Jeremy Coney grabbed Australian cricket by the tail and shook it. It won its first Test and its first series on Australian soil before Christmas returned home and beat their traditional rivals again.

Their pre Christmas victory was convincing and though the win at home came slightly against the odds it continued a substantial revision of seedings in world cricket. Successive victories in Test series push New Zealand ahead of Australia in the hypothetical world ranking. Add to this the fact that New Zealand has not lost a Test series at home since 1979 and the unfashionable Kiwis loom larger in international reckoning.

This has been a hectic summer perplexing and with moments both distasteful and inspiring. Looming large were Border's performances at the crease and his remarkable candour and diplomacy off the field. Fate put him in charge of a young and occasionally characterless side and though he was frequently its most productive and resilient member he had to endue media barbs and to accept responsibility for its failures. The Aussie captain suffered personal hurt this season. He set his own goals high but was left in charge of and responsible for a group of players which couldn't set and meet similarly high standards.

The Australian team has undoubted potential and if it achieved nothing else this season it staked its own future with the discovery of players of the ability of Stephen Waugh and Bruce Reid. But when immediate spoils are counted to quote an old and disreputable country song New Zealand got the gold mine and Australia the shaft.

The press was merciless. Reaction to Australia's performances began with tepid condemnation and progressed in degrees towards rapid disparagement. Even the 'polite' Australian dailies dished out the vitriol. That Border retained his cool and his job in the face of a hail of criticism is one of the small miracles of the summer. He remained the scapegoat for the performances of a team which had shortcomings but was largely the victim of the Australians insatiable desire for success. Most cricketing nations accept that success is cyclical and that each high can be preceded or followed by a complementary low during which rebuilding is achieved. Australians refuse to accept that as a fact of sporting life and revering winners over all others, set expectations too high.



There was tension between Hadlee and his team-mates but relations are now cordial

If Australians simply glance at the plus side of the summer's ledger they'll find that they discovered in David Boon and Geoff Marsh a solid opening partnership, in Tim Zoehrer a wicketkeeper of world class in Bruce Reid another penetrative fast bowler. In Stephen Waugh an all rounder who has been compared favourably with Greg Chappell and in Matthews the most controversial but marketable face in world cricket.

Matthews is news. Where he goes for better or worse controversy follows. He was the talking point of the summer brought fans out in their thousands to hail or heckle him and divided the community between lovers and haters. New Zealand fans besmirched a reputation for politeness which approaches docility by launching a hate campaign against Matthews which



Greg Matthews remains one of cricket s most outrageous characters

became regular headline fodder in Australia

During the first Test at Wellington a spectator with cro magnon sensitivity smuggled a toilet seat through ground security and hurled it at Australian outfielder Geoff Marsh Another cultured individual threw a hard boiled egg at the equally hard boiled Matthews signalling the start of open war on the flamboyant all rounder No cricketer touring New Zealand has been forced to endure the torrent of abuse which became the norm when Matthews was at large The campaign became so sophisticated that a clothing company produced a popular line of I hate Greg Matthews tee shirts Sales boomed when Matthews modelled the line for Australian newspapers

Matthews was to a degree an agent in his own persecution He happily antagonised crowds at Tests and one day matches and remained silent when the chairman of the New Zealand Cricket Council Bob Vance begged New Zealanders to treat him more kindly

He tested the limits of the crowds tolerance at every appearance reaching his height in the final one day match in front of 35 000 at Auckland The match was an attempt at reconciliation between New Zealanders and a visitor they felt had been asked to take too much The crowd saluted Matthews when he made 53 as Australia batted first and might have hailed his selection as man of the match but good intentions faded with the little man creating new controversy

Matthews appeared to step over the boundary line taking the catch which dismissed Richard Hadlee late in New Zealands innings When the umpire signalled six Matthews protested claimed the catch was fair and immediately erased the good feeling the match had generated

He remains one of cricket s most outrageous characters however and retains the ability to complement eccentricity with ability

The season ends with New Zealand cricket on a new high and the game in Australia on a perceived but technical low Coney has become a credible Kiwi leader and operating with care and sensitivity the New Zealand selectors have begun the task of promoting the country younger players into the Test spotlight

Times are changing Retirements and reconstruction are imminent But the trauma of wholesale changes may be delayed by the careful introduction of a new generation of players on New Zealands extended tour of England mid year

It s been an exciting bre thle ugh Down Under Kapil Dev has made his contribution to New Zealand cricket with a haul of 140 wickets in six Tests t jim crickets first whing elite There w tension mid season between Hadlee and his team mates but relations are now cordial and the Kiwi all rounder is looking forward to the English tour and to his benefit season with Nottinghamshire

Australian cricket probably hasn t yet finished kicking it off to death When the players and their public realise that the summer wasn t entirely negative and accept the potential the young side shows they can attempt to regain the cherished position Australia team was accepted as right

Steve McMorran
New Zealand

Is Maradona fit to lead Argentina?



Diego Maradona (left) The poison came out He spat squabbled, manhandled a refer

SID bubbling confidence [illegible] one of the most talented qualifiers to the [illegible] England has scarcely been able to make her presence felt in either triumph at Wembley England hope Mexico will prove a much better experience

She has reasons to be optimistic England was looked upon as underdogs when they met the mighty Russians in a recent warm up game There were concerns that the match might take the heavy toll on the English morale Instead to silence Bobby Robson's detractors the match turned out a source of inspiration

The Russians were prompt to offer exercise and belittle the English win insisting that Russians were yet to come to the boil the season started only in the middle of January and there has hardly been any time to settle down But the truth is that Russians had spared no effort to gather strength in the past few months and they are rich in talent Yet the English won They deserved to win

The magic was turned on by Chris Waddle who not only scored the [illegible] goal but also [illegible] gifted little Beardsley [illegible] up for [illegible] Bobby Robson England boss has been insisting and rightly that wing play has got much more to do with finding [illegible] should score [illegible] Waddle demonstrated to be believed that it too

But Waddle had [illegible] spells of mediocrity There were times when he looked ill at ease lonely wing play cut off from the main source of the midfield game Always a team [illegible] aggressive [illegible]

And Bryan Robson was [illegible] to crown it all The [illegible] of the saviour went initially to Glen Hoddle who puzzled the Russians with their [illegible] of brilliant passes displaying his ability to rise to any crisis And he had a point to make also the futility of playing him on the flanks

England picked up a lot more points of importance in terms strategy and tactics It remains to be seen how fast they can learn from experience and rectify their errors Now that they have killed a giant expectations are running high Even Malafaev the Russian coach concedes that England will be among the strongest in Mexico Robson and Co will have to defend their hard-earned reputation





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Chris Waddle
Spells of mediocrity

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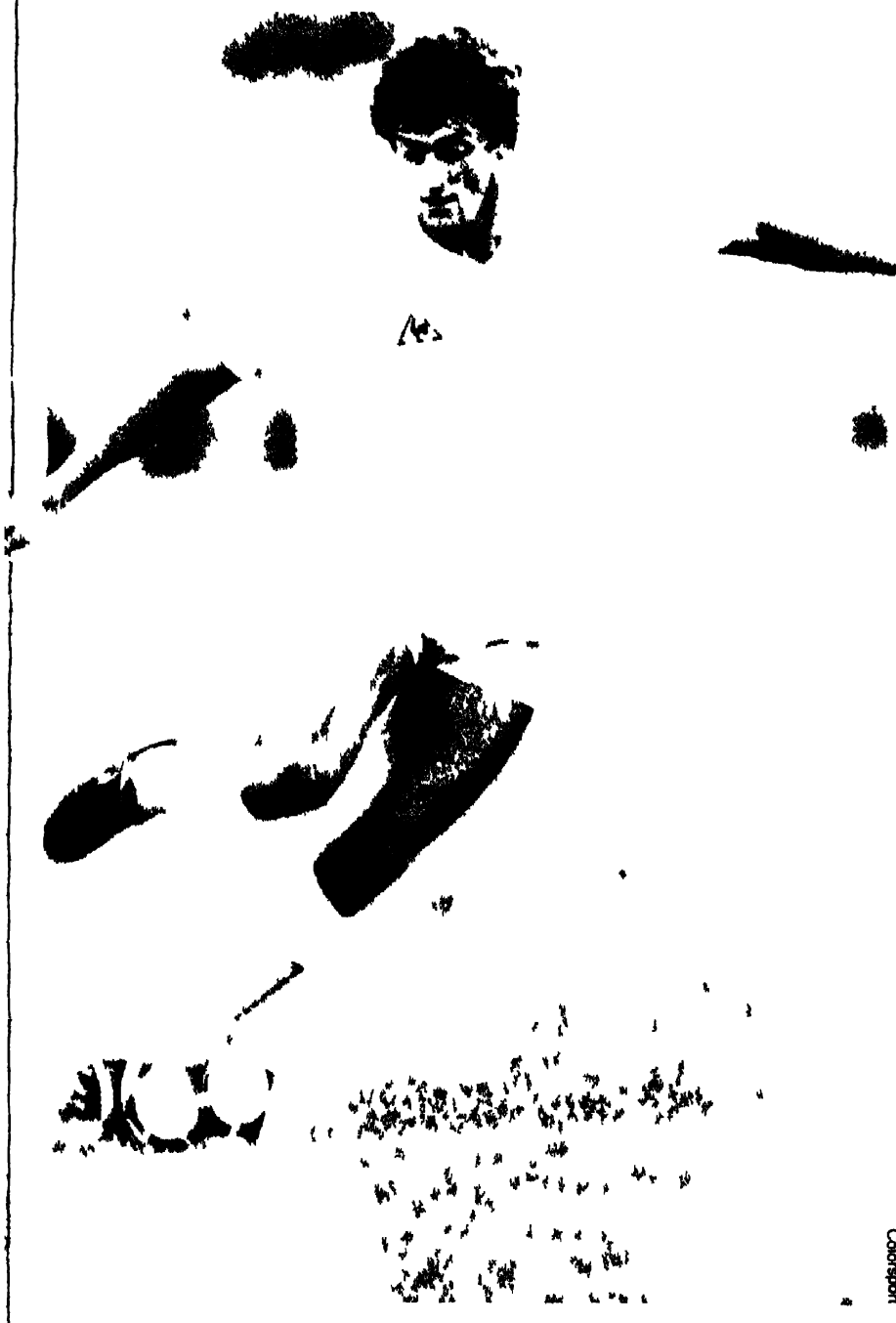




Reput ation That is what
Die go M aradona is out to
des roy Reputation that
few othe r footballers have
ever enjoyed His brilliance
is unbeatable his mastery
unquestionable but his
behaviour was outrageous
when the Argentinians met
the French in a recent
game Maradona spat
Maradona squabbled and
even manhandled a
Swiss referee, raising
doubts about his fitness to
lead a World Cup team only
a month from now

Uruguayan resurgence

After failing to qualify in 1978 and 1982, Uruguay's comeback bid could climax in Mexico, says **Keir Radnedge**



Uruguayan star and hit man Enzo Francescoli

Colorsport

DESPITE the country's tiny population (less than four million) Uruguay are football giants.

Their record bears comparison with the very best. Twice Olympic champions in 1924 and 1928 they won the inaugural World Cup on home ground in Montevideo in 1930 and regained it in spectacular fashion before a 200,000 crowd in Rio de Janeiro's giant Maracana Stadium 20 years later.

In 1954 their semi-final against Hungary—which they lost 4-2 after extra time—was acclaimed as one of the greatest games of all time and they were semi-finalists again the last time the World Cup was staged in Mexico in 1970.

Then followed a dismal spell for the national team when they were eliminated in the first round of the 1974 World Cup in West Germany and failed to reach the 1978 and 1982 final.

Their turning point came at the start of 1982 when Omar Borras was appointed on a temporary basis because no one else suited the job of taking the team on a long, disruptive trip to India for an international tournament called the Nehru Gold Cup.

Borras, a member of the coaching staff for Uruguay's appearances in the World Cup finals in 1966 and 1970, has sparked an exciting new era for Uruguay in football.

The first hint of the wind of change came with Uruguay's 2-0 victory over China in the final of that 1982 Nehru Cup event. It was a victory which earned Borras a long-term contract as manager for the following year's South American championship which Uruguay won for the first time since 1967.

For the final against old rivals Brazil, Uruguay found themselves without Fernando Morena, their finest goal scorer of modern times, who had suffered a double fracture of a leg. A few years earlier his absence would



The Uruguayan revival began with the 1982 Nehru Cup (Inset) Captain Rodriguez with the cup

have stripped Uruguayan morale even before they got out on the pitch But the run of success under Borras had left the senior players more determined to succeed than ever

Goals from Enzo Francescoli and defender Victor Diogo brought a 2–0 victory in the first leg in Montevideo and teenager Carlos Aguilera secured the 1 1 draw in Brazil which provided Uruguay with the title on a 3 1 aggregate Celebratory crowds brought Montevideo to a standstill just as they did much more recently when the wily Borras guided his men to success in their World Cup qualifying group ahead of Chile and Ecuador

At last Uruguay are back in the finals But to make any impression again in Mexico—where they finished fourth in 1970—Uruguay will have to show as much skill in diplomacy off the field as in their football on it The reason is simply that the nucleus of Borras's team play abroad

Uruguay were singled out for special praise in FIFA's technical report after the 1970 finals for the six weeks they set aside to adjust to the heat and altitude But if they are to match that success they must continue to bargain hard to obtain the release of their star exiles long before the start of the competition

Goalkeeper and captain Rodolfo Rodriguez has become a hero in Brazil, where his sharp reflexes and long reach have been the key to a revival by Pele's old club Santos fullback Diogo and sweeper Dario Pereyra have also settled down with Brazilian clubs strikers Wilmar Cabrera and Jorge Da Silva are in Spain and the most important player of all Enzo Francescoli is in Argentina with the River Plate club of Buenos Aires

In December Francescoli a past South American Footballer of the Year was voted Player of the Year in Argentina where his goals took River Plate to the First Division title

Borras believes that Francescoli could surprise many people in Mexico He is virtually unknown in Europe because he has been seen there only once at the start of this season playing for Uruguay against France in the inaugural Franchi Trophy match between the champions of Europe and South America Uruguay lost that match 2 0 and Francescoli was the first to admit they played badly after having previously gone 14 matches undefeated

He attributed the defeat to the fact that his team mates had flown in from various different parts of the world only a day or two before the game But he believes that proper preparation before the trip to Mexico will make a world of difference Uruguay Francescoli believes will be among the favourites to win the Cup

And if Uruguay are not the winners then the most prestigious trophy in football will certainly be claimed by another South American team Francescoli says The South American player has the ability and creative spirit which can make a difference anywhere in the world under any conditions I believe the best soccer is played in Argentina and Uruguay

The general tactical pattern adopted by Uruguayan clubs and the national team is 4 4 2 They have played to this system since the 1966 World Cup finals in England when Horacio Troche and Ildo Maneiro were the centre backs and the midfield revolved around the vision of Nestor Goncalves and the attacking skill of Pedro Rocha

Francescoli is in the Rocha tradition His only regret about the forthcoming World Cup challenge is that Uruguay have no genuine wingers Even young players such as Carlos Aguilera and Jorge Villazan who started as wingers have been forced by tactical caution into becoming semi midfielders

Francescoli says This is not just a problem for us but for football as a whole Venacio Ramos is the most dangerous winger we have had in the past ten years But even he is often kept on the reserves bench now and when he does play he is at his most threatening cutting in diagonally across the pitch rather than by stretching a defence by going wide

But while weaknesses exist Uruguay's excellent morale will be an important factor in Mexico

The author is the Associate Editor of World Soccer

Far And Above's Leger double

FAR AND ABOVE finally lived up to his name when in a span of two weeks he came out and won the South India St Leger and followed it up with an absolute sterling performance to win the Bangalore St Leger a mere fortnight after his Guindy triumph

It was a remarkable display by a colt and the son of Fair World has laid claim to being one of the top stayers in the country Run over a gruelling mile and three quarters the Leger is the last of the five Classics and it is definitely the supreme test of staying prowess and stamina It was obvious that in this department the leggy son of Fair World excelled He was the underdog on both occasions and each time he turned the tables on his more fancied adversories

At Madras a mere four horses lined up to face the starter for the longest of the Classics Frankly speaking it ought to have been a mere formality for Dupont the Bangalore Challenger who had beaten Far And Above convincingly in the Charminar Challenge Indian Turf Invitation Cup a fortnight earlier The bookmakers thought so too and the Bangalore son of Everyday II was the piping hot favourite at the cramped odds of ten to four on Most people were forgetting the fact that the Leger was 100 metres longer than the Invitation and those extra two furlongs had been the downfall of many a top class horse

In a fast run race Dupont looked every inch the winner when heads were turned for home but then suddenly the picture changed Jockey Warren Singh asked Dupont to quicken and got no reaction from his colt However he was still well clear of Far And Above and it now became a straight contest of whether Far and Above could pass Dupont before the winning post came to the rescue of the favourite

It was touch and go until finally Far And Above prevailed He got up to collar Dupont in the last 100 metres and although Dupont fought on gamely it was a losing battle

Then it was onto Bangalore Here again he was overlooked running this time in the shadow of horses like Sir Bruce and Grand Entry Had the punditts gone into things in a little more detail they would have come up with an interesting discovery Sir Bruce was certainly on the decline after his Indian Derby triumph There could be no other reason other than that to explain how he could have gone so far back on that form in the Invitation Cup He was giving a lot of trouble on the track in the mornings and had to be pushed to work

He was obviously not enjoying his racing any more but surprisingly enough everyone chose to turn a blind eye to this Grand Entry who ran fourth in the Invitation and was bound to run a good race appeared to have an aversion for the Bangalore track On Arc day at the same course he had virtually dropped out of the race as the field approached the 1800 metre marker And there was no guarantee that he could not do the same again That in effect left Far and Above as the only horse by a process of elimination but bar his young trainer S K Habib Khan nobody else seemed to think on that wavelength

Breaking level from the gates it was Sir Bruce's stablemate who hit the front playing the role of a pacemaker with Grand Entry in close attendance followed by Sir Bruce who was initially fighting for his head The pace was slow at this stage but it would quicken in the later stages Passing the 1800 metre marker Grand Entry did a Belmont on his rider and suddenly dropped out of the race slowing from a full gallop to a walk in less than twenty metres In a few moments he was as good as out of the race close to 100 metres behind the field The second favourite was thus eliminated

From that juncture things appeared to be going according to plan for the odds on favourite Sir Bruce Nelson Reuben had settled the colt nicely and he was going well within himself

With 600 metres to run the order was unchanged but Sir Bruce was not liking the race one bit He had his ears laid back and Reuben was niggling him to keep him where he was Into the straight and Sir Bruce went to the front but flattered only to deceive He hardly had a chance to go more than two lengths clear before Corner galvanised Far And Above into top gear and the big striding bay lengthened his stride to go sailing by Sir Bruce.

Of course a host of people were quick to attribute Sir Bruce's defeat to his jockey Nelson Reuben who they felt had ridden a poor race It was quite uncalled for The colt had lost fair and square to a better horse on that day Sir Bruce was obviously not the same horse that had won that Indian Derby with such authority in the first week of February He had gone over the top and had had enough racing Giving a break and a long rest he could well come back to that old form which once made him the best

So Far And Above had done it a second time The combination of trainer S K Habib Khan and jockey Robin Corner had clicked twice in a row to give Far And Above's proud owners two classics in a mere fourteen days A large slice of the glory obviously went to the two professionals, who had both been very much in the picture in getting Far And Above into peak fitness and then freshening him up in a mere fourteen days, so as to give off his best yet again

Adi Davar

It was a remarkable display Far And Above has laid claim to being one of the top stayers in the country On both occasions he was the underdog and each time he turned the tables on his more fancied adversories Obviously a large slice of the glory went to trainer Habib Khan and jockey Robin Corner





Capital Notes

Roopsingh stadium Gwalior was packed to capacity with spectators delirious with excitment Reason for the consternation was a batsman blasting away in the middle Name? Krish Srikkanth

Each blow of Srikkanth was greeted by a deafening roar of approval And whenever the bowler to suffer was Kapil the din was a few decibles higher

After a breezy (stormy?) 44 he skied Amarnath straight down fine legs throat to depart At this the crowds disappointment was palpable Immediately they started trickling out as though the match was over Certainly at present rankings Srikkanth is twice as popular as Kapil and Gavaskar put together

Later in the pavilion I asked Srikkanth about the Australian trip His reply was disarmingly honest I am very happy and relieved that finally I have scored runs in Tests For the last five years I have been in and out and it was time I consolidated In Australia the wickets suited me In all it was a most enjoyable trip

This newfound success Srikkanth attributes to increased confidence and hold your breath cutting out of risky shots Then realising what he had said Srikkanth corrected himself Some risky shots I have eliminated But for the first time I have started playing the square cut a shot I didn't attempt earlier'

For the deplorable form in the one day games in Australia Srikkanth holds himself responsible It was totally my doing he said, 'totally my fault I curtailed my shots and played against my natural instincts'

Did the pressure of giving the team a rapid start also weigh on his mind, I asked. "Perhaps," replied Srikkanth it did But basically I blame myself for being over cautious Everyone advised me to play my natural game

Simon Davis or any other restrictive bowler of course does not bother him It just depends on your day Some days you can thrash any bowler On other occasions getting runs against anyone appears difficult

As the senior most test cricketer in the world today having made his debut in 1969 Mohinder Jimmy Amarnath has quite literally seen it all Players have come performed and departed but this old pro keeps battling on Over the years he has scaled the height cricket offers also explored the depths it can plummet one into

For all his experience and the battles bruises and batterings Mohinder looks unaffected He is not unduly excited by success or overly perturbed by failure In contrast to the techy gamesmanship exhibited by other players Mohinders demeanour on and off the field is of extreme almost unshakeable serenity

I have been in the game long enough not to get excited over things I have been playing Ranji for about 20 years

Despite almost non top cricket for such an extended period Mohinder retain enthusiasm for the game and hasn't allowed his keenness to flag If the enthusiasm didn't remain and the game became a grind I would not be playing I enjoy playing and would like to continue

Jimmys personality enables him to handle criticism without getting upset When Bishen Bedi questioned the wisdom of senior playing limited over games Mohinder was unruffled When I sought a reaction he merely smiled shyly and said Our performances speak for themselves On the recent tour it was the seniors who did well not the youngsters

Doesn't criticism emanating from erstwhile colleagues needle him I persisted No it does not Mohinder replied I don't bother about these things I believe in playing hard and giving off my best I leave the rest for others to decide As far as I am concerned I go from match to match I don't think about the past or the future

With this philosophy it is no wonder that Mohinder has no grand ambitions for the future There is no goal in particular that I have set myself All I want to do is play for India as long as I can

Failure to win the Ranji Trophy has cost the Haryana players plenty they have lost out on the money they would have made had the team won the National Championship

For beating Bombay and entering the final for the first time each Haryana player got a bonus of Rs 2500 Certainly had they carried the Ranji Trophy to Chandigarh the state association would have been extremely pleased

The Delhi boys incidently got Rs 3000 each for winning the trophy after loosing to Bombay the previous two years

State associations and other organisations are prompt in making these grand announcements (for publicity value) but when it comes to actually shelling out the cash they tend to drag their feet For example the Delhi players member of the victorious World Cup team of 1983 have yet to receive flats promised to them by the Delhi Development Authority



Jimmy Amarnath..this old pro has literally seen it all

Amrit Mathur

The man and his team

Lawrie McMenemy eulogises West Ham, who are in the midst of an inspiring run of victories, and their talented manager John Lyall

ALMOST 12 months ago on the night West Ham faced Stoke City at home I telephoned their manager John Lyall to give him some moral support.

It was a match West Ham needed to win to make themselves safe from relegation (they did so 5-1) and I just wanted to give him a bit of encouragement at a time when he must have been feeling as low as at any stage of his career. Don't get too uptight, I told him. You are a much better team than your position might suggest. I am convinced it will all come right for you in the end.

Today with West Ham near the top of the First Division and my Sunderland team near the bottom of the Second I could do with that sort of lift myself.

I am delighted that West Ham who have never finished higher than sixth in the First Division are now looking like improving upon that record this season. Indeed considering their high number of matches in hand over Liverpool and Everton and the breathtaking quality of their football in the 4-0 win at Chelsea last Saturday it's not unreasonable to suggest that they could end up as Champions.

If that were to happen it would be no more than John Lyall deserves.

When I was in the First Division with Southampton John was one of



Hammer's captain Alvin Martin (left) is an England probable

the London managers with whom I had the closest rapport

I liked him very much as a person and felt we had a lot in common inasmuch as we had been with our clubs for so long

An indication of our relationship is that during matches between our teams we were always liable to sit talking to each other on the touchline like two friends having a drink together in a pub It was one of those chats which led to me signing England goalkeeper Peter Shilton from Nottingham Forest I mentioned how well West Hams keeper Phil Parkes had been performing there were times when he seemed to be playing Southampton all on his own' and John remarked He has been like that all season you know I write I estimate that having someone of his calibre in that position is worth at least 10 points a season to us I thought a lot about that afterwards and in fact tried to sign Ivor Clemence and Pat Jennings but it eventually hitting the jackpot with Shilton

One of the reasons why I have so much respect for John Lyall apart from his tremendous knowledge of the game is that he is a straightforward honest man who has never deviated from his and West Hams football principles

For a long time West Hams emphasis on the technical side of the game made them a fine brittle against hard running hard tackling teams This season they have definitely acquired greater physical power and become more combative (they have had to in order to survive) but not to the extent of them losing their reputation as one of Britains most constructive footballing teams

Although I only saw the TV highlights of their match at Chelsea I felt that their football touched perfection at times

West Hams success at least in terms of the consistently high quality of their play over the years—is typical of a club where there have been few upheavals They are extremely loyal to their staff and I believe a point best illustrated by the fact that Lyall is only the fourth manager West Ham have had since the war This continuity is absolutely essential if a club are to establish solid roots as indeed Liverpool have shown' For example it is because of that sound foundation built up over a number of years that both West Ham and Liverpool have been able to produce so many top class footballers and an effective tactical approach to the game

It takes time to build a successful club particularly one which has been successful in the past but failed That's why I can't help sympathising with Don Howe who parted company with Arsenal when he learned that the hierarchy and directors were not going to renew his two year contract this summer

While it would be wrong of me to comment on Arsenals affairs I must say that I have always had a high regard for Don and genuinely felt that he was doing a good job at Highbury Usually if one wants an assessment of a manager or coach the best people to talk to are those who have worked with him In Dons case I find it significant that I have never heard any player say a bad word about him It's the same with John Lyall and it is to West Hams credit that they have stuck by him during the bad times

I have mixed feelings about West Hams Championship chances because point in the big are much more important than having matches in hand I know it's cliche but I have lost count of the number of teams in West Hams position who have faltered

Another advantage for Liverpool and Everton the Championship favourites is that they have been in the title winning position before and have a clearer understanding on what is required to clear the last hurdles

However it wouldn't surprise me to see West Ham do it Nor would it disappoint me



Colorsport

Frank Mc Avennie one of West Ham s primary assets


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FROM a humble beginning in the late Sixties the Asian Golf Circuit formerly known as the Far East Circuit has grown into a major golfing event in this part of the globe Financially the ten leg circuit offers nearly twelve million US dollars as against $375 000 put up a decade ago

The Indian Open has seen hard days Until ITC came to its rescue in 1976 finding sponsors was a major problem for the organisers The Indian Golf Union however continued its painstaking efforts to be on equal footing with other members of the Asian Golf Confederation with regard to a prize money and other incentives The first Open at the Royal Calcutta Golf Club in 1970 offered $15 000 in prize money bill the circuit became more competitive standards improved and the amateurs for the first time earned considerable reputation in Asia

But the Indian professionals and caddie continued to lag behind as more emphasis on sponsorship was required to increase their earnings If the Indian pros are to improve their standard your country must have a pro golf association Otherwise the future is bleak It is pointless to continue as a pro of poor standard when India is a member of the circuit the late Asia Golf Circuit coordinator Lt Col Skip Guinto of the Philippine this correspondent was back in 1976 he pointed out My country encourages sponsors If your country follows our policy professionals will benefit from tournaments as well as get used to different course conditions They will have the temperament to meet major challenges Look at Ben Arda He was a caddy who became a big name in the circuit

The present golf scene in India however is far from bleak for the pros The domestic circuit has plenty of money and the standard has improved appreciably A prime example of this was the 28 year old Bisad Ali who spearheaded the Indian challenge in the VSL sponsored $100 000 Charminar Challenge Indian Open Golf Championship at the Old Course of the RCGC and finished fifth with five under 288

It was a superlative performance by Indian standards— and the best so far in his career He took the golf buffs by surprise with a 69 after a patchy start He performed delightfully with precision play in the back nine with four





Basad Ali, who spearheaded the Indian challenge

Dark horse Somsak of Thailand



Jim Carter sizes up the situation on the 13th

birdies a although an extra stroke on the sixteenth prevented the local caddy from being the sole second

Consistency helped him survive the cut after two rounds and he finished a joint fifth after dropping a shot on the 18th Five others Brandon de Souza Feroz Nagvi Hyder Khan Rohtas Singh also moved up to the third round Sponsorship had paid the expected dividends

But Based Ali's putts deceived him on the third day pushing him down to the eleventh position He double bogeyed the par—4 third hole to accumulate 218 along with three other adapting himself well to the conditions The fairways were hard and the greens were terrific but the local boy exhibited his putting skills on the difficult pin placings

In the fourth round he made a great effort After going out with a two over 36 when he dropped two shots on the third Based made amends by scoring an eagle on the eleventh and three birdies for a card of 70 This was the same man who lost to Bunty Randhawa in the Sarda Plywood Masters at the Tollygunge Club the previous Sunday But at the Royal Based Ali was a changed mind Bunty Randhawa for his part could not even make the cut

THE two Taiwanese Lu Hsi Cheun who answers to the name of Master Lu who won the Asian title three in a row and Lu Chien Soon were not taking any chances As Cheun was only a stroke behind Soon at 206 the question was whether experience would win over young talent Both men had been playing excellent golf and the lead was shared alternately by them till the third round Hardly an an Open tournament With a minus 1? Soon's two eagles on the fifth and eleventh holes came to nought as the pressure piled up and he was cracking Although he tried to suppress the agony with a wry smile one could see Soon was upset He was assured however of the second slot The more mature Chuen had shown determination and a cool temperament But the Taiwanese matched each other with sizzling drives and immaculate putting

Then came then drama on the seventeenth hole and those who put their money on Cheun made good profits In most cases golfers when trying to avoid the bunker in this hole tend to overdrive Soon who was leading by a shot fell into the trap when his second shot went into the rough He ran into trouble while coming out of the rough when his shot was a bit too hard and the ball trickled into the bunker That was the end of his campaign and Cheun had the last laugh carding a one under for a 14 par 292

Quite a few big names were missed during the Open Either due to personal reasons or visa problems a number of stars stayed away from the tournament Among the Americans Jim Carter was the most impressive among those present while the dark horse of the championship was Thailand's Sri Sanga Somsak He was in a class of his own finishing with three sub par cards with two 69s that gave him the third position

Sweden's Brostedt Per Arne has been improving over the years and till



Sprinklers at the Old Course form an unusual background as Lu Chien Soon putts on the the 18th



Amateur champ Alan Singh is flanked by Rajiv Mohta (right) and Kanwalinder Singh

the third round he was seven strokes behind the leader But nothing went right for him on the last day when he missed close putts to end up eighth

Old warhorse Stewart Ginn of Australia had no luck during his Indian venture but experience saw him climb gradually to sixth place with a cumulative figure of 289 Strangely the Japanese have not been in their element while Tony Grimes the defending champion found the course tricky and had to be content with a smaller pay packet

Alan Singh made an impressive comeback after winning the amateur title contested only by the Indians Singh now residing in Pune held on to the lead from the first day to finish at 289 (seven over par) Rajiv Mohta had sweet revenge over Kanwalinder Singh who pipped him the previous Sunday at the Tollygunge Club by three clear shots

Tat made four days of exhilarating gold And Vazir Sultan Tobacco Industries sponsors of the Indian Open and the organisers can take the credit for the success

Subhash Sarcar, Calcutta

PRESS CLIPPINGS

Pain in the leg

WORLD number one Ivan Lendl who has recently been complaining about pain in his right leg does not have a bone chip in his right knee as suspected. Instead he could be suffering from a torn tendon.

Orthopaedic surgeon Jerry Solomon Lendl agent said the Czech tennis star could have strained his quadriceps tendon the muscle in the front of the thigh. But it is too inflamed at the point to be able to tell. Feels Solomon Lendl who is set to be dueled play any Nabisco Grand Prix tournaments until the Italian Open which begins in Rome on May 12 will be a game by game basis.

Brazilian bickerings

THINGS are not looking very bright for the Brazilian soccer team as they prepare for their World Cup campaign. Their latest problem is that two of their key players have been removed from the squad for indisciplined behaviour. Left wingers Elder and Sidney have been expelled. Sidney was left out of the team because he ignored doctors orders not to workout too hard after he had pulled a muscle.

Justifying the expulsion of Elder the national confederation said that he had acted scandalously with his rough play against a young inexperienced Peruvian side. Brazil won the match 4-0 but reporters covering the match said the winners looked terrible.

Summing up the present state of affairs the accomplished fielder Socrates said. The way things are going there is a feeling of insecurity among the players. In a radio interview he went on record saying that the team was under great pressure to perform better.



Lendl feeling the pain

In memoriam

SCHEDULED to be a four day match the final of the J C Mukherjee Trophy cricket tournament at the Eden Garden Calcutta was reduced to a farce which lasted less than two sessions on the first day. The finalists Mohun Bagan and Calcutta Customs took the field under protest. Customs batting first had made a protest declaration at 57 for. Mohun Bagan (for record book) won by seven wickets scoring 61 for 3.

It is it must be the first time ever in cricket history all twenty four players lined up on either side of the wicket during the lunch break to observe two minutes silence in memory of the dead wicket.

The teams went one step further. They refused the lunch offered by the CAB they even sent the drinks which came on to the field back to the pavilion untouched. They also sent a protest letter to the CAB secretary.

Hudson's choice

I DO not want a manager who wanders around making those sort of allegations was the reason given by an infuriated Ian Botham while conveying

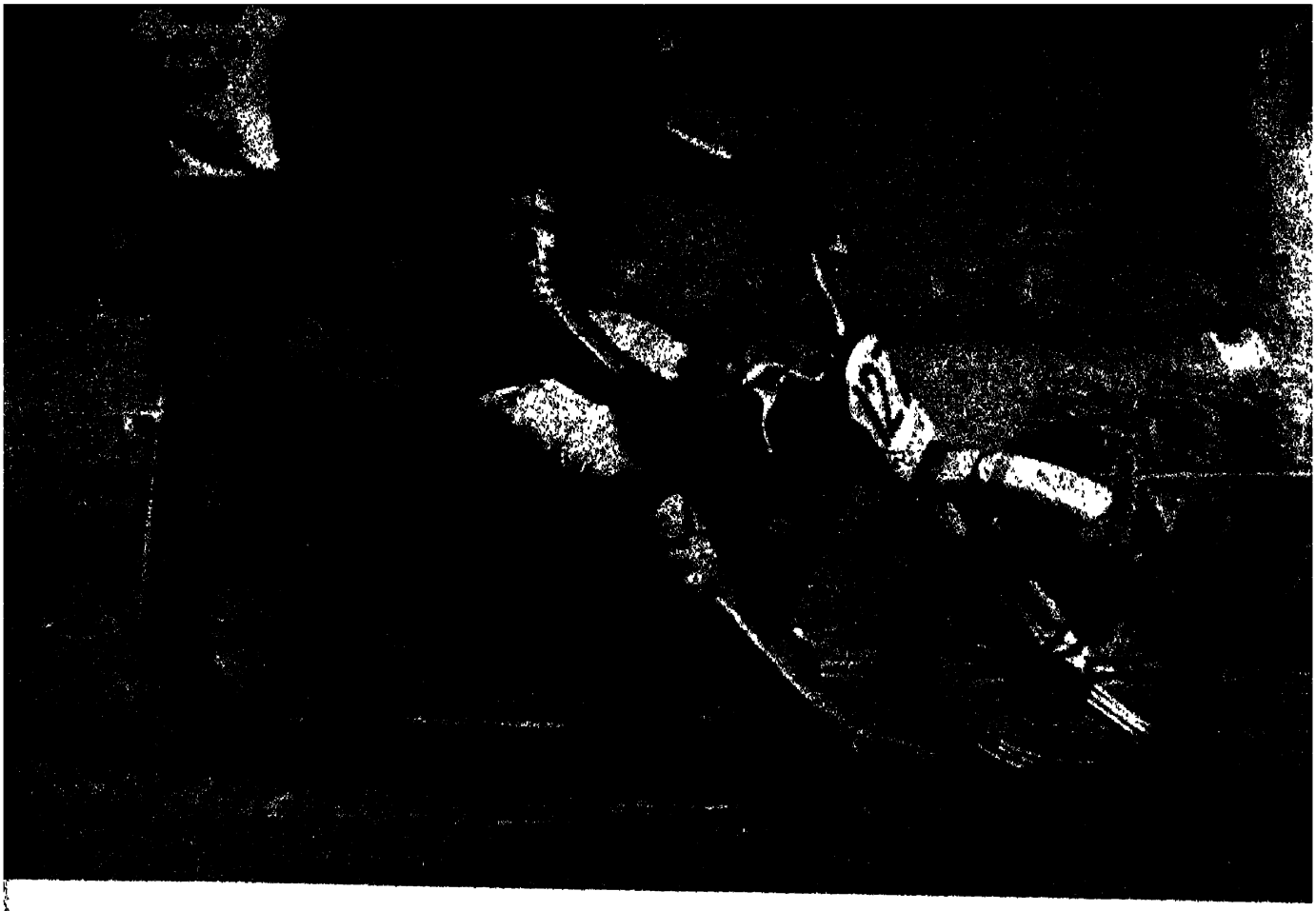


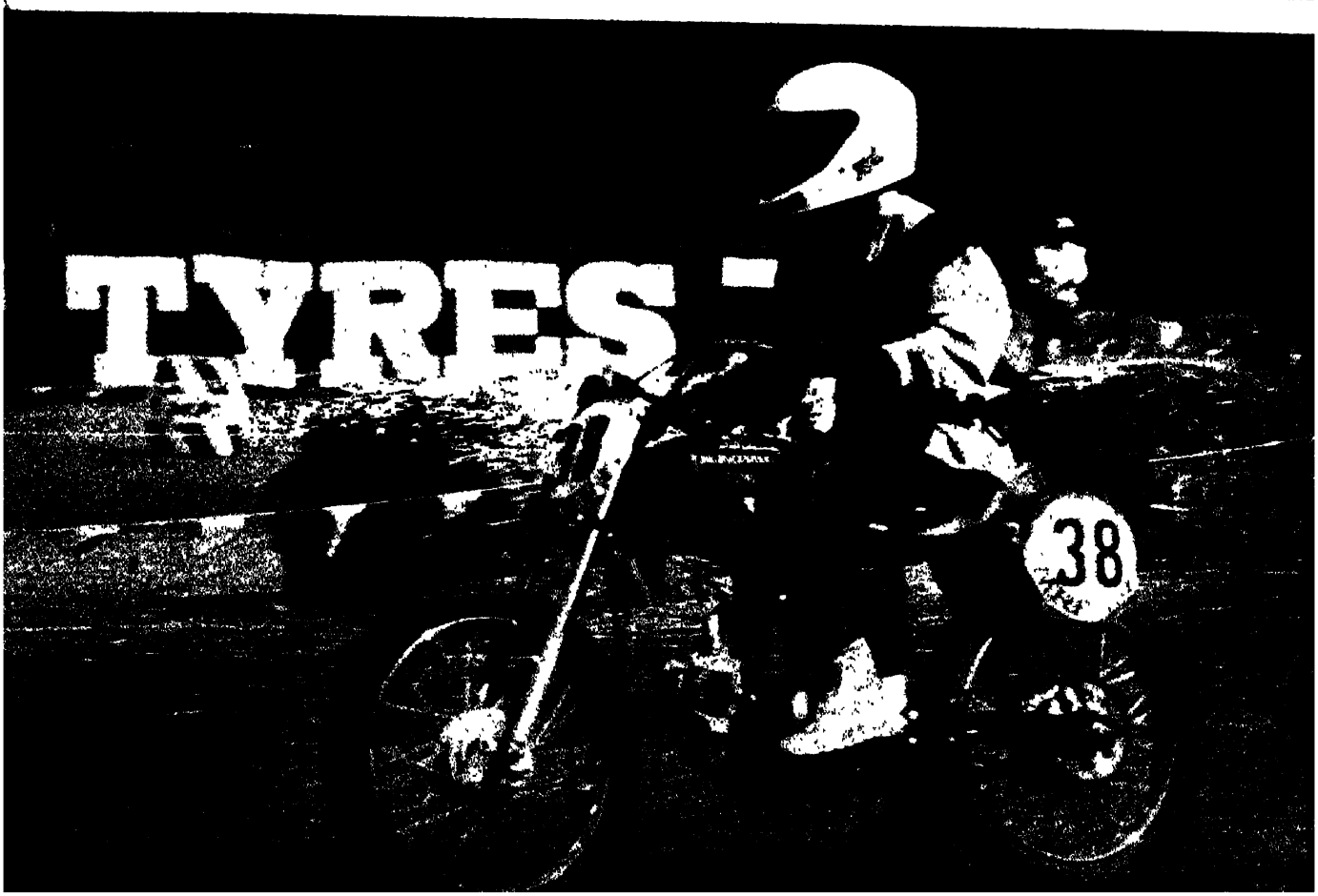
Botham infuriated

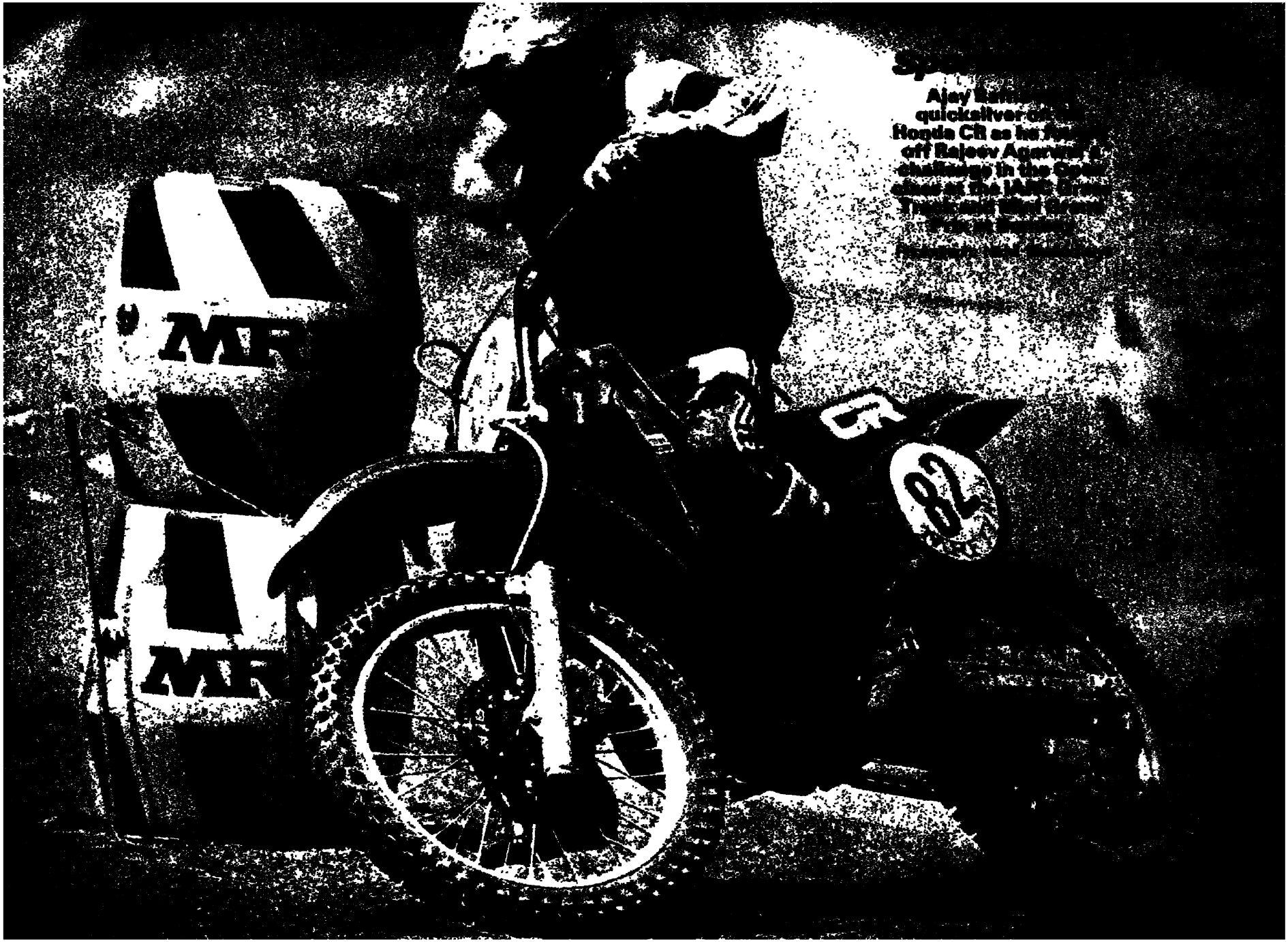
his decision that he was sacking his manager Ian Hudson. The self styled Lord Ian was quoted in the *Daily Star* as saying while in Los Angeles that the English allrounder was a regular taker of soft drugs. Hudson has since denied making the allegations but he did not keep an appointment to meet Botham in Trinidad to talk about the matter. He instead flew back to London.

Sad

A GANG of six terrorists struck again at two places in Ludhiana city. At least twelve were killed and another twelve people were injured. Nowadays even playing a friendly cricket game is unsafe. The terrorists even shot at the Dresst grounds where some were playing cricket there. One of the seriously injured persons was identified as Vijay Mehra a former Punjab Ranji Trophy player. Talk about not sparing the innocent.




TYRES
38



Putting your best foot forward

WITH more and more people taking to sport the entire gambit has undergone a change that can only augur well for the future Apart from the body benefitting from all the exercise it also has started revelling in the comforts provided by the ever growing sports goods industry

Nowadays a sportsman can pick and choose what he want to wear while sweating it out Be it a tracksuit or a swetsuit you have a wide range to pick from But the widest range open to a sportsman is surely in footwear Taking into account that the feet are vital to almost any form of exercise or sport people in the sports goods industry have launched in all out war to shod the feet that matter Many people are taken up by the makes worn by their idols and follow suit Others are more concious of looks than usefulness while still others are just concerned about wearing something endorsed by a designers signature

But the truly discerning sportsman will pick his shoe carefully They are an integral part of any sports enthusiasts programme and can make the difference between your sticking to your exercise programme or your quitting because of sore feet But with such a wide range of shoes to choose from at least for those who live abroad or have the opportunity to go abroad and pick up a pair of sports shoes for themselves it can be quite confusing to choose the pair that is best suited to your type of feet

Every sportsman has specific requirements for his feet To provide the proper support and cushioning that is needed to keep the feet free from any sort of complaints all the leading sports shoe manufacturers have woven intricate technology into their manufacturing processes and come up with a shoe for almost every conceiveable type of foot

It started off with shoes having more cushioning on the sole to lessen the pounding impact on the foot Then it progressed to arch supports and padded heel tabs Now is we are entering an era of air soles and built in computers to log the miles covered by the wearer the array presented can make you spend quite some time deciding on which shoe to buy

If you are of the opinion that a shoe is a shoe and that's the end of it then you are sadly mistaken There is tremendous science in sports shoe technology and by the time you are finished with understanding it you could very well have done a minor course on foot medicine Shoes depend on way you run and the way your feet are shaped Some people have flat feet but will not need as much support as a man who has flat feet and runs awkwardly Others have different modes of landing and if you can find a shoe that is designed to take that sort of treatment you will find that your feet are in much better condition apart from your shoe bills being considerably lower

Each year brings new models into the market and it is upto you to gauge whether the new models are just a result of mere window dressing or are actually functional The idea is to have shoes that fit better and improve performance If the changes made by a manufacturer can measure up to any of these guidelines then he has developed with the times And with the competition at the level that it is it nowadays it is only to be expected that you are the beneficiary of an entirely new range of shoe that are designed to wrap around and caress any type of foot that you can think of



When you start thinking of buying your next pair of sports shoes the first thing that you have to do is identify the type of feet you have This is important because that will determine the basic shoe that you require The correct way to term this would be motion control and this is technology's most important contribution to running shoe design If you are becoming particular about the shoe you might as well get educated about motion control And to know about motion control you have to know your feet

The best way to start getting to know your feet is to find out how they react to your body weight You could do this either by wetting your feet and standing on an absorbent flat surface or by tracing your feet on paper As both methods will give imprints of the foot it does not really matter as to which has to be followed But the important thing is to be normal It does not help if you hold your feet in any way that is different to how you normally do Get an imprint while sitting on a chair then while standing with your weight even distributed on both feet and then while standing on one foot

(Continued next week)

Against all odds

Tony Lewis reports on the Asia Cup cricket tournament at Sri Lanka

WHEN I withdrew from the A competition in Sri Lank Board of Control there mu t onsidered calling it off F tely for cricket they did not Of urse the tournament lo t the t tive dimension of the first cup lders defending their trophy but as it turned out i Sri Lanka win against the odds w is excitement enough

Three countries conte ted the Asi Cup—Sri Lanka Pakistan and Bang ladesh and by late arrangement New Zealand joined in a triangular contest which t in concurrently This was won by Pakistan who for a long time looked to be in a class of their own

The opening ceremony took place at the Sinhalese Sports Club in Colombo His excellency J R Jayawardene said a few words and among others who took the microphone the President of the Asian Cricket Conference Gamini Dissanayake reaffirmed their belief that the game of cricket was greater than the veto of the Indian people and that the show should go on The three teams were led into the stadium by schoolgirl bands uniformed in the colours of the country which imbled behind Imran and Javed Miandad both wearing dark sunglasses provided sharp contrast to their sweet young musicians a couple of Mafioso let loose in a ballet class

The traditional oil lamp was lit by the hands of all nations present and after a lengthy burst of national dancing all superbly done the talking was over and the scene set for the morrow Sri Lanka versus Pakistan at the P Sara Stadium

I arrived from Britain to hear that bad tempers had almost ruined the Sri Lanka Pakistan Test series which had just ended Imran had threatened to take his side home if the umpiring errors were not checked Javed Miandad had kept over a boundary fence to threaten a spectator with his bat

Therefore in this first Asia Cup match the most important men in Colombo were the neutral umpires from England Dickie Bird and David Shepherd Flown out late from England and obviously jet lagged they still did a superb job Pakistan wanted to change the ball after 17 overs It was tossed at Shepherd who gave it but a swift glance squeezed it and lobbed it back to the bowler The large crowd cheered

This did not stop Pakistan from winning this game by 81 runs Moshin Khan was the Man of the Match for his 39 runs top score of both innings on a pitch which helped seam as well as spin Only Kuruppu with 34 got over twenty for Sri Lanka

Bangladesh had a tense start against Pakistan and were simply out of their depth Pakistan won by eight wickets with oceans of time to spare The pitch at the Moratuwa Ground down along the Galle Road out of Colombo was wickedly slow and unsuited to international play However the importance of Bangladesh's presence was the weight it gave the whole conception of an Asian conference Reaching this finals stage by qualifying in a preliminary tournament



Had it not been for a painful blow to the calf muscle, Imran Khan might have made a difference

against Hong Kong and Singapore, they are a country aspiring urgently towards higher things and it is excellent that they can be lined up with three Test-playing nations in order to understand the playing standards which go with the highest class of cricket.

They have one problem at home—pitches. There are five million people in Dhaka, almost three million in Chittagong but a fast-reducing number of grounds where they might play cricket. Even the members of this national side play mostly on concrete. Special matches are on matting, and for their best cricket, say for the visit of a touring country, they will prepare a turf strip.

I was able to suggest to them that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for Bangladesh to achieve Test match playing standards as long as the only form of cricket played in the country was 40-45 over games.

Bangladesh lost to Sri Lanka at Kandy. Then Sri Lanka were beaten by New Zealand in the triangular trophy, so we reached the Asia Cup final with only one conviction. Pakistan could scarcely lose.

Cricket is not like that, however. And the sequence of previous encounters between the countries made Sri Lanka's win all the more surprising. Of the last nine one-day internationals between them, Pakistan had won seven, two being abandoned without result.

The pitch at the Sinhalese Sports Club was the best of the series, yet it was hot and humid and the ball swung. Pakistan lost Mudassar, Moshin Khan, Rameez Raja and Imran Khan for 32 runs by the 8th over. Then came the heroic innings, according with the perfect script for a 45-over match. Javed Miandad grafted, then nudged singles, scampered twos and ended by playing savage cuts, punching on-drives and generally scoring off every ball for 68. Salim Malik helped him put on 40, Mansoor Elahi joined a stand of 60 and Abdul Qadir flailed the ball for his own lightning 30. Pakistan—191.

Sri Lanka got off to a racey start and then got stuck in the face of the bowling of Qadir and Mansoor Elahi, one spinning, the other swinging. The youngsters panicked—Kuruppu got rubbled by Miandad's placing of a silly-point and gave a catch off bat and pad. Mahanama slogged and was caught, Gurusinghe did not read the googly and snicked one to Zulqarnain.

Then occurred the most important tactical error of the game. Imran had left the field. A blow sustained at the back of the calf muscle had made it stiffen painfully and he could hardly walk. Javed Miandad took over and was left with the mighty problem as to who was to bowl Imran's 9 overs and when.

Possibly, he got the 'who' right—a combination of Salim Malik and Mudassar—but he certainly got the 'when' wrong.

He decided, with Ranatunge and Aravinda De Silva at the crease, both without a run to their names, he would try Salim and Mudassar at the same time, one from each end. Not only did he remove the pressure which Qadir and Elahi had built up, but he allowed two talented players to begin their innings against part-time bowling. By the time he brought back the best again, they were in unstoppable form. Ranatunge accelerated as they ran countless cheeky singles. Eventually Pakistan broke in the face of sheer brilliance. Javed had created a torrent from a trickle. Leadership is like that.

The Asia Cup was a success, because of this final ingredient of a Sri Lanka win against all predictions. However, no one underestimated the absence of India, and the representatives of a wide cricket world were delighted to see the Indian Board of Control representatives arrive for the Asian Cricket Conference meeting. It was happy for Sri Lanka that they demonstrated the merits of staying 'on stage' whatever the disturbances off it.



Arjuna Ranatunga benefited from a tactical error by the Pakistanis to play himself into unstoppable form

Everton and Liverpool: Moving towards a Merseyside Derby

"Liverpool's Ian Rush creates the headline of a FA Cup tie the morning after the Merseyside Derby has vanquished Watford in the FA Cup quarter final. It refers to Ian Rush the Welsh international striker who scored the winning goal in extra time. There was a shaft of light between two Watford defenders but it was enough for Rush to guide the ball home via a post beyond the goalkeeper's despairing dive. Of such stuff are the game's great goal stealers made. For them the half chance is unlikely to go abegging let alone full blooded ones. Small wonder that soccer's pedigree strikers are measured in gold or million pound and dollar notes.

Take for example Mark Hughes of Manchester United who started the season in a blaze of glory but whose deeds since have ceased to light up the football sky as his club struggle with disappointment after disappointment. He hasn't been scoring for them recently – which perhaps is part of their problem – yet even his lacklustre form has tempted Barcelona to part with £1 million and more for his services. He is after all a striker and one who may come good at any time and handsomely repay the expense.

But it is to the present one must turn. Watford has held Liverpool at Anfield to a goalless draw. At home their chances were surely better. Indeed they looked positively rosy only four minutes from time when they led by a first half John Barnes goal scored from a free kick dangerously near the Liverpool penalty box. Liverpool schemed and pressed without breaking their opponents down. Player manager Kenny Dalglish then brought himself on and though 35 and short of the vital extra yard of pace his vision and touch were a joy to behold. More importantly they began to unlock the obstacles in Liverpool's path. Rush in a surge for goal was brought down in the Watford penalty area and Jim Molby made no mistake from the spot kick.

So near and yet so far. Watford chins dropped somewhat after that and it seemed almost inevitable that Liverpool would score. It was Dalglish who trapped the ball and turned on the proverbial six pence before slipping it to Rush who shot home.

Once again Liverpool had displayed their character to take a match coming in from behind. Reputations such as theirs have been earned in the most testing of situations at home and abroad. No game for them is ever lost unless it is won by their opponents at the final whistle.



Colorsport

Dalglish is Liverpool's visionary and messiah

Liverpool now meet Southampton whom they beat a couple of days before in the League 2-1 in the semi final. In this League encounter too Liverpool were a goal down thanks to one of goalkeeper Grobbelaar's rushes of blood when having stormed out of his box and conceded a needless throw he then allowed Lawrence's shot off Bond's headed pass to bounce into the net through his legs. Liverpool got the equaliser through Wark after Molby had sliced open the Saints defence and Rush cleverly laid the ball off for his partner. Wark soon reciprocated by heading down Johnston's cross for Rush to score his memorable 22nd goal of the season.

So Liverpool gained their 63rd point in 33 games and now stand second in the First Division table to Everton who by drawing 1-1 with championship contenders Chelsea maintain top position with 66 points from 32 games. Chelsea who have played 29 games are fourth with 58 points while just above them are Manchester United with 59 from 31 games. Lower down in seventh place are West Ham United with 51 points from only 27 games—which surely makes them also one of the favourites for the League title.

The Everton Chelsea tie was critical and its frantic pace perhaps told its own tale. It was thus more a blood and guts affair with the silken skills usually

associated with the League leaders at a low premium It was hardly surprising when Chelsea took the lead through an excellently taken chance by Jerry Campbell for their illustrious opponents looked out of sorts and struggled to find their true rhythm But find it they did in the dying minutes when Kevin Sheedy flying header was right on target for the equaliser Everton's striker the deservedly prized Gary Lineker had a moderate match by his exalted standards having taken his tally of goal for the season to 33 At 25 he must be at the peak of his powers and is certain to be a major force for England in the World Cup in Mexico Why it took so long for one of the top clubs to awaken to his gifts remains a mystery for Lineker at Leicester City was at an unknown quantity His match winner for Everton in the replayed F A Cup quarter final against Luton was a gem

Everton and Liverpool are both in the F A Cup semi finals The former meet Sheffield Wednesday who beat West Ham by a solitary goal while the latter take on Southampton Already pundits are speculating on a possible Merseyside Derby at Wembley The soccer gods could foul up all and plump instead for a Southampton versus Sheffield Wednesday final Somehow one doubts that True Liverpool have a fairly indifferent record in this competition having won it only once under Bill Shankly's management His successor Bob Paisley took everything from the League championship to the European Cup but the F A Cup eluded him As it also did Joe Fagan who followed him and retired at the end of last season But that is all in the past Liverpool pride themselves on creating history Under Kenny Dalglish who will be so bold as to rule out their chances of reaching Wembley or eventually climbing up its hallowed steps to collect the trophy?



Colorsport

Trevor Stevens, guiding Everton to victory

As for Everton submerged in the shadows of Liverpool for a decade and a half they emerged last year into the limelight to carry off the League championship the European Cup Winners Cup European Cup falling to Manchester United in the final of the F A Cup The years of drought had clearly given way to a flood Liverpool Everton would certainly set the nation alight

But there is always a danger of counting ones chickens prematurely West Ham for instance were having a dream Cup and League run before being brought to earth with a bump by Sheffield Wednesday who knocked them out of the quarter final of the F A Cup A few days later they succumbed to Arsenal in the League by a solitary goal scored by John Woodcock Such was the tension that the Hammers skipper Alvin Martin an England World Cup probable had a set to with David O'Leary and was sent off by the referee

As for Manchester United they fell to lowly Queens Park Rangers 1 nil in League which is the only title left open to them Their manager the flamboyant Ron Atkinson is subdued and silent as he reflects on the success story of October and November that went badly wrong in the subsequent months His predecessor the colourful Tommy Docherty was quoted as saying that with the £7 million pounds that Atkinson had spent on buying players he could bought up the League as well and saved himself the trouble of any competition There is obviously no love lost between the two Atkinson has spent prodigiously and his results are anything but prodigious United thrive on success and they haven't won the League since 1967 when Matt Busby was in charge His were the halcyon days of George Best Denis Law Bobby Charlton Pat Crerand and the rest

A fascinating curtain raiser to Mexico was provided by Brazil's two encounters in Europe first against West Germany then with Hungary Apart from their Italian exiles Zico Junior and Dirceu the Brazilians were at full strength against the Germans There were glimpses of their breathtaking magic but as in Spain four years ago their defence was rickety and they lost 2 nil Hungary worsted them 3 nil and Tele Santana their manager has only a short two months to put together a squad reminiscent of his country's golden years Politics and drift sadly have taken their toll of Brazilian football

Preman Addy

Sporting Family Life

SUPERSTARS have always been labelled as detached professionals who are incapable of feeling any emotions or being bound down by family ties. And not without reason.

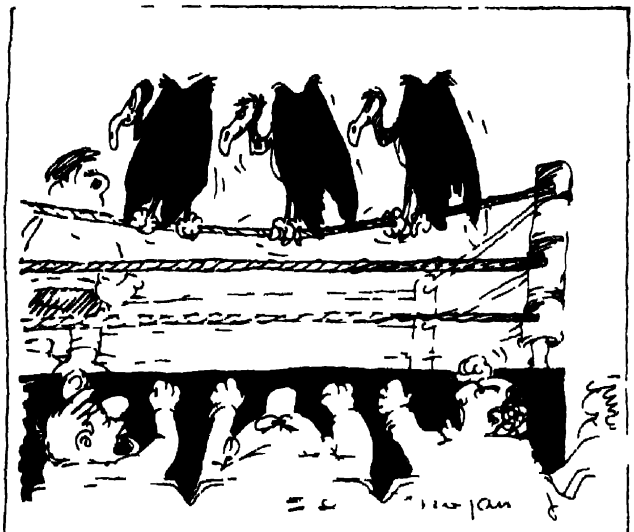
But that does not mean that the rest of their family shares the same feeling. This was shown up recently when Martina Navratilova's seven-year-old sister Jana defected from Czechoslovakia with her fiance and applied for asylum in the United States of America. An accomplished tennis player herself, Jana and her fiance arrived in Bonn, West Germany and applied for political asylum which they have been granted. It seems like she wants to enrol to her elder sister who obtained political asylum in the United States in 1975 and was granted citizenship in 1981.

Royal Treatment

GREG MATTHEWS, the Australian all-rounder, was hit on the back of the head by a hard boiled egg after scoring a century during Australia's recent tour of New Zealand. While it was not enough to hurt him, it did make Matthews feel a little dejected.

But he soon cheered up the next day when the Queen, who was on an official visit to New Zealand along with Prince Philip, was also hit by an egg while visiting an Auckland racecourse. This promptly brought back the impish smile to Matthews' face as he remarked that he didn't mind being hit by eggs since he was being treated like royalty.

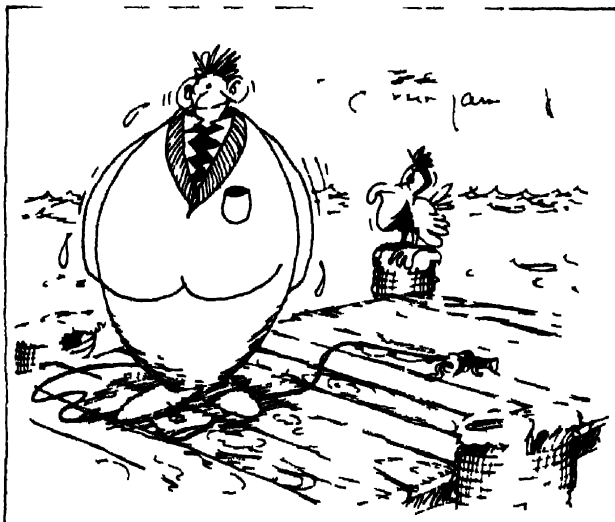
Pradeep Paul



"Down in front! Down in front!"



"Surf and turf?"



Fishing fashions.



The man who loved fish.

Lobe story

Ear not there

POLICE brutality is somehow usually associated with the thud of truncheons in musty cells or the peverse beating of an innocent(?) roadside protester Yet an ambitious officer from Cardiff decided to flavour this association with his particular brand of brutality and proceeded to bite off the ear lobe of his opponent in a local rugby game And while this anonymous erstwhile gentleman has been suspended and is facing charges the irony of the story was compounded by the fact that his opponent was none other than a fellow police officer from Newport Latest reports have confirmed that P C Keith Jones s ear lobe could not be successfully stitched back on

Francis writes

About Piggott s rides

DICK FRANCIS is one of the world s foremost thriller writers who has a penchant for horses Lester Piggott is arguably the world s greatest jockey ever though we re not sure whether he has a penchant for thrillers However publisher Michael Joseph decided that the combination was perfect and Francis was assigned as Piggott s official biographer

Two observations were aired regarding this tandem project The first concerned the fact that the book was mooted in 1972 yet took so long to be completed This in reference to Francis s ability to churn out books with the speed of the legendary Erle Stanley



Gardner Francis explained Lester is very uncommunicative People don t realise that he is totally deaf and has to lip read It was a most difficult task

Francis was then criticised for focussing only on Piggotts brilliance without having dwelt on the controversies which followed the jockey throughout his career Parrying this allegation Francis had the perfect answer Why should I paint a black picture of him? It s his book Bravo Francis

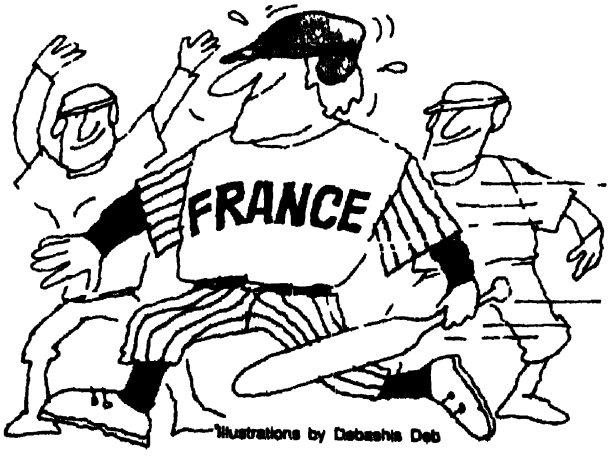
English fans

A violent lot

A Scotland Yard statement that soccer related violence was being organised on a major scale by certain individuals And with 40 undercover officers at work attending matches and travelling with fans to various areas it is apparent that the situation is extremely volatile And last month s raid on a house in London s Fulham area was a frightening example of the extent of mayhem which could be unleashed in this soccer crazy country

The raid just prior to England s away international against the Soviet Union unearthed a veritable arsenal There were switchblades and fixed blade knives crossbows daggers clubs iron bars scalpel blades spiked brass knuckles and certain material concerning the National Front a extremist right wing organisation

If these weapons along with the occasional revolver were to be smuggled into the various stadia not just opposing fans but players as well could be prime targets The repercussions of such an incident are unimaginable and the seven people arrested in the raid should be dealt with severely to set a harsh precedent And for those who disagree! Remember Brussels



Illustrations by Debashis Deb

Baseball

and the French?

Can you imagine the English playing kabbadi the Italians playing cricket the Americans playing sepak takraw or the Indians playing ice hockey? No I don t think so

Yet can you imagine the delicate French playing baseball? Well I m afraid you ll have to because the experimentation has already begun Last month 16 players representing the Institut Superieur de Gestion a business school in Paris visited New York to play against some local college teams Business school? Playing baseball?

However they began against Iona College and were subsequently and obviously decimated Iona hit 10 runs in the first innings decided diplomatically not to keep score in the second though coach Trombino said We could have scored 100 today

Anyway they seemed happy enough with Yank catcher Murphy swearing he saw one of them jotting down notes though French captain Florent Michel departed with a It s something unusual " That s what the average Indian would have say about ice-hockey

DIARY



Associated Press

Mahdjoub Ben Bella, an Algerian painter poses on his paintwork cobblestone that the riders of the next Paris-Roubaix cycle race will pass This new style of painting which is blue, red yellow and white covers almost 10 km

April Xu Yongqin emerges as the fastest woman walker in the world record while winning the 10 000m walk at an athletic meet in Jinxi in China Yongqin clocks 41 minutes 19 seconds to better her previous world record by over half a minute

April Denmark stamp their mark of authority on world badminton as Morten Frost and Kirsten Larsen go through to beat England in the final of the European badminton championship at Uppsala Sweden

Mike Gatting England's vice captain on the tour of West Indies fails to get a fitness certificate as his thumb which he fractured during the match against Barbados is still sore This is Gatting's second injury of the tour having broken his nose earlier in the first one day international

Ivan Lendl who had blamed his loss to Becker to a bone chip in his right knee is examined by an orthopaedic surgeon in New York and finds out that there is no bone chip and the painful inflamation may be due to a tear in the quadriceps tendon

April India get a 0 3 drubbing from West Germany in their first match at the Champions Trophy hockey tournament at Karachi In the other matches played today Britain and Pakistan share points with a 1 1 draw and Australia beat Holland by four goals to one

Joel Big Bird Garner plays havoc with the English batting as he picks up four wickets for 43 runs to reduce England to 200 all out in their first innings in the fourth Test at Port of Spain At close of play on the first day West Indies reply with 12 for no loss

A West German expedition to Mount Dhaulagiri in Nepal is hit by an avalanche and loses two of their team members The deceased are identified as Rudolf Springman and Hermann Ebert

April Australia are shocked by the odd goal in five by West Germany in the Champions Trophy hockey tournament at Karachi Also in the winning mood are Holland as they get past Britain 2 1

England do a good job of restricting the West Indies batsmen to 271 for seven on the second day of the fourth Test at Port of Spain

New Zealand warm up for the Australasia Cup at Sharjah by posting an easy six wicket victory over Sri Lanka in a one day international at Colombo Chasing the Lankan score of 137 for nine New Zealand score 140



Associated Press



Cambridge (top left) pull away from Oxford as they pass under London's Hammersmith Bridge during the University Boat Race held annually on the Thames Cambridge won the race by seven lengths, their first win since 1975

April India notch up their first win of the eighth Champions Trophy hockey tournament at Karachi as they edge past Pakistan 3 2

The West Indies make a mockery of the English team as they scuttle them out for just 150 in their second innings and score the required 39 runs for victory with over an hour to spare on the third day

Sri Lanka erupts with joy and a public holiday is declared by the President as their cricket team emerges as the one day champions of Asia Playing Pakistan in the final Sri Lanka overhaul the Pakistani total of 191 for nine with five wickets to spare

Zeeshan Ali India's talented junior tennis player currently playing the South East Asian circuit finishes as the runner up to Srichapan Thanakoron of Thailand in the boys singles of the Hong Kong Open junior tennis championship

April Australia outplay India by three goals to nil in the Champions Trophy hockey tournament at Karachi to reduce India's chances even further In the other match West Germany and Britain share points with a 1 1 draw

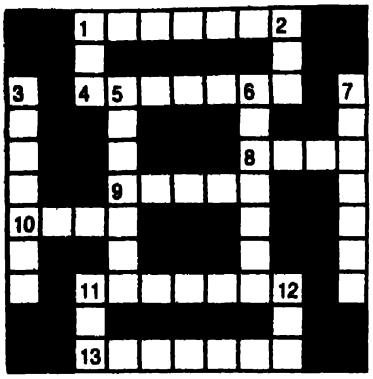
Pakistan bounce back from their Asia Cup loss to Sri Lanka to beat New Zealand by four wickets in a one day international at Colombo Chasing the New Zealand score of 214 for eight Pakistan score 217 for six

April The Champions Trophy hockey tournament at Karachi has to rest content with drawn encounters as Pakistan and Holland and Australia and Britain share points in their respective matches

CROSSWORD

Mudar

331



ACROSS

1 Mercenary editor for an Australian tennis player (3 4)
4 This Trophy given to the winner of the motor cycle race in the Isle of Man may be mistaken for an overseas traveller (7)
8 Wicketkeeper batsman with more than hundred first class centuries (4)
9 Shall I never storm or— just because the umpire s fair? (5)
10 Dhyan Chand s kin is indigent the other way around (4)
11 Kiwi runner winner of the 800m in the 1960 Olympics (5 1 1)
13 Rags and Arkle to the cricketing world (7)

DOWN

1 A long jumper lands in this (3)
2 Sort of trick a bowler dreams of conjuring (3)
3 Central Uruguayan Railway Cricket Club until 1913 is now better known as a soccer side (7)
5 Cricket ng delivery which deviates from the off to leg (3 4)
6 Shapely name for India s leading Test umpire till recently (7)
7 Association footballer for Benfica and Portugal ends in a circle (7)
11 Title common to Sobers Ramsey Hobbs and Hutton (3)
12 This break moves to the off coming up (3)

Excellent: 15-14, Good: 13, Fair: 12.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

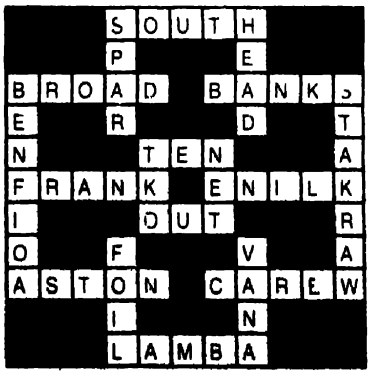
QUESTIONS

1 Which country has won the PIA Champions Trophy (Hockey) most times?
2 When did India lose a hockey championship fight to Pakistan on goal average?
3 Which team won the Durand Cup in the first post Independence tourna ment?
4 When was the Rovers Cup shared for the first time?
5 What does ICF indicate?
6 In canoeing which is the fastest boat?
7 When did India concede for the first time more than one goal in an Olympic hockey match?
8 What is Octopush?
9 Five brothers represented Australia in the Olympic Games at Hockey Who are they?

ANSWERS

1 Australia (1983 1985)
2 Hyderabad Police (b Mohun Bagan 3 2 1 0)
3 1967 When the Brazilian Andhra Pradesh Police and Bengal drew 1 1 1
4 Inter Action Zone Federation Cup Kuwait 1982 Four s on over 200m in about 1 minute
5 When it last to New Zealand in the 1968 Jamie s at Mexico City
6 The time sometimes used for under water hockey in England
7 The Pearce brothers Mel Ccil Eric (London and Julian

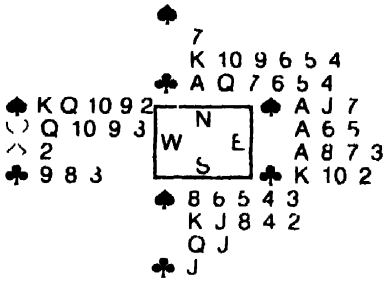
SOLUTION 303



BRIDGE

B r schap rc

To quality for the final of the Tournament of Champions at Deadville the French needed a clear win against Holland I was among the spectators who witnessed the last board



North South were vulnerable and this was the bidding on bridger ama

South	West	North	East
Perron	Maas	Chemi t Schi	
	pass	pass	pers
pass	IS	2NT	lc
pass	pa s	redble	dblc
3D	pass	pa s	pass
pass	pass	pas	dble

Note Chemi t lo ver n ol of his two suiter Perron uffe the 7 de le ad in dummy and led a club to the 9 He followed with a p ade f l lub and a club ruff Then he ran the 10 cond trump overtaking in dummy E t won and shortened the dummy with another spade

After two more rounds of diamonds East held the long rump He used this to ruff a club then had to lead a low heart Perron went up with the king and this was his ninth trick 670 to France In the closed room meanwhile the bidding had been

South	West	North	East
Mulder	Rei	Re hat u	Sharif
	plinger	2NT	dble
3D	pass	5D	dble
pass	4D	pass	
	pass		

To use 2NT to displa, a minor two suiter seems idiotic to me and the advance to five diamonds was a bad mistake East would probably have played in four hearts South in five diamonds doubled misjudged the hearts and lost 800 This was 16 match points to France just enough to carry them to the final against Italy which they won after a close match

A GAME ENJOYED

In the second extract from his autobiography, **Peter May** focuses attention on the issues that faced cricket in his playing days and now. His attitude to one of them—limited-overs cricket—is this: '...harmless and profitable. But in the long term will the game—and its finances—benefit if a generation grows up to believe that cricket is just slogging and not the age-old duel between bowlers and batsmen?' The book is published by Stanley Paul and priced at £9.95

Cricket's Problems Today and Tomorrow

I WAS not directly involved with the Packer descent on cricket in 1977, although I have had plenty of opportunity to assess at close quarters its after-effects. At the time I was distressed by its divisiveness and by the way that in some cases it destroyed traditional loyalties, especially those to one's country.

To my knowledge there had been no discontent among players in England. There may have been some in Australia, where cricket was not a fulltime occupation for so many, but the state captains had just thanked the Board for what was being done to improve the players' lot. It was still in most cases not a game to be played purely for money, but ideally by players qualified for other jobs beside cricket.

In England the Cricketers' Association had been consulted on every major issue affecting players. The Association, just as much as the Board, must have deplored the covert way in which the defections were achieved, though I suppose that in any business move like that—and this one basically concerned exclusive Australian television rights—secrecy is all important.

What has it left behind? On the profit side, more sponsorship. There had been no shortage of sponsors before, but, stimulated by this new commercial invasion of the game, they were prepared to put more money in now. Where this penetrates to the grassroots, that is a thoroughly good thing; and I have said that I do not grudge the leading players their greater rewards so long as they do not allow fringe benefits to interfere with the main reason for their prosperity, which is their cricket.

I am not entirely sure that the



average county player is much better off than he would have been without the Packer business and indeed there has been at least one season when the Cricketers' Association has asked the TCCB not to increase the fees for Test matches because they were getting out of proportion to what non-Test players could earn.

But with the big rewards there came, so it seemed to me, a changed approach to the game. Some of the reports of behaviour on the field in Australia and by West Indies in New Zealand have appalled and disenchanted those brought up in days when the courtesies and manners of the game were observed by everyone, not least by the professionals.

Even in England where players and administrators run things in general harmony, disciplinary action has to be taken far more frequently nowadays. Sometimes the authorities overreact, sometimes they are too weak. It is very hard to hit the right degree of punishment for infringements of the game's code of conduct. For one thing, if suspension seems the proper punishment for a leading player, the Board or relevant authority must not allow itself to be influenced by knowing that this would upset the sponsors.

The intense way in which the so-called instant cricket is played has much to do with excesses. Matches, and the rewards attached to them, engender a heat of excitement in which umpires' decisions are questioned in a manner which would never have been tolerated once.

This is an area of the modern game about which I am particularly concerned. One of my first acts on becoming chairman of selectors was to ask the new captain, Bob Willis, to do his best to stamp out bad behaviour and dissension on the field. He made an excellent job of it but it is not easy to eliminate unruly behaviour in your own side when their opponents are behaving badly—and sometimes profiting by it, for example by excessive appealing which can bully umpires into making mistakes.

The burden on the umpire has become depressingly heavy, heavier still because his decisions are subjected to playbacks on television. However sympathetically these are done, people forget the decisions he gets right and remember the few which he gets wrong.

We pride ourselves in England on having the best umpires in the world, partly because they are either former first-class cricketers themselves or because, through standing in a full first-class programme, they have absorbed the thinking of first-class players. If an international panel of Test umpires is ever formed—to eliminate not biased umpiring, which I believe is a rarity, but bad and inexperienced umpiring—I would expect a high proportion of its members to be English.

But it is unrealistic even in England to expect all our umpires to tackle the wide range of duties now required of them and at the same time to have the toughness of character to resist the pressures put on them by ill-behaved players. They may unanimously agree at meetings in the quiet of the close season on what action should be taken on bad behaviour and unfair play, but that is very different from deciding in the heat of battle, perhaps when weary at the end of a long hot day, the exact degree of a player's transgression and whether he has overstepped the mark.

I have always admired Dickie Bird's handling of difficult situations. He does not duck away from them but brings an element of humour to the scene and has the respect of players. He is often considered to be an eccentric and to that extent reminds me of Alec Skelding of Leicestershire, a veteran umpire in the 1950s. Alec was not as good an umpire as Dickie Bird. For one thing, his fading eyesight prevented it. He made many mistakes but got a lot right by cricket instinct and he was such a lovely character that the players did everything they could to help him.

A big difference between my time as a player and today is that the umpire is now required to do much of what should properly be the captain's job. Control of short-pitched bowling is one example.

The best fast bowlers of my day did not bowl a succession of shortpitched balls. The odd bouncer was considered a legitimate weapon in the fast bowler's armoury and also added to the variety for the watching spectators. But there was honour if one was bowled to an inept, illequipped late-order batsman.

I well remember Ray Lindwall's words on the subject: 'If I can't bowl out nine, ten, jack by pitching the ball up, I shouldn't be in the side.'

Apart from the dangerous and bullying aspects, an excess of short fast bowling is not only ineffective against stout-hearted batsmen but downright boring. It cheats both crowd and opponents, for the batsman has few chances to play strokes. The drive becomes almost extinct. The game loses its character and its attractiveness. Who, apart presumably from the bowler, wants to play or watch a game in which batting for the majority (I except the most skilful and the really tall batsman) is largely a struggle to survive without injury, not a duel of strokes and subtlety with the bowler?

Professionals of my generation still wag their heads sadly at the demise of the amateur, although I am sure that for the sake of the game's reputation and for economic reasons, it had to come.

It is a poor game when four fast bowlers fire away with next to no relief from spin. The ideal remains two fast bowlers, one medium-pacer and two spinners, which must make it a more interesting game to watch and play.

There is no easy solution. One country may lay down special conditions, as did the TCCB when, following an International Cricket Conference suggestion, it limited bouncers to one an over, but if visiting sides refuse to abide by this, the home players are put at a disadvantage. The most feasible solutions lie in the hands of captains, who must realize that the spirit of the game is being infringed by intimidation by their bowlers, and of umpires, who must be firm in acting on what is now a clear directive from the Laws.

The hope that this may one day come about no doubt stamps me as an impractical idealist, but I see no legislation at the moment, in the present climate of differing world opinion, which can both maintain the game's variety and curb excesses.

I appreciate that the captain, like the umpire, has a harder task today, in his case because he does not have the same authority as the amateur captain had. After the Second World War the amateur had a hard time establishing himself in first-class cricket. Bowlers would run up with appreciably greater zest when they saw a 'fancy cap' at the other end. But once an amateur had made his mark as a good enough player and a good leader, his stoutest supporters would be the professionals who appreciated the spirit in which he played and recognized that, not earning his livelihood from the game, he was in a stronger position to represent them with the committee.

Professionals of my generation still wag their heads sadly at the demise of the amateur, although I am sure that for the sake of the game's reputation and for economic reasons it had to come. An amateur might not have been paid for playing but if, through advertising and writing for newspapers, he earned more than the professionals and indeed deprived them of their perks, his position made a mockery of amateur status and was understandable cause for resentment.

I myself think that the game lost a lot with the fading from the scene of the old position of senior professional, the captain's chief of staff, who looked after dressing-room discipline and



One other respect in which I believe the game has lost some of its charm and unpredictability, is through the total covering of pitches I feel that if they were uncovered, the spinners would not nowadays have the opportunity which they once had of bowling on sticky pitches

whose word was law Every county seemed to have the knack of finding the right man for the job

One other respect in which I believe the game has lost some of its charm and unpredictability is through the now total covering of pitches I freely admit that if they were uncovered the spinner would not nowadays have the opportunity which he once had of bowling on sticky pitches The last bowlers would be given the job Whether this is because captains think they will do it more economically than the spinners or because the texture of pitches has changed is hard to say without more evidence of wet and drying pitches

Yet uncovered pitches would lead to less stereotyped cricket and although I appreciate the arguments for covering it keeps England on equal terms with other countries who all cover and it provides more cricket – I would vote for its abolition if required to do so

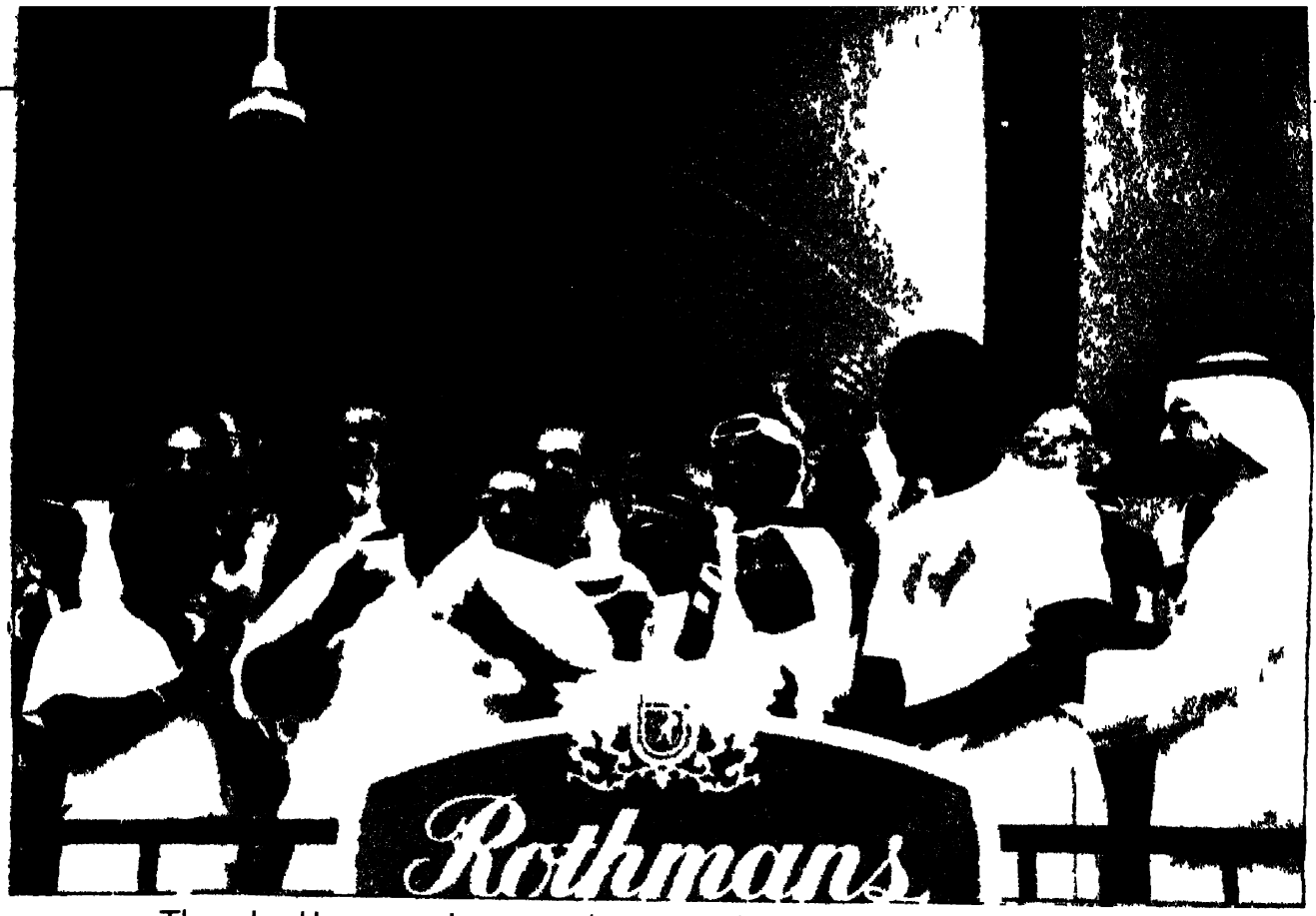
When my year as President of MCC began in October 1980 I was well aware that nowadays the job carries very considerable responsibilities and sometimes disagreeable tasks Some of my recent predecessors had been drawn into leading delegations or travelling round the world on delicate political missions As it happened my immediate successor Hubert Doggart had to take the chair at an extraordinary general meeting called on a motion that MCC should send a team to South Africa

My own year was mercifully free of contentious issues indeed was blessed by the series against Australia which turned on the historic win at Headingley and two other exciting Test matches at Edgbaston and Old Trafford

In so far as a President can set himself targets in just one year of office I had two objectives One was to meet members and listen to suggestions The membership is the most important part of any club and I thought that anything which I could do to show that the President was not a remote unapproachable figure must be a good thing

I found a lot of goodwill on all sides By the end of my year of course everyone was in an excellent humour because of the way that the Test series had gone But even before that for example, at the AGM in May—potentially one of the most difficult days for any President I felt that the members were somehow on my side I think that a President who has been well known as a player has a big advantage He is regarded as a cricketer first and foremost with no political axe to grind and with no reputation as a shrewd businessman to uphold A President from the City without a known background however worthy and brilliant has to work a lot harder to establish himself in the eyes of the membership Few know how invaluable his work has been to the club on committees and how lucky the club is to have at the helm for a year someone who is probably used to steering big organisations He has of course not only to be the president of a private club which has special responsibilities for the Laws and is the owner of the world's most famous cricket ground but he has to be the chairman of the International Cricket Conference

Ideally I believe the presidency should move around from cricketer to businessman and to men from other walks of life The main requirement should obviously be a love of cricket and where possible, service to it I had this in mind when I nominated



There had been no shortage of sponsors before, but, stimulated by the new commercial invasion of the game, sponsors were prepared to put more money in now

Hubert Doggart as my successor Although for many years a busy head master he had never ceased to involve himself closely with youth cricket as president of the English Schools Cricket Association and in many other ways He was known to members as a former captain of Cambridge and Sussex who had played for England and I like to think that they realized what he had done for the National Cricket Association and non first class cricket I know that he was a most conscientious President who did his home work painstakingly throughout his year in office whether it was chairing an important meeting at Lord s or speaking at the dinner of a cricket club with which he had had no previous contacts He has recently added to his responsibilities the chairmanship of the subcommittee organizing MCC s bicentenary in 1987

My other aim was to do anything I could to preserve the priceless heritage of Lord s Rebuilding is constantly under review and I did what I could to keep moving the process which should ultimately lead to the replacing of the Mound stand by 1987

The business side of cricket today needs most careful handling Mistakes can be very costly The biggest mistake that MCC have made in my recollection was to cave in to a small but vociferous group of members who protested against the original plan of two tiers of boxes in the new Tavern stand It was claimed that this would deprive members of seating on big occasions and would involve extra cost The number of seats lost would not have been great and the amount saved was only £30 000 That would have been recovered several times over in a single season such is the demand for boxes Surrey sold the boxes in their new stand before it was built

If boxes were to be let at the present high rental it seemed to me desirable that they should be as well equipped as possible My own small contribution as President was to have television sets installed in them

The administration of cricket nowadays is a complex and time consuming business Just as the qualifications required of a golf club secretary have grown out of all proportion in the last thirty years, so they have for administrating MCC and the counties Surrey now have Raman Subba Row as executive chairman working with a small committee who met regularly and run the club reporting to the full committee at routine meeting during the year The ICCB does roughly the same and I am sure that this is the way to run the game nowadays A secretary of MCC is not really a secretary in the old sense but a chief executive who needs a fair working knowledge of the law finance and property as well as the ability to look after the social and cricketing side

The President s role has often been under consideration One year may not be enough but one year is all that most men of the right age group are likely to be able to spare for a job which requires far more day to day attention than was once the case But should it? With the secretary as a sort of chief executive some believe the President need not be so heavily involved I think myself the distribution of duties is probably just about right as it is

At the heart of MCC affairs in my times was always Gubby Allen He was chairman of selectors when I became captain of England and twenty five years later, when I took the chair for my first committee meeting as President of MCC, there he was

sitting at short square leg and contributing to the business on hand from wealth of knowledge which no one else could match He had done everything himself He had been President treasurer and out of Lord s its player and Hon Member for over sixty years I lived the might say mixing metaphors— no more than cannon shot from the square Lords He was a great help In later days he had of course been a great fast bowler and had played England though he was first class cricket seven years before I was born I batted against Gubby s bowling once On his last visit to Cambridge with the Worcesters in the early 1950s he actually made a lot of runs but in my first year he also opened the bowling and had David Sheppard caught at the wicket for nought I am glad to say that I did not share the same fate—I should be hearing about it still! but with his beautiful action he was still— sharp at the age of forty seven

Later during our harmonious partnership as chairman of selectors and captain he gave me some good advice on selection which I have often had cause to remember Distrust labels he said If you hear that a good player is vulnerable against spin or fast bowling and you see him fail once don t rely on that one impression Go and have another look

I suppose that the most worrying part of my connection with the presidency was just before I took office If the Centenary Test of August 1980 could have been staged at Lord s again with the benefit of hindsight measures would doubtless have been taken to lessen the risk of harm being done to cricket in what should have been one of its showpieces But as regulations and attitudes were in 1980 the match unfortunately earned itself a dismal place in cricket history

Obviously it was going to be hard to follow the huge success of the Melbourne Centenary match of three and a half years earlier In fact the TCCB s social arrangements weren t remarkably well and were much appreciated by the old players of both sides Nothing was more appreciated than the marquee for old players erected in the memorial garden behind the Warner stand They sat in there for hours availing themselves of the hospitality The innings played and the wickets taken were legion It was a marvellous atmosphere The tragedy



The innings played and the wickets taken were legion It was a marvellous atmosphere

was that the match itself which is what the public remembers was a big disappointment even allowing for the bad weather which blighted it

At the time I was not only President designate of MCC due to take office in about a month s time but chairman of the TCCB cricket sub committee I had no official part in the organizing of the match but had indirect interests through being on the MCC committee and through my contacts with umpires and captains at regular meetings with them

It will be remembered that rain took nearly an hour s play out of the first day and rather longer out of the second On the Friday night the ground dried out but was soaked again by rain early on Saturday morning The skies then cleared and the packed crowd sat in sunshine while the umpires Messrs Bird and Constant came and went at intervals throughout the morning and into the afternoon deciding each time that the ground was unfit for play The unfit part consisted of two worn patches at the lower end of the square which had been left uncovered To make a depressing situation worse a few members of MCC shouted abuse at the umpires and jostled them as they returned to the pavilion with the captains after one inspection It was a disgraceful incident The culprits were indentified and two and a half months later as President I wrote to members telling them that appropriate disciplinary action had been taken

But the damage had been done The good name of MCC had been smeared on just about the last occasion one would have wanted anything like this to happen There are always people keen to depict MCC as an exclusive citadel of privilege and smugness and they not surprisingly had a field day

Inexcusable though the behaviour was it arose from the lack of action on the field and that in turn arose from the attitude of mind of the four parties most closely concerned in the conduct of the match the umpires the players the TCCB and MCC

The umpires worked by the Laws of the game and the regulations governing first class cricket and which are drawn up to ensure that as far as possible they are fair to both sides and to the public They thought the patch of ground was still unfit and they said so

The players considered that the Centenary Test match was still a Test match and that any decision to treat it as some special festive occasion not to be approached with the usual sternness of matches between England and Australia would devalue it They could have told the umpires that they wanted to play even though the ground was not strictly fit but for that the two captains would have had to be in agreement And as England were in very much the weaker position Ian Botham made no attempt to influence the umpires to play

The TCCB for its part does not interfere with umpires in the course of their duties It discusses problems with them at the start of the season and the secretary Donald Carr is always available for consultation But the Board did not consider it fair to ask players and umpires in advance to relax the playing conditions and their approach for this one match It did not of course know that the late August weather would play such a part

MCC, the ground authority, did not intervene because it was the TCCB which was responsible for the participants and for the regulations under which the match was played

So nothing happened and the waiting went on with the crowd in-



The modern Test players are watched more closely than we were The way they play the way they behave and the lives they lead—all reflect on the game The more they get out of it the greater their responsibility

creasingly restless until Billy Griffith, the President of MCC could stand it no longer

A President during Test matches has a heavy day in his box for he has to entertain official guests who may include prime ministers ambassadors archbishops as well as distinguished visitors from overseas of whom there was no shortage on this occasion But Billy a very sick man at the time struggled downstairs across to the pavilion and up to the umpires' room where he ordered them to start play To spare them embarrassment he told them to go out look and decide to play at once He said that he would take full responsibility for any consequences

While this was going on I arrived on the scene prompted by what Billy later referred to as the increasing misery of what should have been a great occasion and was able to give Billy full support Billy told the umpires that he had absolutely no right to give them the order I also had no business to interfere But we both felt that something had to be done urgently and partly as a result of Billy's intervention the match was restarted by the umpires

Protecting the square at Lord's with its nine foot slope is of course always difficult but covering in quality and quantity its is improving all the time and I am sure that this sort of thing could not happen again

When I succeeded Doug Insole as chairman of the cricket subcommittee of the TCCB in the late 1960s I was especially interested in the end of season reports by the captains and umpires In early October we have a meeting of each at Lord's inviting comments on all sorts of events which had taken place during the season on how new playing conditions had worked out and so on Our committee then reported to the Board with recommendations which were considered

I cannot believe that current players and officials of any other game are more thoroughly consulted on its conduct than those active in English first class cricket The Board has made few decisions involving players without consulting the Cricketers' Association The views of the captains carry often decisive weight when changes in playing conditions are under consideration The picture which one still sometimes sees painted of cricket being run by a lot of pompous potbellied aristocratic reactionaries is an old and feeble joke

I am often asked if I find the highly paid modern Test player very different from my own contemporaries My answer is that if they can make a lot of money out of cricket while promoting its interests good luck to them But it is important for them to realize that they do have enormous responsibilities They are watched more closely than we were on and off the field The way they play the way they behave and the lives they lead all reflect on the game The more they make out of it the greater their responsibility I like to think that most of them realize that they have a price to pay for their success They can hardly have failed to notice the huge popularity in the age of television of gold in which the world's great players are immaculately mannered—and always smartly dressed

freewheeling

SOMEONE once asked whose idea this page was. It was a fairly involved explanation but he sat through it patiently enough. At the end of it he suggested that the whole thing had just been a load of bull. He had an idea for this page. What was that we would call Freewheeling, completed a year before, so this week's article is our way of keeping that promise.

We realised in the early days of 1985 that a lot of potential good copy (you hear a lot of that in this profession) was going down the reject drain because it didn't always relate to sport directly. This applied particularly to staffers who travelled around the country on one assignment after another and who returned with scores of anecdotes and light hearted asides.

Would we be able to justify and more important, sustain a page that dealt with sifting some light reading. It was discussed several times but there wasn't enough conviction that we would be able to do so. The turning point came when young Shevlin Sebastian (who left us in October last year) showed us an article that came pretty close to what we had wished. As the person who dealt with the weekly flow of letters To The Editor he had turned out a light offbeat essay interspersed with the humour of subtle irreverence.

That article was never published because it was only half the required length. But it played the role of catalyst as it galvanised us into finally getting this page off the drawing board and into the magazine.

For the first few weeks it had no fixed place instead fitting in wherever we could find space for a single page. Then Mudar Patherya insisted that we find a set slot for it. What better area of prominence he suggested than the last page. Not everyone agreed but his wish eventually prevailed. His involvement did not merely end there, even the strip that appears at the top of this page was his idea. Even the choice of the word Freewheeling came in the wake of animated discussion about what we would christen the column. Sluglines such as Viewpoint, Tongue In Cheek and Off The Field were rejected, some of them decisively. Interestingly enough not one person on our staff can recall whose idea it was to use Freewheeling.

It was an apt choice as any cyclist or motorcyclist will tell you. A rider who freewheels is one whose machine is not in gear and is not moving under power. By inference we reckoned a writer who freewheels should be able to provide some no particular direction in all articles that would make light reading.

Not everyone agrees with that. The column has its bitter critics who sneer at what they view as a nondescript form of journalism. And I was once told not so long ago that the person whose byline appears at the end of this article didn't deserve his job if he persisted in publishing a column of this nature. Fortunately for us the page has also attracted sufficient favourable response without which we would definitely have lost the zest and enthusiasm to sustain it.

Freewheeling has been written in hotels in the *Sportsworld* editorial office, in flats, in Press boxes around the country. It has been written at the homes of some of our staffers. It was once typed during a night flight from Bangalore to Calcutta while the journalist proved that the inhabitants wouldn't drop coffee over his precious typewriter.

Identifying the person who is writing the weekly Freewheeling is easy. He is the guy who sits gazing vacantly at an empty sheet of paper rolled into a typewriter wondering what to write. With some readers confessing that they open the magazine to the last page the pressure is on us to give them value for money. This has its own special pitfall. I once tackled a prospective Freewheeling, only to have it rejected by my colleagues who thought it didn't merit publication.

A variety of bylines appeared at the bottom of the page in the seven and a half years of its existence and at last two non-journalists have promised that they will contribute to the page in the near future. One of them even came to my office, edited and typed the first paragraph of his article only to throw in the towel when he turned his attention to terminology and letter writing.

Reader response has not limited to the letters we receive is the very evidence. Apply Of late covering the 1987 Hero Nationals in Bangalore was walking down with Lucide Lobo one morning when he noticed something interesting at a roadside shop display. Hanging in the sunlight were T-shirts emblazoned with an exact replica of the Freewheeling logo that appears at the top of this page each week.

But the story we like best (for obvious reasons as you will agree) concerns a recent quiz held at Dhanbad. One question was: What is the name given to the last page of *Sportsworld*? As the quizmaster told us it was greeted with the loud groan traditionally reserved for an easy question.

David McMahon

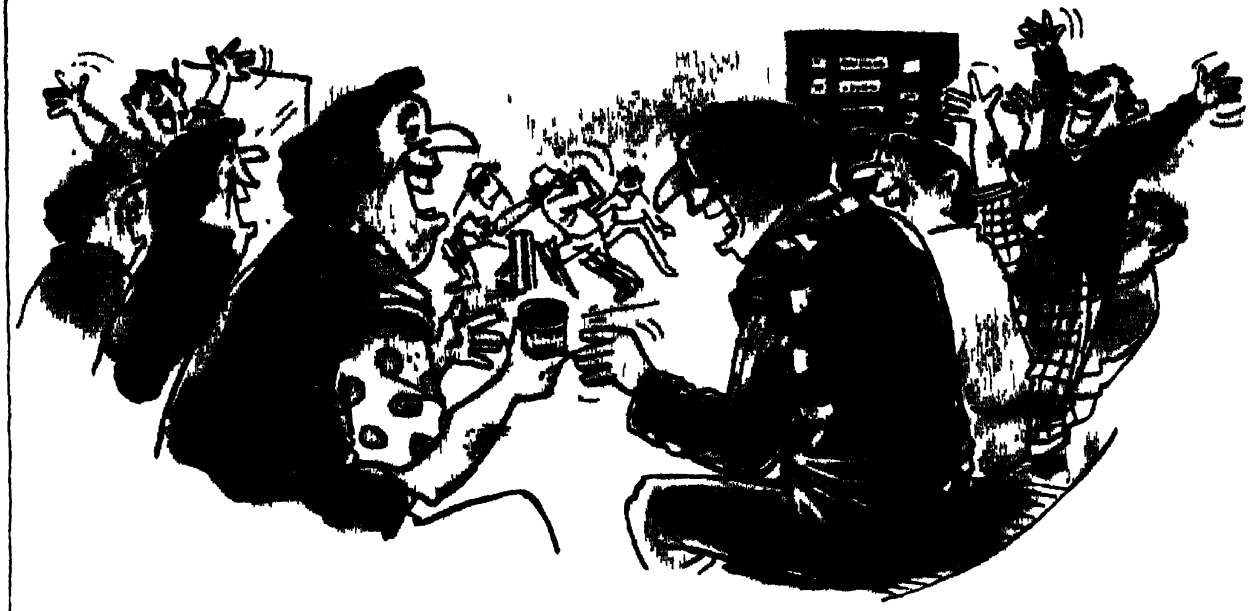
Hanging in the sunlight were T-shirts emblazoned with the logo that appears at the top of this page



Illustration by Debasis Deb

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Cover transparency of Kapil Dev by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O Brien Pradeep Paul
Correspondents Bombay Haresh Munwani **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Centres of controversy

It is pretty ridiculous that BCCI have selected Pune Nagpur Indore and Cuttack as the centres for the most prestigious cricket tourney in the world Only God knows what prompted BCCI to select these places

When we have centres like Bombay Calcutta Madras New Delhi and Kanpur I fail to understand why the BCCI opted for these centres The Board should have divided the allotted matches among our regular Test centres where we have got all the top class facilities It is universal fact that the centres which have been selected are definitely second grade

K KUMAR
Patna

Help

It is very unfortunate that the All India Radio does not make arrangements for running commentary for all the one day matches that India play There are some regions in the country which have still not come within the television network in the country My hometown is one such region We therefore are deprived of an opportunity to even follow the progress of the game This is very heart breaking We humbly request the authorities to look into the matter and do the needful We love cricket please help us!

RADHE SHYAM
Meghalaya

Costly mistake

THE selection of the Indian cricket team for the tour of Sharjah and England is a guide to the lack of foresight on the part of our selectors

The recall of Sandeep Patil that too for both the fixtures is a costly mistake Undoubtedly Patil s batting prowess is irrefutable but his consistency with the bat and his reliability in terms of scoring at crucial moments have always been questionable Moreover Sandeep s strained relationship with skipper Kapil Dev needs no elaboration The idea to drop Mohinder for one day ers is simply surprising The hero of the World Cup 83 could be very useful as an all rounder since he has the ability to bat according to the requirement and bowl economically The inclusion of Madan Lal and Kirti Azad is welcome But the selection of Manoj Prabhakar for the England tour could have been done away with by giving a ticket to Madan Lal As regards wicket keeping I feel that the combination of Sadanand Pandit would have been better than the combination of More Pandit

Let us hope that Indians return home victorious

B GANESH
Jamshedpur

Another blackwash

ENGLAND is facing further humiliation as they are getting crushed by West Indies currently Thus West Indies have demoralised English cricketers to such an extent from where it will be very difficult to come out of the woods Only heaven knows if the English cricketers will restore their lost confidence and if at all yes when? This is going to be a big problem before the ICCB

I personally feel that English batsmen are not mentally prepared to face the most frightening quartet of fast bowlers like Marshall Garner Holding and Patterson Gatting s serious injury has further deteriorated the situation Every English batsman is afraid of getting hurt When Graham Gooch scored that scintillating century in one day everyone in England s camp heaved a sigh of relief thinking that this particular innings would boost up the morale but unfortunately it has not happened The West Indian fast bowlers successfully kept on devastating the English batsmen mercilessly

Holding announced his retirement after the current series but Patrick Patterson is already there to prove Holding s rightful successor Courtney Walsh is able to trouble the best batsmen with his deadly swingers He reminds one of Colin Croft Richie Richardson has developed into a class batsman with his phenomenal consistency It appears Viv Richards as a skipper will continue where Clive Lloyd left off He hardly has to use his intelligence simply because everybody is doing his job according to Richards expectations Each bowler will bowl 5 overs and wait for their turn How will they play under pressure? That will be interesting situation

S W Padnis
Bombay



A COMMENTATOR must go prepared and reception must read and digest the rules of a tournament thoroughly These were two lessons that were learnt in Sharjah I kept thinking of Wasim Akram as Azeem Hafeez and insisting on making totally irrelevant observations about the remarkable improvement since his last tour of India This was to the amusement of my fellow commentators till Dr Puri took pity on me and gave me the correct facts before I could make a bigger ass of myself

But in comparison the Australians were streets ahead in getting their facts wrong A complete misunderstanding of the rules (compiled by Asif Iqbal and which took most of us hours to comprehend) helped them to lose their one and only chance of qualifying for the semi finals

It was more than halfway through their innings in which they had won the toss and elected to bat under the false impression that it was not runs but the loss of wickets which mattered that they realised their mistake and by then it was too late for a dramatic change of tactics Pakistan won this game with ease and the next one against New Zealand even more convincingly

The manager of the Indian team had apparently taken the highly convoluted rules to bed with him and after much head scratching had come to the most sensible answer The simplest way to get to the finals was to win both matches, that way neither he nor Kapil Dev would need to buy a calculator and a dictionary And India did beat New Zealand and Sri Lanka though, as is their habit they made life unnecessarily difficult for themselves

The team had been picked specifically for the Sharjah wicket which has little for the seamer and plenty for the spinner Therefore the only really discordant note was the inclusion of Sandip Patil Patil likes a true firm wicket on which he can hit through the ball without necessarily getting to the pitch On the Sharjah wicket one has to wait for the ball and hitting on the up (as Mudassar did against Australia) will succeed only after one has taken full measure of the bowling

Vengsarkar with his experience must have felt a little disappointed that he was excluded for the first two games and after watching Abdul Qadir bowl Chandu Borde must have wondered why he had not taken Siva on the tour to England Both Siva and Maninder have ample talent but it needs time for spinners to blossom

The Englishmen are not the best players of leg spin and it's not as if India cannot afford to lose a few more Test matches After all her record can hardly suffer and surely in such circumstances the future should be considered more than the immediate present And finally they made Chatfield instead of Pandit

If Pakistan had lost this game Miandad would have been considered a selfish player, a man playing for personal gain rather than for his team That is the way it looked most of the time till Miandad cut loose and made the impossible come true In a few overs he became a hero And Kapil Dev why, oh why could he not have organised to bowl the last over himself?

the Man of the Match against India and how come they made Gavaskar, instead of Miandad, the Man of the Series?

Except of course, for the final between the two best and the most evenly balanced teams in the competition, Pakistan was supremely confident but had presumably forgotten the damage that a typical Srikkanth innings can cause Even Imran had no answer to the rapier like thrusts of Srikkanth's bat and a sense of reality came into the game only after his departure A pity that an innings like this is all too rare

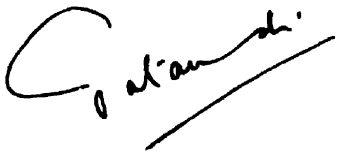
Initially demoralised Pakistan came back strongly inspite of some inspired batting by Gavaskar and Vengsarkar But a total of 245 was going to take some getting And so it proved

What a match and what an innings from Miandad If Pakistan had lost this game Miandad would have been considered a selfish player a man playing for personal gain rather than for his team That is the way it looked most of the time till Miandad cut loose and made the impossible come true In a few overs he became a hero And Kapil Dev why oh why could he not have organised to bowl the last over himself?

Now to England thoroughly shaken by the West Indies who in Richards have found a most ruthless captain The steep decline in English cricket is due mainly to the inability to combat pace and the change in the basic structure of the game at a lower than international level Schools, Colleges and clubs are all into 40 overs cricket which is not ideal for producing attacking bowlers, nor consistent batting

This summer will give a fine opportunity to India to rectify her barren Test record I for one am convinced that Sivaramakrishnan will be missed

But so will our organised captain



Australasia Cup

Desert Destiny

Pakistan's astounding victory was proof of the seesaw nature of the tournament. **Mudar Patherya** reports

I had always believed that stocks and cricket were somewhat related to each other. The pattern of the one can be used to predict the probable trend of the other. But my theoretical genius has long since been ignored for two reasons: lack of a definite basis to axiomise the fact and a sympathetic audience. However, after India's game against New Zealand in the Australasia Cup my hypothesis seems to be getting somewhere. And the nature of Pakistan's win in the final convinces me completely of the equation above.

Pakistan's victory, their first in a major one-day tournament, was a single-handed triumph for Javed Miandad. Apart from proving how glorious and uncertain this game can be, he also proved that it is not just team spirit that catapults a side to unbelievable heights. While the Borderless Australians never looked capable of maintaining their February form, any one of the other sides could have celebrated on the victory balcony.

Consider the drama. In their match against India, the New Zealand batting opens with bowler Martin Snedden! Snedden hitting a six. New Zealand chugging to 37 for no loss in the sixteenth over, then suddenly reduced to 48 for five, recovering to 80 for five, slumping to 96 for eight, then finishing the match at 132 for eight in 44 overs. The Indian innings only heightened the bewilderment.

At a time when the match was being written off as a no contest, New Zealand almost pulled it off. Chatfield lived up to the reputation of being among the best limited overs bowlers in the world. His nine overs, five runless, yielded three wickets for 14. The three adjudicators unanimously nominated him man of the match.

New Zealand's sesame for success was their fielding. With just two exceptions—McSweeney missing a Shastri stumping and dropping Kapil later—the Kiwi fielding was imperious to error. When Shastri on drove for a certain four, Rutherford dived full length on the boundary line and saved the inevitable. On the overall, the Kiwis must have saved around 45 runs in the field. After Rutherford had thrown himself on the boundary on one of his customary pursuits, the throw in parallel to the ground scattered the bails with the batsmen just home. That afternoon Rutherford in particular was to natural surface what Eric Heiden was to refrigerated water.

Gavaskar nicked behind for zero. Azharuddin was caught and bowled by Chatfield, replay of Lloyd c and b Old in the Prudential Cup final '79—Srikkanth pulled Chatfield to mid on for eleven while Patil chopped Crowe onto his stumps for seven. India were 25 for four in the ninth over. would you believe it?

Kirti Azad and Shastri revived Indian hopes. Azad lifted Bracewell over long on for the longest six I have seen in my reporting career. I remember Yashpal Sharma heaving Imran Khan out of the ground in Gujranwala three and a half years ago. Here in Sharjah Azad tonked Bracewell over long on and 9 yard. The ball had to be retrieved from a compound alongside.

Azad was to do a repeat, though not over the same distance. Before long Azad missed a Bracewell squeaker having made 30 in his comeback innings in international cricket. India were 81 for five, eighty one for six rather for Shastri missed a Bracewell turner soon after and McSweeney did the rest. The unbelievable was happening.

Chandrakant Pandit swings Bracewell for two fours in an over. Kapil Dev stepped back to cut off spinner Bracewell for two. At 90 for five, the operative words were *stepped back*. What if he had missed, argued somebody.

At 116 Kapil hit Snedden to mid wicket, the seventh man to go. Snedden almost bowled Pandit at 121. That was New Zealand's last chance. Twelve runs needed in four overs. Madan Lal drove Snedden for four. Pandit did ditto and India were home by three wickets.

Oo could've thowt it, smiled the spectator driving home. It just proves my point. The only predictable thing about this game is its unpredictability. Which brings us back to the beginning.

Imran Khan had the honour of leading Pakistan to a historic maiden title in limited-overs cricket



Arnya Tarafda

IT was a funny quarter final Not funny ha ha Australia and Pakistan were more worried about the arithmetics of qualification into the semi finals The Australian side so the rumour goes summoned a team meeting to discuss their projected run rate to qualify [illegible] captain also drew up [illegible] juggery If we [illegible] Australia, then [illegible] we are not thinkable [illegible] defeat should be [illegible] Zealands against India

[illegible] ld up given to Pakistan [illegible] game on Faisalabad [illegible] by the match proper [illegible] it to be an anti climax Thanks to Pakistan s batsmen

Australia put up 202 for the loss of seven batsmen in fifty overs Pakistan crossed that total with eight wickets to spare Pakistan s manner of victory in an unrelated manner saved the tournament for New Zealand

However the match was not without its moments of adrenalin The Australian running between wickets for example Matthews doubled a plain single off the first ball he faced The ball had only trickled past a non existent first slip Even runner Dean Jones turned around to applaud We watched in disbelief as Matthews head down bat in hand outraced Saleem Malik s throw from point



convoy [illegible] and after [illegible] come to the [illegible] The simplest s[illegible]

Hussain is congratulated for catching Snedden off Maninder

later Ritchie missed a drive, the ball plopped off his pad and Matthews ran one This was running between wickets at its best Asif Iqbal and Javed Miandad in tandem might have been the equal of this But Bishops escaping a brothel raid couldn t have been faster

Then there was this one shot by Greg Ritchie I watched as Akram turned round to run into us Short strides for a man with long legs Rather a ponyish pawing of the ground as he charged in Ritchie did not move—he had injured his knee—took one look at the delivery and drove it above mid on for four Upright Two years ago a writer had likened his pull shot to Archie Maclaren s But this shot? Regal Yes that s the word I was looking for Regal

Then there was Matthews Farlobe punctured sleeves rolled and collars much larger than the normal size—buttoned Punk glasses both ends roped together dangling from his neck Matthews hair at the back tapers inwards while in front it rolls over To top it he looks like some fun actor they had in the movies fifty years ago

From the collar upwards Matthews is some cricketer He set the crowd applauding from the very first ball he faced A little later he moved wide of the leg stump went down on this knees and drove Akram for two This man s enthusiasm is remarkable I noticed something which highlighted this When Ritchie got his fifty Matthews at first dropped his bat and joined in the applause An instant later he was bounding down the pitch to congratulate in person

A single wicket competition between Miandad and Matthews might have been more interesting than the match itself

Among the more intriguing sides to the match was Mudassar Nazar s non utilisation

Spinners saved the game for Pakistan They achieved for Pakistan its breakthrough Qadir at 63 induced Marsh to drive in the air in his opening over and Mudassar at long off picked it off his shoelaces Sixteen runs later Dean Jones tried to swat Tauseef with the spin across missed and was leg before Boon 44 nicked behind off Tauseef in the 28th over at 90 The Australian 100 came up in the 33rd over Tauseef walked off with figures of 10 1 19 2 Abdul Qadir with a tossed mixture of leg breaks and

googlies had scrooged his way to 26 runs off 10 overs.

On an easy wicket, the medium pacers proved either ineffective or expensive. Australia too faltered, restricting themselves in the absence of any big hitting. At the end of the 30th over they were 94 for three and 137 for three at end of the 40th. Till the 45th over, they had managed only 156 with six batsmen yet to come. The last five overs saw 46 being added at the cost of three wickets. Too much too late.

Pakistan after a steady opening stand never quite faltered. Mohsin scored 46 out of a first wicket association of 80. Mudassar went 115 runs later, trying to make room to square cut and missing the ball in the process. Someone ought to have told him that he was on 95. Rameez Raja completed the formality of getting his half century before finish. One last swing for four and it was all over.

Looking back, the match was the least exciting of the first three. Pakistan's captain couldn't have hoped for a better conclusion.

Personally speaking—the emotional me—the failure of Matthews was disappointing. He bowled six overs for 40 runs. And by the way, one of those was a full toss. I walked away from the setting sun a sadder man.

THE key to successful speculation in cricket is always in going against the established trend. When a particular result seems inevitable, put a wager on exactly its opposite taking place. If I had done this during India's game against Sri Lanka, I would have made my pile for life.

Well, almost, with India at 165 for one in the 39th over—chasing 206 in 50—the game appeared to have lost its competitive edge. Rajbhai (Dungarpur) nodded that now there was nothing to worry. The crowd in the stand to our right were celebrating India's entry into the final with chants of "Ganpati bappa morya". Experts were talking of the easiest money that Sri Lanka had ever made in cricket history—being paid, even to lose!

Then things started happening. Gavaskar miscued De Mel to cover for 71 at 165. Azharuddin was bowled by De Mel at 170. A run later, Anurasiri baited Azad with a slowish tempter. Azad fell for the trap and holed out to Rumesh Ratnayeke for one. Kapil tried the same and Dias at cover point obliged. Suddenly the Sri Lankans were all over the field. Tiny Anurasiri had been drowned in Jubiliation. He had picked up two wickets in one over. Silence descended in the Indian dressing room.

The Sri Lankans alerted themselves like war-time radar specialists. No shot escaped their attention now. Rumesh Ratnayeke stretched himself on the boundary line. Mendis semaphored his players around with a new sense of urgency. Sri Lanka was making a match of it.

They very well did. Patil was bowled off his pads for ten at 191. Shastri tried to swing De Mel and the ball missed the leg stump by a whisker. Pandit was not as lucky. At 194 he attempted a short single. Aravinda De Silva from mid wicket hit the stumps direct.

Shastri, however, settled the nonsense. He hooked De Mel for four and off the first ball of the last over, hit Rumesh Ratnayeke over long on for a four, first bounce. India had won by three wickets. Pressmen were changing their introductions for the third time in the last half an hour.

It's hard to distinguish between the quality of Srikkanth's and Gavaskar's innings. While Srikkanth was going great guns, Gavaskar preferred anonymity. When Srikkanth left, Gavaskar took over his role. In that manner, the run rate was sustained.



Micro Eye

Greg Matthews—not even he could save Australia



Wasim Akram put the brakes on India in his second spell of the incredible final

Srikkanth's innings was well like a Srikkanth innings. At Sydney in the last Test in Australia some months back, he had injured a leg and required a runner. Srikanth went on to score his first century in Test cricket. Here in Sharjah an injured groin muscle compelled him to use a runner once again. The result was as powerful as the Sydney effort. It only not as extensive.

With Srikkanth in full flow, the 50 of the innings came up in the tenth over. De Alwis missed stumping Srikkanth. Srikkanth retaliated with a sweep cum swing which went straight into the square leg umpire's. Srikkanth then lifted Anurasiri for six. His fifty emerged off 53 balls. Gavaskar 23 was as much a spectator as I was.

The Sri Lankans tried to restrict Srikkanth. They set a leg side field and bowled to it. One short third man, cover, a long off, long on, mid wicket, deep backward square leg and a square leg. But Srikkanth beat the Sri Lankans at their own game. He on drove *between* mid wicket and square leg for four. For the next ball Mendis switched square leg to point. Ratnatunga bowled on the off stump. Srikkanth hit him between long on and mid wicket. Another four. The end was predictable. He jumped out to Anurasiri and De Alwis made amends. Srikkanth's 53 ball picnic innings had yielded 59.

Gavaskar's innings was balm for the eyes. It was so good that he stood to be accused of having rigged it. One drive – classical – would have been my instructor's fee for pension. Gavaskar got three. Later he went onto his backfoot and drove Anurasiri past cover. Four this time.

Gavaskar in the past has been acknowledged as the master of choosing which ball to leave. This time it could almost be twisted the other way around. Any ball wavering in length was dismissed from his presence. Ravi Ratnayeke was hit over mid on for a four. Then Gavaskar turned his attention to Anurasiri the left arm leg spinner. The full toss reached the long on boundary off one bounce. That very over Gavaskar hit the shot of the match. Anurasiri plopped it short of a good length and marginally breaking away. Gavaskar stepped back, opened up slightly and pulled him over long on for six. Mind you stepped back! Anurasiri sheepishly walked away with his cap from the umpire. His over had cost him 13 runs.

Gavaskar later drove Ravi Ratnayeke. It beat De Silva at cover. Ratnatunga at extra cover mid was saved by Anurasiri running in from the point boundary. Gavaskar tried to drive Ratnavake yet again inside edged and missed the leg stump. The streak touched the boundary line. It was Gavaskar's day all right.

For a brief moment in the Sri Lankan innings earlier Gurusinghe 68 had looked alarming. But there was Guy De Alwis. I remember having heard him play an innings of 67 – or was it? against New Zealand in the last Prudential Cup. Don Mosey said that he hadn't seen an innings of that kind for the last thirty years.

In Sharjah De Alwis gave us a flicker of why Mosey might have said so. He lifted Madan Lal for an arrogant six. Next over he swung Kapil Dev's full toss past square leg for four. In the 44th over it was the boundary of the [illegible].

While Sri L[illegible] managed to score 205 for nine, [illegible]ught have been more but for Dias and Mendis. Out of a 38 run stand for the third wicket, Dias contribution was nine. Mendis was mainly at sea and inevitably drowned. When he tried to push Maninder to leg soon after coming in, he miscued to point. When Mendis attempted to lift Azad to long on, the shot diverted to square leg. This wasn't the Mendis of old. When he tried to lap Madan Lal over the billboard, the ball was last seen disappearing into Azhar's hands at mid wicket. Mendis had scored 32.

On the overall the failure of Dias and Mendis made the important difference for Sri Lanka. Moreover what if De Mel had not missed bowling Shastri at 192!

COMMUNICATION in this urbanised desert was a problem for the Kiwis. None of them could decipher Arabic. Worse still, they were at sea with Hindi. On the day of the semi-final, they discovered that they couldn't 'read' Qadir either.

The Australasia Cup turned out to be a dismal tournament for New Zealand. Their bowling and fielding retrieved them from humiliation in the opening encounter, in the following game, their batting halved the earlier effort. The other two departments couldn't have worked wonders, even if they had tried.

As it turned out over the two games, Crowe's innocents succumbed mainly to spin. Six batsmen in their earlier game against India had perished to the combined slow attack of Maninder, Azad and Shastri. Two of them were caught in the slips and four bowled. If after that performance, New Zealand's batsmen had any enemies in the audience, they got even with them.

Against India, however, New Zealand had struggled to make a match of it. They turned Azad into their favourite whipping boy. McSweeney, for one, took a liking to Azad. McSweeney hit him for six, then a four, extracting eleven runs off one over. Kapil gambled with another over of Azad, reducing his personal tally in the total innings to six! McSweeney relished this double helping. He jumped out legwards, making room, and lifted the off spinner over long off for six. It was easily the shot of the match.

Next time round against Pakistan, New Zealand did not enjoy such concessions. Finger spinners were out, wrist spinner was in. Qadir, his wrist rolling this way and that, never gave them a clue. As long as he was bowling, New Zealand's batsmen were as hesitant a blind man in a strange room.

Akram and Imran broke early. Akram scattered Snedden's bails for nought and later, induced Martin Crowe to miscue an intended pull for nine. Rutherford pulled Imran to mid wicket while Akram's in-dipper finished in Zulqarnain's gloves, nicking Jeff Crowe on the leg side en route. At 18 for four, the end result was becoming increasingly obvious.

Enter Abdul Qadir. Blair tried to make room in an attempt to cut Qadir and dragged it onto his stumps. Blair came and went, accepting the inevitable. Bracewell was almost leg before, first ball, confused by Qadir's wrong 'un. Qadir was bowling to a slip, silly point, forward short leg, cover point, mid-off, mid-wicket and long leg. He then produced the fatal leg break. From 32 for four, New Zealand were now 32 for seven. Qadir had taken three wickets in his second over.

New Zealand's slide continued. McSweeney went for seven, Chatfield for two and Gray, last out, for 17. They had made 64 in 35.5 overs.

Pakistan's bowling analyses made an interesting study. Only Tauseef and Qadir completed their quota of ten each. Tauseef was Pakistan's most expensive bowler—wicketless and having expended an average of two runs an over. Imran had yielded eleven runs in his seven for one wicket, Akram, ten in return for three wickets. Elahi's eleven balls had cost him eight runs for two wickets. Qadir's analysis might have impressed Keynes most: 10-4-9-4!

Kapil Dev and Jeff Crowe : complete formalities



Micro Eye

Mudassar Nazar and Rameez Raja discuss strategy



India came close to self-destructing

Tony Lewis watched Kapil Dev's team weather a crisis against Sri Lanka in Sharjah

THERE is something more formal, even splendid, about the Sharjah scene this time. It is my third visit to do the television commentary, and on each occasion I have seen improvement, a move towards the perfection which the inventors of the Cricketers Benefit Fund Series have sought from the start.

Fine words are written about Abdul Rahman Bukhatir, the founding father. You might expect to find a pompous man, because Sharjah cricket is a huge success. Not a bit of it. Here is a man who puffs urgently on a cigarette in a tense match and whenever we meet during play only wants to know one thing—who is winning, why, what was the significance of the change of bowling and so on. Here is a cricket enthusiast. I suspect he has learned a lot more about the one-day game since he created the Sharjah stadium, but peculiarly, his education in Pakistan, drilled cricket into his heart.

I am told that Abdul Rahman Bukhatir is a cool and wealthy businessman. That does not concern me, nor does it surprise me, because I see a sensitive man who loves the game and who wants to balance both the art of cricket with the commercial possibilities here in Sharjah.

The extension of the VIP enclosure at the Sharjah stadium is the newest evidence of the success story. Accommodation has been built for an extra 6,000 spectators and behind the stands is a large airconditioned lounge where you can relax in deep sofas and watch the play on a jumbo-size television screen.

The Austral-Asia Cup has been full of exciting matches, but it must be said straightaway, that the New Zealand and Australian sides, not their best teams, are well below Test standard. Pakistan beat them both by huge margins. I did have some sympathy for the Aussies, however, because they had only one match in the tournament. They did score 202 in their game against Pakistan and might well have improved their form in a second outing.

The key to the play has been the turning pitch. It is not surprising,



Micro Eye

Chetan Sharma fails to beat Arjuna Ranatunga with his throw

therefore, that the spinners of all countries have posed the most serious problems. India are best equipped in this respect with Ravi Shastri, Kirti Azad and Maninder Singh. Abdul Qadir broke all records with the best figures ever returned at Sharjah or indeed in his whole career in a one-day international-10 overs, 4 for 9. This was against New Zealand in the semi-final. For Sri Lanka, the left-arm wiles of Don Anurasiri surprised a lot of people who had not seen him before. He was not afraid to give the ball plenty of air and he bowled an old fashioned line, on, or just outside off-stump. Too often slow left armers these days try to push the ball through quickly and aim to get wickets from catches off bat and pad. Anurasiri was the bowler who got India in a flap as they faltered in their run-chase against Sri Lanka.

WRITING this before the final between India and Pakistan I have to consider the personalities of the two sides. On paper you can say that they are well matched. The toss might prove important. The pitch has been more responsive in the mornings while it still contains moisture and also, the new ball has swung more then.

Pakistan, historically, get far too emotional in their games against India and their tension gets in the way of a reasonably relaxed performance. Yet India, on the other hand can be over-confident. They proved this against Sri Lanka. Sunil Gavaskar and Srikkanth set up the victory with a brilliant partnership and then every other Indian batsman, except Ravi Shastri, appeared to think that his own wicket was unimportant because there was so much batting to come. India almost succeeded in self-destructing. Kapil Dev was able to laugh at the end of the match and remind cricket writers that when India has a near disaster, they usually go on to win the competition.

What of the men in form? India's best performers so far have been Gavaskar, Srikkanth, Maninder Singh and Kapil Dev. Sunil got a duck against New Zealand but he was back to his best against Sri Lanka. He played memorable shots. Long after he retires we will all remember the clipped shot off the middle-and-leg stump which he hits to square leg. He treated the Sharjah spectators to some exquisite examples. He is one of the best players of spin I have seen, always playing the ball when it is well underneath him. He never stretches out and makes an ugly pass at it, he waits for the ball to come to him, essential on the slow Sharjah wicket. He struck Anurasiri off the back foot through extra cover and then, again off the back foot hit Aravinda De Silva for a huge six over long on. Great shots.



Micro Eye

Mudassar Nazar unfortunately missed a century by five runs

Srikkanth is the perfect foil if he plays with his head, not his own impulsive heart. They are the perfect combination for a fifty-over match. Maninder has impressed. He has managed to turn the ball quickly and also to produce the looping flight which has got him bounce. The edges have been carrying to the close field and he has been hard to score off.

Kapil is an excellent bowler in the short game. He has not taken a bundle of wickets but manages to swing the ball early on, which forces the batsmen to play late. Then when the final overs come along he has the control to fire the ball into the block-hole at yorker length.

For Pakistan, apart from Qadir who has been breaking records, I have been greatly impressed with the whippy swing bowling of Wasim Akram. He is always in the wickets. He is left-arm, over the wicket, of course, swinging the ball in to the right-handers. If he could move the ball away he would be even more difficult to play.

Imran has not been fully fit, but can never be underrated with the new ball at the other end. Perhaps most impressive of the other Pakistanis is Mudassar who has been in excellent form right through the Asia and the Austral-Asia Cup tournaments. He is a good solid professional technician and when the occasion requires it, can play damaging strokes especially with a strong, guiding, bottom hand

The week has been delightfully international, with all of the Boards of Control represented. All Sharjah needs now in the furture is for Australia, New Zealand and England to join the fun and send their first teams.



SHARJAH DIARY

INDIA's international calendar for 1985 86 ended where it had begun—Sharjah It s incredible to think of it but nature yielded her 500 million year secret over the last half decade sprouting in this desert lined fascinating ecology and social structure

An amble through the terminal Dubai s international airport confirms this The emergence of the petro dollar has manifested itself here in various forms I glanced around Levi Strauss version of the 14 inch drain pipe is gradually replacing the robe known as the *gulbiyah* King Size machines lazily in place of the *nargulah* or hubble bubble outside the Arab taxi driver tunes in to cricket and the hit single Like A Virgin courtesy Madonna

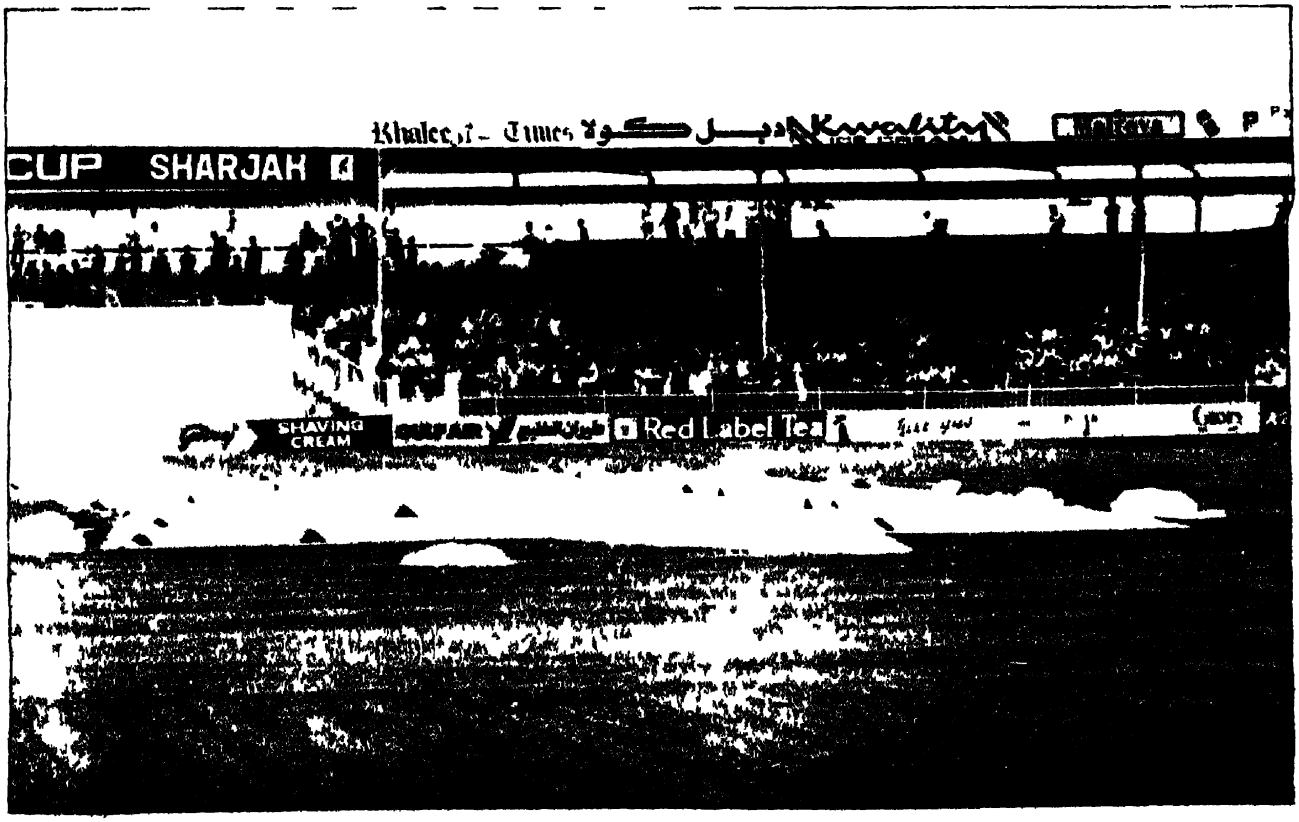
The airport itself is a showpiece The floor is marble and polished You can see your face in it The wall is lined with telephones You can make as many calls as you like Free of charge The duty free exhausts your patience as fast as your dollars If there are better airports in the world they exist only as potential blueprints in architectural brains

It s an exacting first day in Dubai if you have never been there before When we landed at 9 45 am and queued up for our visas it surprised me to see L P Sahi of *The Telegraph* ahead of us He had come on an earlier flight so what was he doing here? Sahi did not appreciate my curiosity Hell! he exclaimed I ve been here since half past six I arrived on Air India's Samudragupta flight All the other passengers from my flight have been cleared but there is no sign of my visa "

Concern replaced curiosity Unlike other countries, visas for entry into the United Arab Emirates must be obtained on landing on UAE soil The sponsor forwards the application to the appropriate ministry from where it is directed to the airport authorities

Ours ran into problems One hour No visa A call to the tournament organisers 'Yes, visa ready On the way, Sir Fifteen minutes Not to worry Sir Two hours No man No visa Three hours Finally, on the dot of one o'clock appeared Asif Iqbal himself Three thousand years ago the faithful must have been just as relieved when Moses emerged to deliver his tribe to the Promised

Misc o Eye



Even the desert gets rain....and on come the covers, bringing back memories of the efficiency of the Australian groundsmen during the rain-punctuated WCC

Land. Phew!

IS this the most powerful limited-overs side that India has ever sent abroad? On paper all evidence would point to it being perhaps the most explosive one all right. Consider the following batting sequence: Srikkanth, Raman Lamba, Dilip Vengsarkar, Azharuddin, Sandeep Patil, Ravi Shastri, Kirti Azad, Kapil Dev, Madan Lal, Chetan Sharma and Chandrakant Pandit!

Now consider their credentials. Srikkanth is perhaps the hardest-hitting opening batsman in the world, following Greenidge. Raman Lamba came out of the Ranji Trophy with a double century and a score of 110 (against Rajasthan) that included seventeen fours and three sixes. Vengsarkar's innings against New Zealand last year in the WC of C clinched the game in India's favour. Azharuddin's unbeaten 93 against Pakistan in the same tournament pulled India through her opening engagement. Sandeep Patil's Test achievement of six fours in a single over will take some beating. Against England in the 1983 Prudential Cup he was largely instrumental for the semi-final win as well as victory over Pakistan at Jaipur in the months that followed.

Ravi Shastri has equalled Garfield Sobers' record of six sixes in an over in first-class cricket and his past record speaks of a Champion of Champions award in Australia last year, out of a prospective field of 77 participants. Kirti Azad, no rabbit, is still remembered for his one shot right into Stanley Street from the Woolloongabba in Brisbane in 1980-81. Madan Lal, a useful hitter, has to his credit a few explosive, if brief innings of note. His useful contribution against the West Indies in the 1983 Prudential final comprised a pulled six off Larry Gomes. Chetan Sharma is the one on whom one would rely and hence level his position up and down the order as per the situation. His achievements in Australia, particularly in the game against New Zealand at Launceston, have catapulted him to the prime position as a hard-hitting and effective bowling all-rounder.

But as one observer quipped: "What is the use of having a side studded with hard hitters? If your side has been compelled to use all her batsmen, then obviously it has bungled along the way."

The Australasia Cup, with all the Test-playing countries except England and the West Indies, is perhaps an indication of the future. Maybe in a couple of years from now, the World Cup will have been shifted to this desert kingdom. However, Sheikh Abdul Rehman Bukhatir, closely associated with sporting patronage, explained in an interview with a visiting correspondent, "There are five working days in the week, with Thursday and Friday serving as the weekend. If one organises a World Cup, the matches will have to be played on days other than the weekend also. The majority of potential spectators are salaried on a daily basis. In this case, coming to the ground would mean the loss of a day's wages as well as the expenditure on a ticket. Not many would be inclined to do that."

Mudar Patherya, Sharjah



Micro Eye

The high population of Indians working in Dubai turned up in full strength to cheer their heroes

14

Two penalty strokes....

Had India converted both against Britain, we would have finished in second place at the Champions Trophy. **Andy O'Brien** reports from Karachi

WHAT does one say of India's performance? That they played well in patches that they missed two penalty strokes in one game and demoted themselves to fifth place

There are lessons to be learnt and plenty of thinking to be done if we are to continue our upward trend in world hockey The performance this time around was in the words of coach Harmeek Singh Slightly more satisfying than our last position in the 1985 Champions Trophy And he agrees that inconsistency still plagues the Indian side

Why this inconsistency? Why this patchy classical brilliance? There are reasons aplenty and the most important ones must be considered and rectified There is no doubt about the talent in the team and even Richard Ags the Australian coach was surprised as to why India cannot be on top

Mere raw talent is not everything In the modern day game there are other essentials brute force strength a high level of fitness speed and most important planning and tactics It is in all these departments that we Indians fall short We have to look for players who have the build and strength to match the European body play Players who are fit enough to give their best on Astro Turf for a full seventy minutes

The team that went to Karachi was perhaps the best side but not a balanced one What was the use of taking Subramani when it was obvious that he was going to sit out the whole tour on the bench? Why take four

India's Hardeep Singh and Britain's Stephen Martin cross swords in the match that India lost after being awarded two penalty strokes



Nikhil Bhattacharya



After his performances in this tournament, Tikken Singh will be the automatic choice for the right wing position

people to fill one position? Agreed that Tikken Singh, Jude Felix, Marcellus Gomes and Jagdeep Singh can fill any slot in front but they were taken to Karachi with the sole intention of plugging the inside right position. This eventually resulted in a weak bench. Shahid, it seems, is invincible and Tikken and Thoiba were obviously going to monopolise the wing positions, making it a blatant waste of manpower.

Perhaps it would have been a better idea to take a centre forward. The Indian selectors should put some thought into the suggestion that India should play with a centre forward when up against the European teams. The four forward system, and especially Shahid, Thoiba and Tikken, seems to be lost among the big European defenders. While they have the skill to create the openings, Shahid and company very seldom get down to putting the ball into the goal. Time and again, in this tournament, they came near scoring but were either body checked by the opposing defenders or fell to the ground.

A centre forward like the big-made A. Horo of the Services should be given a place in the sixteen. Especially against the Europeans, Horo will compensate with his physical strength what he lacks in technique. We have to admit that hockey is no longer the gentle art it was. It now has got to do more with physical aspects. As you look for tall, well-built boys to bowl fast in cricket, so also we should encourage similar youngsters to take up hockey.

It is not that the present lot are not competent. That, they more than are. In fact, they have narrowed the gap between them and the other teams. But this gap is so wide that even brilliance on the part of the Indians will not even things out. The job of narrowing it down has already begun and some adjustments to our train of thought will make the situation even better.

Not that there were no bright spots for India in the tournament. There were plenty: and the brightest were in the form of Thoiba Singh, Tikken Singh and goalkeeper Rawat. The two wingers, who, prior to the tournament, were not even sure of their place in the side, became the spearhead of India's attack. Both have an exciting future and will serve the country for some time to come.

Thoiba, especially, who is just 20, has obvious talent and could probably become one of the finest outside lefts in the world. But he must learn to curb his impetuosity for very often he gets caught in an offside position.

Tikken is a fighter. For a man a little over five feet, he has plenty of guts and strength, and he combined this with his speed and stickwork to initiate numerous Indian attacks in Karachi.

India's weakest point has always been the man in goal. But Rawat played the tournament of his life and his performance can be bracketed with the likes of Taylor, Schillman, and Snowden. The importance of a good keeper cannot be underestimated especially with the changing character of the game and our efforts should be partially diverted in this direction for the future.

Skipper Shahid was very off-colour and this was one of the reasons why India could not do better. Having missed the camp prior to the tournament due to his mother's illness and not having played for one month, he was not fit enough for a tournament of this calibre. Another factor contributing to India's chequered performance was the bad form of our penalty corner expert Mohinder Pal Singh. Of course, he should not bear the whole responsibility of not being able to convert a single corner (only Vineet Kumar, his replacement, scored one) because very often the man responsible for stopping the ball failed in his job.

It was the penalty corner and M. P. Singh that were responsible for India's first-ever series win against Pakistan but this time, this combination did not come off.

Much, of course, will be written and said about the two penalty strokes that Carvalho and Abdul Aziz missed against Great Britain, the conversion of either of which would have given India an appearance on the victory stand. Carvalho, no doubt was shaky—he had missed a stroke the previous day against Holland and missing another one must have ruined his confidence. But replacing him by young Abdul Aziz for the second stroke was bad tactics. Considering the circumstances, it was cruel to expose Aziz to the best goalkeeper in the world. No doubt Aziz is second only to Carvalho in his push but with his experience, the former should have been given another chance.

The third position was there for the taking, but we let it slip out of our hands. It was a mortal sin; for one goal in the Champions Trophy could mean two positions. It was a repetition of last year's tournament. A win against Great Britain in the last match then would have given India second spot. A draw third. But by losing, India finished last. It was repeated this year again. After all, India cannot win two matches on two successive days. Wonder why?



Australia s Mark Hager (9) sees his penalty corner conversion being stopped by German goalkeeper Frank Tobias

In spite of finishing second the Australians scored twelve goals the most by any team in the tournament the Germans managing only ten It was clear that the match between Germany and Australia on the second day of the tournament would in effect be the decider with the German defence only just managing to hold on to a 3 2 lead

The home team Pakistan, were clearly the surprises of the tourna ment They seemed to be destined to take the bottom of the table but some fine performances against the two top teams pushed them up to third place much to local satisfaction The fanatic al home crowds, however, did not like the idea that their only defeat was at the hands of arch rivals India Missing one opportunity after another the Pakistanis were held to three draws two of which they should have got full points for had they capitalised on their chances

The lethargic performance by the home team gave rise to rumours of differences within the team and with out The recent revolt against the country's hockey federation was also looked upon as a reason, but Hassan Sardar and his men came back to prove quite a few people wrong

Though they turned on the heat a little late their performance through out the tournament (at least in creat ing chances) was impressive Their wingers Wasim Feroz and Qasim Khan even matched the speed and brilliance of their Australian counter-parts And one would be tempted to say that the revolt has been a blessing in disguise for the team previously leaderless They have now come to look upon Hassan Sardar as their friend philosopher and guide This has generated some kind of under standing and unity within the team which went a long way in helping the host nation to stand on the victory podium

Great Britain with three draws were only just pushed down to fourth place by Pakistan and after losing to Holland they had to beat India to stay in the running for third position The Indians gave them the win but Paki stan turned the tables as they had done in last year s Champions Trophy by beating Australia in the last match of the tournament to pip the British

The British play hockey much as they play their football They realise that in order to learn a game one must first master the basics and they have applied this to their hockey too Their trapping so effective in soccer was the best among the six nations on view in Karachi and by far their strongest asset Moreover they tend to play the possession game waiting for an opening to make their move

Their goalkeeper Ian Taylor consi dered the best in the world is very similar to his acrobatic football col leagues and is practically unbeatable in the air as Joaquim Carvalho found out much to India s despair Despite not having the services of Fischer in front of him he still conceded only six goals and England are much indebted to him for their fourth position

The Netherlands came up with one of their most disappointing perform ances It almost seemed as if they did not want to win a single match Having grabbed a win against Britain they perhaps thought they could hold on to a decent position if they drew the rest of their matches They played an ultra defensive game and showed amazing reluctance to go into the attack

Granted they had fitness problems, but in their last match where they lost to champions Germany by an odd goal in three they only proved to themselves that their attack could pressurise the opposition after all Known to be penalty corner masters, they failed to score as much as they should have and in fact managed just five goals in their engagements and ended at the bottom of the table Ironically they are the hosts for next year s Champions Trophy and they will definitely lay more stress on preparation than they did this time

My bookmaker friend was right when he told me before I left for Karachi that it was very difficult to predict what would happen in the Champions Trophy Logic finds no place in such tournaments and if you look at the results of the eight Champions Trophy meets, you will agree that hockey would give cricket a run for the lable of "the game of glorious uncertainties "

Andy O'Brien from Karachi

The Main Contenders

They fought. And lost

AT a tournament such as the Champions Trophy, it is the very element of unpredictability that provides the greatest charm. The form of any one team applies only for a day. Brilliant on one day, the same outfit might produce a mediocre game the next day, losing to a team lying lower down the table. You just can't afford to take anything for granted.

Ask the Aussies; they'd be able to tell you more about it. At Karachi, they were gunning for their fourth successive title, but fell short by as many as three points. If they derived any satisfaction from their efforts in Pakistan, it lay in the fact that they seem to have overcome their dependence on the old hands. They never really seemed to miss the experience of Ric Charlesworth and Terry Walsh; and there could not have been a better sign than that.

While Australia's success over the last couple of years had been attributed to the presence of the old warhorses, their performance in Pakistan (despite their loss to Germany) proved that the game has come a long way Down Under and the younger players like Nigel Patmore, Grant Mitton and Neil Hawgood have the speed, skill and physical strength to once again mould themselves into the best team in the world.

In fact, these three attributes are the strongest assets of the Australians. Playing their own blend of hockey—fast paced, with short passes—they often had the opposing team on the defensive right from the word go. It was the pace of their game that brought about the downfall of India who, despite playing their best game, went down 0-3.

Veteran Peter Haselhurst remains the spearhead of the Australian attack but is now supported by some fleet-footed youngsters



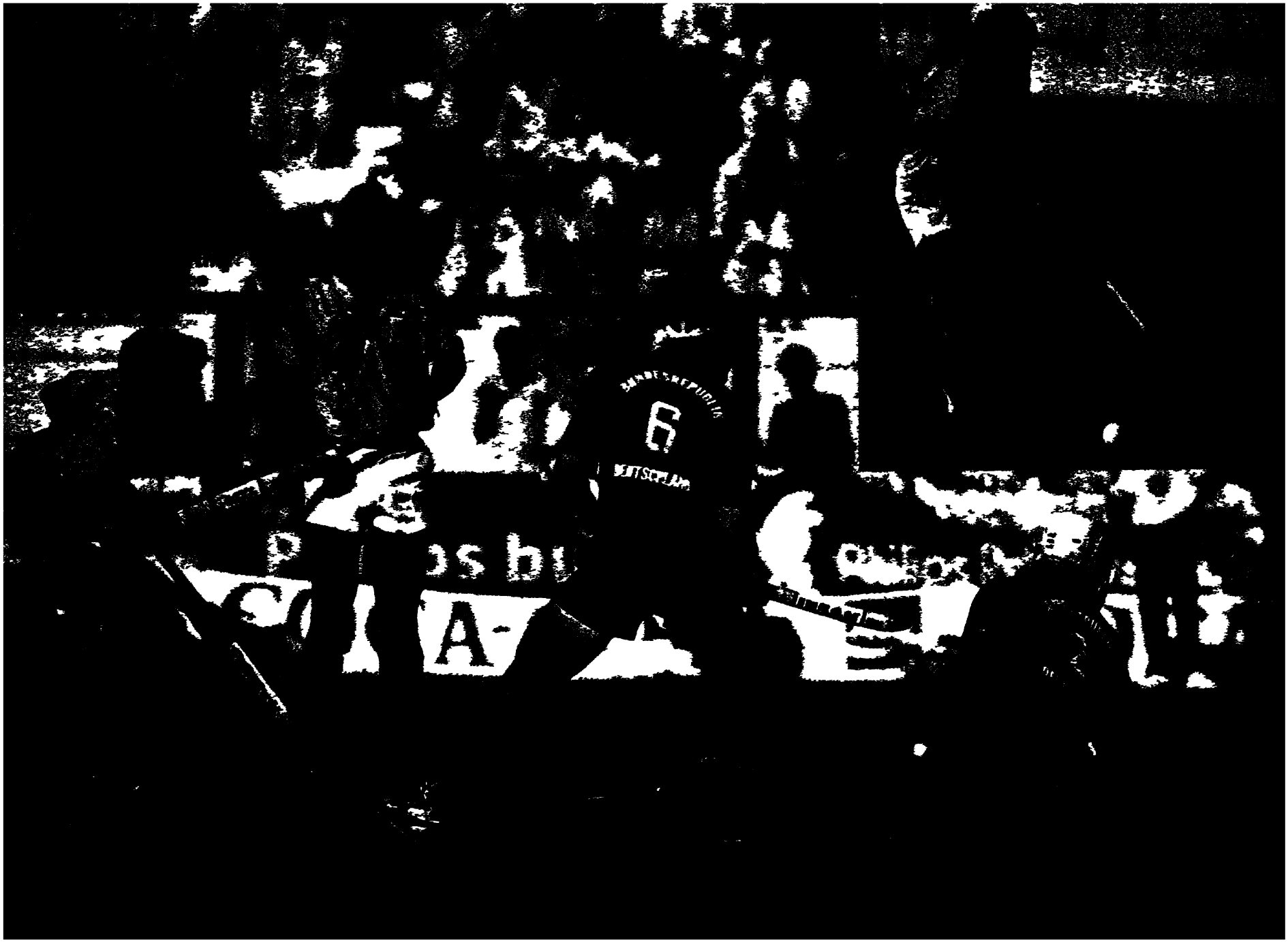
Nikhil Bhattacharya

The war Germany won

Nikhil Bhattacharya captures the action and the tense moments of the Champions Trophy hockey tournament



West Germany's skipper Heiner Dopp holds aloft the Champions Trophy

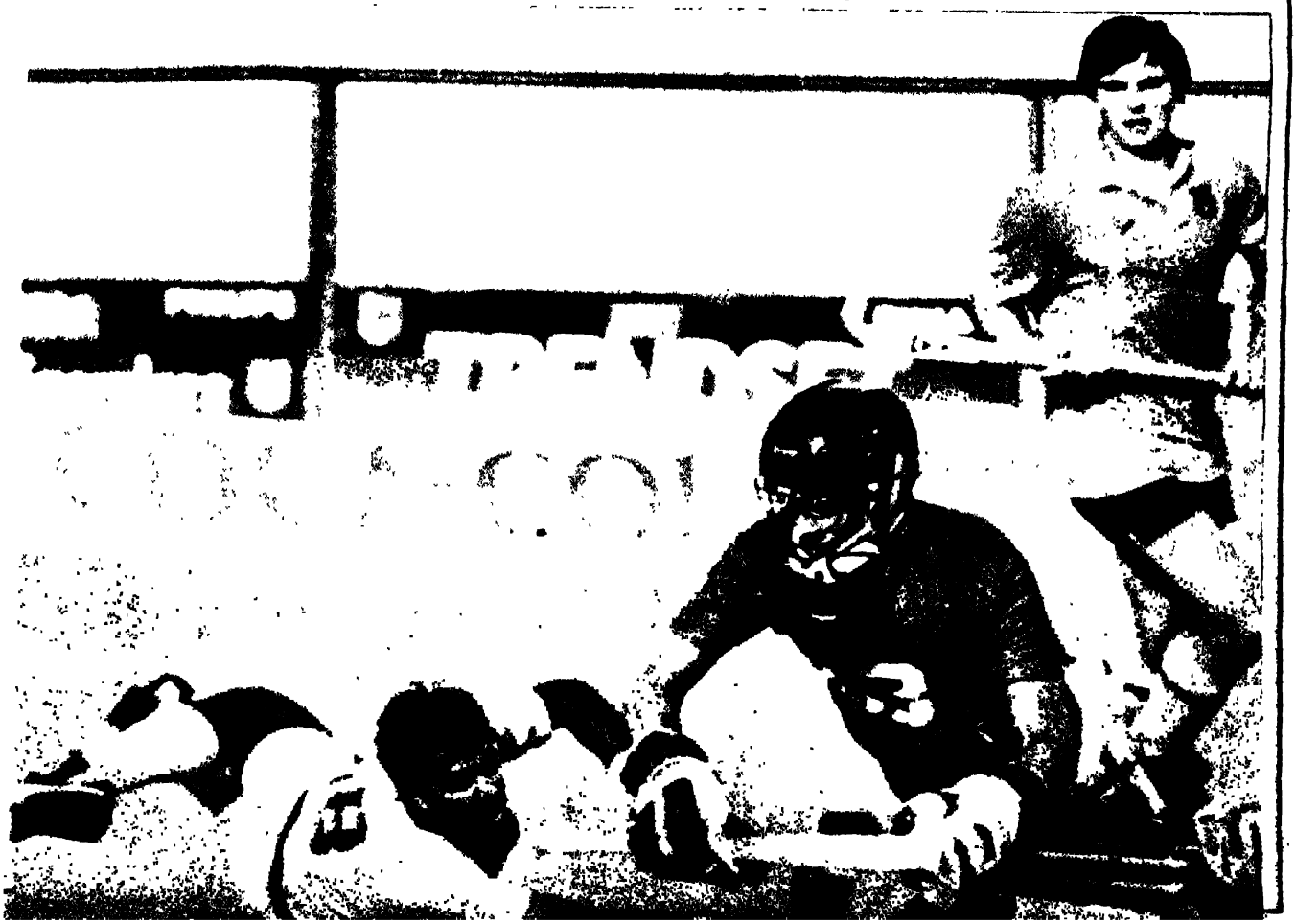



AID





Effort was at a maximum as these two photographs show. Top: Holland's Cees Jan Diepeveen throws himself at Pakistan's Salim Sherwani. Bottom: India's Marcellus Gomes watches his efforts against the Dutch go abegging









Clockwise from top left:

Carsten Fischer celebrates after putting the Germans ahead in their game against *the* defending champ*ions* Aust*ralia*

India's Jagdeep Singh threatens the Dutch *citadel* but to no avail

Stefan Blocher of Germany has Britain's Jon Potter at his mercy

Heiner Dopp attacks the Dutch goal. The Germans beat their traditional rivals Holland 2—1



The Outsiders

Keir Radnedge relates the hardships some of the less fancied European nations had borne to make it to Mexico, and examines their chances in the final



Nyilasi in action against Wales: the key player, though he is now 31

HUNGARY's national team, whatever its strengths and weaknesses, must always bear the cross of comparison with the great team of the early 1950s inspired by the likes of Ferenc Puskas, Sandor Kocsis and Co... the team which thrashed England 6-3 at Wembley yet lost the 1954 World Cup Final to outsiders West Germany.

Hungarian football has suffered plenty of ups and downs since then. They were World Cup quarter-finalists in 1962 and 1966. Yet in 1978 they fell in the first round after having stars Tibor Nyilasi and Andras Torocsik both sent off in the same game against Argentina, and in 1982 they failed to progress beyond the first round despite thumping El Salvador 10-1!

Now, under manager Gyorgy Mezey, they may be turning over a new, more determined leaf. Hungary, indeed, became the first European nation to qualify for the 1986 World Cup finals—apart from seeded Italy—when they ran up a sensational 3-0 win over Austria in Vienna as far back as April last year.

Mezey's success must not be under-rated. He had to rebuild the entire morale of the domestic game after an 18-month nightmare in which the sport's image was tarnished by bribe cases which led to the suspensions—and in some cases jail terms and heavy fines—of nearly 300 players and officials.

On the plus side Mezey was helped by the surprising success of the unfashionable Videoton club in reaching the UEFA Cup Final. But he remains cautious about predicting Hungary's chances in Mexico—particularly at home. Mezey prefers to give interviews to foreign magazines and newspapers because, he says, "If I give an interview in Hungary far too much importance is attached to every phrase and comma."

As in 1978 and 1982, Nyilasi remains the key player, though he is now 31 and plays his club football in

Vienna with F.K. Austria.

Nyilasi believes that a change of international luck is long overdue. Early in his career he was set back first by a fractured skull then by appendicitis. Appreciation of his efforts for his country was demonstrated when the Hungarian federation authorised his transfer to F.K. Austria in 1983, and Nyilasi picked up a £40,000 signing-on fee.

Most forwards move back into midfield as their career develops and they lose their youthful acceleration. But the longer Nyilasi's career has lasted, the greater his delight in goal-getting. In 1983-84 he was the Austrian league's top scorer with 26 goals and he also collected no fewer than five in a UEFA Cup-tie against Aris of Luxembourg.

Mezey's problem is providing Nyilasi with solid support. Jozsef Kiprich and Lajos Detari are lively new strikers but the defence is still suspect. Sandor Sallai has switched from defensive midfielder to try to plug the gap at rightback...but the centre of defence now appears vulnerable since Antal Roth has been sidelined with back trouble.

Roth has recently undergone an operation and hopes to prove, when the Hungarian league season restarts shortly, that he will be fit to return to Mexico...where Hungary gained valuable experience of the conditions in a four-team tournament last December.

Then they were disappointed to finish runners-up in the table. But in June, pitted against the Soviet Union—their jinx team—European champions France and Canada, they would happily settle for that at the end of the first round. That would, after all, qualify them for the final stages.

BELGIUM have done well just to qualify for the Finals.

For they earned their Mexico ticket despite having the defence ripped apart by suspensions following a Belgian League match-fixing scandal, and despite the sad death in a car crash of star midfielder Ludo Coeck.

Beyond all the pain of these recent setbacks, Belgian football can be proud of the progress it has made since the introduction of professionalism in the late 1950s. Building on that development, the national team were runners-up in the 1980 European championship and reached the second round of the 1982 World Cup finals in Spain.

The Belgians have earned a special place in World Cup history for they were among the four European nations who took part in the inaugural finals in Uruguay in 1930.

In those days there was no qualifying competition. But to get to Mexico, manager Guy Thys's men had to work extra hard.

They could only finish runners-up to Poland in their initial group and were left with the challenge of defeating old rivals and neighbours Holland in a play-off to get to the finals. Belgium won 1-0 at home with a goal from skipper Frankie Vercauteren. It did not look like being enough, especially when they were losing 2-0 with only minutes remaining of the return in Rotterdam. But then right-back Eric Gerets—a bribe scandal culprit now reinstated in the team—swung over a hopeful cross and fellow defender Georges Grun thrust himself into the gap to plant a header into the Dutch net.

That was the strike which brought Belgium level on aggregate and put them on the plane to Mexico by virtue of their away goal.

In the finals, one of the Belgians' most potent weapons will be their long memory. Among their first round rivals are hosts Mexico, who were placed in the same starting group as Belgium 16 years ago.

On that occasion, an appalling refereeing blunder helped turn the game Mexico's way. The Belgians still remember that game and have waited all this time for revenge.

To achieve that, Guy Thys will lean particularly heavily on the young Anderlecht player Enzo Scifo. He was born in Belgium of Italian parents and took Belgian citizenship in time to play for his adopted country in the 1984 Championship finals. It is said that Italian club Internazionale have already paid Anderlecht £250,000 just to get first option on his eventual transfer.



Franky Van Der Elst (left) about to tackle Tottenham's Clive Allen

Kenny Dalglish: Liability or asset?



Scotland must not go to Mexico without Dalglish...

KENNY DALGLISH does not want to be a liability in Scotland's squad for Mexico. Say that again? Kenny Dalglish a liability? Which Dalglish are you talking about?

It may be difficult to believe, but it's true. Kenny Dalglish, whom Scotland's captain Graeme Sounness describes as the most complete footballer he has ever worked with, does not rate himself fit to be a member of his nation's World Cup squad. He is the man who has had a direct or indirect hand in 13 of the 21 goals Scotland have scored in their last 13 matches. He is the man whose influence on the team has been regarded by Liverpool star like Ian Rush and Scottish manager Alex Ferguson as crucial to Scotland's success. Yet Kenny Dalglish has his doubts if his selection for Mexico will be on merit, and not sentimentality. Incongruous, isn't it?

Dalglish startled fans and critics when he expressed his reluctance to join teammates in Mexico in a press conference within minutes of making his 100th appearance for Scotland and contributing richly to their 3-0 win over Romania. It was so amply evident how much he still has to offer. How his presence can galvanise the Scotland attack. Yet, Dalglish hesitated and took some time to gather his thoughts when pressmen asked him to comment on his performance. Even worse, when pressed to clarify his reluctance about Mexico, Dalglish became as uneasy as someone being cross-examined in court. What was bothering the maestro?

Dalglish could not hold the secret close for too long. It was soon realised that his disinterest about World Cup stemmed not so much from his concern about the prospect of slipping below the standards he has

set himself as his commitments towards Liverpool Dalglish admitted that his responsibilities as Liverpool's manager must come before his ambitions as a player I've to consider what is best for the club" Dalglish has his priorities wrong Is the interest of his club more important than Scotland's honour? Scotland needs him badly every one knows it Says Hibs captain Ian Munro

His vision is extraordinary Most of us will look around to see what's on when we get the ball but Dalglish is doing that as the ball coming to him He is aware of all the runs being made around him and you can bet he will pick the best option This is the quality that will make him the catalyst in the Scottish squad And Ian Rush responds to it acknowledging that he has been most effective whenever Dalglish has been in the Liverpool side

Some pundits are concerned about how the Mexican conditions might affect Dalglish physically But running power will count for much less in Mexico than it does in Britain and having someone of Dalglish's intelligence and skill will certainly be better for Scotland than not having him at all especially if you think of the difficult opening matches Scotland will have to play against Denmark West Germany and Uruguay Scotland must not go to Mexico without Dalglish just as Beckenbauer must persuade Berndt Schuster to play for Germany

Meanwhile Brazilians had a glimpse of the might of their World Cuppers when they beat East Germany 3 0 in a warm up game at home This was not quite a surprise but the drubbing of Denmark at the hands of Bulgaria certainly was Composed of a number of young talented players many of whom are about to plunge into big time European club soccer Denmark is expected to prove a hot commodity in the finals while Bulgaria is certainly looked upon as one of the also rans The power equations are going haywire

On the other hand West Germany had a happy experience when their tall Bayern Munich forward Dieter Hoeness displayed his feared header to net the winner in another warm up game against Switzerland Manager Beckenbauer was impressed and promptly announced that Hoeness might get berth in the Mexico squad true to the promise he made before the match It seems West Germany despite an unimpressive start with problems plaguing manager Beckenbauer is gathering strength to stage a coup at Mexico

.. Just as Beckenbauer must persuade Bernd Schuster to play for Germany



PRESS CLIPPINGS

Taxing tennis

TAXATION, always a problem in this materialistic world, has even spilled over into the sports arena. From next year the prize money at Wimbledon will be taxable at source. In an effort to offset this fact, Wimbledon authorities are seriously thinking of paying players' hotel bills after this year's championships. A flat rate of £65 has been touted on behalf of the players.

The same system already applies in the French Championships for the same reason. Ronald Bookman, the Deputy Executive Director, of the Association of Tennis Players said, "This is nothing more than a thought at this stage. But there has been discussion of some provision to help players with the cost of a two week tournament in a big city. Some players are not making a great deal of money on the circuit and during a two week period a lot of them will not be able to meet their expenses.

Ovett moves over

MOST middle distance runners switch to the longer events towards the latter half of their careers. Sebastian Coe has announced that he will not be an exception to the rule. The champion British runner will be moving up to the 5000 metres this season. If Coe makes a change can Ovett be far behind? Twelve years after his first gold medal in the European junior 800 metres, Steve Ovett is also planning to move up to the 5000 metres for the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh and the European Championships this summer. Compounding the certainty that the greatest double act in British athletics will continue to run and run, is the fact that the pair shared a



Ovett: changing pace

stage at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The two running legends did a sketch in Rowan Atkinson's "Comedy Relief" benefit for Ethiopia.

Ovett, who has had a long break after his road races in America in mid-October, and has now completed his first endurance based winter training, said, "I honestly haven't made up my mind, but I will be running in more 5000 metres races."

Bad boy Bhattacharya

HOW can a team with so many internationals stars fail to win the Santosh Trophy? According to the manager of the Bengal team, Krishnendu Bannerjee, the two primary reasons for his side finishing runners-up to Punjab at the Jabalpur nationals were the soccer transfers of Calcutta and the misbehaviour of the veteran stopper back Subrata Bhattacharya. Mr Bannerjee's report goes like this: "Initially there was no problem for selection of the team but later on some difficulties were experienced. Subrata Bhattacharya expressed his dissatisfaction openly in the team meeting after his not being selected for the semi-final. All the co-players who were present in the meeting were shocked....after the meeting Bhattacharya told me and coach Amal Dutta that he wanted to return to Calcutta. I told him if he returned he had to do so without my permission."

The manager further blamed the club transfers for upsetting the rythm as well as the concentration of the players.

The Best vs The Rest

HOW do you beat the West Indians at a game of cricket? You cannot!

To prove that the Caribbean kings are beatable after all, a one day match is being organized against a Rest of the World XI. The venue—Edgbaston. The date—May 20. The one day fixture is being staged in support of the Sport Aid Project

The Rest will be skippered by the English captain David Gower, who is still licking the wounds inflicted by the West Indians on him and his men recently. Three Indians have been selected to play in this prestigious game—Gavaskar, Kapil Dev and Ravi Shastri. They will be backed up by Imran Khan,



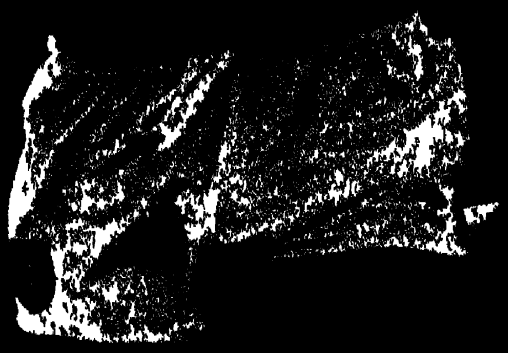
Richards: honoured

Richard Hadlee, Ian Botham and Allan Border. Two other New Zealanders—Martin Crowe and John Wright may also be included.

The BBC will be making arrangements to telecast the match live to a number of countries.

Getting better, by degrees

ARGUABLY the greatest batsman in contemporary cricket, Vivian Richards, will be honoured by a British University. The West Indian batsman will receive an honorary doctorate of letters from the University of Exeter in Devon in July. This was reported by *The Workers Voice*, which is the newspaper published by the ruling Antigua Labour party. The master batsman, as you may have guessed, is being honoured by the University for his exemplary contribution to cricket.





The importance of pronation

CARRYING on from where we left off last week, we must stress that you have to get to know your feet before choosing the right shoe for yourself. The best way to get to know your feet is to get three imprints of them. One, while you are standing with your weight evenly distributed on both feet, the second, with all your weight on one foot and the third, while sitting on a chair.

After you have made three separate imprints of your foot, them compare then to the three specimens given here. Your foot imprint is bound to match one of them. The first imprint shown is the hypermobile flat foot. This foot appears to be perfectly normal when no weight is on it but the moment you put full weight on both feet, the arch collapses. This is more so in the case of all your weight being put on one foot. The hypermobile flat foot needs a shoe with firm support and motion control.

The other type of food is the high-arch cavus foot. (shown on the right) and is the opposite of the hypermobile flat foot. In this case, all the imprints made of the foot will show almost the same print. The print that you make while sitting will be almost the same as the one while standing with your weight evenly distributed on both legs. In fact, even when you put all your weight on one leg, there is very little depression of the arch. This is a rigid foot and is a very poor shock absorber, requiring softer shoes that will encourage motion and has enough cushioning to absorb most of the shock.

The last type is the normal foot. This foot has an arch that collapses only moderately when you stand on both feet and even when you put all your weight on one foot, about half the arch will be plainly visible. This foot is well balanced and is capable of absorbing shock quite well. The normal foot will give you the least problems, especially if you limit your running to about 15 to 20 miles per week. As this foot type is somewhere in between the other two types, the shoe best suited should be moderately stiff with a moderate amount of shock absorbency built into it.

Research has shown that almost 80 per cent of all knee problems that crop up among runners are due to faulty foot planting and unstable feet. This, as well as excessive pounding while running, can cause shin splints due to the excessive motion or stress, knee strain on the outside of the knee or the inside of the knee, Achilles tendinitis, plantar fascilitis, ankle sprains and stress fractures.

The point to understand is, you can avoid many of these complaints by making sure that you do all your running in the right shoe. With so much of technical expertise going into shoe technology nowadays, there is bound to be a shoe that conforms to your particular style of running and corrects most of the faults that you may be making. On the other hand, if you just wear any shoe, you may just be aggravating the problems as the shoe may not be suited at all to your type of running.

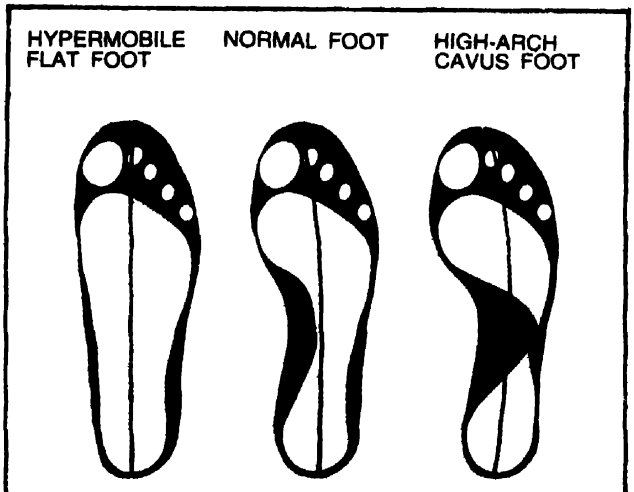
To understand this better, you have to understand the importance of 'pronation' when it comes to running. When you take a stride, your foot strikes the ground normally on the outside of the heel. To absorb the shock of the impact, your foot rolls over, or pronates, to the inside to make full contact with the ground thereby evenly distributing the forces of impact over the whole foot area. Pronation creates better shock absorbtion and also counteracts the instability of your foot when it first hits the grounds.

In a split second after landing on your heel and pronating onto the entire heel and foot, the midstance phase comes into effect. This is a stage where the foot bears all the body weight for a split second before transferring the forces from the heel to the forefoot. This is done through the arch because of the collaboration of the midtarsal and the subtalar joints.

This phase also comes into close contact with pronation. If you have a tendency to overpronate, or roll over onto the inside of the heel after you land on the outside, the subtalar joint loosens the foot like it's meant to, but the midtarsal joint doesn't have time to tighten the foot before you push off from the forefoot. This means that your foot, having no tightness, can give you only a weak propulsion. This is where motion control comes in.

If you are the other extreme, that is, if you underpronate, it is an entirely different matter. Occurring most in the case of the high-arched foot, the foot does not roll over enough after landing on the outside of the heel thereby placing excess stress on that particular area of the foot.

Whereas the overpronating foot is too loose, the underpronating foot is too rigid and doesn't have enough motion to adapt to the ground and absorb the force of your body weight. That is why you have to get a shoe that is flexible to adjust for the rigidity of the underpronating foot.



Above are the imprints of the three basic foot types. The flat foot should wear a straight-last shoe; the normal foot, a semi-straight last; and the cavus foot, a curved last

(Continued next week)

No one has been disappointed

... Because no one expected things to be easy in the West Indies, confesses **David Gower**

IT would not be inaccurate at this stage to say that fortune is a very fickle lady I mean no disrespect to the female of the species, nor do I wish to suggest that any complaints in the Caribbean are entirely the responsibility of Lady Luck I simply feel that it is true to say that not every thing has gone our way

Let us first agree that our performances in St Vincent and Antigua were not the sort of openers I had hoped for on this tour I am a believer that if one can make the right sort of opening moves the rest can become easier but fortunately I can also accept that one need not become too depressed by early misfortunes In many ways it seemed almost irrelevant in terms of what was bound to follow that we were embarrassingly shown up by the Windward Islands spinners in St Vincent In terms of Test match cricket in this part of the world the days of the Lance Gibbs type bowler seem severely numbered at least as far as the home side is concerned It is not entirely impossible that Roger Harper might get a game by the time we return to Trinidad for the fourth Test, but apart from that his opportunities are likely to be limited

The shame about our last day relapse in Antigua was that we had actually bounced back and got everything largely right for the previous 3½ days All the batsmen bar the captain had spent useful and profitable time in the middle and the bowlers had also managed to sort themselves out to good effect The pitch was not typically Caribbean in terms of pace and bounce, but there again none of the surfaces we attempted to play on during the first month of the tour matched that description, except perhaps the practice wickets in Barbados on days two and three of the tour

Anyway—on to Jamaica a reunion with the same affable and highly effective security police we had met in 1981 led by the sleepy eyed and ever helpful 'Moose By now the most reliable batting practice was against Fred the bowling machine allied with any suitable concrete strip this being no disrespect to our bowlers and the efforts they put in to give us poor batsmen practice elsewhere



A rare moment for the English team—Gooch is the centre of all attention

The good news by the end of the Jamaica match was that we had actually beaten a side, albeit minus Patterson and, for most of the match, Holding. Some took advantage, others did not, and the nett result was that my aim of having all or most of our front-line batsmen in reasonable nick was yet to be achieved Fear not—it is sometimes amazing what can be done with more 'Fred' and a surge of adrenalin such as invariably occurs when confronted by West Indian bowling.

Again being honest, we did not bat particularly well Sadly the overriding memory of the day has to be the sight of Mike's nose having been severely remodelled Whatever honeymoon there had been was over though Mike was as stoical as ever, and would no doubt have padded up again given half a chance. As I write, we all hope that he will rejoin us before too long, but, failing that, we hope that he will be in good nick to 'sniff the leather' again for the new season. He had been looking in very good order again all through the tour

Among the batsmen pre-Test form was at a premium, especially when feeling the need to play Peter Willey and David Smith, neither of whom had played since the opening match of the tour. Nor was David helped by being somewhat under the weather for most of the match

By the end of the contest, the feeling in the dressing-room was that by and large people had done the best they could at the time. No doubt some would have backed themselves to have done better with more cricket under their belts, but it is true to say that opposition and conditions were reasonably venomous. Whether or not that is acceptable to the folks back home is no doubt debatable, but I can only reaffirm, to all those who might deem it necessary, that if anyone feels the pain of defeat, it is most certainly those involved most closely.

Not that it means we need to be downcast too long. There is only one way back, and that is to resume the contest as soon as possible. According to our schedule that meant Trinidad and the next one-day international We all know the result, and those of us actually in Trinidad can actually appreciate the worth of Graham Gooch's innings in securing our last-ball victory. Some of what had gone before seemed according to bookmakers' form, and Viv Richards and Richie Richardson had played some awesome cricket in setting up the West Indies total. Thus Graham's innings becomes yet more appreciable as a supreme personal and team effort, not least as a pointer to what can, and I hope will, be done during the rest of the tour.

No one expected things to be easy out here—and no one has been disappointed in that respect. But let noone be concerned that the attitude is not there: we have no intention of letting ourselves, nor anyone else, down if we can help it Sometimes it would be nice to be allowed to concentrate solely on that



Give me five! The West Indians celebrate the slaughter of another Lamb

Bird in the cage

THE touring English team in the West Indi may be likened to [illegible] diator enmeshed in [illegible] defeat, frustrati[illegible] f[illegible] troversy The [illegible] rup tion was on [illegible] state ment from [illegible] Bird the Antigu[illegible] Minister on Cr[illegible] his sport ing li[illegible] ith Africa The [illegible] pening bats man [illegible] ed of being [illegible] ous of the [illegible] people ' to wh[illegible] ch insists he [illegible] ther be given the [illegible] reply or else draw [illegible] ology from Mr Bird [illegible] the chances of obtain [illegible] uch satisfaction appear at the moment to be slim Gooch who happens to be naturally stubborn and equally unimaginative is rumoured to have written to the Test and County Cricket Board in London requesting that he be released from his contract to play in Antigua

The matter is delicately poised and the TCCB are no doubt hoping that the storm will in due course blow over Gooch in his present sulky mood could be tempted to throw in the towel and depart from Test cricket for good Which in view of England's slender resources would be little short of calamitous Lord's understandably are exercising the greatest tact and care

Gooch and Bird were engaged in an earlier contretemps long before the tour got under way On that occasion Gooch had issued a retraction on his decision to tour South Afri a four years ago (for which he received a three year international ban) and a condemnation of apartheid H[illegible] statement was accepted and the matter closed Or so we mistakenly thought No sooner had the English visitors arrived in the Caribbean than Les ter Bird reopened the argument with an attack of Gooch's credentials

The subject has been well and truly joined with one of Mr Bird's colleagues Reuben Harris, the Minister of Education Culture and Youth Affairs charging him with "divorcing his persona from his public status and undermining cricket in Antigua' by giving the tour the green light and then urging the public to boycott it

The shirt front wickets of the period when the 3Ws Sobers Kanhai Nurse and Butcher ruled the roost are today a memory Marshall, Garner Holding and Patterson would be hard to keep out on the best tracks on indifferent ones this becomes well nigh impossible and makes for predictable results and declining attendances The West Indies Board expects to lose something like 50 000 dollars from this tour despite the Cable and Wireless sponsorship

More fraught with danger is that such pitches will ultimately kill good batsmanship It is noteworthy that on this tour not a single young up-and-coming West Indian batsman has caught the eye Sadly, there are none around One recalls the tailor made "green tops' in England in the mid fifties euphemistically described at the time as sporting wickets, on which Messrs Trueman Loader, Statham et al bagged scores of easy victims Yet they were good enough to have captured wickets on the plumbest surfaces, the end product was the decline in the standard of English batsmanship In 1958 59 a number of English batsmen in Peter May's side to Australia found that they were unable to cope with pace bowling on true pitches Small wonder that against all odds they lost the series 4 1 to Richie Benaud's combination There is a lesson in this surely for the West Indies

Mr Harris despite being Mr Bird's political rival certainly has a point If the tour did go ahead would it not have been wiser for Mr Bird to receive Gooch courteously but without warmth? The Guyanese Government which rarely has morality or ethics on its side was at least logical in refusing to play host to the English team

Furthermore didn't Antigua support America's invasion of Grenada at the United Nations knowing full well that Washington is South Africa's principal international backer? Did Lester Bird remonstrate publicly with George Shultz or Ronald Reagan over the United States policy of constructive engagement' with the odious Pretoria regime? The truth is that on South Africa angels and devils belong disconcertingly to the same side In theory at any rate It is left to us poor scribes to disen-

Chris Waddle, the man who tamed the lion



tangle fact, fiction and hypocrisy.

Meanwhile, I would wager my bottom dollar that if Gooch, say, had by now hit a couple of Test centuries and looked good for another two, he would have been least inclined to take umbrage at what anyone said or thought of him. His lack of success has played no small part in lowering his mood, especially as there is no cushion of wisdom to lighten the load of his resentment. How otherwise could he think that his South African adventure possessed no dimension beyond his bank balance?

The 4000-odd English supporters—some of whom spent a significant part of their savings—who travelled to Barbados for the holiday of their dreams were deeply disillusioned by the spectacle of an English Test side reduced to a dispirited rabble. Their apparently listless deportment and sloppy turnout at the official presentation to the Barbados Governor provoked caustic comments. How would people at home, they said, have reacted if a visiting team had been attired in shorts, shirt sleeves and slippers for the Queen's visit to Lord's?

There have also been English complaints about the uneven bounce of most West Indian wickets, not to speak of intimidatory bowling; but Jeff Dujon in conversation with *The Observer's* Scyld Berry pointed out that most English batsmen were not getting into line and hence the vast majority were either caught behind or in the slips. Berry noted that Mohinder Amarnath had scored 598 runs in India's last series out there. The secret of his success was an immaculate defence and a prodigious capacity for hooking and cutting. Having said that, however, there is no denying that Caribbean pitches have deteriorated over the last decade and a half.

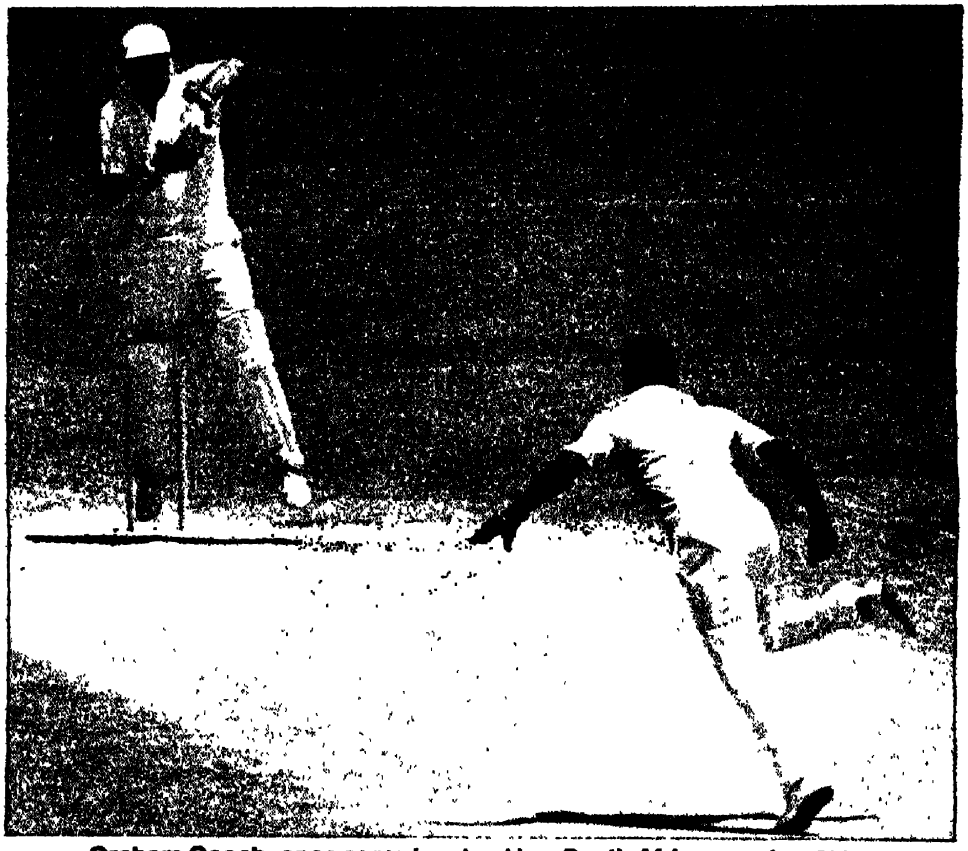
THE main off the field football story concerned Arsenal manager Don Howe's departure from Highbury three months before his contract was due to run out. Howe, one of the best coaches in the game and universally respected for qualities of head and heart, was incensed at the Arsenal Board's approach to Barcelona's Terry Venables without the required courtesy of being informed of the move. Howe had his heart in Arsenal. He was the brains behind their 1971 League and F.A. Cup double, but his pride and dignity were hurt and he expressed his desire to leave his job immediately. Arsenal released him and promptly lost two games in succession to Tottenham Hotspur and Watford: the first by a solitary goal, the second 2 nil. They were outsiders for the League title before this but their final hopes have now vanished. More disastrous for the club is Venables reported desire to seek a niche away from Highbury. He was put out by the treatment meted out to Don Howe and refuses to profit from his fall.

More importantly on the field, England registered an impressive 1-nil victory over Russia at Tbilisi. The Russians believe on this performance that England are destined to reach the higher rounds of the World Cup in Mexico and could even carry off the coveted trophy. Certainly, they looked a well oiled and efficient machine and their win was fully deserved.

Further afield, Scotland thrashed Rumania 3 nil in Glasgow, with Kenny Dalglish celebrating his 100th international with a superb midfield display. But Liverpool's player-manager must have been more satisfied when his club beat Manchester City 2-nil, which took them to the top of the English First Division for the only time this season.

Liverpool's major challengers Everton and Manchester United produced a dreary goalless draw and remain second and third respectively, while Chelsea in fourth place were crushed 4 nil by West Ham and then hammered 6 nil by Queens Park Rangers. West Ham who are fifth, with five fewer games played than Liverpool, are 10 points behind the leaders and must now be counted as the most promising of the outsiders for the League Championship.

Pramon Addy



Graham Gooch: once again involved in a South African controversy

'What's next—lager?'

Damn right, says **Peter Yates,** on where future cricket sponsorship is coming from

THE latest cigarette health scare document is called *The Big Kill*. As far as cricket sponsorship is concerned it could be called *The Big Killing*. It's got to work hasn't it? Sponsorship has got to reap profitable dividends. John Player League, Benson & Hedges Cup no one throws good money after bad especially when you're a multinational company and it's the sort of ill-considered attack that the tobacco industry is experiencing at present. And what is this advertising through sponsorship aimed at? Who is it appealing to? The lifelong smoker who snoozes contentedly in the debenture enclosure and who will never change his brand of smokes whatever the ad man throws at him? Or the bright sporty impressionable 14 year old who is just ripe for the slaughter?

The cricketers themselves have changed. Gone are the days when Fred Trueman lunched on five cigarettes. (I can remember being enormously impressed by that remark made on radio during a Test when I was a susceptible young lad. I thought it showed remarkable abstinence.)

These days cricketers are much fitter and far less likely to be addicted to nicotine (notwithstanding the ubiquitous Botham end of play cigar). Is it ethical then for cricketers to do battle under the colours of a mass murderer? It's precisely because of cricket's clean saleable image that the ciggy boys want to sponsor it. Would they be so keen I wonder if the cricketers were actually all 40 a day men with all the dire consequences of that addicts label? Fast bowlers operating in a maximum of three over stints because they've run out of puff. Batsmen avoiding all quick singles. Boundary fielders becoming a thing of the past because of a save your breath let the crowd chuck it in attitude.

There'd be coughing fits distracting wheezing spluttering choking racing pulses high blood pressure emergency oxygen always in attendance and cigarettes can seriously damage your health warnings embroidered on sweaters. Compulsive smokers of course punctuate their day with a cigarette at every break so when a wicket falls out would come the fags. Batsmen would steal quick drags between overs and while the 12th men brought out fresh supplies in the drinks intervals the ground staff would hurriedly clear away the dog-ends from the playing area.

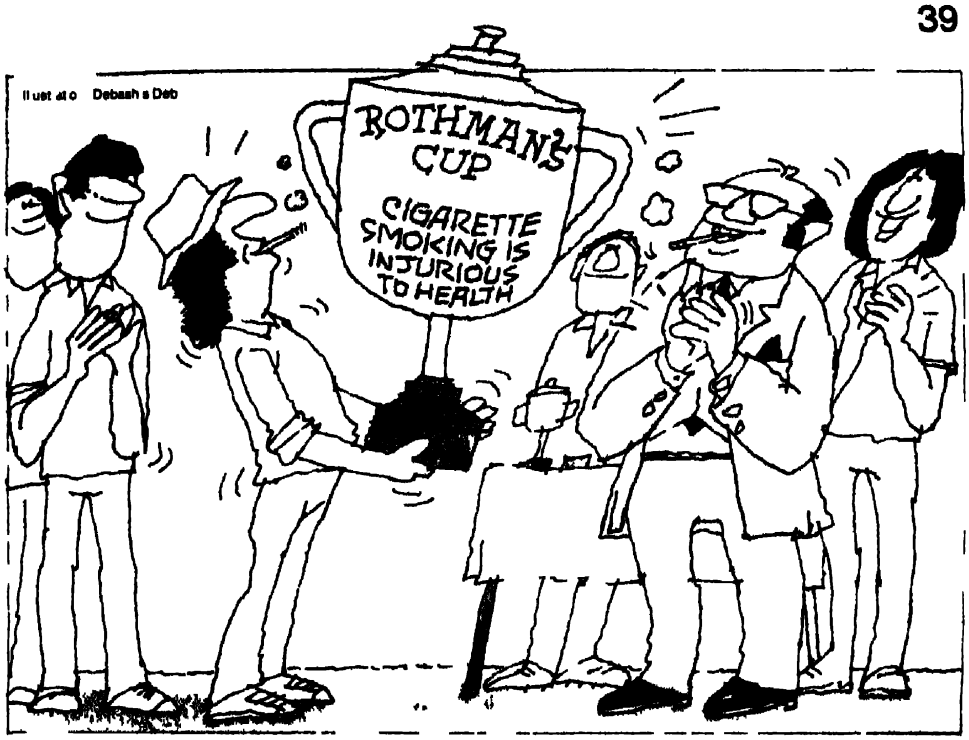
Among all the other paraphernalia that the umpire has to look after, batsmen would hand over their lighted cigarette to guard while facing, there'd be the bowlers' matches to carry because they keep rattling on the run up and deep inside his pocket he'd have one of those roll your own machines for some calamitous exigency.

There are some most alarming smoke scare stories from the village circuit. One team I remember had rather attractive caps which were awarded to players. They were cream in colour with brown ribbing. Very smart. We had a player who whenever he did an umpiring stint insisted on keeping a cigarette going. (He said it was helpful instead of counting stones he had six puffs an over. He *loved* no balls and wides.) It was a nippy early season game and the opposition's new discovery a young spin bowler had just been awarded his cap for his previous week's performance. Proudly he handed his cap to our umpire at the start of a lengthy spell in which he annihilated our batting. Unfortunately the umpire having put the cap in his pocket was keeping his chilly cigarette cupping hand in the same pocket. By the end of his protracted spell the spinner had figures of 8 for 13 and a new style cream cap decorated with brown ribbing and neat little brown holes distributed at random all over it.

More perilous was the next man in who was snoozing padded up through a long partnership. Woken abruptly by the fall of a wicket he dashed into the pavilion to grab his box. Unbeknown to him two old lags having a quiet fag away from the action had been



Illustration: Deborah Deb



using it as an ashtray

Then there was the occasion that gave rise to a completely new entry in the scorebook The home team had lost a set of bails They'd just disappeared into thin air And no spares There's always some bright spark with the answer though isn't there? Use a couple of king size The game progressed without incident except that when someone was bowled the bails needed renewing and the wicketkeeper suddenly seemed to have a penchant for over ambitious stumpings

The bloke who supplied the king size was an opposition middle order batsman He was building a sizable innings but kept giving longing glances towards the stumps and confessed to the keeper that seeing his own fags there made him desperate for a drag The keeper suggested when he was on 46 that if he hit a four off the last ball of the over he could celebrate his fifty with a few puffs The batsman duly hit his four milked the applause and with great aplomb lifted off one of the king size and lit up In all the excitement though he had missed (our) umpire's (quiet) no ball signal Suddenly the bowler was preparing to start another delivery and there was the batsman smoking his own bails He hastily replaced the cigarette—it just fitted—but the bowler was taking an extraordinarily long and exceptionally slow run up When he finally arrived at the wicket the batsman was glad to allow a harmless ball through just outside off stump At that moment the cigarette burned past the place where it was resting on the stump and fell to the ground The keeper appealed and the umpire's finger shot up Totally bemused, the batsman returned to the pavilion insisting that the scorer should record his dismissal as smoked out

Of course I can hear the whispers starting sense the nudges detect the hackles rising You know what he's suggesting don't you? You know what he's talking about? He wants to stop cigarette sponsorship Cricket's almost died once only to be revived by the tobacco companies Now he wants to kill it



Yes, I can hear the chorus of indignation reverberating around Lord's 'Cigarette sponsorship is cricket's lifeline!'

Garbage A cricketing phoenix would rise from cigarette sponsorship's asthmatic ashes New sponsors would queue up to take over the major competitions and cricket ought to start getting that queue formed immediately because the day is not far off when a government actually will ban *all* forms of cigarette sponsorship If cricket's not fully prepared for that day by sorting out and installing new sponsors now it really will have a problem And that's aside from the whole ethical question of accepting money from the purveyors of mass death

There go those whispers again they're building to a crescendo of protests, of curses of cries that it's the thin end of the wedge Attack cigarette sponsorship' they're saying, 'and where's it going to end? What's next—lager?' Damn right

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Who will defend England?

Lawrie McMenemy analyses the side without Mark Wright

NOTHING in football this season has saddened me more that the fate which has befallen Mark Wright

When Mark broke his right fibula in Southampton's FA Cup semi final defeat by Liverpool it was an enormous blow not just for him but for England's World Cup hopes

When I spoke to Mark he told me that Bobby Robson had informed him that he would almost certainly have been in England's Mexico squad let alone the squad I don't think Bobby was just saying that to motivate Mark into regaining his fitness as quickly as possible

Unlike Mark's critics –those who claim that he is too casual and head strong to be an effective England central defender—I know that Bobby has enormous respect for him

Not surprisingly Mark was very low when I telephoned him on Monday but knowing him as I do I am sure he will soon put his disappointment at missing the World Cup finals into its true perspective

As I told him you are only 23 and therefore you still have the 1990 and 1994 World Cups to look forward to and possibly the 1998 competition too!

I must say that it concerns me that Mark will not be in Mexico, because none of the other central defenders available to England have his pace and ability on the ball The Mexico conditions will suit footballers who are comfortable in possession and who can make the ball do the work and I feel that Mark would have done as well as anyone there

To me having Mark alongside Ipswich's Terry Butcher would have been the ideal pairing

Now it looks as though Bobby Robson will have to think again about the possibility of West Ham's Alvin Martin operating with Butcher

One of the problems of course is that they are so similar—basically they are both out and out centre halves who like to attack the ball

It is possible for such a duo to operate effectively as I found when I was at Southampton and put Chris Nicholl with Dave Watson I remember saying to them Look this is a bit of a gamble and if it doesn't work one of you will have to go In fact they did exceptionally well together

Still while one shouldn't make any hard and fast rules about the attributes and qualities needed by a pair of central defenders (the same applies to striking duos I think it is relevant to point out that England's World Cup defence will badly need to be able to cope with pace and mobility

So how will England compensate for Mark Wright's absence? One way would be for Butcher or Martin to be partnered by Queens Park Rangers' Terry Fenwick He is not as quick as Mark, nor as skilful but he is an extremely intelligent reader of the game

Another idea would be for England to adopt the sweeper system that I used at Southampton with Bryan Robson operating as the spare man behind Butcher and Martin!

Robson has already had some experience in that role and indeed, it is generally assumed that he will fill it on a permanent basis when he reaches the stage where he is no longer able to produce the physical power which has characterised his performances in midfield A lot of teams on the Continent use their best player as the sweeper because he can see more than anyone from that position and has more space and time Robson has so much energy and is such a good all round player that I don't think England would lose too much of his scoring ability by having him so deep

Whatever happens I hope that Bryan Robson– currently playing with a special harness to protect his recently dislocated shoulder—doesn't have any more mishaps

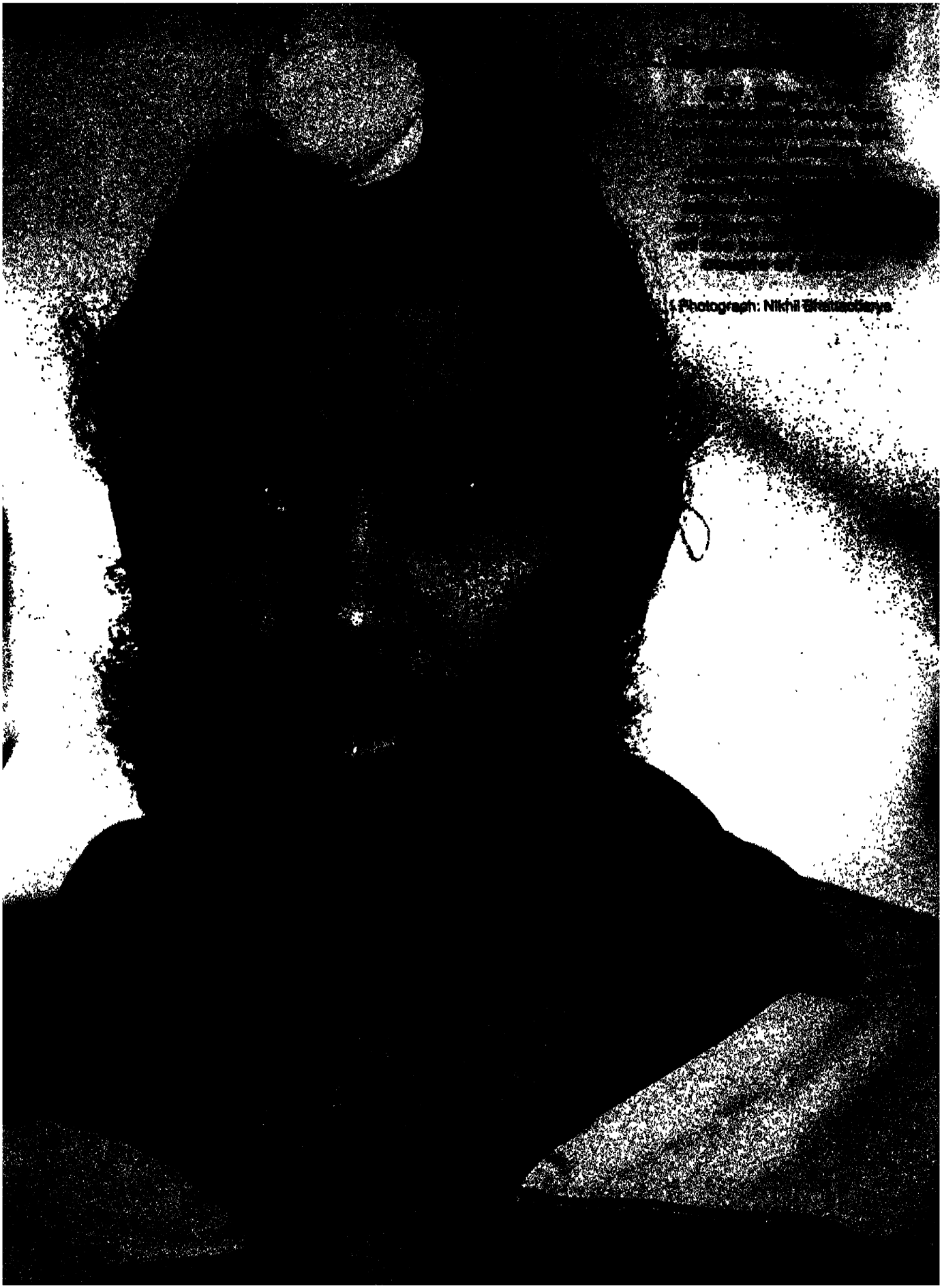
During a recent TV interview, Malcolm Macdonald the former England striker suggested it might be an advantage for England to be without Robson in Mexico on the grounds that he and the team will find it impossible to sustain the physical power he generates

I don't agree, Robson doesn't run about as much as he used to (he seems to share-out the work more these days(and he will provide the same psychological boost than Michel Platini and Diego Maradona will give to France and Argentina

England have already had a major setback through Mark Wright's injury England without Robson, too? Perish the thought!



Wright, immediately after having broken his fibula



Photograph: Nikhil Bhattacharya





Sandy Lyle blasts his way out a sand trap on his way to victory in the Greater Greensboro Open golf championship at the Forest Oaks Country Club

9 April India carve out a 3-1 win over Holland in their Champions Trophy hockey tournament at Karachi. In the second match of the day, Pakistan and West Germany lock horns to finish at 1-1.

India punch their way to two medals at the 12th King's Cup amateur boxing championship at Bangkok as Jaipal Singh outpoints Uganda's Deo Zinkubire in the final of the super heavyweight category and Sira Jayaram claims the bronze in the heavyweight category.

10 April India make heavyweather of a relatively simple task as they edge past New Zealand's total of 132 for eight with just three wickets to spare in the opening encounter of the Australasia Cup one-day cricket tournament at Sharjah.

Two missed penalty strokes seal India's fate as Great Britain cruise to a solitary goal victory in the Champions Trophy hockey tournament at Karachi. This completes India's five encounters in this tournament from which they have garnered just four points.

Sweden clinch the men's title and Hungary the women's, at the European table tennis championships at Prague.

11 April Pakistan steam roller Australia to set up their semifinal clash with Sri Lanka in the Australasia Cup at Sharjah by beating them by a huge margin of eight wickets. This match also affects the other semifinal as New Zealand make the grade against India.

West Germany leave no doubts as to their Champions Trophy win as they beat Holland by the odd goal in three in their last match. In second spot are Australia while Pakistan leapfrog into third place by virtue of their unprecedented win over Australia.

12 April Desmond Haynes scores an unbeaten 117 to lead West Indies to 228 for four on the first day of the fifth Test against England at St. John's.

Chris Evert-Lloyd has an easy match against Helena Sukova of Czechoslovakia to move into the semifinals of the $200,000 women's tennis tournament at Hilton Head, South Carolina.

13 April India lose quick wickets towards the end of their innings to give Sri Lanka the consolation of losing by just three wickets. Chasing the Lankan score of 205 for nine in 50 overs, the Indians finish at 206 for seven in 49.1 overs, after being quite comfortable at one stage at 165 for two.

The West Indian tail swings strong and lustily as West Indies amass 474 in their first innings of the fifth Test at St. John's. By close of play on the second day, England are 40 for no loss.

Sunil Gavaskar, Kapil Dev and Ravi Shastri are chosen as part of the Rest of the World XI that will take on the West Indies at Edgbaston on 20 May. The others that comprise the team are Imran Khan, Richard Hadlee, Ian Botham, David Gower, Allan Border, Martin Crowe and John Wright.

14 April England put their noses to the ground as they manfully push their first innings score to 263 for seven on the third day of the fifth Test against West Indies at St. John's. Still at the crease are David Gower with 70 and Richard Ellison with 2.

The University of Exeter in Devon announces that they will be honouring the West Indies cricket captain, Viv Richards, with a honorary doctorate of letters in recognition of his exemplenary contribution to the game of cricket.

Anders Jarryd of Sweden notches up his first victory over Boris Becker of West Germany as he wins the WCT finals at Dallas 6-7, 6-1, 6-1, 6-4.

15 April New Zealand crumble to the third lowest total ever in one-day cricket as they are shot out for just 64 runs in the Australasia Cup semifinal at Sharjah. Pakistan reach the winning total with openers Mudassar Nazar and Mohsin Khan still at the crease.

Jack Nicklaus brings in a seven-under-par score of 65 to win the green jacket awarded to the winner of the Masters Golf Championship at Augusta. Falling behind by one stroke is Tom Kite and Greg Norman.

Canada's Steve Bauer arrives first on the top of the wall at Geraardbergen during the Tour of Flanders cycling classic in Belgium



Inside Track



Frost is surely the Prince of the badminton court

The Yonex All England Championships held at Wembley recently, received more media attention this year than before and were it for the game itself then it would be something to be proud of But the media were there in force on the final day of the championships because they were more interested in finding out whether Prince Andrew would let slip the date of his engagement to Sarah Ferguson It was appropriate however that a Prince should attend these games as the present champion is surely the Prince of the badminton court If the evidence of these championships are anything to go by then Morten Frost will be at the top for a very long time There are some who will say that the top Chinesse players were missing from his tournament as they were preparing for the Thomas Cup but it would not have made one iota of difference

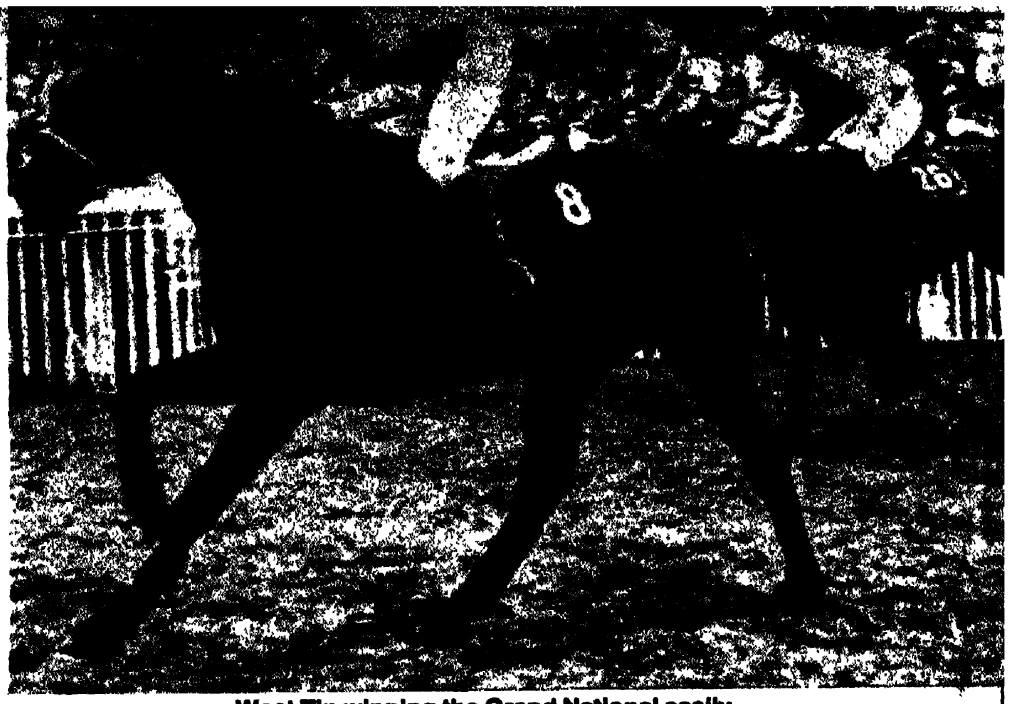
The manner in which Frost went about his demolition was quite superb and even our own Prakash Padukone could only muster 2 points in each game in their semi final clash In the final Frost raced away with the first game for the loss of just 2 points against Misbun Sidek of Malaysia and it was only in the latter stages of the second game did he encouter any resistance before winning 15 8

The rest of the tournament was totally dominated by the Koreans who won every other title available and it was more like watching their national championship May be they should stop calling these championships the All England championships as most of the English challenge faded out in the quarter-final stage of the tournament In fact the only headlines the English team created was a feud in

the camp regarding some players' dissatisfaction with the choice of the manager-cum coach. This included threats of resignations from a number of players who shall remain nameless till an enquiry into the whole affair is held.

Jimmy Connors, the ageing tennis rebel, is on course for another collision with the tennis authorities who have barred him, by playing in the Wimbledon warm-up tournament at Beckenham from June 2-8. Simply because his 10 week suspension from Grand Prix events—imposed with a 20,000 dollars fine for his abysmal behaviour when he walked out of his match against Ivan Lendl in a tournament in Florida in February—will still have a week to run. However, the chairman of the Beckenham tournament, John Stickland insists that Connors is not contravening Grand Prix regulations if he plays, and this has been confirmed by the mens ATP. Apparently, there is a loop hole in the rules which allows the player to compete in a tournament if it starts in the week in which the suspension ends. So Connors will miss the one Grand Slam tournament between now and Wimbledon French Open, which by his own admission is one of his least favourite. Thus he should be quite fresh for what is probably his last final fling at a Wimbledon title.

The miracle horse who came back from the dead added another amazing chapter to the Grand National romance. West Tip, scarred by barbed wire at three and almost killed by a lorry at five, won the world's greatest steeplechase at the second time of asking. Ridden with style and strength by the youngest jockey in the race, 22-year-old Richard



West Tip winning the Grand National easily

Dunwoddy, West Tip swept past the 66-1 outsider Young Driver after the last fence and held off a renewed challenge to win by two lengths. The 22-1 shot Classified was third and the favourite, Mr. Snugfit, at 13-2 was fourth.

During the race, West Tip was no further back than seventh or eighth in this four and a half mile marathon and was always going smoothly. Coming to the last fence it was evident, that the horse that looked like a winner last year till coming to grief at Beecher's Brook second time around, was finally going to get his due reward.

Once in the lead, on the run up the steep Aintree Hill, West Tip cocked his ears and stared at the elbow and the crowd, hesitated and drifted outwards. But a few hard cracks of the whip from his young rider kept him from deviating and he ran on smoothly to win more convincingly than the official two length margin. As usual there was a lot of pre-National fever and none more so on the betting front when Terry Ramsden, the owner of Mr. Snugfit, went on national television and admitted to having a 50,000 pounds each way bet on his horse at 8-1. It was the biggest single bet ever laid on the National and he stood to win over half a million pounds on his investment but finally he came out winning a mere 80,000 pounds which for the likes of Mr. Ramsden is absolute peanuts. Some peanuts, I'd say!

Modern-day tennis is a world where blowing your own trumpet from as many rooftops as possible can be the only way of gaining recognition, deserved or otherwise. The exception to the above statement is Steffi Graf. The 16 year old West German is openly being flaunted as the girl who may be queen perhaps sooner than expected, but she prefers to let others do the forecasting. In the space of 15 months, she has contested five finals and three semi-finals, including the US Open. And though she has yet to win a title, the points she has accumulated has moved her world ranking swiftly from 22 to 3. It would not take a genius to realize that she has just Martina Navratilova and Chris Lloyd ahead of her and has emerged as the first 'legitimate' threat to the top two since Andrea Jaeger hit the headlines four years ago.

Miss Graf though is in no hurry to take over at the top and even admits herself that although the computer says she is Number Three in the world, she feels that it is not an accurate assessment. She says that there is vast room for improvement in her game.

Stefi's biggest asset is her forehand that holds so much power that it even had Mrs. Lloyd admitting that it was probably the best in women's tennis. And don't forget that she is still only 16. Stefi is keen to avoid the unrelenting media attention that her countryman Boris Becker has endured since he won Wimbledon, and there appears to be little chance of her suffering the same fate, although it's not because of lack of talent. All that would surely change were she to win a Grand Slam tournament And that day cannot be far away as Miss Graff does possess what is described as "the killer instinct", which in the competitive world of women's tennis, separates the ladies from the lasses.

Michael King, London

Canvas horses



Novy Kapadia interviews Sabrina Siga, India's only exponent of sporting art

Her husband's hobby made her a famous painter. An example of a devoted wife, a mature couple or just providence, call it what you will but such is the saga of Mrs. Sabrina Siga, India's only exponent of sporting art in water colours. Sabrina's husband, Commander John Siga currently secretary of the Services Sports Control Board used to play polo for the Navy and during his spare time went riding as horses were his hobby. During the initial six months of their marriage in 1978, Sabrina found this a difficult habit to adjust to. So in 1979 she went with her husband to the riding club and sketched whilst her husband rode. Having done a B.A. in Fine Arts from Madras University and later post-graduation from the Sophia Polytechnic, Bombay in 1977, Sabrina had an aptitude for sketching and painting.

Talking about her experiences at the riding club Sabrina said, "Initially I just looked around for objects and scenes to sketch but soon I found the dynamism, movement and strain in horses as they were galloping or cantering quite fascinating and started pen and ink sketches of them. In 1980 I switched over to water colours and started on pictures capturing man and horse in competitive motion." So began Sabrina's career as an equine artist. She now works nearly 365 days of the year, trying to fulfil orders from connoisseurs, art lovers commissioned work and art galleries. Her reputation is not confined to just India as her exhibitions in New York, Canada and London have got her international acclaim.

Her agent in London is Mr. Robert Cox who deals only in sporting art. During a visit to London in 1983 Sabrina was scouring the sport art galleries dealing in sporting art. Providentially she met Mr. Robert Cox who saw her work as she had taken some of four of her paintings to England.

Sabrina Siga: A complete professional



The casual meeting with Mr. Robert Cox enhanced her international reputation. Annually she sends him six of her paintings which are put on display at Cox's gallery in London. Her paintings are frequently on view at international exhibitions in Canada, U.S.A. and in the private collections of her many patrons around the world. Polo magazine of the United Kingdom featured an article about her work.

From 4 to 10 April, Sabrina Siga held an exhibition of her paintings at the Samrat Hotel in Delhi. The paintings on display, all in water-colours depicted famous race horses, dramatic action in a polo match and some of Sabrina's favourite pictures, "the tenderness of the mare towards her foal." Some of the famous race

horses in her paintings include Shergar winner of the Epsom Derby in 1982, Affirmed with jockey Steve Cauthen winning the triple crown in USA, Seattle Slew also winner of the triple crown in 1977, Camino which won every classic race in the Indian season and another famous Indian horse, Track Lightning. There are also some champion polo ponies such as Flash.

How does Sabrina paint and excel in equine art? It is an arduous task. "I use photos as models for my paintings, especially of polo matches where there is a lot of action. My work as an artist is to understand the muscles and dynamics of the concerned horse. I like to depict the thoroughbred imparting an almost incredible sense of movement. I capture a moment of intensity and feeling in my art." From conception to finish, she takes about a week. First there is the sketching which is a long and careful process. Then comes the water colours, a spontaneous and difficult medium as you cannot take it off. "I prefer the English style in water colour painting which is to leave the paper white, think ahead and not let the colour run into the white portion. I prefer to paint at night when my 5 year old daughter Revathy is asleep and there is no disturbance."

Born in 1956 at Tiruchirapally in a family of planters, Sabrina remains modest in spite of quick fame and success, plus cheerful and unassuming in spite of the hard work.

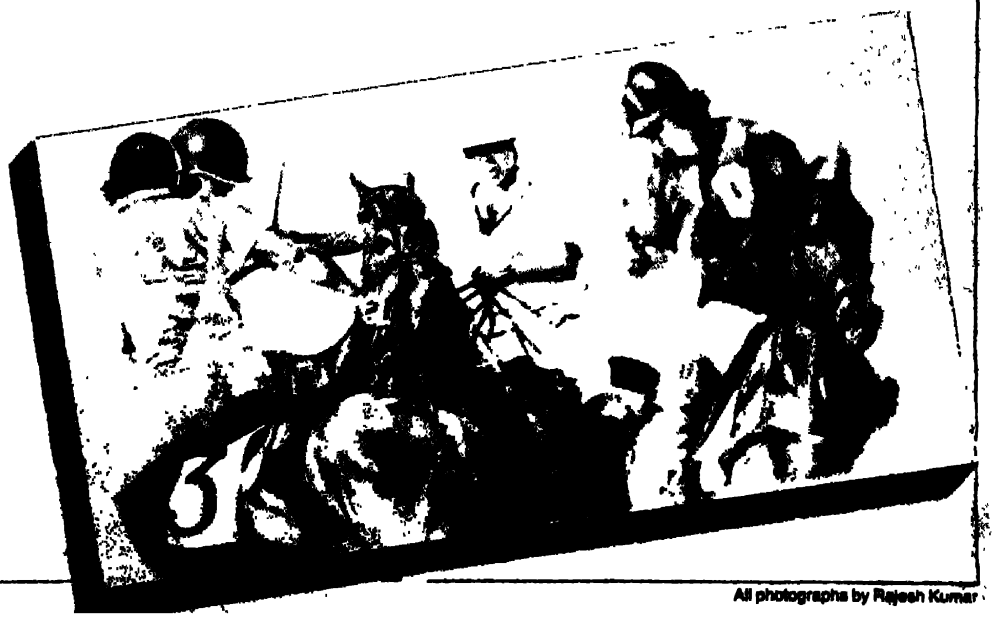
Making expansive gestures with her hands, Sabrina explained about the painters and styles which motivate her. "I am deeply influenced by the French painters Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, both of whom painted horse sports, but I nevertheless developed my own style by turning away from formality. Unlike my ideals, I have eliminated facts in the background of my paintings that do not express the subject, so as not to detract from the primary object, the horse." This indeed is the hallmark of her work.



Her style above all aptly brings forth the sensitivity and majesty of the horse in motion. Every strain and twitch of the muscles is accurately depicted. A moment of motion by a champion horse is given permanence by the paintings of Sabrina.

A complete professional in her approach to painting, Sabrina gets the best equipment for her work. "As our paper crumples up I get art paper from abroad. I even get brushes and water-colours from England, so that I can use the best. For sketches I get fixitives. My sister-in-law in England gets most of the stuff for me."

In six years as an equine artist, Sabrina has held exhibitions in Madras, Bangalore and private exhibitions at the Delhi Polo Club. After her public exhibition in Delhi, she is planning to stage her next exhibition in Calcutta followed by Bombay.



All photographs by Rajesh Kumar

Shane Gould

In an attempt to boost their morale, American swimmers at the 1972 Munich Olympics wore T-shirts that read "All that glitters is not Gould." This itself was proof enough of the awe with which the Australian wonder-girl was regarded by her opponents.

The favourite to win the 100 metres freestyle, Gould had to be content with the bronze medal, the two Americans, Neilson and Babashoff, taking first and second place respectively. But the champion, who had set world records in all five internationally recognised freestyle distances—100, 200, 400, 800 and 1500 metres—created a sensation at Munich. She went on to win the 200 and 400 metres as well as the 200 metres individual medley—all in world record timings. Feeling the strain of having to swim twelve races in eight days, Gould finished runner-up in the 800 metres to another American, Keena Rothhammer.

All this at the tender age of fifteen, under the guidance of that outstanding Australian coach Forbes Carlile. A year later, wanting to be like the rest of the girls her age, and tired of the sacrifices required of a swimming champion Shane Gould retired from competitive swimming. She was sixteen



McGuigan goes

Round the bend

McEnroe's got a thing for guitars. And he sounds more awful on stage than on court. Gerulaitis is a nightclub freak, though his footwork on the floor is better than what he displays on court. And now it's Barry McGuigan whose gone wrong. The world middleweight champion discontented with jabbing and hooking, and falling down and getting up again, has settled for sheer speed to give him a high.

And obviously his manager Barney Eastwood has got the jitters. What made ole Barney even more anxious was McGuigan's acceptance of an invitation from Renault, UK to take part in a celebrity race at Brands Hatch in the end of April. The problem was McGuigan's past record. While he certainly has a unblemished boxing record, he has successfully pranged a Lotus and a Alfa Romeo while cruising the streets of Belfast.

Eastwood, however, was reprieved when McGuigan's title defence against Fernando Sora was preponed to June 23. So while a happy Eastwood hums catchy tunes on his way to the gym, the boxer is probably sulking at the wheel of his latest modest acquisition: a souped-up black BMW.

A Scottish experience

Behind the Curtain

What was going on? A few members of the Scottish Rugby Union (I'm not sure whether they were attired in kilts. I wasn't

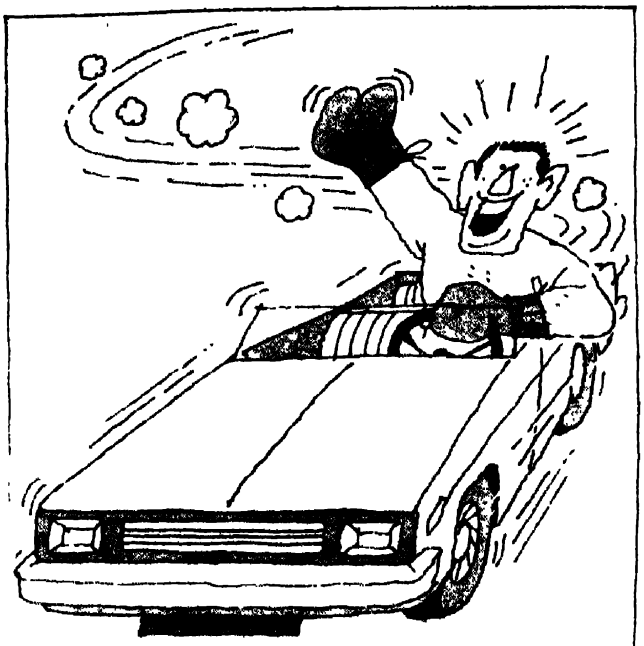


Illustration Debashis Deb

there) were standing at the reception of a Bucharest hotel handing over a sheaf of bills to the management. A bribe? No. A tip? Certainly not. A fine? Oh yes.

The reason was simply Scottish. After beating Romania in an international, in a wonderful state of euphoria (possibly achieved through a reasonable dose of pure Scottish whisky), they proceeded in good innocent faith to take their bedrooms apart.



Illustration Debashis Deb

The ubiquitious eyebrows were raised, the management was apalled and the boisterous Scots shelled out $1,500.

Luckily for the kilted revellers, their hotel was the only foreign owned one in the city. If it was government owned... well it would have been a long time before they played the bagpipes again.

The Soviets

Aping the West

The decadent West (Eastern Bloc terminology) has its fair share of obnoxious sportsmen and embarrassing moments. Yet with all their stress on discipline and dedication, it's gratifying to know that the Soviets too, occasionally, have a tendency to be human and foul-up.

The first offender was former world gymnastics champion Dmitri Belozerchev. Reasonably intoxicated one night, he drove into a tree and a broken leg meant missing the world championships last November. Carrying the torch further, were the staff of the women's gymnastics team. Obviously disgruntled by the treatment meted out to them, they stole the caviar and rations allocated for the gymnasts and had a sumptious feast. Good thinking.

Next in line were a couple of insecure teenage swimmers, who were prosecuted for carrying a pistol (a Saturday night special?) and for stealing their friends and colleagues electronic equipment (just the type who would be given asylum in America).

What has happened to all these people, is difficult to say. Though the anti-Reds I'm sure would scream vehemently: Look in Siberia.



"Hang on guys, the next turn's a killer!"



"So much for the height advantage!"



QUIZ

Ranjit Ghosh

QUESTIONS

1. Which country won the first volleyball World Cup (men's)?
2. Which country won the first volleyball World Cup (women's)?
3. Which country won the bronze medal in the Los Angeles Olympics volleyball?
4. Is blocking (or spiking) the service ball allowed in volleyball?
5. In volleyball how many contacts with the ball are permitted after the block—two or three?
6. A former Olympic gymnastics champion heads the international body governing the sport. Who is he?
7. In which year was the first World Cup in gymnastics held?
8. Who is Maria Gigova?
9. Which country's gymnasts have recorded most wins in the World Cup (individual combined events)?

ANSWERS

1 USSR
2 USSR
3 Italy
4 No
5 Three
6 Yuri Titov (USSR)
7 1975
8 Several times world champion in Rhythmic Sports gymnastics (Bulgaria)
9 USSR (both in men's & women's groups) 10 Li Ning of China

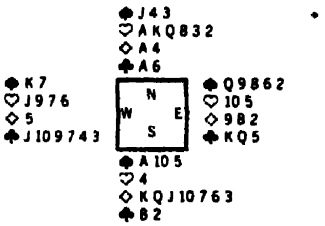
SOLUTION 331

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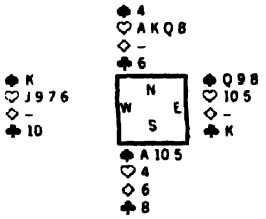
BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Concentrate, if you can, on the North-South cards only in this diagram

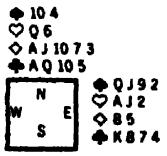


South plays in the reasonable contract of seven diamonds and West leads the jack of clubs. There are various possible lines of play. Having won with the ace of clubs, you might play ace of hearts and ruff a heart, then hope to bring down the trumps in two rounds. Somewhat better, I think, is to play seven rounds of trumps, hoping for hearts to be 3-3 or the same opponent to hold long hearts and K Q of spades. If you play on these lines an unexpected bonus arrives. After ace of clubs and six rounds of trumps the position is



Now, if West discards a club on the last trump, East is squeezed by three rounds of hearts. If West discards the king of spades, then East is exposed to a finesse. It is a guard squeeze, not easy to foresee unless you are a pundit in this kind of play.

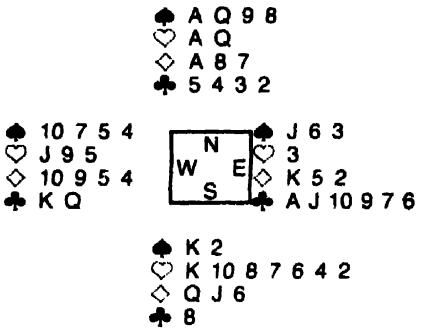
This week's quiz South plays in 3NT. West leads the 5 of hearts and follows with the 3. East wins the first two tricks with the ace and jack. South playing the 4 and 7



What should East play now?

Answer: The fall of the cards establishes that West's hearts are K x x x x, since with 10 9 8 x x he would have led the 10. East can defeat the contract, obviously, by leading a third heart, but it is better play to lead the queen of spades. South will win and try the club finesse. From *Test Your Pairs Play* by Hugh Kelsey (Gollancz £2.95).

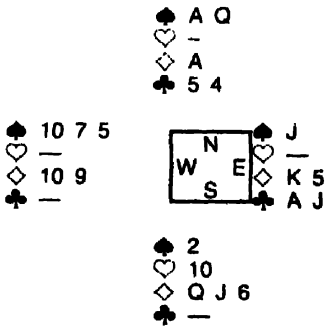
The awards for the annual Bols Brilliancy prize are determined by the votes of a group of experts. I don't know how this year's contest will result, but I liked best this deal from Norway



North opened with a Precision one club (Normally 16 points upwards) and the bidding continued

South	West	North	East
—	—	1C	3C
3H	pass	4H	pass
4NT	pass	5S	pass
6H	pass	pass	pass

West began with two rounds of clubs. The declarer, Harald Nordby, ruffed and, not fancying the diamond finesse, played for a trump squeeze. These were the last five cards



The spades are cashed and East is squeezed.

The writer, Sverre Haagensen, points out that if East had played a discouraging club on the first trick West might have found the diamond switch. Not easy for the defenders to foresee, but this defeats the contract. For a trump squeeze it is always necessary at the finish to have two entries to the hand opposite the last trump.

A GAME ENJOYED

In this last extract from his autobiography, Peter May looks back at MCC's tour of the West Indies in 1953-54, which according to him turned over a new leaf in the history of world cricket. Even when the MCC made their first postwar trip to the Caribbean islands, their squad was far from the best that England could choose. The book is published by Stanley Paul and is priced at £9.95

LOOKING back from a distance of thirty years I can see that MCC's tour of West Indies in 1953-54 almost certainly marked the start of a new and more demanding era in international cricket.

Previously England's strongest teams had only gone to Australia although the 1948 team to South Africa must have been just about the best except for Bill Edrich. Elsewhere there had nearly always been leading players who were not available either because it was considered that they needed rest or because they were amateurs and could not spare the time. Denis Compton's cricket career had been so interrupted by the war and by football with the Arsenal that in 1953 sixteen years after he first played Test cricket he had been on only three tours, two to Australia and one to South Africa. The very length of tours, especially those involving a long sea journey, meant that some players could not or would not make themselves available.

Tours to West Indies before the war had by all accounts been highly enjoyable partly social events the sides being often well stocked with amateurs. The first Test series there in 1929—30 was played by one of two MCC teams touring that winter. The Hon F S G Calthorpe captained that team whilst Harold Gilligan despised thirty years later to become my father-in-law captained a side which played the first Test series in New Zealand.

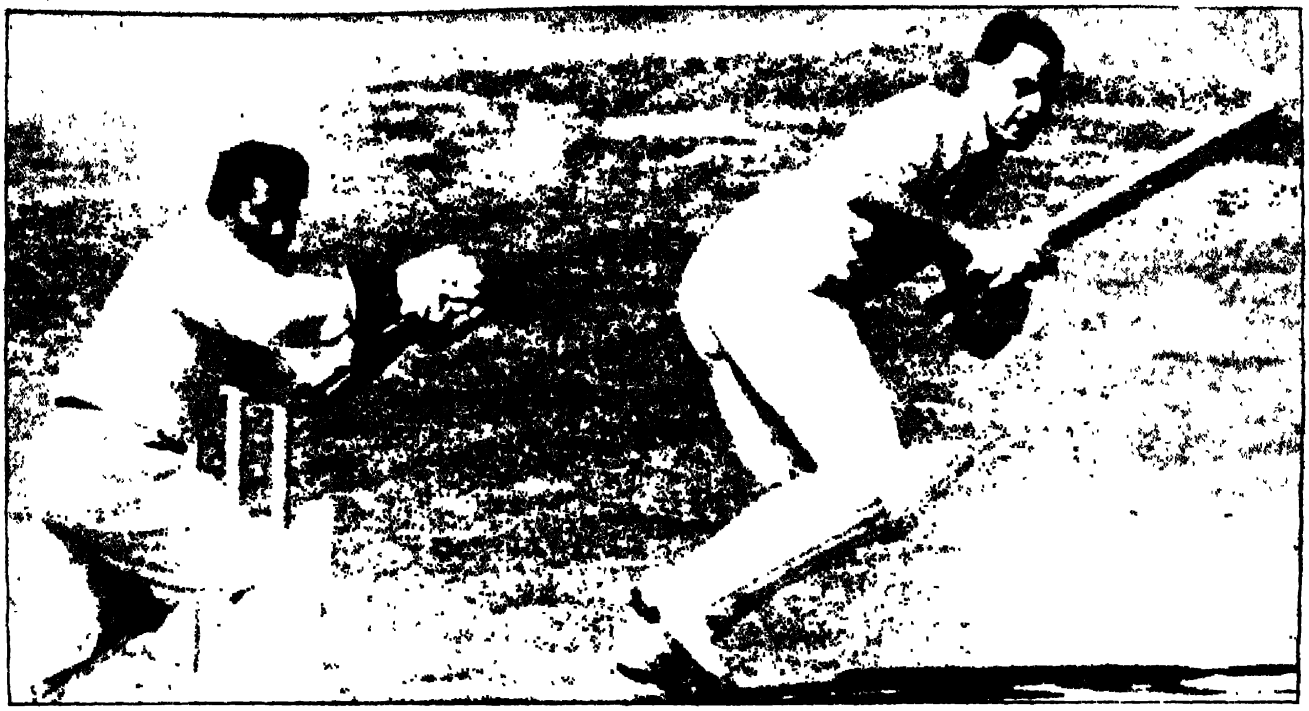


Looking back from a distance of thirty years, I can see that MCC's tour of West Indies in 1953-54, almost certainly marked the start of a new and more demanding era in international cricket

Even in 1947-48 when MCC made their first postwar tour of the Caribbean their team was a long way from the best that England could select. It was realized, of course, that West Indies had formidable new batsmen among them the three Ws who had been making huge scores during the war and there after. But English cricket generally for the reasons already given did not have all its best players available. Bedser, Compton, Edrich, Washbrook and Wright did not go. Hutton only went out later when called for in an emergency. There was no obvious captain available and Gubby Allen aged forty-five took on the job.

All this had to change after West Indies had won their first victory in England in 1950 by a convincing 3—1 margin. The strongest side possible had to go to West Indies in 1953. The days of the missionary work and of Caribbean semi-holidays were over. It was recognized that this was going to be a difficult series to win.

There was really only one player not available, Alec Bedser, who had bowled a huge number of overs since



A late cut off Ramadhin at Edgbaston

the war—over 1250 in the 1953 season alone—and was now thirty-five. Surrey felt that he badly needed a rest and would not be able to give of his best if he went. He and the selectors realized that if he did go he would be of doubtful use a year later in Australia where he had always bowled so well. Otherwise the side chosen was generally considered our best, although, as I have said, I personally regretted that a place was not found for Robin Marlar.

The new seriousness with which England approached the tour was one difference from the past. The other was the emergence of a cricket tour as making political and diplomatic demands well beyond those encountered hitherto.

The 'bodyline' tour of 1932—33 had, of course, penetrated government corridors in two countries but the issue then had been the way in which cricket was played. Now influences outside cricket were at work, nationalism and local political issues among them. A cricket tour required diplomatic ability with which few cricketers were equipped. Good manners were no longer enough.

I was amazed, for example, to hear in some islands that MCC were considered to have slighted West Indies by sending a team under a professional



Stuart Surridge, a painting by Frank E. Beresford

captain. I was embarrassed to hear European residence impressing on members of the MCC team the vital importance of beating West Indies. As I understood it, they feared their own position if England lost. It is one of the saddest things about modern international cricket that you cannot often be beaten without being 'humiliated.'

The inter-island rivalries also helped to confuse the situation for visiting cricketers, who had thoughts simply of playing cricket with the added attraction of spending a winter bathing in warm Caribbean waters.

The start of the tour in mid-December was a great improvement on that of the last tour when MCC had been thrown into a match with Barbados within three days of a voyage on a small ship doing its best against the Atlantic in midwinter. This time we flew to Bermuda and spent eleven days there. It was the first time that an MCC team had left by air.

This was a great experience for me. I had been on a Butterflies tour to Germany. I had been vice-captain of the Cambridge soccer team in Greece. I had been to Switzerland with Pegasus. But that was the extent of my overseas travel, and the flight to Bermuda and the stay there were something entirely new.

Nowadays it is still considered that a side coming from an English mid-winter needs a minimum of three weeks to be anywhere near ready for its first Test. In Australia in the old days the First Test did not take place until about two and a half months after the team had left England and by that time it had played first-class cricket from Perth to Brisbane.

This time we had just over a month's preparation before the First

Test and the eleven days in Bermuda should have been an ideal period for practice including as it did two three day matches in Hamilton against the Island Perhaps it was a little unreal We played on matting laid on concrete and the ball bounced so much that it had to be of a very full length to hit the stumps However when we went on to Jamaica after Christmas we seemed to have profited from it We became the first MCC side to beat Jamaica and did so by an innings Nor were Jamaica all that weak Four of their side played at some time or other in the subsequent Test series

For about eighty minutes next day Tom Graveney and I moved on towards the target but increasingly slowly once West Indies went on the defensive which they did with some thoroughness Esmond Kentish who three years later appeared at Oxford as a thirty nine year-old undergraduate bowled on and outside my leg stump with seven on the on side Gomez favoured the off side and a dense off side field The England batsmen were being repaid for the tactics which Trevor Bailey and other bowlers used in that era before on side restrictions because law

With a feeling that we were getting nowhere and that something had to be done I began to attempt strokes which I would not otherwise have played Soon after lunch I glanced a wide ball too fine and the wicketkeeper caught it

A score of 277 for 3 still seemed to hold possibilities but in fact we staged a spectacular collapse Six wickets fell to Kentish and Ramadhin for 1 run and although Trevor Bailey survived the mayhem as usual the match was over an hour after lunch and we had lost by 140 runs

The Second Test in Barbados was no improvement This time Frank Worrell played but Everton Weekes was unfit It made no difference Our performance was still inglorious

We made an encouraging start after Len had lost the toss for the seventh Test in a row Presumably through not hearing in the hubbub what the other was calling both Holt and Stollmeyer arrived at the same end and Stollmeyer was run out for nought Two balls later Frank Worrell played on to Statham Our bowlers found Clyde Walcott the most difficult West Indian batsman to bowl to because he had such power, and here he played a remarkable innings of 220 out of a

Tours to West Indies before the war had by all accounts been highly enjoyable, partly social events, the sides being often well stocked with amateurs

total of 383

On the second evening Willie Watson and I were both out cheaply to Ramadhin I drove him straight to cover point The only virtue of this was that it spared me from direct responsibility—we had of course a sort of collective guilt – for what happened next day when in five hours we scored only 128 runs losing 7 wickets in the process On the other hand my early departure may have contributed to the prevailing apprehension Ramadhin in the day was allowed to bowl 41 overs for 37 runs and 2 wickets Valentine was treated with almost the same caution There was no excuse We just became bogged down

Again Jeff Stollmeyer did not enforce the follow on although early on the fourth morning our innings finished 201 behind It was still a good pitch in fact it looked a beauty and Laker and Lock had little effect The only wicket which we took on that depressing day was when for the second time in the match Holt and Stollmeyer found themselves in fatal proximity this time in the middle of the pitch Stollmeyer was again the one who had to go

All this had to change after West Indies had won their first victory in England in 1950 by a convincing 3-1 margin The strongest side possible had to go to West Indies in 1953 The days of Caribbean semi-holidays were over

Holt went on attacking our spinners with some marvellous strokes and finished the day with 166 At that time he looked such a high class player that it was amazing that he never played against England again after that series and indeed scored only one more Test 100 in India five years later The explanation may have been that he was already thirty and at his peak whilst other younger players were on their way up

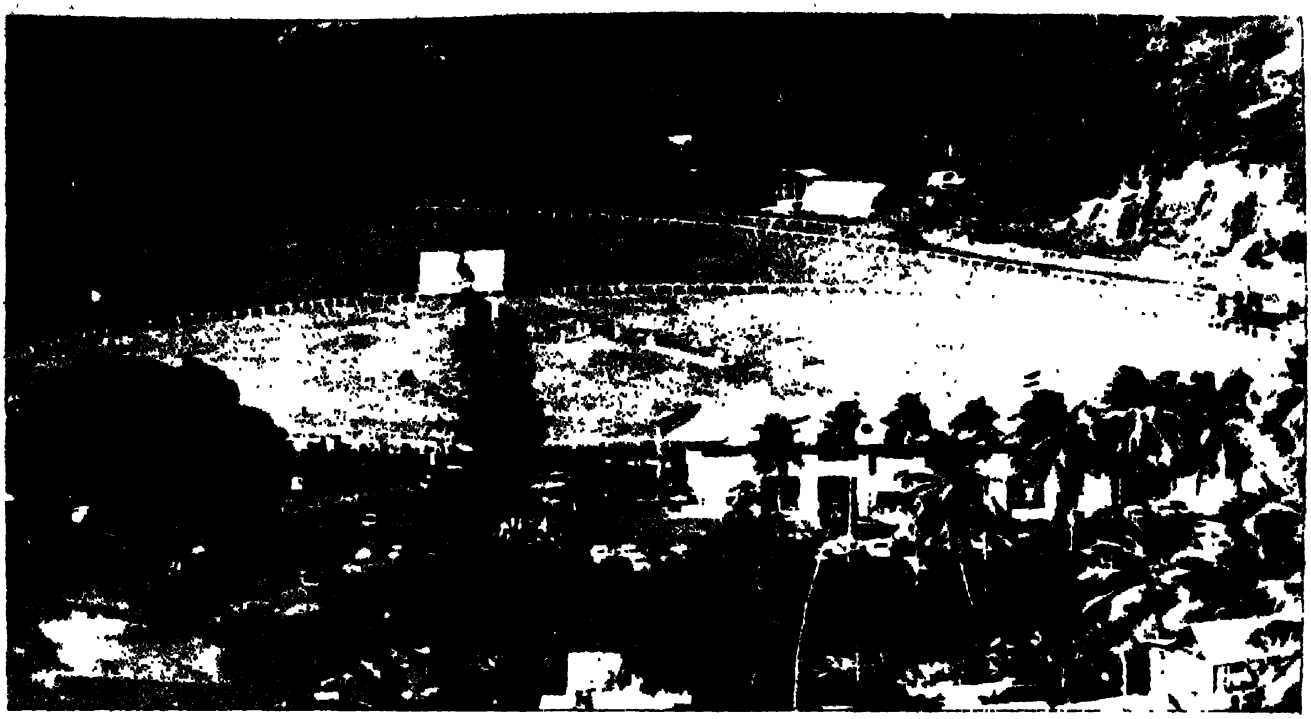
As in Jamaica West Indies declared early on the fifth day and as in Jamaica England made a start to the last innings which was in refreshing contrast with our first effort

I was the only batsman apart from Godfrey Evans who did not take the chance of batting practice offered by the splendid pitch at Sabina Park in Kingston but in the second rain interrupted match at Melbourne Park which was drawn I made 100 It was not the greatest innings ever played but it was valuable practice

In this match I had my first real look at the legendary George Headley—King George as they called him He was forty four but had been brought back to Jamaica from England by public subscription for the MCC visit In the second innings he showed the famous defensive technique which had probably not been severely tested during his years in the League His long innings earned him a place in the First Test but his return alas was the product of sentiment rather than reason and was a little sad Yet it was a sign of the respect in which he was held and of the way in which the game was still played that when he came in to bat in the Test match the field withdrew at Len's instruction and Brian Statham gave him one to get him of the mark

This start in Jamaica following the recovery of the Ashes a few months before and the impression that our standards were rising especially in bowling sent us into the First Test with some confidence The impact made by Worrell Weekes and Walcott the three Ws in 1950 and by Ramadhin and Valentine in partnership was too recent to be forgotten but in those days no other first class cricket was played in the Caribbean during an MCC visit and most of the best West Indians had no recent form to commend them Frank Worrell, for one, was out through injury

Our confidence was soon ebbing. We played four fast bowlers and Lock,



Grenada. What a ground on which to start a tour.

No Laker. The bowlers took 2 wickets on the first day, 5 more on the second and it was the third morning before we batted against a score of over 400. Test matches in West Indies then were of six days, each of five hours' play.

Willie Watson was soon bowled by an in-swinger from Gerry Gomez and there was a deafening noise when Len Hutton played on to Valentine, a Jamaican. The noise abated very little during my partnership with Denis Compton. I thought that we were playing rather well but Denis, down the pitch to Valentine, was lbw and I forced a shorter, faster ball from Ramadhin off the back foot to mid-wicket. My 31 was top score. Though Trevor Bailey's defence was a impenetrable as ever, he had made only 28 when the innings ended on the fourth morning.

West Indies led by nearly 250 runs but Jeff Stollmeyer decided to bat again partly, I imagine, because the shooter was occurring more frequently and partly because Ramadhin's spinning finger was giving some trouble.

We had dropped catches towards the end of the West Indies first innings. We had batted without distinction. But we had quite a successful morning and afternoon on that fourth day. Just before tea West Indies in their second innings were 119 for 6. It was no great help to us in the context of the match, for they were nearly 400 ahead on a pitch always capable of producing the unexpected, and after tea we lost control again. Lock had been no-balled for throwing his faster ball just after he had delivered a shaft of lightning which ended George Headley's distinguished Test career, and this deprived him of a variation which he was wont to use with much effect.

We did not drop as many catches as in the first innings but the wicketkeeper, McWatt who had been lucky then, played much better now in support of Everton Weekes who batted brilliantly. They were still together, Weekes 90 not out, when Jeff Stollmeyer declared.

He had left his bowlers nine and a half hours in which to bowl us out. Not many would have bothered to add that we needed 457 to win in that time, but when at the end of the fifth day we were 227 for 2, it was just conceivable that on this small ground with a fast outfield we might still make history.

I realized that evening the passions and confused loyalties of West Indian cricket. Jeff Stollmeyer's decision not to enforce the follow-on had been widely criticized in Jamaica. He had been booed both going to and from the wicket. He came from Trinidad, nearly 1000 miles away, and could not expect much sumpathy in Jamaica if West Indies failed to win. There were also alarming stories that Perry Burke, one of the umpires, had been threatened and his family accosted because on the second day he had given the Jamaican, Holt, out lbw when 94.

The cracks in the pitch which caused the occasional ball to squat had widened without doing much more damage and Len Hutton and Willie Watson had begun our second innings with a handsome partnership of 130. I went in when Len was lbw pushing forward to Gerry Gomez and surprised myself two overs later by driving Gerry straight for 6 as my second scoring stroke. I found that I was not quite at the pitch of the ball and, encouraged by the closeness of the straight boundary at Sabina Park, went through with the stroke.

Willie reached a most spirited 100 and we had sailed past 200 when, with only a few minutes left, he fell to an unlikely bowler, Jeff Stollmeyer. Jeff bowled high-flighted leg breaks and googlies as if to amuse himself and could undermine the concentration of

the most talented and the most obdurate. His other two victims in the series were Compton, when 93, and Bailey. It was the googly which accounted for the left-handed Watson that evening in Kingston. As he aimed to play it quietly on the on side, it turned and lobbed back to the bowler off the front edge.

Thus ended one of Willie Watson's finest innings. William the Silent, I used to call him. He seldom had much to say but was a great thinker about the game and, as befitted one of the last to play both cricket and football for England, a beautiful mover on his feet.

This time Willie Watson was caught at the wicket in the first over and I had one or two pieces of luck both against the tall fast Frank King with the new ball and when Ramadhin came on. But, having survived, I was determined not to be dominated by Ramadhin and Valentine and things began to go rather well. The spinners were taken off and, with Len active at the other end, the score moved up past 100 before, overambitiously, I tried to force Gomez square and was well caught by Walcott to his right at slip.

Len went on into the evening. Denis Compton, from an uneasy start, began to play some of his most brilliant strokes and it began to look as if we would again start the last day with an outside chance of bringing off an improbable win, though this time we needed 495. However, Len was caught at square leg off Ramadhin from a stroke not normally in his repertoire, the sweep, and at 214 for 3 that night there was still a long way to go.

It was soon evident next morning that England had only a draw for which to play, as rain delayed the start for fifty minutes and indeed returned later. But at lunch Compton and Graveney were still there with three and a half hours left.

After lunch, however, Denis was lbw to Stollmeyer for 93 when well down the pitch. I was not sure that the bowler appealed. Though Tom Graveney, tall and elegant, went on serenely, the others raised only 9 runs between them and we lost by 181 runs.

If ever there was a time for rethinking, this was it. We had been soundly beaten twice and had played some poor cricket. But we could not be as bad as we looked. West Indies had a greater depth of batting but we surely had the edge in fast bowling if our bowlers ever found a pitch to give them any help. Yet we were two down and three to play—and of those three remaining Tests, one was in Georgetown, British Guiana, which could provide one of the best batting pitches in the world, and another was on the jute matting of Queen's Park in Trinidad, on which a draw was considered almost inevitable.

There was certainly a chance that the weather might affect the conditions in Georgetown, but as we flew just off the coast of Venezuela to British Guiana the odds against our saving the series must have been colossal.

In Georgetown we beat British Guiana by an innings without doing anything to raise hopes dramatically. Moreover, there was a difference of opinion between one of the umpires and Fred Trueman in the colony match, which did not help, and an objection laid by Len Hutton to those umpires who were due to stand in the Test match. In those days umpires did not travel about. Each island or colony provided the umpires for the Test which it staged. In this case the British Guiana Board agreed to replace the two.

Talking it over with Arthur McIntyre during a match against Notts in 1958



The colony match produced rather conflicting evidence. On the first morning Len Hutton, Denis Compton and I were all out to the new ball which moved about briefly. We thus missed the opportunity of batting on a superb pitch. Willie Watson and Tom Graveney took their chance and made over 2000 each, putting on 402 for the fourth wicket.

Satisfactory as this was, it suggested that the best West Indian batsmen would find conditions greatly to their taste in the Test match. It was significant that Bob Christiani, British Guiana's only batsman approaching Test class, made 75 and 82 with ease. On the strength of these innings he played in the Test.

Georgetown, at the mouth of the Demerara River, is subjected to tropical deluges, and as the ground is below sea level the pitch, normally flawless, can sometimes be very different. I am sure that most people considered that we needed a lot of timely help from nature if we were to bowl West Indies out twice on it. On the other hand, Godfrey Evans, with whom I shared a room at the Tower Hotel, was always confident when we discussed the match, which was only occasionally. Our waking hours did not often coincide.

At last Len won the toss but we made only 153 for 2 on the first day. The ball was not coming onto the bat and perhaps that weighed more than it should on a side short of confidence after recent failures. Storms the day before had left the outfield slow. But although Len batted through the day for 84 and Denis Compton played soundly with him later in the day, it was not a very healthy output from 106 overs.

My own contribution was meagre. I was still trying to work the pitch out when I thought that I detected a friendly long hop from Denis Atkinson. I hooked, missed and was lbw.

The second day's play was an improvement as Len played very well to make 169. Denis Compton shared in a third-wicket stand of 150 with him, the later batsmen nearly all did their stuff and on the third morning we finished with a total of 435.

One of the penalties of fielding for a long time—and West Indies had fielded for 221 overs—is that it can take its toll in injuries. Holt had pulled a muscle and Jeff Stollmeyer took Frank Worrell in with him. In fifty minutes before lunch both of them

and, to our special delight, Walcott were out in a marvellous piece of bowling by Statham. Having begun with a wide, he had Worrell caught at the wicket next ball. In his third over he moved a ball away from Stollmeyer to have him caught at the wicket and in his next, as Walcott tried to drive, he bowled him off the inside edge. Such can be the rewards for bowling a full length.

The joy of having West Indies on the run was swiftly damped. It began to rain during lunch and there was no more play that day. We resumed on the fourth morning not quite knowing what was in store. It turned out to be an eventful day in various ways.

Weeks and the local hero Christiani made a steady start but Christiani was out before lunch to a fine diving catch by Willie Watson at midwicket off a firmly hit on drive. Christiani waited for the umpire's decision, which in the light of later events may have been unwise.

Gomez stayed while Everton Weekes confidently approached 100 and West Indies seemed to be easing out of trouble. Then Gomez played on to Statham and suddenly they were collapsing again. Tony Lock unexpectedly turned a ball to bowl Weekes and then took a left-handed return catch from Atkinson which seemed to come off the middle of the bat. West Indies were then 139 for 7.

At this point things began to go wrong. We had given the left-handed McWatt a lot of lives in Jamaica and he had made only a few runs here when Denis Compton dropped him at second slip off Statham. Subsequently Denis held some very good close catches but generally at this stage in his career he was not allowed in the slips in Test matches if it could be avoided. Here he was deputizing for Bailey who had broken a finger. If held, that catch would have made it 141 for 8 with just Ramadhin and Valentine to come. As it was, McWatt shared in a stand with Holt which added 99 before it had an ending which has filled one of the grimmer pages of cricket history. Realizing that they might be looking for a second run to bring up the 100 partnership, I raced in, picked up and threw in to Godfrey Evans as fast as I ever did in my life. McWatt was yards out. He kept on running and Ramadhin replaced him.

Ramadhin was about to take guard when scuffling broke out in a stand behind square leg and dozens of bottles were hurdled towards the square leg umpire who had given McWatt out. McWatt, of course, was from British Guiana. The bottle-throwing spread, the noise increased and the game was stopped.



With Freddie Brown during the Oval Test of 1956

To the young reader of today accustomed to seeing violence in sporting arenas on television, this may not seem very remarkable. But its impact at the time was immense. Riots on cricket grounds were unknown in modern times. It seemed a calamity that such a thing should happen in a Test match and a variety of reasons were put forward—drink, disruption for political ends and dissatisfaction with umpiring decisions which was all the greater in an excitable part of the world where they love to bet on cricket, for example on a 100 partnership.

I am quite sure that the betting on the 100 stand was at the heart of the trouble and that two previous incidents had stirred the crowd up. The first was the decision against Christiani. The second was the bowling of Weeks by Lock. A ball fell forward and a section of the crowd decided that Godfrey Evans had kicked it off.

What with this riot and the eighth-wicket resistance of Holt and McWatt, the fourth day had been a disappointment. But the follow on in those days was enforceable with only a 150-run lead and early on the fifth morning they started their second innings 184 runs behind. After a Sunday's rest, all was quite.

Holt, who had been 48 not out at the end of the first innings, went in first this time, still with his runner, and he and Stollmeyer made 79 in a way that did not hold out much hope for our chances of winning. But Compton, at leg slip to Laker, held a brilliant low catch from Stollmeyer and from then on batsmen came and went with gratifying frequency.

The catches stuck. Trevor Bailey, bowling despite the broken finger on his right hand, took 2 wickets. And the fifth day ended with the three Ws all gone, Gomez and Atkinson batting and West Indies, with six out, only 21 ahead. Since Statham's spell the West Indian batsmen had looked rather less than the all-conquering giants of the past month.

By lunch on the last day Wardle and Statham had finished the innings off. Here and in the final Test Wardle was to prove very useful with the chinaman and googly.

We needed only 73 to win and Len, having been on the field almost throughout the match, sent in the youthful Graveney and May. I had not previously opened in first-class cricket but it seemed a good time to do so and for the first two overs while we made 18 runs I enjoyed it. I then ran into a shooter from Denis Atkinson and it was left to Willie Watson to make the remaining runs with Tom Graveney.

The crowd seemed to take it well. We took it even better and left Georgetown with real hope that the tide had turned.

freewheeling

IT didn't matter that Halley's Comet failed to show up We selected a World Cricket XI anyway

Not that it was easy No Sir, it wasn't easy There was heated discussion there was argument there was lobbying the intensity might just have been mistaken for an actual selection committee meeting We the editorial staff of this magazine were taking advantage of the long holiday weekend over Bengali New Year to escape to the seaside resort of Puri We were the selectors

And when the team was ready someone said it would make more sense to drop the West Indian players and work on a team that could possibly match Richards side So we started all over again By the end of the evening—or was it dawn the next day?—no one was sure who was in and who was out But it didn't matter It had been good fun all the same

Try it some day Take a Saturday night train out of your home city and if you are as fortunate as we who hail from Calcutta you have a beach town only ten hours away If it's Puri you're headed for you stand in a line to confirm your return bookings as you arrive there for the holiday rush is not to be trifled with

While you stand at the tail of a serpentine queue a *pran* chewing ticket tout in a spotless white *dhoti kurta* with a *gamcha* neatly folded and slung over his right shoulder approaches you Tickets can be easily arranged at a slight premium of ten bucks per person

While you relax someone tells you that the guy is a dropout from a nearby temple What was that again? He trained to become a *pandit* at a nearby temple but failed to make the grade That's why he's standing there hustling for your tickets

Before he returns (successful naturally) someone else approaches you and hands over a leaflet with details of sightseeing tours You scan the piece of paper and are just about to crumple it up dismissively when he sticks his hand out again and takes it back only to repeat the process with another person alongside Failed priests as ticket touts you can handle But recycled leaflets? That's another thing altogether

Once on the beach you prepare for an energetic workout Flipping a frisbee on the sands of summer might not be everybody's idea of fun but you look forward to it Just one problem though the frisbee has not been packed and the chances of buying one in Puri are ten to

That's when you discover quite by accident one of the more unusual forms of fielding practice It starts when four of you throw a tennis ball to each other

You skim a tennis ball off the top of a breaking wave and watch it fly The results are swift smooth spectacular Misjudge and the ball is consumed by the wave only to reappear immediately bobbing on the surface of the glittering sea But if you have a strong throwing arm and fairly consistent aim you are assured of action that even the Channel Nine cameramen would revel in

Hit a wave crest and the ball moves faster than an edge off Srikkanth's scything bat Will the ball move left or right? Will it keep low or will it fly? The possibilities are endless You are literally on your toes all the time if you want to end the day with an impressive catching average

The wave curls The ball skims the surface Its shoulder height and waist high moving like a bomb and climbing all the time Feet planted wide apart in the firm moist sand your decision time is limited to only a couple of seconds Do you go for it or do you watch it hurtle past

You go for it Naturally You launch yourself into the clean air lunging for the projectile that separates the men from the boys It sticks You hit the deck tumble (some multi are optional but they are the ideal curtain call for an astounding performance) and come back on your feet the ball held triumphantly aloft like an ancient trophy from some primeval game

Inadvertently you have bellowed a shattering call of "howzat" You are high on pure adrenalin It matters not that a wicket has not fallen, it matters not that no batsman eyes downcast, is on his way back to a gloomy pavilion it matters not that Channel Nine aren't filming your performance for posterity

This could be your greatest moment The one you'll equate with heroism by the Bradmans of this world The one you'll recount time and time again to your admiring (and gullible) grandchildren by the winter fireside

Out on the beach not a single ball gets past you It is an unforgettable scenario The sand substitutes for lush green turf The sunswept waterfront substitutes for a crowded stadium The eternal thunder of the rolling swirling sea provides a constant decibel level equivalent to the crescendo of applause at any Test venue

The beach isn't exactly crowded with swimmers and sightseers It isn't the tourist season As far as you're concerned you don't give a damn After all isn't it the cricket season all the year round? As you throw yourself around you realise that the game is attracting spectators They tarry watching idly before inching closer In a short while they will ask you if they can join in

The game ends only when the light has faded into the lengthening shadows of a purple dusk Exhausted you stagger back home It's been a great day

Tomorrow the bruises will appear Each is a red badge of courage the hallmark of a distinguished sporting buff Other men merely play Test cricket You are a member of an elite band You are a beach cricketing warrior

David McMahon

Inadvertently, you have bellowed a shattering call of "Howzat" You are high on pure adrenalin It matters not that a wicket has not fallen, it matters not that no batsman, eyes downcast, is on his way back to a gloomy pavilion

SUNDAY



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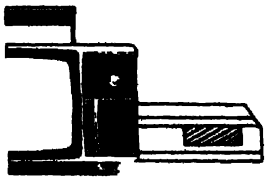
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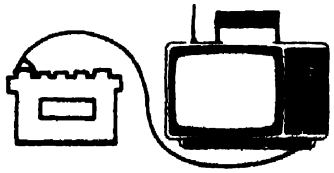
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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataud
Associate Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O Brien Pradeep Paul
Correspondents Bombay Haresh Munwan **Madras** Partab Ramchand
Staff photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha

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Wanted

THE English selectors should put the following advertisement in all British dailies

Wanted—young courageous cricketers to play for England The following qualities are a must (a) The applicant should be capable of playing a Test match for a full five days (b) He should be capable to keep his bat—and not his mouth—in the line of each delivery (However a decision has been reached to send a dentist and not a physiotherapist with sides that will tour the West Indies) (c) Only bowlers with extraordinary batting potentialities need apply They must be capable of taking all bowling as well as batting responsibilities (d) All applicants must be capable of returning home with their white faces intact We shall at no stage allow the islanders to blackwash us Enough is enough

Henceforth there will be a change in the pay and allowances of bowlers they will henceforth draw only half their remuneration unless their services are utilised in the second innings also

Interested candidates are advised to apply only after taking a look at the condition of the English players who are due any time at the Heathrow airport lest they should change their minds and lose money on postage

Not a bad idea don t you think?
S *PADMANABHAN*
Nellore

Disgraceful

THE Indian hockey team displayed an exceptionally poor brand of hockey at the Champions Trophy at Karachi As usual they were inconsistent finishing a disgraceful fifth out of six teams

It has been noticed recently that our hockey team suddenly performs far below their capabilities suffering defeats at the hands of almost any and every team A lackadaisical approach backed up by the absence of a desire to win and tiredness after playing too much hockey have certainly defamed and lowered the standard of the game in the country

The team depends far too much on their skipper Shahid If he strikes form then all well If not the rest of the boys are at a loss No other team in the international circuit is more dependant on one single person to such an extent If one key player is off colour another one compensates This unfortunately isn t the case with the Indian team.

SABUJ SEN,
Calcutta

Thousand words

THE photograph of Hana Mandlikova on page 22 of *Sportsworld* (2 8 April) was superb One usually only gets to see sportsmen and women with a racket and in sportswear but this unusual picture of the Czech star was an exceptionally good off beat one We hope that you will continue to publish such pictures

I think it would be greatly appreciated by all readers if you continue the page Thousand Words This guarantees at least one usual photograph in every issue

ARTA MISHRA
Cuttack

Begin right now

AFTER patiently watching several of Doordarshan s recent sports coverage I disagree totally with reader M A Radhakrishnan s views on the subject Firstly he states in his letter in *Sportsworld* (12 18 March) that our technicians are in fact second to none as they have done wonders with inadequate and outdated equipment Is it so? Our ability to telecast sports events are frequently exposed in the programme World of Sport I am sure all cricket lovers must have watched the highlights of the Rani Trophy final telecast recently It was one of the worst ever seen

If Doordarshan cannot telecast national events satisfactorily how do they intend to successfully telecast an international event of mammoth proportions I do not mean that Indian technicians are well below the required standard They may be qualified but will they be able to handle the imported technical equipment

If Doordarshan still insist on televising the 1987 World Cup then preparations should begin right now

RAMESH MENON
Chandigarh

Coincidence

THE first copy of *Sportsworld* that I bought about six years ago had a fine transparency of Kapil Dev on the cover By a fascinating coincidence my three hundredth copy of *Sportsworld* dated 19 25 February 1986 also had Kapil Dev on the cover

S *HUSSAIN*
Dibrugarh

4

In the fitness of things

One of the reasons for the European and Australian dominance of modern hockey is their successful application of sports medicine. **Andy O'Brien** finds out

He's [illegible] if he were letting me [illegible] perhaps he was. If your hockey [illegible] on this way in a couple [illegible] India won't even figure in this tournament meant for the top six teams. He was Professor Leisen the doctor accompanying the victorious German team and he said this while watching India play at the recently concluded Champions Trophy tournament at Karachi.

But wasn't it obvious that the Indian side was talented and had even narrowed the gap between themselves and their European and Australian counterparts? So why did the German professor who has been with the national team for the last fourteen years make such a seemingly odd statement?

He had spoken from a purely medical angle. he explained an angle that plays no mean role in sports medical science. In fact most Europeans and Australians connected with hockey attribute their rise to the pinnacle of world hockey subduing their Asian rivals to the use of medical science.

Yet where are we? It is an accepted fact in the hockey playing world that India with the kind of talent available should be right on top of the ladder. But the problem is that this talent is not being used and moulded in the right manner.

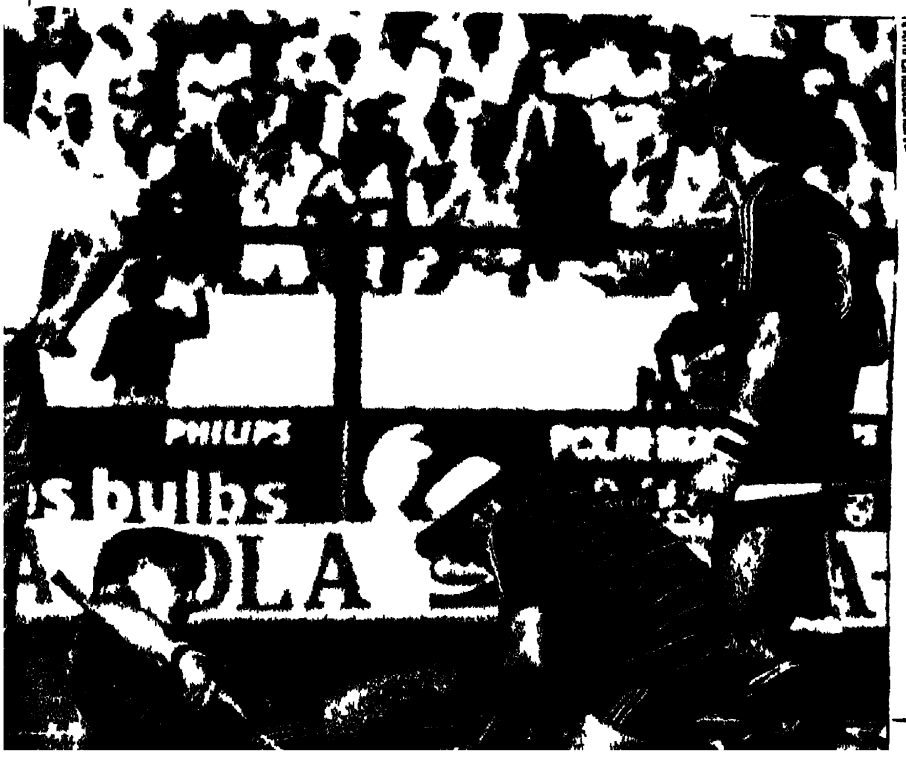
In India we look upon the doctor travelling with any team as nothing more than a masseur or a repairman with a first aid kit. We have not realised that doctors should be an integral part of a team's training programme. Our coaches think that training refers to working solely with stick and ball and that once a player has mastered the basic skills the rest follows. How wrong they are! The coach has his own duties which must be supplemented by sports medicine. Unfortunately however the value of the latter topic is neither understood nor appreciated in this country.

Take for instance the German team that won this Champions Trophy. It was Professor Leisen who chalked out the team's training and preparation. Amazingly 70 per cent of their work involved fitness with just a mere 30 per cent involving workouts with the stick and ball. But Leisen admitted. When I first brought up this idea many of the senior members threatened to stop playing for the national side. They were willing to work hard with the stick but were not prepared to do anything else. It was only after a lot of persuasion that he got his point across to the team. The result needs no elaboration.

What then is the secret of the success attained by European and Australian hockey teams? Ask Major J A Cruze. He is a West German trained specialist in sports medicine who has accompanied the Indian hockey team in his official capacity over the last few months. In his words. One aspect of sports medicine that is unheard of in our country is performance diagnosis. This science is so advanced in other countries that someone like Leisen can predict the performance of an individual athlete, using laboratory data accumulated through tests on the person in question.

The working intensity of each player depends on the stage at which the muscles start working from aerobic to anaerobic. The better an athlete is trained the later is his onset of lactic acid accumulation in the muscle. The point at which lactic acid accumulation starts taking place is known as the active threshhold. By working on this, the Europeans have managed to upstage us in a game we dominated for

The doctor is more than a repair man with a first aid kit



Nikhil Bhattacharya

so long."

Explains Leisen, "When muscle is fatigued with the accumulation of lactic acid, the brain cannot exert control over the muscle. So the player begins to rely merely on intuition. Your training has to be based on what we call the lactic curve."

HE then came out with a startling revelation. "We sometimes laugh when we see the Indian team warming up. Their exercises and methods are so outdated that their muscles have already begun accumulating lactic acid before the game begins. What chances do you have?"

The pity of it is that we Indians do know about this lactic acid buildup, but it is not being put to any use in our sport. Our coaches and doctors work so far apart that there is no co-ordination between them.

The Europeans have brought about major modifications in their methods of hockey training. The game requires two basic energy systems; one of which is responsible for short bursts of activity while the other provides endurance which sustains these bursts over a seventy-minute period.

To build both these two systems—keeping in mind that all international hockey is now played on astro turf—the Europeans are placing great stress on two aspects of their training methods. Firstly, more emphasis is being placed on field-related tests rather than laboratory tests and these field tests are translated into actual training. Second, and more important, is the use of what is known as fartlek running. This means running short bursts of 10 to 30m followed by 300—400m of slow jogging combined with gymnastics, stretching and use of tennis balls, all over a period of 40 to 50 minutes. This helps a player to concentrate and improve his neuro-muscular co-ordination, using low intensity training.

The secret is to avoid using high intensity training, which creates acidity and leads to control from the brain being cut off.

Certain aspects of low intensive training methods help to increase a player's lactic acid threshold. Explains Professor Leisen, "We have specific data on each player which we can evaluate and monitor through tests to determine any change in the lactic acid threshold. Since each player has individual characteristics, everyone can train on his own." That is the reason why a team like the Germans can come together just a couple of weeks before a tournament like the Champions Trophy and still come out on top.



The victorious German team's preparation included a mere 30 . per cent of work with stick and ball

This individual training is also very important to European hockey-playing nations because sport there is at such an amateur level that players cannot afford to be away, practising in different parts of the country. On the other hand, most Indian players spend the majority of their time together in training camps at Patiala.

As Major Cruze says: "The NIS medical tests held at the camps measure only endurance and stamina which constitute only 30 per cent of hockey effort. Therefore the other 70 per cent is not being measured. These tests do not tell you anything about a player's power, skill and neuromuscular capabilities, which are so important for a team game. Our players are scared of going to Patiala. They think that they will immediately be subjected to one of these medical tests and be rejected on the basis of the test. Nowhere in the world does a test of this nature lead to a player being thrown out of a national side."

Another important sphere that needs attention is recovery training. Every time India played on two successive days at the Karachi Champions Trophy, they played below par on the second day. Why? Because of the absence of recovery training.

After each game our tired team went back to the hotel and rested. But not the Europeans, who did ten or fifteen minutes jogging after each game as recovery excercises. This was sometimes even followed up the next morning. Recovery training has two areas of importance. It gets rid of all metabolic waste products and increases the parasynthetic activity which helps in a speedy form of regeneration. It also helps a player—strange though it may seem—sleep easy.

The poor Indian players had problems sleeping after every match, all through no fault of their own. It is a true indicator of their talent that even without scientific training facilities, they still maintain such a high hockey standard. Moreover, they also provided competent opposition in the face of the systematically trained foreigners.

It seems that the Indian Hockey Federation has realised the need of the hour, for it has drawn up a panel of doctors to assist in the coaching of teams. Though there is a chronic shortage of facilities for these doctors, it is still a step in the right direction. Moreover, Major Cruze seems to have become an integral part of the Indian squad: this might surprise a friend of mine who once wondered what a doctor was doing at a pre-match team meeting. Cruze, given a free hand ever since the India-Pakistan Test series, has already begun implementing the knowledge acquired during his stint in West Germany. Scientific training has to begin. And what better place to do so then the national hockey team?

It would be a good idea if each sports federation appointed its own panel of doctors to monitor the training of national teams. The ultimate aim would be to take it down to grassroot level: the schools.

The government, so bent on leading the nation forward, should also do its bit for sports technology if our sportsmen are to enter the next century.

The old guard reigns supreme

Niket Bhushan outlines Bjorn Waldegaard's third Safari Rally win



WINNING the Safari Rally is an achievement. An encore is a rare feat. A third win is a miracle. Sweden's Bjorn Waldegaard did exactly that in this year's rally. As his Toyota Celica Turbo, navigated by Bo Thorselius, nosed its way up the ramp, he became the first overseas driver to have won the rally thrice. Toyota were also celebrating a hat-trick but unlike Waldegaard they notched up three consecutive wins. Lars Eric Toroph came second in his Toyota. Markku Allen outclassed Erwin Weber to bring Lancia third overall and prevent a 1-2-3 for Toyota.

Kenyan superstar, Shekhar Mehta, plagued by mechanical problems in his Peugeot Talbot Sport, finished a dismal eight while the four-time Himalayan Rally winner Jayant Shah and his co-driver Lofty Drews were time barred after their car rolled over. The great Indian hope and hero, Rajiv Khanna, in his Opel Manta, just managed to finish the first leg. "I'll be back", was all that he could say.

Africa's wild-life hazards, bone-shaking dirt tracks, flooded rivers, hair-raising bends and spine-chilling curves were all there. But the reduction of the rally to 4000 km instead of the usual 5000 km, at the insistence of FISA, saw to it that the entire tarmac section to the Indian Ocean town of Mombasa was cut and the Chyulu Hills, a twisting and torturous section on top of the Taita Hills included instead. Dropping Mombasa was a very painful decision for the organizers, since for the past 34 years, the drive down has been a chance to flex the muscles before the real action begins.



Bjorn Waldegaard smiles for the camera while showing his winning style in his Toyota Celica Turbo (above)

This year the battle was between the old tigers and the young cubs. Shekhar Mehta, Bjorn Waldegaard, Markku Alen...they formed the old tigers or the battle-scarred veterans. Facing them was the new breed of world class rally drivers in their mid-twenties: last year's winner Juha Kankkhunen, the one who came close: Erwin Weber, a first timer: Lars Eric Toroph...to name a few. The old tigers with their skill and stamina had no intention of trailing

them and were all revved up as the flag went down for a tussle between experience and enthusiasm

FISA have always wanted a minimum time of 21 days before the last world championship rally to give the clockwork service crews a chance to polish their weapons Spending something around £500,000 (Rs 75 lakhs), these works-teams were doing something much more than just uncorking champagne bottles and smiling before a battery of cameras Nissan was taking a rest this year Two time winners Toyota had Waldegaard Toroph and Weber—a formidable trio to make true something that seemed impossible winning for a third time in a row Markku Alen and first time entrant Miki Biasion were leading the Lancia charge While Mehta and Kankkhunen were planning to go all out to keep the other two giants on their toes In short it was to be a battle of the giants

As car number one manned by Juha Kankkhunen and Juha Pllronen rolled down the ramp first on a bright and sunny day at Nairobi Kankkhunen must have wryly glanced at a rear view mirror presented to them by Waldegaard It had written on it—"Have a nice rally look out for us!

But Waldegaard who rolled down immediately after them saw to it that Juha did not use that mirror for long when he overtook him in the very first section and clung to the lead till the end of the first leg Mehta's car overheated forcing him to stop and disconnect two spotlights to cool it down Altogether sixteen cars dropped out from the 69 original starters, leaving all the stars to compete for the top spots One wrong move and the next one moved up

As the battle weary cars rolled back into Nairobi after the first leg it was clear that Waldegaard meant business The first three cars for most of the second leg were Toyotas Vic Preston Jr another Kenyan top driver, was troubled by mechanical problems and rolled out of the rally when he failed to negotiate a tricky bend and landed on his roof Kankkhunen slid further down, courtesy electrical failure Jayant Shah and Lofty Drews, in their Nissan 240 RS, also bid adieu to the rally when their car too rolled before the Man Narok passage control Though not injured, they were time barred and were out of the reckoning

But the drama was not confined to the roads only Monitoring the progress of their respective cars were

Shekhar Mehta—a giant among rallyists

FORTY ONE YEAR OLD Shekhar Mehta still in the fray for world rally championships visits India often but not for rallying He comes on business to look after the Mehta Group Investments

Only once did he participate here when he roared off in the inaugural Himalayan Rally Then he was so badly stoned before his victory that his sponsors have not asked him to rally here again

The big question his fans are currently asking in Kenya and Europe is Why can't he win the Safari yet again? After all this is the event which shot him to rally stardom after he won it for a record five times First in 1973 when the Ugandan dictator had just thrown out his family from their multimillion dollar estates and later an unbroken four masterly victories from 1979 to 1982 Since then every year he lets the Safari slide under his bumper

Mehta has rallied in Europe and such exotic locales as Argentina New Zealand Morrocco Ivory Coast and even from Hong Kong to Peking Beginning his rallying career with Datsun he now is a Nissan driver as part of the works team But his previous Safari wins have been in a Datsun with his wife Yvonne, navigating him in some of these rallies

This year, however Nissan has withdrawn from the world rallying championships and are busy working on a new car to be launched in 1987 or 1988 Mehta will then be back behind the wheel of his trusty drive Meanwhile, he had to be content with the four-wheel drive turbo charged Peugeot 205 E2 one of which caught fire while he was on recce for the Safari Rally

Right after his Puegeot rolled off the starting ramp it started developing mechanical problems Yet at the finish Mehta had the grace to be diplomatic about it Potentially commented Mehta, It is the right car for this rally We had engine problems throughout When the radiator went we had to take off the spotlights to cool it down apart from some dust problems

Mehta lives in Nairobi where he runs the franchise of Subaru, among his other family interests He also has a flat in London for his worldwide rallying forays His main rallying achievements so far have been Five world Championship Rally wins in the Safari in 1974, 1979 1980 1981 and 1982 all in a Datsun Other main results have been 1974—fourth in San Remo Rally in a Lancie, 1976—third in Acroplis Rally in a Datsun, fourth in Cadssur Rally in Datsun, first in Himalayan Rally in Datsun 1981—Second in Cadasur Rally, third in Ivory Coast Rally in Datsun and fourth in Acropolis Rally He has taken part in other rallies in Kuwait, New Zealand, Argentina, Hong Kong to Peking and stood among the top ten.

Nikat Bhushan



An eighth place was all Mehta could manage



Champagne time for Waldegaard and Bo Thorselius (left) as they acknowledge their fans

helicopters a scene straight out of a James Bond movie But Henry Lidden manager of Toyota was even a few steps ahead of that Strategically placed in a high altitude plane he was devising strategies and giving orders Just like a chess game But he was spared much anxiety since at the end of the second leg Waldegaard was very much in command

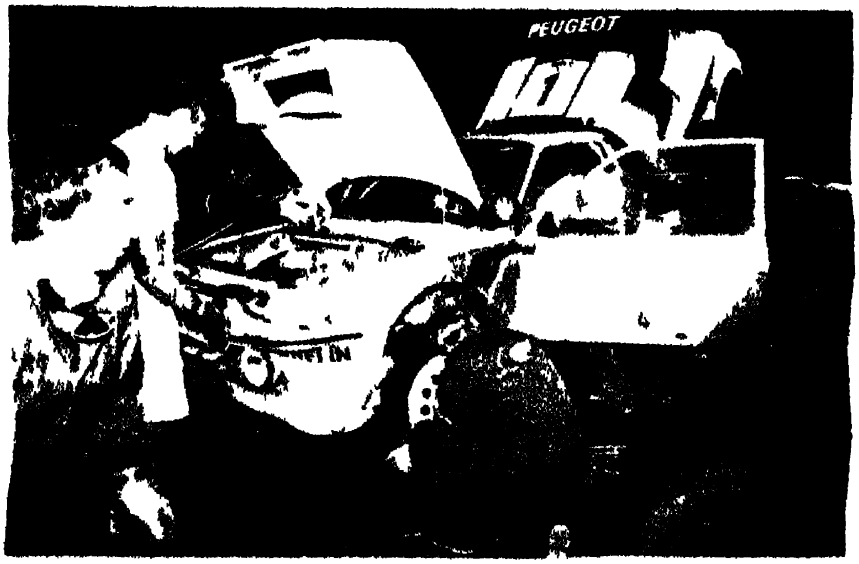
Now it was the race back to Nairobi and to the ramp As per the strategy Waldegaard was the hare setting the pace Toroph's orders were simple cushion Waldegaard from the attack from the Lancias and the Peugeots

The bugle for the battle had long been sounded Instead of the General on a massive swaying elephant there was Lidden who just said Go for it Waldegaard! And he did exactly that

Weber was unlucky with a broken rear break disc and was handicapped in front of the powerful Lancia driven by Markku Alen Mehta stung by consistent problems came a dismal eigth

The top five cars were piloted by overseas drivers and the fact that only 16 had the honour of opening champagne bottles out of the original 69 proved what a gruelling fight it had been No African driver managed to complete the rally Patrick Njuru who has entered the Himalayan Rally had declared at the starters ramp that only a giraffe could stop him this year *And ironically that's exactly what* happened In the second leg a giraffe hit his car and knocked him out

Waldegaard's Toyota was in good condition after the rally and but for some minor problems that had cropped up during the rally he went *virtually trouble free At the end of it he just could not resist saying something that all drivers participating in* this rally irrespective of whether they taste defeat or glory say "I'll be back next year



The Peugot team was plagued by mechanical problems

The Ravi Shastri column



THE best one-day cricketers that I have come across are not difficult to choose. By their record they select themselves. My shortlist of half-dozen comprises Vivian Richards, Allan Border, Imran Khan, Richard Hadlee, Kapil Dev and Ian Botham. Not a very difficult guess, one could say.

I was fortunate to have been around at Old Trafford when Viv Richards played his unforgettable 189 not out against England in the limited-overs match. The problem with bowling to Viv Richards is that he is doing something all the time. It is very customary of him to begin by picking his singles but the power with which he explodes later is very difficult to control. This was best proved in that Old Trafford innings.

Just consider the state West Indies were in: nine down for a score not in excess of 175, if I remember right. On paper, England should have wrapped it up with ease. But Viv Richards carried the innings almost singlehandedly. By the time the innings had ended England were set to chase a score somewhere close to 300! There was one particular shot that I remember vividly. He went on his backfoot towards the leg side to Willis and hammered him straight over his head for six. It landed about 10 to 15 rows behind the sightscreen!

Imran Khan, next on the list, is the best bowler that I have ever played. When Imran has a couple of wickets behind him, he can be as fast as anyone. Here, I mean that he can be as *fast* as Malcolm Marshall. Moreover, at that speed, when one's instinct is to self-preserve. Imran manages to swing it in. Next ball, as you are prepared for the inswinger, it moves away. Most batsmen against Imran in full flight have been confused in there. Against India last year, Imran picked up six wickets for 14 in ten overs. The best part is that none of the batsmen were out playing shots.

As a batsman, Imran is a powerful striker. This is not best advertised because he tends to come in fairly late in the batting order. He had a fine season for Sussex with the bat last year. Last November, he lifted Garner for three sixes in one over.

Kapil Dev is in my opinion the best fielder of the top six that we have here. The others are specialists in the field. For instance, Botham is a fine slip fielder. In contrast, Kapil Dev excels in almost any position on the field.

The problem with Kapil's batting in limited-over matches is actually the position he goes in at. When he walks in, four wickets having gone, the side is either cruising or packing up. So he never gets any time to settle down. That is just the reason why an average of 30 or 35 is considered a very good one in one-day internationals.

The best innings that I have seen of Kapil Dev has been his 175 against Zimbabwe. The innings was worthy on two counts; one, that it pulled India out of the woods. Secondly, it was the manner in which he batted. Kapil hit them around so extensively that it almost looked artificial.

The best spell that I have seen Kapil bowl was in the World Championship final against Pakistan. It seemed that he had reserved it for the right moment. He picked up three wickets. One of them, of Qasim Omar, was a tremendous delivery.

For a man like Richard Hadlee to take 34 wickets in a Test series at his age only speaks of the man's fitness. The reason why he is so successful is that he is always at the batsman. He has slowed down his speed but his control is remarkable. Inswing, Outswing, both cutters, and the delivery which has two of these attributes combined, can be deadly. Because he bowls from close to the stumps, he is more or less 'straight,' leaving a minimal margin for error. Perhaps, that is the reason why Hadlee picks up a lot of lbws.

Botham's record speaks for him. He has played uninterrupted for England in limited-overs matches for the last nine years or so. Though he has taken a lot of runs off India in Test matches, we have been fortunate as he has not played many games in the last few years against us in the major tournaments. The best innings that I have seen Botham play was incidentally not in a limited overs match. It was the 118 against Australia in 1981 at Old Trafford. I felt that his bowling was at its best against Australia in that very series when he picked up five for three runs at Edgbaston—or was it?—and against West Indies at Lord's in 1984 when he took eight wickets. Botham stands very close to the batsman in the field—often short gully—so the margin for error is very great. Considering that, he has taken a high percentage of catches that have come to him.

Botham is a character. Even when the game is not going on, you can be sure that he is up to something. At Old Trafford, for example, on one occasion, there had been a downpour and there was nothing to do. The players made a beeline for the telephone to call up their girl friends or whoever. Botham crept stealthily one to of them, crushed a banana to pulp and drained it into of one the receivers. We had this joker Derek Randall going to ring someone up. He ended up with pulp all over his face.

On another occasion. He walked into our dressing room and layered Dilip Doshi's bat with banana pulp. Doshi never knew a thing until it was time for him to walk out to bat. Was he mad!

Ravi Shastri

Heavenward bound

Jonathan Rice is on the trail of Halley's Comet

JUST before Christmas I came across an advertisement for a three week luxury cruise to the Caribbean in February and March this year The timing was perfect for the Test matches, and if it had not been for a couple of minor details I would have booked my stateroom by return of post The first minor detail was that 'prices start at £1795' which in the post Christmas austerity period is about £1794 50 more than I have in the holiday kitty The second was that it was billed as Halley's Comet Transatlantic Cruise and at first glance I did not think that Halley and cricket are closely interconnected Clearly some research was called for

The influence of astronomical phenomena on our summer game is well documented We all know that an eclipse of the sun caused the second day of the Golden Jubilee Test between India and England at Bombay in February 1980 to be declared a rest day and that one I T Botham went on to score a century and take 13 wickets in the match I also knew that a comet collided with the Earth on June 30 1908 creating a 35 megaton explosion in Siberia known locally as the Tunguska Event and that *less than two months later* Sir Donald Bradman was born less than 5000 miles away (or so) Despite these hefty hints as to the significance of astronomy on cricket I could not have guessed how much the paths of Sir Edmund Halley's wandering celestial friend and the history of cricket were intertwined

Consider the facts Halley's Comet appeared in 12 BC and in 1066 AD (not much cricket then) but by the time Halley made his observations in 1682 cricket was beginning to flourish throughout the south of England Halley's close friend Sir Isaac Newton was also beginning to explain why cricketers drop catches When the comet reappeared next in 1759 cricket was a well established and popular pastime with growing aristocratic sponsorship In that year also William Lennox the first master of forward play was born

The next time Halley's Comet turned up was in 1835 a crucial year in cricket history That year a revised code of Laws was adopted by MCC a code which included the sentence that ushered in the roundarm period the Industrial Revolution of cricket The ball must be bowled and if it be thrown or jerked or if the hand be above the shoulder in the delivery the umpire must call No Ball Also in 1835 William Ward transferred the lease of Lord's cricket ground to J H Dark for £2000 an important event in cricket history 1835 was the year in which the length of the bat was limited to 38 inches and it was the first year in which a northern county (Nottinghamshire) played a southern county (Sussex) Notts won it was the year in which one of their professionals Sam Redgate, first played at Lord's, for the Gentlemen for some unfathomable reason, and bowled Fuller Pilch in both innings for 0 Pilch himself moved that year from Norfolk to Kent, where he was paid £100 a year as publican and ground attendant at Town Malling It was also the year in which Richard Daft was born The influence of Halley's Comet on cricket that year seems undeniable

1910 was the year when Halley really had a chance to change the whole course of cricket for in May that year the Earth actually passed through the tail of the comet No wonder then that 1910 became another seminal year for cricket the end of the Golden Age It was the year of Fowler's Match for Eton of which H S Altham wrote there can never be a finer game of cricket than the Eton vs Harrow match of 1910 Harrow did not beat Eton again until 1939 It was also P R Le Couteur's year of triumph for Oxford University when he took 11 for 66 and scored 160 in his team's innings victory against Cambridge Le Couteur was an Australian and there is clear evidence that Halley's Comet influences those born south of the Equator more than those of us from the Northern Hemisphere One of Wisden's Five Cricketers of the Year as a result of his efforts in the wet summer of 1910 was C B Llewellyn of South Africa and Hampshire probably the first man to bowl a Chinaman He and Jack Newman between them took 299 of the 414 wickets that fell to Hampshire bowlers that year Other Cricketers of the Year were Frank Woolley who helped Kent to the Championship and Razor Smith of Surrey whose efforts brought Surrey to second place Also in 1910



Jo a o Dahash s Deb

Warren and Chapman of Derbyshire put on 283 for the ninth wicket against Warwickshire, still the English record. On July 8, W. H. Fowler wrote to *The Times*, recommending improved drainage at Lord's. What a significant cricketing year it was!

One more question must be asked before we prove conclusively the influence of the comet on cricket. What of the children born in May 1910, as the Earth passed through the comet's tail? Did they become great cricketers? Well, if the truth be told, they did not, not in England anyway. On May 2, 1910, Laurie Nash was born in Tasmania. He grew up to become a fast bowler who played twice for Australia in the 1930s (once against England and once against South Africa, both of which Australia won by an innings) without ever appearing in Sheffield Shield cricket. A statistical oddity, perhaps, but not an astronomically brilliant crickter. Twelve days later in South Africa, Ken Viljoen was born, a man who hit two Test centuries and toured England twice. His main contribution to cricket was, however, after his retirement, as an administrator in his home country. Viljoen was just five days older than his captain on the 1947 tour of England, Alan Melville. Melville, the third and last cometary in a Test cricketer, was never on the winning side in a Test match, but is remembered as one of the very greatest of South African batsmen, with four consecutive Test centuries to his credit.

A comet collided with the earth on June 30th, 1908, creating a 35-megaton explosion in Siberia and less than two months later, Sir Donald Bradman was born five thousand miles away

Clearly, the cricketing nations south of the Equator got more of Halley's tail in 1910 than England, India or West Indies. I understand that this year too, the best views of Halley's Comet as it reaches its closest point to Earth in April will be south of the Equator. I'd worry about the chances of the England team in 25 years or so, up against all the 1986 Comet Children if it were not for the fact that of the 40 Test appearances that Nash, Viljoen and Melvile totalled between them, they were on the winning side only four times, and on the losing side 17 times. When Melville and Viljoen played together, as they did nine times, South Africa lost four times and drew five. Although Nash was 100 per cent successful as a Test cricketer, one match was against a South African side which included Viljoen, who were dismissed mainly by Ironmonger (born 1883) for 36 and 45.

How will Halley influence cricket in 1986? I suppose we ought to ask Patrick Moore or Sir Bernard Lovell, cricket-lovers both, but I have a feeling that more down-to-earth bodies like Gower, Gooch, Botham and Hadlee will be the ones to watch this year.

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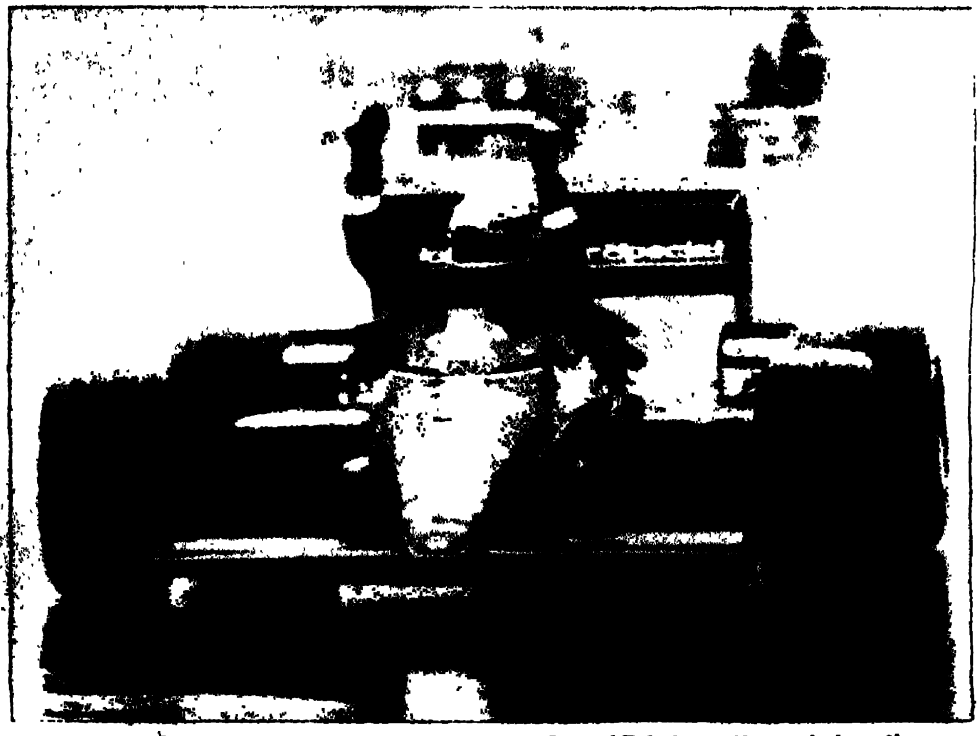
Inside Track

NIGEL MANSELL failed by just half a car's length to win the Spanish Grand Prix from Ayrton Senna of Brazil at the weekend. Tyre trouble forced Mansell into the pits just ten laps from home but he came back in the most determined fashion to pass Alain Prost and set a new lap record, only for the race to end a few metres too soon. The defecit was an incredible 0.014 seconds and another twenty metres or so would have seen the placings reversed. Senna started in pole position and led for most of the the race till Mansell passed him on lap 40. He however regained the lead when Mansell had to make his pit stop. Third and fourth were the Marlboro McLaren's of Prost and Rosberg with the Bennetons of Teo Fabi and Gerhard Berger completing the points tally. This win put Senna in top spot in the 1986 World Driver's Championship on 15 points after his second to Nelson Piquet in the Brazilian Grand Prix two weeks ago. Piquet is now in second place with 9 points after his engine blew up during the race on lap 39. There is still a long way to go for the final placings to be decided, but I am going to stick my neck out and go for Senna and the reliability of the JPS Lotus.

THERE he stands—Ian Botham. Cricketer supreme, submerged not only by the never ending barrage of West Indian bouncers, but now by stories of a sex and drugs scandal that is normally linked with rock stars of diverse pleasures. It is not the kind of allegation you expect to be directed at an English cricketer, former captain and figures to prove the best all-rounder cricket has had. But then we are living in the Eighties and times have changed dramatically. So too have the visions of clean cut sporting heroes. Pick up a paper today and there is hardly a week that goes by without some fresh sporting allegations. Of women in hotel rooms. Of drug abuse. Of punch-ups and lock-ups. The list goes on. The young Adonis' of today's sport have had a whiff of the 'good life' and by all accounts they can't get enough of it.

Cast your mind back and recall the extremely talented George Best and you could say he was the innovator in the permissive, promiscuous Sixties. They used to be called 'dollies,' and, as trends changed they were known as 'groupies'—young women, attracted by the glamour and the money. Very often pretty, Usually blonde. Always available. They were always associated with the motor racing circuit but now, with all the revelations seeping through, there are various other sports not lagging very far behind. Tennis players, have long had a reputation for indulging and often over-indulging themselves. 'Groupies' chased the boys—and, to judge by the revelations of Billie Jean King and Martina Navratilova, girls chased the girls.

Snooker has not escaped the phenomenon of women and drugs—Tony Knowles' ability with the ladies is as good as his potting technique, and Kirk Stevens has a self-confessed cocaine problem. Now, cricket. The once hallowed sport, has been tarnished by the kind of allegations normally associated with degenerate rockstars. The temptation of sex and drugs is all very well, but even without the rock n' roll, it is hardly the best way for sportsmen to look after their bodies. And it is certainly not what sports fans want from the players, whose wages they do pay for, after all.



Ayrton Senna: the winner of the Spanish Grand Prix by half a car's length

THE man who had *not* won a major golf tournament for two years showed that he has not lost his winning ways completely. Jack Nicklaus, 'the Golden Bear,' revived the killer instinct laying dormant for so long. With a breathtaking last round of 65 he clinched victory by one stroke in the US Maters tournament in Augusta, Georgia. Nicklaus, deeply stung by repeated suggestions that he was over the hill at forty-six played an incredible last nine holes to put his critics firmly in their places. This win gave Nicklaus his sixth 'Green Jacket' and his eighteenth major title and when he leapt off the last green to hug his caddie, son Jack junior, there was hardly a dry eye left. Nick-



Jack Nicklaus: forty-six and still a fighter

laus withstood the late challenge of Texan Tom Kite and Australian Greg Norman, who finished in joint second place one stroke behind. Seve Ballasteros was a further stroke behind. Both Kite and Norman had putts of about fifteen feet to force a play-off. But both saw their putts scrape agonisingly past the role which left the 'Golden Bear' to claim his pot of honey.

At the start of the final round, Nicklaus, who started five shots behind the leader Norman, was not even considered a serious challenger. But all that soon changed as we reached the eighth hole. When Nicklaus birdied the ninth hole it was the start of a golfing experience that sent the huge crowds into ecstasy. He added five more birdies and an eagle from some of the hardest holes in golf to capture the £ 98,000 first prize—a sum which will barely cause a ripple in his bank balance.

Ballasteros, playing his first competitive tournament of the year, seemed to be cruising to victory with some incredible golf. But he faltered at the crucial fifteenth hole where he hit a terrible approach shot into the water and his game just seemed to crack up. His normally excellent putting deserted him. He just about managed to save his par at the next hole and then after three putting on the seventeenth green for a bogey 5, the fiery Spaniard had finally been subdued. It was now left up to Norman to take up the challenge and he did so boldly with four successive birdies from the fourteenth hole. But his approach shot to the final green went sailing waywardly into the gallery and with it his hopes of winning the title. The final scores: Nicklaus 279; Kite and Norman (278); Ballasteros 277.

Michael King, London

Welcome back to Benaud

E.J. Brack acknowledges an institutional presence

THE firdt stirrings of spring are in the air and the followers of English cricket can start to look forward to the new season It feels like no time at all since we were saying farewell to Border and his vanquished cohorts and yet the winter months seemed to stretch interminably with more cricketing news being made by politicians than by players

The BBC has promised us all a great summer of sport Inde ot place will go to footballs World Cup in Mexico and the Commonwealth Games in my home city of Edinburgh I have no doubt that the usual army of overpaid underinformed megaloquacious commentators will be despatched to both these venues to regale us through the long summer days and nights with their regular collection of cacophonous cliches

These sports will no doubt have their devotees but I am not among them My summer sportsviewing will as always be the cricket and if BBC don't cover it as well as Channel 9 as was suggested in this magazine recently, then they certainly cover it well enough for me

Towering over all aspects of the BBC coverage of course is the voice and presence of Richie Benaud As long as cricket is played there will always be arguments Most of these arguments because of their subjective nature will never be resolved There can surely be no argument though that Benaud is far and away the best television cricket commentator that the world has seen or is likely to see for a very long time

One hundred per cent Aussie but not at all Ocker Benaud has emerged as the ualtimate cricket communicator of the TV age Those of us who watched him play saw it coming of course Not until Mike Brearley was there ever a cricketer who could communicate like Richie Benaud On assuming the captaincy of Australia he made sure that his players the public and the media all knew exactly what was happening On the field we would see him putting his arm round Alan Davidson and persuading that most admirable of cricketing hypochondriacs that he had at least one over left in him before he paid his daily visit to the treatment table That last over of course would often end up being half a dozen

Nor was Richie afraid to show his joy when his team captured a vital wicket There are still traditionalists who blame Benauds displays of unfettered joy for opening the door for what they see as the sickening antics of todays players kissing and cuddling each other at the slightest excuse What nonsense The players joys in fact joy to behold One of the saddest sight in cricketing history for me was the low key manner in which Jim Laker and his fieldsmen responded to the fall of wickets in his historic bowling performance at Manchester in 1956 Jims television commentaries have made it clear to us



With BBC colleague Tom Graveney

since that he is definitely not the most excitable person in the world Still, if I had taken 19 wickets in a Test and especially against Australia I think I would have taken a leaf out of Derek Randalls book and turned cartwheels on the field

Benaud was also quick to establish a rapport with the media He was really the pioneer of in depth interviews with Test captains before during and after the game If David Gower felt like cursing such public relations trailblazing as he forced himself through those five successive post humiliation *tete a tetes* with Peter West during the blackwash of 1984 he equally had reason to offer a silent prayer of thanks to Benauds ground work of the late 1950s and early 1960s as he revelled in the euphoria of the already celebrated Ashes winning interview on the Oval balcony with the same Mr West last year

Allied to the communications skills so evident in Benauds commentaries is his innate knowledge of cricket cricket tactics and cricket psychology This quality was also there for all to see during his reign as his countrys captain Put in the simplest terms you don't skipper sides containing such bowlers as Frank Misson Ron Gaunt Gordon Rorke Slasher Mackay Lindsay Kline and Johnny Martin to cric victories over powerful combinations from England and West Indie without being a very good captain indeed

The complementary skills of communication and a sharply analytical cricketing mind were seen working in harness more and more often as Benauds playing career approached its end I remember a television interview given to Brian Johnston at the end of the 1961 Australian tour in which Benaud simply used the questions as a launching pad Fixing that now familiar gaze on the camera lens he embarked on a series of comprehensive and articulate answers I watched that interview again last summer during a rain break in one of the Test matches and it stands the test of time exceedingly well Indeed aspiring Test captains would do well to watch it and use it as a masterclass

Benaud the writer was catching the eye around that time too There were crisp challenging newspaper articles and two books *Willow Patterns* and *Spin Me A Spinner* which were unusual in that they contained not a trace of literary ghostlines Even now when we are used to the likes of Brearley Willis and Roebuck giving us highclass cricket literature from the player s viewpoint these books would make us sit up and take notice In their own era they had few rivals

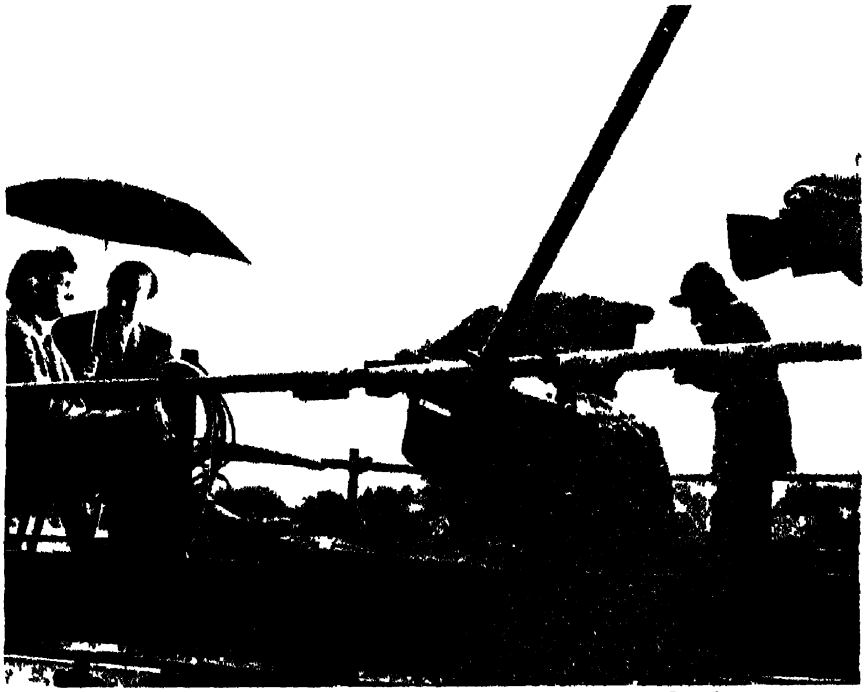
I always felt that there was a Fingletonian quality about Benaud s writing of that period When he took the next logical step and entered the field of broadcasting as one of the summarisers I could still see similarities to Pingo What a pleasure it was in those days to hear the Australian tones of one or other of these gentlemen summing up the state of the game in typical no nonsense manner There was never time for humbug but always time for humour

The transformation to television was inevitable and Benaud has gone on to carve a unique niche for himself in this sphere What John Arlott was to cricket on radio Richie Benaud is to cricket on television Let us consider some of his qualities Like all good commentators he knows when to speak and when to let the action speak for itself He is brave enough to be wise before the event unlike most of his colleagues who prefer to purvey their pearls of wisdom armed with the benefit of hindsight

An example from the momentous summer of 1981 springs to mind As Ian Botham reached his century at Headingley Brearley appeared on the balcony and signalled to him Benaud remarked Mike Brearley has just told Botham to stick around If he sticks around much longer we ll be starting to wonder what England s bowlers will do on this pitch

I remember thinking at the time that it sounded fanciful Now it strikes me as a classic piece of cricket commentary

Another of Benaud s talents is a knack for producing the apt phrase at the appropriate moment When Rod Marsh in the midst of a rare off day at Edgbaston in the 1981 Prudential Trophy ensnared a streaker who had run on to the playing field Richie quipped 'That's the first thing Rodney Marsh has caught today ' Two months later in the Old Trafford Test, as Botham began to warm up for his third success



Even the rain does not dampen Benaud s enthusiasm for the game

sive miracle with some scorching off side boundaries Benaud again found the right remark The ball may be over the ropes he said but the Australians are right on them

Like all popular TV performers Benaud has built up a repertoire of catchphrases There s In the air but s afe' and then again there is In the air and *gone*'

A missed catch is dismissed laconically by Put it down The tone of voice here is all important as it is when someone s stumps go flying and why Richie sums it up in two telling word Bowled him'

> Like all good commentators he knows when to speak and when to let the action speak for itself He is brave enough to be wise before the event, unlike most of his colleagues who prefer to purvey their pearls of wisdom armed with the benefit of hindsight

Another little Benaud trick is to call the runs as soon as a batsman plays a stroke Amusingly he is rarely wrong Before the ball has left the square he will say Four' or Good shot for three

There is all the more reason why Benaud self control He is just always able to detach himself from the action and his impartiality is incredible Only once that I can recall has he allowed his metronomic rhythm approaching full term That was one of the most recent as last summer when the sight of Hildritch the hotel pet junkie launching into his latest routine yet again was just too much for even Richie to maintain his cool and he *sang from the* Oh dear oh dear oh dear he wailed It said in the

When you add a unique voice and a natural authority to the attributes already mentioned it is not difficult to see why Richie Benaud has reached the pinnacle of popularity with television s cricket watching public Such is his popularity that unlike other participants his public image seemed to be little affected by his involvement in the Packer Affair

I salute the Supreme Oracle who is King of the Commentators and look forward to many more years of pleasure watching cricket to the suave accompaniment of his inimitable tones

Cricket itself was the star

Tony Lewis salutes Pakistan, India and cricket

I HAVI never [illegible] one day [illegible] Mudassar scored [illegible] India at Sharjah [illegible] Asia Cup for Pakistan [illegible] more importantly a fan [illegible] showed that [illegible] all about classical off drives [illegible] late cuts [illegible] struggling to meet a run [illegible] between 8 and 9 an over with [illegible] batting partners [illegible] you are like an alley [illegible] Javed had the animal [illegible] first of all to survive [illegible] tips at the top of the order [illegible] India got rid of Mudassar [illegible] Ravi and Mohsin Khan (who [illegible] himself). It was 61 for 3 when Javed began to cement the pieces of a broken jigsaw.

Survival was the key word. Kapil presented him with close fielders to Maninder's spin. He pushed for ones and then by the running of a hare made ones into twos.

The pitch was not as helpful to the Indian spinners as it had been during the tournament. Nor were Pakistan as accommodating as New Zealand and Sri Lanka had been. In fact Kapil did not bowl Kirti Azad at all. I would have been tempted to do that, but hindsight is a luxury Kapil never had.

No one player, least of all the captain, should be criticised when an amazing match is played. So let me relish the final act. Javed's hit for six over straight mid wicket off a full toss bowled by Chetan Sharma. Do not blame Chetan either. If you ever had a cricket nightmare, it would be to find yourself running in to bowl the last ball of a fifty over contest between India and Pakistan.

It would not matter which side you are on, so painful is the thought of defeat. But of all the cricketers in the world standing at the crease who would you least like to see? Viv Richards. Yes. But who of all batsmen would you like to bat for your life? I was asked this question at a Sharjah dinner party a day before I said Javed Miandad. He is more than the alley cat, he is top cat. He bites, scrams and scratches his way to runs. I recall a marvellous line of cricket written by Alan Gibson, one of my own heroes. He described a century by Clive Radley of Middlesex as a mixture of the classical, the baroque and the old Kent road. So was Javed's supreme innings against India in the Australasia Cup final, full of fine cover drives, extravagance and scrambling singles. Javed's stance is a little open these days. That is why he reminds me of a fighting cat with his back to the wall. I will forever relish the conclusion of this match. Poor Chetan Sharma trying to bowl a yorker, sending down a full toss and seeing it



The Pakistani team with the Australasia Cup—smiles and tears of great joy



Micro Eye

The beneficiaries: dashing Miandad and elegant Vengsarkar

slogged straight out of the ground. That is some nightmare.

It was a great game and although Pakistan beat India the real winner—here comes the cliche—was cricket. Winning too, was *cricket in Sharjah.*

At the start of the final Gavaskar and Srikkanth composed the perfect opening partnership. Gavaskar—steady and controlled, Srikkanth—volatile and scintillating. This partnership was also a collector's piece. Sunil played it wisely, giving his partner his head. Srikkanth flogged the Pakistan bowling which panicked and gave him long hops and space to cut away outside off-stump. Sunil looked as compact as ever. He plays within his personal arc of movement, he never goes outside. Even when he hit the ball back over the top of the bowler's head he always struck it when it was under him—when he was on top of it. The Sharjah tournament this time saw Sunil at his best.

The recall of Dilip Vengsarkar worked well. He played a beautifully judged innings of fifty. As a former England captain I have worries. I see a prospect, when India come to England, of sharp competition among the top order batsmen, Azharuddin, Vengsarkar, Sandeep Patil and Mohinder Amarnath. Only three can play. That is good. All of these batsmen are high class players, but each of them needs the pressure of one of them sitting on the substitute's bench waiting to get into the side. I am glad, however, that Sandeep has been recalled. He has paid the penalty for playing irresponsibly against England at Delhi... a much greater penalty than Kapil, who helped England equally by his own careless batting.

India look in good shape. No one can blame them for the loss to Pakistan in the Australasia Cup. If Javed had not hit the four required to win the final, all the writers would have been toasting India.

As it is, India must take a back seat. Pakistan are up front, but I promise you, cricket itself was the star.



He couldn't read my googly. Qadir explains his magic to his teammates

Miandad earns his benefit

And Pakistan win their first international one day tournament. **Mudar Patherya** reports.

I woke up on Friday morning to the all important question Sir who is going to win the final? It started with the 7 a m room service The Pakistani commentator in the lift was similarly confused And the receptionist gave the impression that I alone held the secret of the outcome in the collar and the hair pulling

You can't do that with a morning head So I decided to turn interviewer to the Pathan driver my first encounter convinced "*Wallah* Pakistan will win Is that information I nodded

By the Pathan friend must have given him extra sensory perception Almost nothing except him had gone right for Pakistan India had scored the highest team total at the Sharjah cricket ground for seven in fifty overs Even the most fanatical of Pakistanis supporters had been cowed into reticence

By mid afternoon India seemed to have pocketed the game Mudassar was trapped plumb in front of the wicket for 5 Rameez Raja fell to Maninder for 10 Mohsin Khan was bowled by Madan Lal for 36 while Salim Malik ran himself out for 21 Pakistan were 110 for four in the 31st over A chase of 136 runs in 19 overs stood between Pakistan and the impossible A journalist friend with a





Sharma, given the awesome responsibility, could do nothing to halt Miandad in his sprint to victory



The perfect opening partnership Srikkanth—volatile and scintillating....

thousand dirhams on India at 2 1 looked like getting home in a canter

Three batsmen waited padded up Imran, Manzoor Elahi and Abdul Qadir When Srikkanth from fly slip threw to bowler Shastri to leave Mahi stranded midway the next natural choice down the batting order was Imran However, Imran gambled with Qadir—with the bat

Qadir lifted Shastri for a straight six as soon as he came in The green flags came on view Meanwhile Miandad's singles and twos kept the scoreboard moving At 147 for four in the 38th over, we lifted our Pepsis to the middle Miandad had got his fifty off 72 balls

The pair lasted till 181 before Raman Lamba, running around in circles, caught Qadir for 34 It was the catch of the match Six and a half overs to go, 65 to make The Pakistani section of the stadium appeared to be watching a suspense thriller first day first show If I didn't hear their heart beat it was because the journalist on my left was making preliminary negotiations to double his stake

My diary has recorded the sequence from the 46th over Miandad lifted Madan Lal out of the ground for six like an expert conversion from the half line Pakistan 202 for five Miandad ran a two Then heaved one out for four Pakistan 208 The characters in this scheme of things were showing



...Gavaskar—steady and controlled

a reluctance to be imprisoned by their destiny.

Imran tried to cut and missed at 209. Six runs later, Elahi drove in the air and the ball disappeared into Shastri's hands at long off. Around two and a half overs to go, 31 to get, three wickets in hand: still India's game, my journalist neighbour informed me.

Miandad's [illegible] off Chetan Sharma that over revived the tissues. Another pull—Mohsin saved it on the boundary line [illegible] Miandad was raising his bat for the first international hundred seen on the ground.

Pakistan looked to be tiring when Akram couldn't beat Kapil's throw and was run out for three. 236 for eight. 10 needed in five balls. Miandad to face. Chetan Sharma's tutorial conducted by Kapil.

Four off first ball. Six runs, four balls. Binny saved a certain four at backward square leg. A single. Five runs in three balls. Zulqarnain, poor soul, swung and missed. Five runs in two balls and one wicket to go. Tauseef Ahmed facing. Chetan Sharma at the start of his run up... our journalist friend trying to hedge his bet...Sharma running into rhythm...no takers, bet unhedged...Sharma bowls...Tauseef half runs, half prods...Azharuddin fields...throws at the stumps, misses ...Tauseef home. Four runs off the last ball. Miandad to face. Hell, where has this journalist disappeared?

Where was I? Uh? Yes, the last ball. I timed it. Chetan Sharma contemplating what history's secret might be; Javed Miandad's? The same. It took four minutes. West Indians normally bowl an over in that time.

Sharma bowled a full toss. Miandad pulled it, only heard. Rumour was that Pakistan had won.

FIFTY years from now when this writer is eligible for his memoirs, Miandad's may still have been the greatest one-day innings he ever saw.

Miandad's 116 not out during the final excelled on several counts. For one thing, the pressure of the situation never appeared to get to him. Secondly, he paced his innings precisely. Miandad's first fifty came in 72 balls. His next 66 runs off only 40. His first half century contained no fours. The latter half of his innings was different. Very, very different. If at the start he was circumspect—he survived an lbw first ball—his end was savage. Poetry and murder lived in him together that afternoon.

Gavaskar and Srikkanth, on the one hand, almost won the cup for India. Gavaskar on-drove Akram out of the blockhole for four within minutes of the start. Then Srikkanth pulled Elahi over square leg, and two balls later hit the suffering bowler over his head. Srikkanth square cut Akram in the eleventh over and pulled again a couple of balls later. All fours.

Gavaskar wasn't to be omitted from this plan of things. He drove Elahi for four and never moved. A hook for four off the next ball had got India her fifty in the twelfth over. Boundaries had been the revenue of more than half of that tally. Elahi's first four overs had cost Pakistan 25 runs.

Srikkanth's innings was an hour or so of brilliant net practice. He square drove Mudassar for four, bisecting third man and the point boundary. Two balls later, Srikkanth played the same shot. Malik dived at short third man and Akram at deep widish third man. Another four. Geometrically, Srikkanth couldn't have placed it more exactly.

Imran turned to Qadir. We warmed with interested. Srikkanth hit the leg spinner in a graceful parabola out of the ground. The Indian hundred had come up in 20.4 overs. Srikkanth hit the last ball of the over for the 'escalator shot.' It just climbed for six.

By the time Srikkanth was out for 75 at 117, he had scored two against every single by Gavaskar. But now the latter took over. Gavaskar hit Tauseef over his head, then on-drove Elahi for four. But the pick of Gavaskar's vintage was his late cut off Elahi. He put his left foot across, close to the line. Then Gavaskar arched back gently, dropped his wrists and deflected the ball to third man. Gavaskar got a single; the late cut was never a business stroke. Imran and Akram, dropping Gavaskar, showed the good sense not interrupting a breathtaking innings.

I am lugging my typewriter westwards to Kuwait en route to Baghdad. A Lebanese and an Egyptian are on either side. One of them picks up a copy of the day's newspaper from the seat in front and gives it the quick east-west. There is a photograph of Miandad slugging legwards under a gaudy fonthead: "The golden shot". Our neighbour is not interested. He folds it back and replaces it with as much emotion as he had taken it.



Micro Eye

Was Miandad out first ball? Pandit thought so!

For me a holiday stretches ahead However there is one nagging thought before I unroll this last sheet from my typewriter It irks me Azharuddin s throw off the second last ball of the match He had about ten feet to throw Tauseef was half a pitch away In fact, Azhar could have just walked across and removed the bails He threw He missed The inaugural Austral Asia Cup had been lost—and won

INDIA had won the match by lunch The crowd seemed to know it Lunching in the guests room confirmed the whiff Two gentlemen who had winged in specially from Lahore lamented the decline of Pakistan cricket There is so much politics in the side one said A lady to my left was quite specific in her criticism Imran Khan should retire *Shaadi kar ke usko ab ghar basa lena chahiye* (he should get married and raise a family) The Indian millionaire expatriate within earshot couldn t grasp the betting jargon *Arre bolo na agar hum India ke jeetne pey hazaar dirham lagaaun aur India jeeti to humko kya milega yaar?* (what will I get if I put 1000 dirhams on India?)

Outside an Indian pressman got the following telex from his editor urgent stop from live action looks like India going to win stop concentrate on b w pictures and colour stop packet to reach Bombay tonight stop By 2 30 pm Pakistan 40 odd for two our friend had left the ground to take the night flight home'

The progress of Pakistan s innings quietened her supporters like Celtic fans at the Rangers end Pakistan were 110 for four India had the match wrapped up

The first cries of *nara e takbeer* broke out rather hesitantly after Qadir had hit Shastri for a straight six at 117 for four They had been expanded to accomodate 'Ya Ali' and 'Pakistan zindabad' by the time the score had doubled

When the winning run was scored Imran was among the first who hared into the ground to chair Miandad off The crowd jumped the fence and overran the policemen Their alsatians were of no use Miandad was jostled enthusiasts slapped his back some caught his cap others were merely content to touch him In the process Miandad had to be almost carried through in a wave into the dressing room The Indians disappeared into the door as anonymously as nickels in a parking meter



Micro Eye

Qadir, the catalyst of Imran's experiment, did his job to perfection

Outside the atmosphere had to be experienced to be believed Young boys were crying with delight someone went up and kissed the policeman guarding the dressing room a crowd had submerged the gates through which the Pakistanis were to make a triumphant exit and even further down the road a procession was in progress In all the *tamasha*, I was lucky I didn t have to pay for my taxi back home'

The exuberance took time to fizzle out Later that evening at the official function a Pakistani businessman announced gold medals for each of his country s side Miandad pocketed ten thousand dirhams plus three and a half thousand dollars for his dream effort Besides being a major beneficiary of the tournament he added to his collection a cheque of fifty thousand dollars As a gesture of gratitude Miandad presented the bat with which he had hit the winning run to Bukhatir In turn Bukhatir auctioned the bat for fifteen thousand dirhams and directed the money to Miandad himself

Whoever had unwittingly remarked that Miandad had earned his benefit, was right in more senses than one.



SHARJAH DIARY

In the Middle East there is only one thing more enchanting than Dubai by day Dubai by night And we weave through the ribbon of cars from Delhi Dubai and b[illegible] conversation m[illegible] ders to [illegible]

Cricket [illegible] to exp[illegible] The taxi r[illegible] meter [illegible] test Sri [illegible] Jayasuriya *lagta hai* the staple enjoy[illegible] cude hap per [illegible] Indian The Sri [illegible] gives his [illegible] on the nature [illegible] of the competi tion *Jum kuse bolegi ki wahi hi hai cricket mein kuch bhi ho sakta* The ignorant Peshawari phrases it uniquely *ye kum kiske saath ladta?* The Pathan driver shrugs off the hysteria *wigt zaya karta ek to rupya deta hai phir chhe ghanta dhoop mein baitha? Willah pagalpan nahin to aur kya?*

Cricket is a quasi religion for the involved The Indian team was in colour on the front page of the *Gulf News* the day they winged in from Bombay Cameras clicked and clucked when the Aussie skipper hopped to promote Australian consumer items Gavaskar inaugurating a restaurant in Abu Dhabi received immediate visual attention More interestingly the ball to ball video tapes of the India Sri Lanka match attracted a premium of sorts a couple of days after To save the gates Dubai television had switched off live transmission So the cassettes were flown in from Bombay!

Sharjah's tryst with cricket dates back by half a decade Gavaskar wrote way back in the seventies a cricketer colleague of mine who had spent a year in the Gulf asked me if we would be interested in taking a team to Sharjah He also informed me that Sharjah was only a 20 minute drive from Dubai That was the first time I had heard the name Sharjah

Gavaskar seemed to have been highly impressed by the place He feels that the success in Sharjah was the inspiration for Muscat Bahrain and Kuwait hosting similar matches in the recent past Gavaskar's sole grouse is interesting If a complaint has to be made it is quite simply about the lack of complimentaries for the players Since the players arrived just in time for the tourney it is difficult for them to organise tickets and most Indian and Pakistani players have relatives or friends who refuse to believe that players are not given complementary tickets

However there is a cloud The diminishing attendance is being viewed with concern Two tournaments a season may be a bit too much for the enthusiasts here feels



Saifuddin Zoomkawala a regular fixture at a cricket match in Sharjah There are a few reasons for this he feels 'The tickets are fairly high prices at Dirhams 30 50 and 80 for each match and 125 for the entire season Not every one can afford it Secondly it is difficult for people to get away from offices and attend the cricket The system of remuneration in the Emirates is on the daily wage structure If one misses out on five days work it can amount to a proportionate cut in pay Moreover the recession in the oil market has led to tightening up procedures all over Retrenchment is being resorted to As a result the number of expatriates are gradually diminishing In this context the future of the game in Sharjah is not very bright Fourthly the stadium looked rather vacuous this time because the capacity was expanded from 13 000 to 20 000 In spite of the above factors, I cannot see the crowd thinning below 8 000 That should be the resistant level of the interest here

The Arab is as ignorant as the heathen in his knowledge of the game Official patronage has been reserved for camel racing the tribal heritage of the desert kingdom For an exact account of the Grand National (sic) in Dubai one has to flip back *The Guardian* by a couple of years Frank Keatings version reads It is like new market transferred in a dream to Weston Super Mare The wood fenced track stretches interminably to a sandy distant heat haze Binoculars are no good You can spot the fields progress only by its snow balling rolling cloud of dust Outside the fence at Aintree is a parallel track on which the race is followed by a fleet of cars and vans travelling at about 12 mph I estimate The TV camera truck leads the parade it is the only vehicle clear of the dust The races themselves are as interminable as a Bedouins patience they distance between eight and 20 km

For speed the rounded bulbous curve of their chests is further from their front legs that looks possible The jockeys perch almost on their tails and carry a large bamboo stick which mostly they rub on the side of their animals neck at different speeds as if to generate rhythmic gear changes —which indeed you can see they do

The skew whiff wonky tabled gait of a camel let alone its lugubrious buck toothed expression make the racing comic to an outsider The length of the races and the comparative lack of overdrive until the end —which can be exciting enough—makes it no surprise that suddenly this neck of the woods has taken with such enthusiasm to cricket Bell sports some would say have the appeal of watching the grass grow

Falconry is another obsession Three thousand years ago so the books say hunters in the Middle East were already pursuing quarry with their birds of prey An archaeological remnant shows an Assyrian with a falcon on his wrist

Training is of prime importance in the discipline of a falcon The young ones attached to a perch and taught to swing onto a gloved hand If only to be fed or gently stroked The next stage is to fly out and scavenge legs of meat fastened by a string

Extensive poaching had placed several breeds of this bird in danger of extinction An official decree has made it protected and subject to pursuit only for the sake of falconry and coursing

Mudar Patherya from Sharjah



A cup full of dollars

INJURIES and plain omission took their toll on the tournament. Australia lost out on the services of Allan Border. The New Zealand side was nearly halved, with Hadlee, Coney, Wright (last minute injury), Reid and Ilyas opting out. Pakistan missed Imran Khan for their opening match against Australia. "I was hit on the calf muscle by an in swinger during the Asia Cup. I was advised by the physiotherapists to rest the leg. It was sprinting which could damage the muscle. That is why I decided to refrain from playing the opening match," he said. Imran felt that he had made the mistake of returning to play competitive cricket before having fully recovered once before, only to aggravate, he complained further. "I did not want to make the same mistake again," he said.

The Austral-Asia Cup is not the only instance attributed to the might of the petro-dollar. This writer came across a fairly interesting cutting in a local daily, the contents of which he decided to despatch. It concerned the first-ever Dubai "powerboat race" and keeping the prize money in mind, easily the richest race to be held in the world. The total give-away amount figured to Dirhams 233,000 (Rs 8,15,500), an unbelievable sum for a first-ever competition. And that too involving entries—seventy in this case—from mainly the Gulf States. The list of prizes went somewhat like this (hold your breath):—Dirhams 50,000 plus a 4WD landcruiser and two first-class tickets, Dubai-Cairo-Dubai. Incentives continued in a descending order for lesser winners. The last line was a masterpiece of sorts: "...the fifteenth prize is one economy class ticket, Dubai-Karachi-Dubai.

The Austral-Asia Cup, the first of its nature, is reckoned to be the one with the largest prize money at stake in the history of the game—US dollars 110,000. The earlier sponsors—Rothmans—found their precious exercise slightly expensive and withdrew this time. Patronage was however forthcoming. The Government of Sharjah stepped in with their support. The result has been the third most important limited-overs tournament in the world for sheer participating strength. The Prudential Cup and the World Championship of Cricket 1985 have been the only other competitions better represented.



Srikkanth threw his bat all over the place

"Who is this man?" Was a query posed by not one, but two journalists reporting the competition. They had slipped up on the identity of an aloofish sweatered denizen of the Press box. Vijay Hazare!

Among Vijay Hazare's contributions that adorn a statistical manual, his two centuries in the Test against Australia receive prime mention he did so at Adelaide in 1947-48, walking in when India was three down for 69. Hazare scored 116 and his side advanced to a more respectable 324. However, Australia's 674 dwarfed India's chances of survival. At none for two, defeat appeared inevitable. It was Hazare to the act again. This time with 145. It took 23 years for another Indian to do the same in a match for the country.

Hazare referred to an interesting incident during the course of the tour. During the game against South Australia, Hazare scored 95. He hooked two short ones out of his presence. Bradman walked up to his bowler. Hazare observed: "I do not know what Bradman said but the look on his face showed frank incredulity. I got the impression that he wondered how a batsman could despatch those balls to the fence. He seemed to be making a mental note of this. When I played at Adelaide again in the fourth Test I sent two sizzling bouncers from Miller towards the mid-wicket boundary in similar fashion. Miller approached his captain and requested for an extra fielder. To his surprise and chagrin, Bradman turned it down and the

volatile Miller reacted by completing the over with slow off spinners Bradman had probably seen the futility of employing tactics against me It was a sweet compliment to my batting but poor Miller, who did not know the reason for that refusal, gave vent to his feelings in a tirade against Bradman in a later book "

Hazare was the minor Indian beneficiary during this year s tournament in Sharjah Some forty years ago and more, in a match against the Hindus and the Rest of India—Hazare is among the only four Christians to have played for India—Hazare s side put up 387 His personal contribution was 309

The transformation from a bamboo skirting ground hosting benefit matches for cricketers to a lush expanse with an international cup at stake in the space of half a decade blends well with the dramatically changing landscape of this desert kingdom The official souvenir states it clearly We have given the lie



Skipper Imran scampers off for yet another cheeky Miandad single

direct to the belief that cricket is big business and that is why we are in it Rather we have not been afraid of spending some three million Dirhams on a scheme that has revamped the Sharjah cricket stadium into a games fairyland If Old Alladins and Genii had been at work they may not have been able to reshape the old modest stadium into the luscious marvel it is today

The major credit for this goes to the Packer of the East Abdul Rahman Bukhatir International cricket in Sharjah has come to stay he states matter of factly When he first organised a couple of benefit games in 1981 after launching the Cricketers Benevolent Fund Series (CBFS) little did he visualise the outcome of his embryonic beginning To me cricket in the UAE has outgrown from our original scheme of things My original idea was to promote the game in the UAE and help Pakistan and Indian cricketers financially and something to happen in Sharjah—and it has

Pandit, Sharma and millions of other Indians felt the match was wrapped up



really happened even beyond my wildest dreams

The Test begins from this stage in the life span of CBFS Bukhatir confesses this to be just the predicament he is facing Spectators now take it for granted from us to provide international cricket We are committed to four nation tournament some time in October or November this year

The three Test match however continues to remain the elusive dream Its machination he hurriedly adds will depend on the willingness and the availability of two Test playing nations

To an observer attending cricket in Sharjah for the first time the rich outfield is among the first things that evoke appreciation The ground on careful consideration is perhaps as green as the Eden Gardens in Calcutta or any other Test venue in India

Keeping this in mind a report on the project to implement natural grass made interesting reading Most sporting venues in Dubai and the Gulf faced one specific problem earlier on that of flushing the salts out of the soil Salt from fertilisers as well as irrigation water used to collect on the surface thereby killing the grass

When after seven years of artificial grass pitches the surface had thinned considerably a new resistant fibre had to be evolved Experts chalked out the following programme to achieve just that The relevant sites were dug to a depth of half a metre with two drainage layers of gravel forming the lower base divided though by a waterproof membrane A series of soil layers comprising nutrients such as gypsum lignite and seaweed meal were added The grass was sown in June and around 90 days later the new pitches were used for the first time An uneven growth was noticeable at start but gradually evened out to a well preened played area

Interested Indian sporting bodies please note Dubai clubs have expressed their satisfaction over this piece of geological ingenuity success by this method is guaranteed The total procedure for three pitches set the football clubs in Dubai back by Dirhams three million !

If there was anything here in Sharjah which confused the wits out of anybody it was the format of the tournament Correspondents and followers apart the structure of the playing system drained the brains of the players and officials as well The Australian side summoned a team meeting to thrash out the arithmetics— and got it all wrong

The key to it however was secreted away in the lower right corner of an inconspicuous page of a supplement to a local daily! Since the tournament proper dealt with getting four teams for the semi finals out of a field of five the issue centred around the method of elimination of that unfortunate side

Now let us consider the pairing itself New Zealand played India and Pakistan faced Australia The two winners qualified for the semi finals without a bother Two more sides had to be called upon to complete the foursome for that purpose Sri Lanka by virtue of winning the Asia Cup earlier on bye into the semi final Since both Australia and New Zealand had lost the first two matches the debate revolved around who would be fourth side to play in the semi finals

The official gobbledygook decreed thus "for semi finals winner of quarter finals one and two will qualify along with the Asia Cup winners and the lower in the quarter finals by the narrowest margin

The key words take note are narrowest margin How in hell can the statistician distinguish between a loss by three wickets by one side and a loss by say 40 runs by another Hypothetically speaking only

The CBFS devised an ingenious exchange rates for the following A loss of 15 runs was equivalent to a loss by one wicket converting all run losses into wicket losses thereby facilitating comparison So if a side lost by 75 runs the conversion would work out to five wickets For a loss by 76 runs however it would be six wickets

The mind of the gobbledygook had the last say

In the event of two teams losing by equal margin then the team with the better run rate will qualify (sic) for the semi final

The New Zealand team qualified for the third place by virtue of losing by a lesser margin than Australia against Pakistan Their captain had reason to be satisfied with his side's performance in the last match against India We shocked the pants off the world champions and in doing so proved that it is a lot of nonsense to say that the success of the New Zealanders in recent years has been based on one or two players the manager Ken Doris said We restored our reputation with some excellent bowling and fielding he added With a bit of extra luck New Zealand might have won but in the end a couple of big hits sealed the game for us chipped in Jeff Crowe

Bhaskar Pattanayak from Sharjah



Pakistan in trouble Raja bowled by Maninder



Ranatunga run out for 28 against India did not have much to smile about but his teammates spirits (above) revived as Sri Lanka fought back late in the match



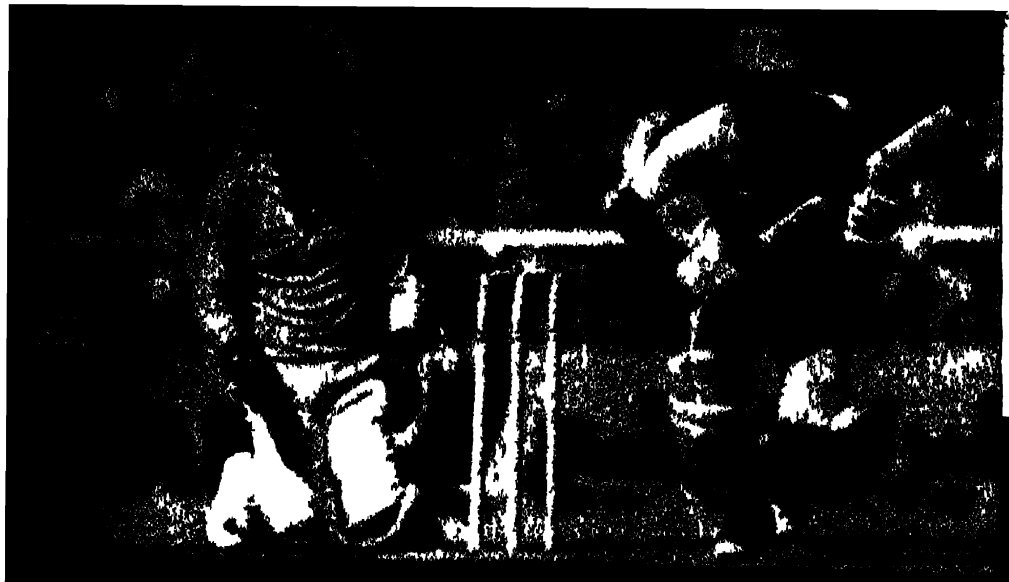
because of their organisational capacity alone may be a misconception Both these Emirates have a playing strength of their own too Cricket here has been as old as the expatriates and on a rough calculation that would be thirty years The weekly current turnout in the Emirates is estimated at over a thousand cricketers in Dubai and Sharjah alone exceeding seven hundred on Fridays An estimate here has placed twenty to thirty of these in the category of firstclass cricketers—in other words they are equal in ability to English County players or first class cricketers in other countries '

Cricket made a hesitant beginning in Sharjah in the Royal Air Force station three decades ago The early games were played on the *subkha* with neither a concrete wicket nor mat Some of the games were even played on the runway of the old Sharjah airport

That initial enthusiasm has mushroomed The leagues Bukhatir and Dulco figure as among the major ones The others to have been organised although on a limited scale have been the Bin Hamoodah league of Abu Dhabi the Indo Pak league the Qaide Azam Trophy and the Roy Bin Cosmo league The lesser leagues have ensured participation of those sides not competent enough to qualify for the Bukhatir league

Last month a new format was chalked up Four teams were selected Emirates Pakistan Emirates India Emirates Sri Lanka and Emirates Universal

In the end none has told Some years ago the Bank of Oman defeated the



Sunil Gavaskar, Man of the Series, scored his 2000th run in one-day cricket but found time to introduce Azhar to a new line in headgear Chandrakant Pandit (extreme right) survived a crisis on debut for India, inspired by the competitive fire at the Sharjah stadium

State Bank of India (all but one had played for India earlier) a certain Hameed junior taking five for fifteen In a double wicket competition in Sharjah some seasons back comprising players like Clive Lloyd Kapil Dev Sandeep Patil Imran Khan Miandad Botham and Stevenson the Sharjah Pair of Munir and Humayun Sumar finished second!

The other minor beneficiary apart from Hazare was Wazir Mohammed brother of Pakistani Test cricketers Sadiq and Mushtaq The latter wrote of Wazir During his playing days Wazir was not merely any member of the side For his knowledge of the game both as a tactician and as regards to the rules and laws of the game one could call him the encyclopaedia of cricket On the tour of the West Indies in 1958 with A H Kardar when Sir Garfield Sobers scored 365 runs and created the world record in Jamaica the entire crowd invaded the playing field in jubilation and carried the hero Sobers shoulders high Needless to say considerable damage was done







to the wicket and, to say the least, one large hole appeared right in front of the good length. Soon after the crowd cleared the arena, West Indies declared their innings.

"But before Pakistan's innings started, Wazir told his captain Kardar that he may refuse to bat because of the damage done to the wicket. Kardar was not very sure of the ruling and showed hesitance. But Wazir insisted that he should inform the umpires immediately and that his side would not commence their innings unless the damage was repaired. The umpires agreed to Kardar's demand and the repair job was carried out. Until the patch was dried more than one-third of the day was lost, resulting in Pakistan not starting their innings until the following day and saving the Test match. Since then, Wazir became Kardar's adviser."

All transparencies: Amiya Tarafdar

Will the samba find its rhythm?

The magical Brazilian soccer machine faltered in Spain. **Keir Radnedge** debates whether the world's foremost soccer playing nation will come to terms with itself in Mexico

THE ORDERS from Rio de Janeiro are "same again" as Brazil, three times World Cup winners, prepare their forces for the World Cup finals in Mexico where they entranced the game in 1970

Then they boasted the incompara ble Pele, Jairzinho Tostao and Rivel no as they swept aside Rumania Czechoslovakia defending title holders England Peru Uruguay and finally Italy

The years have passed and the players have changed But the legend of Brazilian football lives on a legend of a nation which turns its back on the workrate robots of the game else where and honours still the entertain ers the magicians the conjurers gifted with a technique superior to that found in any other country

Brazil are the most powerful coun try in the football community Their World Cup achievements (they were the first country to score a hat trick of successes the first country to win in the wrong continent in Sweden in 1958) their apparently endless con veyor belt of talent (Brazil have won the last two World Youth Cups) and their players sheer exuberance all add up to a psychological advantage in any match before a ball has even been kicked

The president of FIFA the interna tional federation João Havelange is himself a Brazilian

And yet that exuberance in that joy in the game can be counter productive Against Italy in the 1982 World Cup finals in Barcelona Brazil needed only a draw to reach the semi finals But their players relent lessly need to attack attack attack ent the in driving forward tune and again and on three fatal occasions Paolo Rossi struck at into the gaps they left to punish them with decisive goals

The 1986 World Cup was a sadder event after Brazil went home The rest of the world welcomed them in defeat though the fans back home were far from happy As one Brazilian confederation official admitted recent ly We are obliged to be successful We might well finish fifth but as finish second as far as our supporters are concerned No wonder Tele Santana man ager in 1982 said later that to be boss of Brazil is to put ten years on your life in ten months

But one of the characteristics of the Brazilian football mind is his love of a



challenge. How else can one explain Santana's decision to accept the offer to manage Brazil again in Mexico this year?

Santana was a hugely successful coach in domestic soccer before he first took over the national team in 1980. After two World Cups in which the more pragmatic Mario Zagalo and Claudio Coutinho had tried to impose a more physical and disciplined—and dull—style on Brazil, Santana was like a breath of fresh air. He wanted his team to win. But he wanted it to win by playing soccer with the style which is unique to Brazil.

The talent was available. The team he took to the 1982 finals in Spain included two skilled attacking fullbacks in Leandro and Junior; an artistic midfield in Toninho Cerezo, Paulo Roberto Falcao and skipper Socrates; and dynamic forwards in the hard-shooting Eder and Brazil's top player over the past decade, Zico.



Falcao of Brazil, one of the reserves lured away to Europe by sackfuls of lire, in action against Argentina's Barbas in Spain

Great goals from Socrates and Eder beat the Soviet Union; four goals were put away effortlessly against both Scotland and New Zealand and then three past outgoing champions Argentina...before Italy surprised even themselves with a 3-2 victory which knocked Santana's troupe of entertainers out of the competition.

Santana was quickly tempted away by a lucrative club contract in Saudi Arabia; Zico, Socrates, Falcao, Junior and several of the reserves were lured away to Europe by sackfuls of Italian lire. And, in their absence, Brazilian football began to stagnate.

Attendances began to slide, a trend increased as the less talented and more rugged players left behind, imposed their physical 'talents' on the domestic game. Great clubs such as former world champions Santos, Gremio and Flamengo all hit hard times, financially.

The national team suffered too. Carlos Alberto Parraiera, an exiled Brazilian who had taken Kuwait to the 1982 World Cup finals, was brought home to succeed Santana. He guided Brazil to the final of the 1983 South American championship. But defeat at the hands of old rivals Uruguay led to his departure. Parraiera's successor, Edu, the elder brother of Zico, lasted only three matches—one of them a shock home defeat by England in Brazil's domestic fortress, the giant Maracana stadium in Rio de Janeiro.

Evaristo De Macedo was brought home from the Middle East—in his case, Qatar—to run Brazil's World Cup qualifying campaign. But results in the warm-up matches were so patchy, and morale so bad, that he was ousted even before the Brazilians had set off for Bolivia and Paraguay.

Evaristo now suggests that Santana's influence may have been at work behind the scenes. Certainly, when the Brazilian confederation president Giulite Coutinho went cap in hand to the Saudis to ask for the loan of Santana, it is hard to believe he had no idea that a positive response would be forthcoming.

Santana duly flew home, rallied his 1982 team and saw to it that Brazil can maintain in Mexico their unique record as the only nation to have attended every finals tournament. Mission completed, he returned to Saudi Arabia and was duly recalled yet again early this year to run the World Cup bid itself.

That is proving no easy task. Previous officials had arranged a two-match European tour to West Germany and Hungary which Santana did not want. He had only just called his squad together and felt that, without the Italian-based players still needed by their clubs there, two defeats were on the cards which would undermine whatever fragile confidence he could construct.

But the financial penalties for cancelling the games were so severe that Santana had no option but to go. As he had expected, Brazil were beaten—twice; 2-0 by West Germany and 3-0 by Hungary. On top of that, Santana's tactical planning had been further upset by injury to Zico.

Last autumn he underwent a cartilage operation after being kicked in a match between his club Flamengo, and Bangu. Zico had started playing again early this year but then twisted the knee in a national team training game when he collided with reserve goalkeeper Paulo Victor. Zico missed the trip to Europe and doctors were uncertain when he could restart training.

Defeat...injury...and also indiscipline. Yet another problem for Santana.

After only a couple of days at a secluded training camp, fullback Leandro and winger Renato were caught sneaking into the hotel well after the curfew. They faced dismissal from the squad but a players' delegation, led by Zico, asked for them to be given a reprieve. Santana and his officials agreed—on the understanding that no-one else did anything to jeopardise the good name of Brazilian football.

Unfortunately, after only half an hour of a friendly match against a young Peru team, left-winger Eder lost his temper after a foul and punched his opponent in the face. Eder was rightly sent off...and Santana had no option but to send him home.

Brazil remain World Cup favourites: but they have a lot of work to do.

It's just not cricket!

The perennial tirade against Ian Botham by the gutter press is fast losing even scandal value

I REALLY don't know if I should be besmirching the pages of this journal by discussing the Botham affair – the allegations lately levelled against him related to drugs and extra marital liaisons. But even bad news is news and so must be treated as such. Besides there are the two important questions. One are the allegations true. And two correct or not is it ethical proper for the press to meddle into such matter.

Let us first however try and understand this phenomenon called Ian Terrence Botham before deliberating on his alleged foible. The man concerned is the greatest English cricketer of his time. Indeed one of the outstanding cricket players of all time who has performed extraordinary feat for Queen and country. He is also by and large a good and truly generous human being.

On the debit side he is other than his sporting acumen perhaps not very intelligent. Besides success coupled with fame and fortune can often go to the head if an individual is not stable and refined enough to take it in his stride something that is arguably true of Botham. This larger than life impression of himself has conceivably compelled him to live up to a macho image become a law unto himself and indulge in a rowdy though not boorish existence. Some would call it childish behaviour for if you were hit on the head by an orange while sunbathing near your hotel swimming pool you would not have to think twice who the culprit was.

The fact is no one really bothers as long as the super star is exhibiting to pat in the middle. The problem arises only when this display falls short of expectations or when the team is faring abysmally (as the Englishmen currently are) and the hacks from the British tabloids (the gutter press as some in Britain call them) are out to discover a scapegoat.

It might be recalled that Botham's anguish on drugs first came to light during England's woeful trip to New Zealand and Pakistan a couple of years ago. There was hardly a scent of scandal last summer when David Gower's side were lynching the Aussies—and Botham was among the wickets in a big way.

There is no denying that a growing segment of the cricketing hierarchy in Eng

Botham did a mock breathalyser test early in 86, but serious matters were soon to trip him up





Ian Botham has always been Gower's right-hand man

The latest item of Ian Botham's amorous romps with Lindy Field, a former Miss Barbados beauty queen came only days after he had sacked his manager, Tim Hudson.

Hudson, who calls himself Lord Tim, had been quoted in the *Daily Star* as admitting that Botham is "a regular taker of soft drugs" and immediately found himself out of a job even though Hudson later denied making the allegations. Botham says he does not want a manager who goes around making such damning allegations.

As for Lindy Field: she was quoted in *News Of The World* as saying that she and Botham had snorted cocaine together and then made love so torridly that the bed broke. Botham, of course, has vehemently denied both accusations.

land disapprove of Botham's supposedly wild manners and the indiscipline that this is said to generate among his teammates. The magnetic personality of the all-rounder holding court in a prominent corner of a pub during Test matches is not an uncommon sight. But there is little the authorities, or for that matter the captain, can do about it. Cricket-wise, there is simply no substitute as yet for the Somerset star.

An interesting insight into the Englishmen's attitude towards Botham cropped up during the last visit to India. There, at Delhi, Paul Allott, the Lancashire seamer, was about to pack his bags and return home due to a persistent back injury. At this point, it was revealed (yes, by one of the tabloids) that Botham was ready to come out as replacement, and so the question was asked of the manager, Tony Brown, if the tour management would have him.

The leukaemia charity walk was well accepted

Colorsport



Now, one would imagine Brown to be close and sympathetic to Botham, for he is the Somerset Secretary, and the latter was the captain of this county at that stage. But huddled together with his deputies and one or two advisers from outside the squad, Brown devised a response that would serve to disguise the real feelings of the tourists, i.e. that they did not want Botham. They cleverly dumped the issue into the laps of the selectors back in England, demanding the presence of Jonathan Agnew—on the face of it, very fair, seamer taking the place of a seamer.

The love-hate relationship between a section of Fleet Street and Ian Botham has assumed repulsive proportions. On the one hand, the newshounds have raised the cricketer to dizzy pedestals; made him into a living legend in the eyes of the public. On the other, they have given him irrational stick for failure, which is but human. Neither reactions have been quite balanced.

Of course, the intake of drugs is a serious social crime, and Botham was convicted for possessing banned substances in his house in Yorkshire. However, he completely denies the stories attached to him in New Zealand and has filed legal suits against *The Mail on Sunday* and *Daily Express* newspapers for carrying the articles they did on this subject. The verdict on this will be significant.

It is understood, of course, that *The Mail on Sunday* are at pains to procure evidence that will stick in court. Indeed, the police investigations into Botham taking drugs during his much publicised charity walk last winter, is believed to have been sparked off by information fed by this paper, who are possibly anxious to avoid the damage that would accrue from successful libel.

As for Botham's reported romps with a former beauty queen in Barbados, this even if true, was none of the *News Of The World* publication's business. If there is one person who should be concerned it is Botham's wife. And as she flew out to Antigua on 8 April to join her husband, the scenario of scribes from *The Sun* guarding her was ironical. Botham has a forty thousand pound annual contract to write for this paper, yet it is this daily's sister product, *News Of The World*, that has embarrassed the England all-rounder in an unprecedented manner. It's just not cricket!

Ashis Ray, London



PRESS CLIPPINGS

IOA Compromise

THE Indian Olympic Association (IOA) decided last week to hold a special meeting on March 14 to consider the proposal to amend the Association's constitution. The proposal was made by the Government of India in a letter to the IOA president V C Shukla. The letter said that the Government would withdraw its recognition to the IOA if it did not agree to the proposed amendments.

The amendments, which were suggested by the Government after a meeting with the IOA executive committee, include the setting up of a disciplinary committee to deal with cases of misconduct by athletes and officials, and the setting up of a grievance committee to look into complaints by athletes and officials.

The IOA executive committee had also agreed to the Government's suggestion that the IOA president should not be allowed to hold office for more than two consecutive terms. Shukla has been president for the last eight years.

Speaking to reporters after the meeting, Shukla said that the IOA had agreed to the amendments in principle, but that it would be up to the general body of the IOA to decide whether or not to accept the amendments.

Shukla said that the IOA had also decided to request the Government to withdraw its threat to withdraw recognition to the IOA.

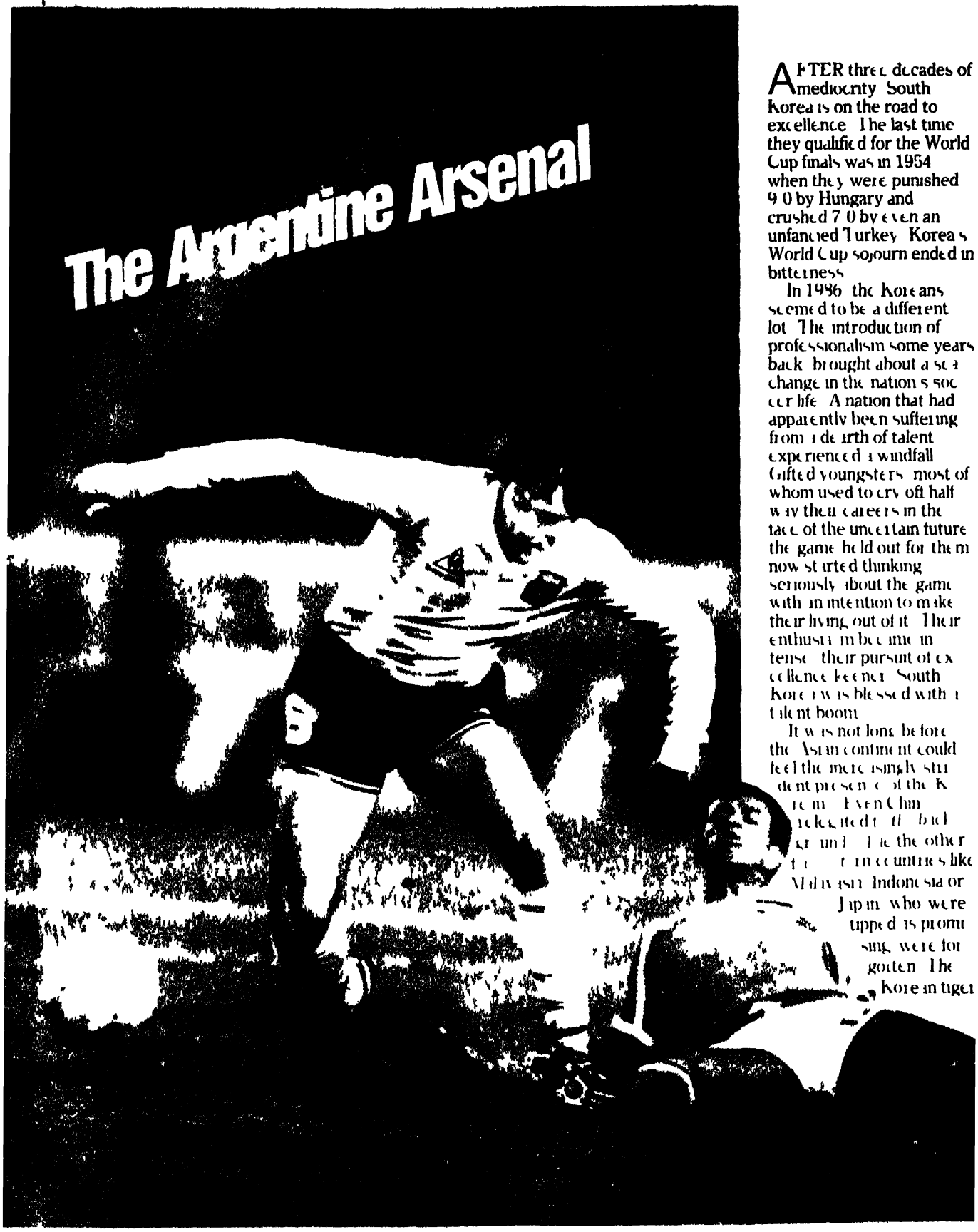
New Doping

IN THE NATION's fight against drug abuse in sports, the Government has decided to withdraw recognition from any sports federation which is found guilty of doping offences.

The Government's decision was announced by Mr Bhishma Narain Singh, Minister of State for Youth Affairs and Sports, at a meeting with the executive committee of the Indian Olympic Association (IOA) in New Delhi on February 28.

Mr Singh said that the Government had also decided to withdraw recognition from any sports federation which refused to allow its athletes to undergo dope tests

The Argentine Arsenal



AFTER three decades of mediocrity South Korea is on the road to excellence The last time they qualified for the World Cup finals was in 1954 when they were punished 9 0 by Hungary and crushed 7 0 by even an unfancied Turkey Korea s World Cup sojourn ended in bitterness

In 1986 the Koreans seemed to be a different lot The introduction of professionalism some years back brought about a sea change in the nation s soccer life A nation that had apparently been suffering from a dearth of talent experienced a windfall Gifted youngsters most of whom used to cry off half way their careers in the face of the uncertain future the game held out for them now started thinking seriously about the game with an intention to make their living out of it Their enthusiasm became intense their pursuit of excellence keener South Korea was blessed with a talent boom

It was not long before the Asian continent could feel the increasingly strident presence of the Korean Even China selected their national team For the other Far Eastern countries like Malaysia Indonesia or Japan who were tipped as promising were forgotten The Korean tiger

Ricardo Giusti a cementing force in the Argentine midfield

grew from strength to strength

Then entered Kim Jang Nam Taking over the national team in March 1985, after a shock defeat at the hands of Malayasia the former international turned coach made an immediate impact South Korea put up a dream performance achieving five successive wins against Malayasia Indonesia and Japan The manager was hailed as a national hero

The superb form the Koreans had struck continued and South Korea fared well in a tournament in Mexico although they lost 2 1 to the host nation

The loss however could hardly undermine the Korean morale Instead they looked upon it as a useful exercise that exposed their shortcomings against superior Latin American football The Koreans got down to intensive training

The most remarkable feature of the South Korean squad selected for Mexico is that it is a perfect blend of youth and experience While there are veteran professional like Park Chang Sone a talented group of youngsters will man most of the important position in the team Nothing will be better than the stamina and enthusiasm of the youngsters being guided by the experience of the veterans

Meanwhile a sensational piece news came from Argentina when the nations coach Carlos Bilardo announced his squad for Mexico He found no place either for the 1 year old midfielder Juan Barbas who plays for an Italian side Lecce or veteran Ubaldo Fillol Argentina goalkeeper in the last three World Cups



Colorsport

An Argentine raid on the West German defence by Ricardo Gareca and Oscar Garre

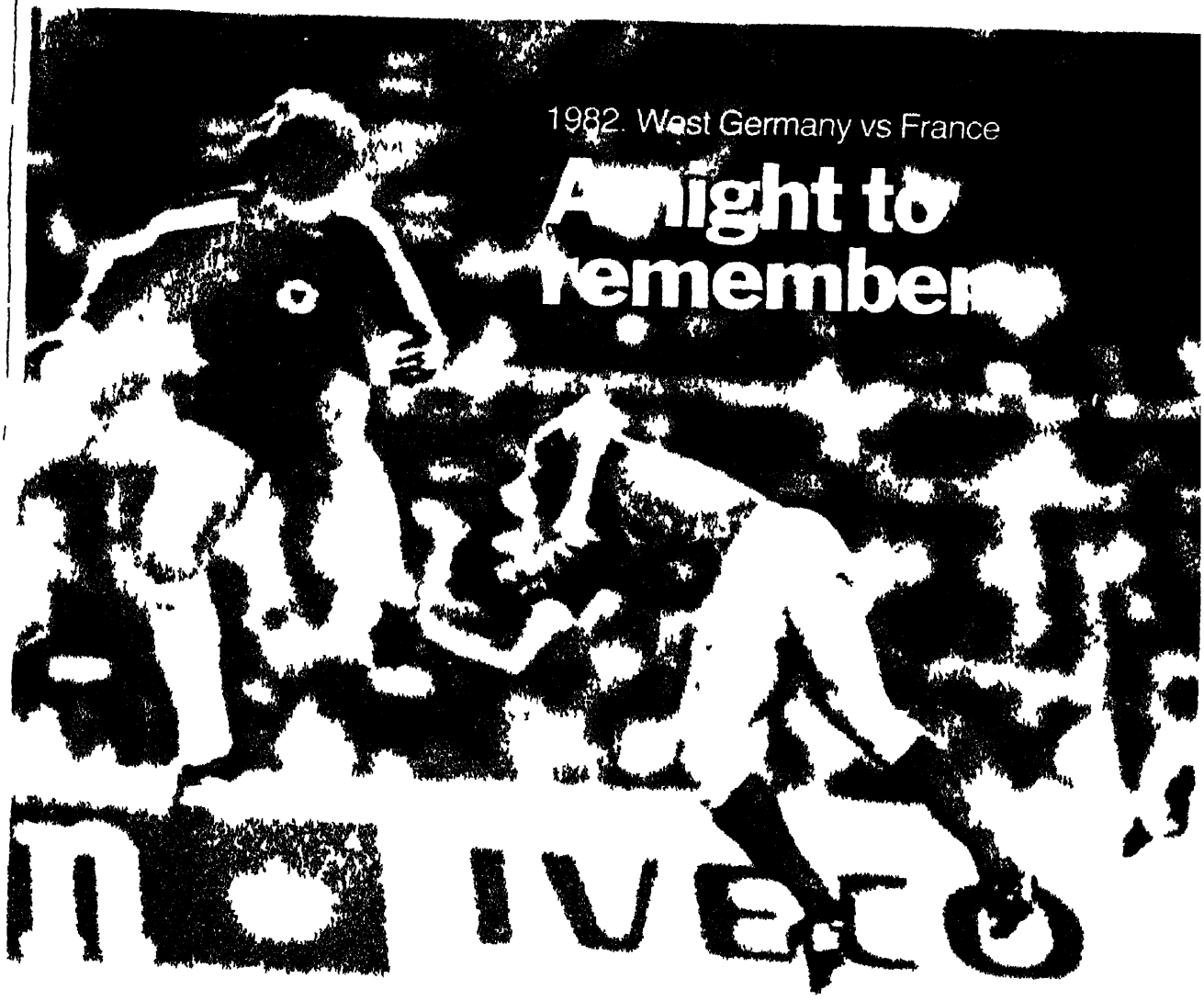
The decision sparked off immediate criticism from the Press that saw no wisdom behind the selection of the hitherto unheralded Hector Zelada who plays in Mexico for America instead of 53 times capped Fillol

The other goalkeepers chosen are Nery Pumpido looking certain to take Fillol's place in mid promising 20 year old Luis Islas the youngest player in the squad

A team of the unsparing tactics which persistently drew fire from the critics to be expected from the Argentinians comes with the inclusion of only four forward Claudio Borghi Real Madrid's Jorge Valdano and Pedro Pasculli a colleague of Barbas at Lecce

At the age of 32 Ricardo Bochini of Independiente is about to make his World Cup debut In the midfield he could forge an useful combination with Maradona

The Argentine World Cup squad Goalkeepers Nery Pumpido Luis Islas Hector Zelada Defenders Nestor Clausen Oscar Ruggeri Jose Cuciuffo Daniel Passarella Jose Luis Brown Oscar Garre Midfield Ricardo Giusti Hector Enrique Sergio Batista Julio Olarticoechea Ricardo Bochini Carlos Tapia Diego Maradona Jorge Burruchaga Marcelo Trobbiani Forwards Claudio Borghi Sergio Almiron Pedro Pasculli Jorge Valdano



1982. West Germany vs France

A night to remember

He can be where in any [illegible] completely detached bitterness and distrust from the world gentry. One of his schoolboy [illegible] skulduggery [illegible] where [illegible] three weeks' suspended sentence [illegible] the corner of the Champs Elysee where most leather clad bikers have gathered.

But really it's not matter where or whom. Because it's April 1986 and

Battiston (right) is felled by a viciously crude tackle from the capably marauding Schumacher

France is almost ready. While these groupies round the world in terminal over beer or Coke the objective obviously football.

The conversation shifts from discussions to arguments to fights from ignorance to witness from rights to fantasy and from the future to the past.

THE past and we're back in Spain 1982. The image flickers hazily: a languid Cameroonian in elegant Algerian Remember. And as the visual become hyper and the matches flash by it suddenly freeze on a murky evening in Seville.

On a weeping Platini. On an arrogant Schumacher. On a match of entertaining football crude fouls and a bevy of goals. On subsequent despair. The semi-final France vs West Germany. A classic.

The odds are even in a sense. Neither France nor West Germany has displayed consistency through the tournament yet there is no denying the sudden flashes of subtle French skill and German power. The decisive though could be the absence of German captain and striker extraordinary Rummenigge benched with a nagging thigh strain.

An unusual beginning, as Germany initiate the first few attacks. Littbarski on the outside. Dremmler and Briegel through the middle. The languid French are content to defend and

slowly find their rhythm While Germany squander a few chances the French midfield trio begins to turn on a little Parisian magic The little wisp of a Tigana the indefatigable Giresse and the genius Platini marshal the midfield with ubiquitous brilliance Meanwhile Rocheteau and Six try unsuccessfully to realise their vision

But the break is Germanys Breitner controls sends through Fischer who fumbles on the run Keeper Ettori parries the shot As the ball rebounds Littbarski scythes into a rising right footer The score 1 0

France undeterred continue their pursuit After ten minutes of balanced play they are duly rewarded Another delicate chip into the box Rocheteau gives him a nod is Bernd Forster hauls him away the referee has no hesitation in awarding France a penalty

Platini swoops up the ball to kiss it gently puts it down He retraces his steps pauses in a moment of concentration then runs in to gently glide the ball past a helpless Schumacher into the corner of the net An exultant France are back in the game

Half time

The second half is breathtaking numerous French hustles the agony of a missed chance a gentle flick but no goals Germany is outplayed during this half but a rasping drive against the crossbar from Bernd Forster reminds the sometime casual French of possible impending defeat

It is not merely the pulse of brilliance which characterises the match now it is a viciously crude tackle by the capably marauding Schumacher Platini graceful on the ball again sends Battiston through with a marvellous ball Battiston in full flight accelerates into the penalty area and nudges the ball past the onrushing Schumacher

The action now is brutally staccato each image isolated like a series of film frames Frame one Battiston nudges the ball as Schumacher advances Frame two The ball is past Schumacher yet he continues his charge Frame three Schumacher leaps to a forward at Battiston as the ball misses the goal Frame four Kicked in the chest Battiston writhes on the ground

Now the scene is a cacophony of indignation and unrest The game is betrayed by an apathetic referee who blatantly refuses to view the situation in its correct perspective As a seriously injured Battiston is carried off he awards neither free kick nor penalty Germany reprieved

The game peters out with a searing 30 yard kick by Amoros The ball swerves past Schumacher outstretched hands cracks the crossbar and bounds off the crowd but Germany react swiftly Ettori fumbles at the goalmouth but somehow manages to fist the ball away with it away from Fischers lethal feet

The match moves into extra time

Anguish is reflected on each face irrespective of nationality Such is the intensity of the last ninety minutes Bathed in sweat, they stand hunched in the floodlit glare of this harsh



It's 3-1 as Giresse (left) begins another electrifying run of triumph



Fischer leaps into a quasi-bicycle kick and it's 3-3

Spanish night. Waiting. Rummenigge is warming up, Platini questioning Battiston's condition. Hidalgo and Derwall, the coaches, desperately try to rekindle a spirit of intensity in their respective squads.

In the first half of extra time, the pace increases, exhaustation forgotten. The French advance and force a free kick. Little Giresse swerves the ball into the centre of the penalty area. Tresor, the French defender, has advanced stealthily and is unmarked. He gauges the flight perfectly, curving his foot into a thunderous volley and as the ball rasps against the netting it's 2-1.

Rummenigge, as if sensing his team's apathy, now risks himself and strides purposefully onto the pitch. The difference is immediate; palpable. Kaltz, grateful, sheds the responsibility of captain and plays with more zing than ever before. The Germans look more integrated, but the French, charisma apparent, skill flowing cannot be denied another goal.

Shirt flapping, hair unkempt the sloppy looking Rochteau ambles dangerously down the right flank. He finds a gap, passes, the ball is trapped and passed in turn to Six. Six, pauses, feints, and then suddenly, almost impudently, half turns. He flicks the ball into the path of a lurking Giresse, who strides, in, slams the ball and watches gleefully as it richochets off the woodwork into the German goal. And as he begins another electrifying run of triumph at 3-1, it looks all over.

Now Rummenigge, decides to respond with his own brand of magic. A Littarski cross, and the captain thrusts his foot into a melee, only to deflect the ball past a diving Ettori. 3-2. The crowds are going berserk: can the captain save his team?

In the second half of extra time, the tension is increasingly apparent. There are wayward passes, sluggish tackles, tired crosses. Equally apparent is the change of fortune, for the strangely rejuvenated Germans are now in complete control.

Littbarski—that man again!—accelerates down the wing and chips in a cross. Hrubesch rises majestically and as he heads back across the goalmouth, Fischer writes a little history. He leaps into a quasi-bicycle kick and the ball flashes past a helpless Ettori into the French goal. The Germans, adhering to tradition, have come back from the cold once again.

The referee's whistle now heralds the penalty shootout. After 120 minutes of incredible soccer, this is a harsh, almost unjust way to lose.

Yet, the saga continues. The penalties begin. Tired legs begin to run in to score from twelve-yards. Suddenly, Stieleke crumples in despair: he has missed. Schumacher evens the odds as he denies Six, yet the referee and linesmen fail to notice that he continues to move off his line before the kick is taken. Their apathy becomes even more confusing, as Schumacher moves off his line once again, this time to deny Bossis.

All Germany must do now is score. And as Hrubesch leaves Ettori standing for the last time, Platini buries his tear-streaked face in his shirt. He walks France off the field and out of the 1982 World Cup.

The German bartender rejoices and pours another round on the house. The French bikers produce a macho smile but turn to brush the hint of a tear away. The Brazilian schoolboys shrug and go outside. Just another match?

Rohit Brijnath

The player-manager syndrome

Scottish international **Eamonn Bannon** is excited about his captain Graeme Souness's new role as player-manager of Glasgow Rangers.

I WASN T a Glasgow Rangers supporter as a boy and have never played for them But even I am excited by the appointment of Graeme Souness as their player-manager

I don't see how anyone involved in Scottish football can fail to be There is no-one in the Premier Division with the stature of the 32-year-old Scotland captain, and he is bound to attract more interest than ever to our game next season Rangers are Scotland s Manchester United –they are the biggest and richest club in the country—and to me the prospect of what they could achieve with Souness at the helm is little short of mine-boggling!

Rangers like Celtic are not the force they were in the football sense

To a great extent they have been victims of their own success They had been at the top so long that they never believed they could ever be toppled Opposing teams were intimidated not just by the Glasgow giants' record but their huge support

The introduction of the Premier Division in 1975 (which has meant teams facing Rangers and Celtic four times in the League and thus becoming more acclimatized to the experience) has done much to erode the Old Firm s psychological edge Aberdeen played a big part too when they ended the Rangers-Celtic 14-year monopoly of the Championship in 1980

Today, Rangers have a number of good players, but for some reason they don't gel as a team With Souness in the side I will be surprised if that s the case next season

Souness is a master when it comes to helping a team function as an effective unit, as indeed I have found when operating with him in the Scotland XI Strangely, as has been the case with Kenny Dalglish, it has taken the Hampden Park crowd a long time to accept that he is a genuine world-class footballer and even now I don t think they fully appreciate him He gives the impression of not caring about Scotland matches—the fans prefer to see the players tearing around and shaking their fists like Celtic s Roy Aitken– but in his own way Souness is as hard and combative as anyone It s an education to play against him as I have done in practice matches



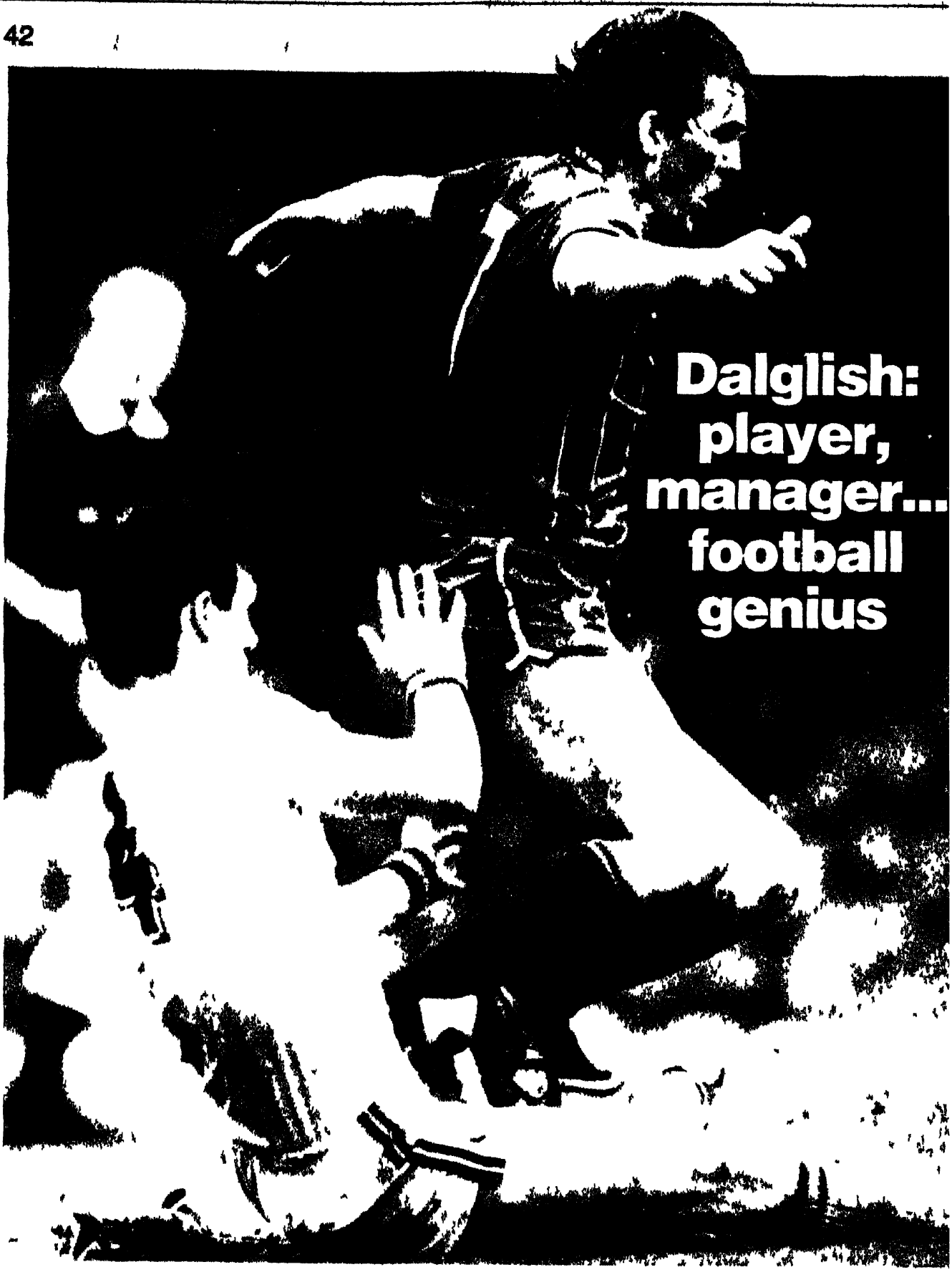
Souness (left) airborne with Brazil's Oscar

Apart from his astute use of the ball one of the main things I have noticed about him is that it is exceptionally difficult to get in a tackle on him He takes up excellent positions to receive the ball and if one does get the chance to challenge him, you tend to bounce off him Apart from his skill he is very tough physically and mentally That s some combination!

To me one of the most interesting aspects of his presence in the Rangers team concerns the fact that none of the other top sides in the Premier Division have a midfield general in his mould a man able to dictate the pace and pattern of a match Indeed their best players are in defence

I am thinking particularly of Willie Miller (Aberdeen) Paul Hegarty and David Narey (Dundee United) Roy Aitken (Celtic) and Sandy Jardine and Craig Levein (Hearts) I am not suggesting that they don't have top-class midfielders, but they all seem to fall into the category of runners or dribblers rather than passers

It was the same with Rangers, until they landed Graeme Souness As I said, the mind boggles!



Dalglish: player, manager... football genius



Dalglish (right) has lost his running power but not his skills

THERE'S NO ONE in English football quite like Kenny Dalglish. To me, that's the most encouraging factor about Liverpool's chances of beating Everton, Manchester United and West Ham to the Championship this season.

I am usually quite wary about giving the impression of one man making a team. For example, I have mixed feelings about the view that Manchester United have badly missed their England captain Bryan Robson when he has been out of the team because United have a lot of top class players and I see no reason why they shouldn't compensate for his absence.

But in the case of Dalglish we are talking about a football genius.

Bob Paisley has described Dalglish as the most complete footballer he has ever worked with. Graeme Souness rates him better than even Diego Maradona who is widely regarded as the world's No. 1 player.

I should add that Souness makes that statement about Dalglish *now* at a time when the 33 year old Liverpool player-manager is reckoned to be near the end of his career as a footballer!

I don't know how long Dalglish will continue playing but I do know that he is still vital to Liverpool in that role. It is significant that Liverpool have produced their best and most effective football when he has been in our team. I have lost count the number of goals he has helped set up.

Dalglish has inevitably lost some of his running power but not his incredible awareness of the game and his ball skills.

To a great extent he creates a lot of space for himself and his team mates just through his presence in the side. Such is his stature and renowned ability to turn opponents that teams are inclined to be a bit wary of him and thus not get as close to him as they would to other men. The factor which causes this to rebound on them is Dalglish's use of the ball.

Most footballers will look around to see what's on once they have gained possession but Dalglish does so as the ball is on its way to him. No matter how many men are making runs to receive a pass, you can bet that he will have seen all of them and pick out the best option.

This is something which can't be coached into a player. It's a gift.

Dalglish has not played regularly for Liverpool this season but on the occasions he has been in the team no one has benefited more than Ian Rush. It's also interesting to note that most of the goals Scotland have scored since the start of last season have come when Dalglish has been on the field.

I have enormous respect for him as a manager as well as a player and I'm not just saying that because I happened to be his first signing!

He has made it easy for me to settle down at Anfield because he has not tried to change me in any way.

All he said to me when I joined the club earlier this season from Aston Villa was: All I expect from you is that you play for us in the same way that you played for them.

He has a strong personality — he is not the type to suffer fools gladly — and this has come through particularly strongly in the changes he has made to Liverpool's tactical approach to the game. They haven't always worked but I think it is to his credit that he has been prepared to try new ideas and see them through.

Steve McMahon, Liverpool

Liverpool versus Everton The Merseyside Derby is on



Arms aloft in triumph Rush acknowledges an excellent performance

TRIUMPH and disaster fought for the media headlines throughout the weekend and beyond.

First the triumph: for the only time in English soccer history the FA Cup Final will be a Merseyside Derby between Liverpool and Everton. And both are current leaders of the First Division as well, each could be in line for the Cup and League double, last achieved by Arsenal in 1971, and before that, by Tottenham Hotspur in 1961.

Come what may, the FA Cup will be going to Merseyside on May 10, but the League trophy could remain in the south if West Ham and Chelsea, with games in hand, can strike a rich vein of consistency and overtake Liverpool and Everton. Or why forget Manchester United whose cause is still far from lost.

The two Cup semi-finals were thrillers. Everton faced Sheffield Wednesday on Aston Villa's ground in Birmingham, while Liverpool vanquished Southampton at White Hart Lane, Tottenham Hotspur's sleek stadium in north London. Both matches went into extra-time, testifying to the closeness of the contests.

Everton, without their star striker Lineker and Welsh international goalkeeper, Southall, were at an initial disadvantage and the first half saw Wednesday have the better of the exchanges. There was much robust tackling, for the stakes were high and the adrenalin flowed freely. There was a blank sheet at the interval.

As befits their superior experience and pedigree,



Reid Everton's brilliant midfield general

Everton gradually took control in the second half The reason clearly was Reid in midfield who buzzed with ideas and was soon instilling some of his own confidence into his more hesitant colleagues Well it was follow my leader all right as Everton found the path to the Wednesday goal with increasing frequency

It was from one of these movements that Harford the substitute with quick silver thinking and reflexes lobbed the ball sweetly over goalkeeper Hodge who had come running out into what may best be described as no man's land

But scarcely had Everton's ecstasy died down when Sheffield Wednesday's Shutt a non league player a year ago put a glancing header past Mimms in goal to make the scores level Everton's joy had lasted all of three minutes

And so to extra time when from a Bracewell cross Sharp struck a volley high into the Sheffield Wednesday net Such was the power of the shot that Hodge in goal must have just about deciphered a passing blur and felt the wind rush past his ears At the final whistle the score read Everton 2 Sheffield Wednesday 1

The ability to round an obstacle without key players is surely one of the keys to footballing success in a gruelling English season Liverpool have fielded replacements at critical moments in their history and climbed the heights at home and abroad Of such stuff are champions made

Against a tenacious Sheffield Wednesday, Everton showed that they had the same quality Sharp put in the winner in a manner that would have done the absent Lineker credit and the young and hitherto untried Mimms in the Everton goal brought off a number of splendid saves particularly in the crucial first half when his side were struggling to discover their true rhythm that had the sidelined and injured Southall nodding his head in approval

This is Everton's third FA Cup Final in a row For their manager Howard Kendall once an Everton star himself the last two years have provided a succession of triumphs During this time his side have won the League FA Cup European Cup Winners Cup and the League Cup and Charity Shield He has walked out no less than six times with his team on Wembley's hallowed turf

For Sheffield Wednesday the afternoon was one of heartbreak So near and yet so far the fate of all semi-finalists It was their sixth FA Cup semi-final and only once in 1966 did they emerge from one to eventually win the coveted trophy

Meanwhile Liverpool dominated proceedings at White Hart Lane They bided their time knowing that frenetic charges at goal would probably result in misses and leave them open to sudden counter attacks At the end of full time the score sheet was blank and there may have just been a worry in Liverpool minds that if in the limited extra time Southampton were able to sneak a goal it would be extremely difficult to get back into the match

As it was the doubt was never much in evidence Southampton had an atrocious piece of luck when their England defender Mark Wright was carried off with a broken leg after a collision also involving his goalkeeper peter Shilton and the opposing winger Craig Johnston

The sheer weight of Liverpool pressure told in extra time when striker Ian Rush clinically put away the two chances that came his way Liverpool 2 Southampton 0 The Liverpool player manager Kenny Dalglish who was his side's midfield periscope said after the match To recover from the Brussels (of last year) we needed great team spirit We've done our job and it's great to meet Everton at Wembley

When we met in the 1984 Milk (League) Cup Final it was a credit to everyone Hopefully the same will apply this time And so say all of us

Meanwhile the League's First Division London challengers Chelsea and West Ham have filtered the former more than the latter Chelsea had a nightmare Easter when they failed to gain anything from a maximum 9 points There was no resurrection after the holidays either for they could only draw 1 1 with lowly Ipswich and so another two points went begging

West Ham lost surprisingly to Nottingham Forest earlier in midweek by a 2 1 margin but Manchester United brushed aside Coventry's resistence with a 3 1 tally

So Liverpool have 70 points from 36 games with a superior goal difference to Everton's 70 from 35 In third spot are Manchester United with 68 points from 36 games and fourth are Chelsea with 63 from 34 West Ham have 60 points from 32 games The next few suspense ridden weeks will tell us what we wish to know the name of the 1986 English League champions

Preman Addy

Lasting out for the best

WE have been n [illegible] topic of getting t know your feet p [illegible] s ing the right sp [illegible] t [illegible] yourself After h [illegible] sing the different ty [illegible] feet we wer [illegible] the effect of pronat [illegible] supination Pronation is where your foot l [illegible] n the outside of th heel and rolls inward while supination is a condition w [illegible] ere the foot lands on the inside of the heel and roll outwards

There are plenty of shoes that deal with the different levels of pronation but very few to combat supination as this is a very rare condition The only way The to check whether you are pronating and how much or if you are one of the rare breed that supinates is to check the soles of your streetshoes or your used running shoes If you tend to wear the outside edge of your heel most and are slightly bow legged your feet have to pronate all the more in order to make full contact with the ground In this case you should get yourself a pair of running shoes that offer moderate motion control

But if you aren t bow legged and don t have high arches you may see well just on the points of initial contact If your shoes are worn down on the inner edge of the region of the balls of your feet you have a tendency to overpronate

Once you have got a clear picture of your feet and the biomechanics adaptable to it you can start surveying the market for the correct type of shoe for you One of the first terms you have to acquaint yourself is lasting

A word with two facets, lasting is very important to the protection of your feet In first sense of the word, you are talking about how the shoe is built Board lasting results in a stiff, stable shoe that doesn t boast great shock absorption On the other hand slip lasting gives you a shoe that is less stiff and more shock absorbing but sacrifices a little on stability

When you combine the two and come up with combination lasting you develop a blend of both resulting in both stability and flexibility with ut sacrificing shock absorbing where it needed the most

In its second sense last ing pertains to the curvature of the shoe Look at the sole If you have the hypermobile flat foot (discussed in earlier issues) are an overpronator or are a heavyweight you require a straight last This is a shoe that is built on a last that is almost no curve This makes for greater stability and control

If you have high arches and tend to underpronate you require a curved last This gives the shoe a chance to conform to the shape of your feet and support them better

And if you have the normal foot you can wear running that have a marginally curved last or a straight-lasted shoe

Sock technology

PLAYING any sport that involves running places tremendous strain on your feet Any person while running hits the ground at two to five times his body weight depending on the individual style of running Therefore if the runner does a 45 minute run, he is subjecting his feet to several tons of force Since there are more than 72 000 nerve endings that terminate at each foot and since those nerves connect to practically every nerve in the body it stands to reason that we should take time off to consider the best methods of cushioning the feet

Well cushioned shoes are very important but more important although most of us don t realise it is a good pair of socks Here are a few points to keep in mind when you go shopping for socks

Your socks should wick well This means that they should possess fibres that can absorb the sweat from the foot and conduct it through the material where it evaporates The sweat that is produced when you run creates unpleasant odours and increases the risk of blisters infections and injury By taking the sweat away from the skin the sock will help in preventing these problems

Most of the materials that socks are made of have good absorbency All woven and knitted fabrics absorb moisture but not all of them send it out Silk for example sucks sweat in well but does not have the ability to get rid of it Cotton and wool pull sweat into their fibres and then rapidly swell and hold the moisture next to the skin cutting the cushioning power of the socks during action This leads to complaints like athletes foot and blisters The best fabric for socks is orlon rayon or polypropylene since they wick well Their absorbing ability is well matched by their ability to let it dry out on the outside

Another very important thing about socks is their fit Socks should fit perfectly that is one quarter of an inch wider than your foot and one-half of an inch longer than your foot This according to the Foot wear Council automatically rules out tubes free size and stretch types which almost always fit too tight Feet change with time Your bones may shift and splay with age making last years perfectly fitting sock a little too tight You should keep track on the size of your feet and try and get a size that measures closes to the specifications given here

The next point is very personal Socks should not be worn for more than one day More than one days wear invites fungal infections and bad odour Also socks that develop holes should be thrown away if you are looking for perfect foot protection Mending socks can never replace their cushioning ability This could in fact lead to blisters and chafed feet

So the best way to look after your feet is to invest in a pair of socks that have a high degree of sweat expelling ability as well as fit around the foot snugly

16 April Viv Richards notches up yet another record as he slams the fastest century in Test cricket, scoring 100 runs off just 56 deliveries At close of play on the fourth day of the fifth and final Test against England West Indies have England reeling at 33 for two after declaring their second innings at 246

17 April The West Indies complete their blackwash of England by winning the last Test at St John's by 240 runs Facing a deficit of 378 on the last day the English batting collapses to 170 all out to give the West Indies a 5 0 win in the series
Kepler Wessels former Australian Test opener returns to his home land in South Africa Wessel also announces his decision to consider playing cricket for the South African team

April Javed Miandad leads a one man fightback to take Pakistan to their first one day cricket championship title as they pip India to the Australasia Cup by a single wicket Setting Pakistan 246 to chase India have them in some early trouble before Miandad puts all doubts at rest by slamming a six off the very last ball of the innings

Sunil Gavaskar with scores of 92 against Pakistan and 71 against Sri Lanka is named the Man of the Match for the final

Stefan Edberg thrashes Ivan Lendl 6 3 6 3 in an exhibition match at Osaka Edberg had joined this series of exhibition games in place of John McEnroe who is not fit

April Scotland Yard will be providing security for the Indian cricket team that will be touring England in the summer in view of the threats from the extremist minded people

Indian Airlines return the Bombay Gold Cup hockey tournament beating Mahindra and Mahindra by two goals to nil

20 April Michael Spinks the world heavyweight boxing champion fights off Larry Holmes comeback attempt and holds onto his crown by a split decision

Jimmy Connors wins a tennis tournament after quite some time as he beats Mats Wilander in straight sets in the final of the $250 000 Suntory Cup tennis championship at Tokyo

Toshihiko Seko of Japan beats off about 20 000 other runners to win the sixth London Marathon clocking a time of 2 hours 10 minutes and 2 seconds

April The International Cricket Conference World Cup sub committee headed by Jack Bailey approves 14 venues in India for the 1987 World Cup The venues approved are Bombay Calcutta Madras Delhi Ahmedabad Bangalore Chandigarh Cuttack Hyderabad Indore Jaipur Kanpur Nagpur and Pune

Steffi Graf beats Claudia Kohde Kilsch 6 4 7 6 to win the Amelia Island $87 000 Grand Prix women's tennis tournament

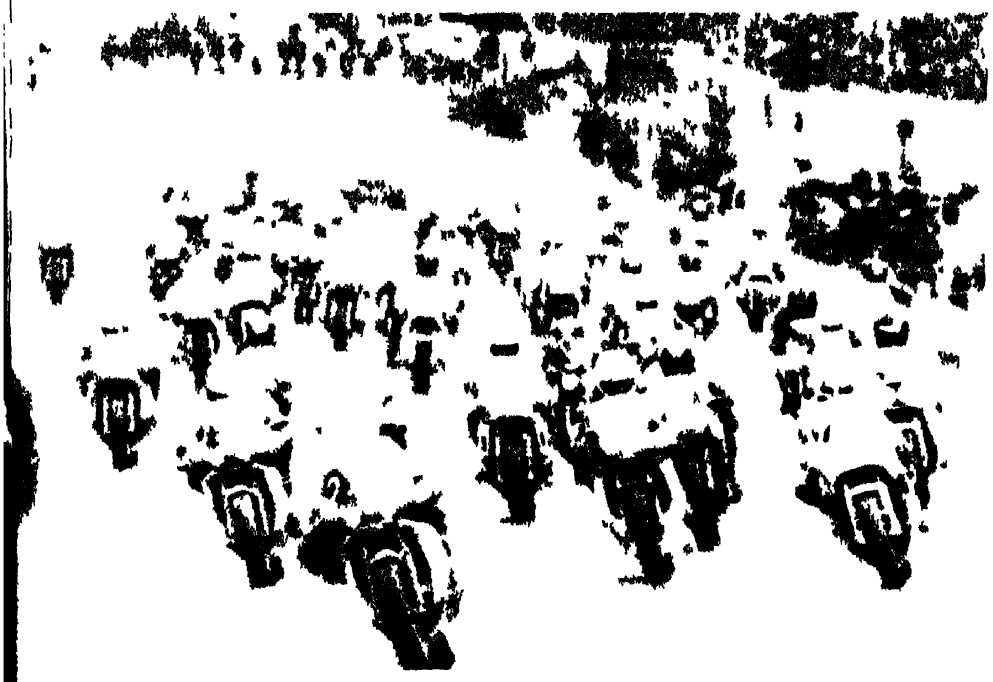
An auction of football jerseys tennis rackets and racing yachts in an effort to remind world of the Third World find people snapping up all the famous personalities things to raise almost one million francs

April Kobde Costella Australia's world championship marathoner pounds out the third fastest timing for the marathon ever as he wins the Boston Marathon in a timing of 2 hours 7 minutes and 51 seconds



Associated Press

Hulk Hogan, the reigning WWF heavyweight champion, sends King Kong Bundy flying during Wrestlemania 2 in Los Angeles Hogan won the match which was part of a three-city wrestling spectacle



Associated Press

Competitors in the 9th Le Mans 24-hours Motorcycle endurance race at the Le Mans circuit bunch together soon after the start



ust a n Subrata Gangopadhyay

Milkha Singh

Milkha Singh was easily the greatest Indian athlete That he failed to win an Olympic medal was a different matter The Flying Sikh started running when he was a sepoy in the Indian army in 1952 Initially he used to run only as a method of overcoming the boredom of the daily parade On one ocassion he was so exhausted at the end of a cross-country race that he almost collapsed dead Milkha Singh however recovered and was soon advised to switch to the 400 metres he did so and met with immediate success

His first Olympics was in 1956 He was still a disorganised runner and as he himself admitted I felt totally lost like an uneducated child But the modest Milkha walked up to the winner of the event Charles Jenkins and asked him for some advice

Milkha followed the schedule meticulously Soon the results were there for all to see He ran away with the 200 s as the 400 metre champion

The Olympics were just a year away and Milkha Singh was honoured with the Helms Trophy an American award for the best quarter-miler in the world The Olympic record was 45 9 seconds At Rome he broke the Olympic record but unfortunately he failed by less than a foot to win what would have been India s first athletic medal Three are many who felt that Milkha would have suited the 200's better than the 400's Whether that would have been a better idea or not the fact remains that he was due of the finest quarter-miler of his day

Credit Transfer

Best tip

THERE are not many punters in the world who are winners But Professor Frank George is one exception

Last month William Hill, the book makers who are the rivals of the famous Ladbrooks, asked Professor George if he could help in a market research programme to improve the service to their customers

It therefore came as a surprise to the Professor when Hill s refused to give him a credit betting account

"I thought it would be rather pleasant to give them my business, but perhaps they felt that I would win too much money,' said Professor George "This sort of thing happens to successful punters "

In some sort of retaliation Professor George launched a computerised tipping service where people pay to get tips

In the first weekend itself he gave seven winners out of eight He also tipped the Grand National winner when BBC television did a programme on him West Tip went on to win the Grand National at 15 to 2 odds



ustration Debashis Deb

Di Is Cast

Rougher sex

PRINCESS Diana had her first taste of rugby last month although the surroundings were a little more healthy than they usually are for such high jinks

The occasion was the London Welsh centenary dinner at the Grosvenor House Park Lane and even in the presence of his wife Prince Charles was less than gracious about the fair sex

"I went to a rough school," he said, "and now they allow women in, it's even rougher I remember once organising a disco and I was left with two women In order to get a dance I had to prise them apart with a crowbar "



Lock Out

Money for nothing

WHEN invitations were issued for a pre Test cocktail party in Antigua, co hosted by the Antigua Cricket Association and the series sponsors Cable and Wireless two English journalists were publicly and formally excluded Who were they? Two of those nasty newsmen who were turning the series into a lurid serial?

No They were *The Sunday Times* cricket correspondent Robin Marlar and Mathew Engel of *The Guardian* Their sin? Their papers had not printed the names Cable and Wireless often enough

What do the papers have to say? Said *The Sunday Times*

"While we commend Cable and Wireless for their 300,000 pound help to the hardpressed West Indies Control Board, and have mentioned them a couple of times, we should like to tell them that their money does not buy them the right to pressurise the media on how to report

"And what is more it is accepted throughout the cricketing world that sponsorship does not buy the right to take any part whatsoever in the running of the cricket or in any official activity associated with it "

Agreed we lost (for the second consecutive time to Pakistan) but we battled well and one should not feel very bad Our morale should not be adversely affected
Kapil Dev, captain of Indian cricket team after losing to Pakistan

Pakistan deserved to win but we had no business to lose
Raj Singh Dungarpur manager of the Indian cricket team that lost in the final of the Australasia Cup

The ruin of Maradona runs deep He has at twenty five (close to the age Bjorn Borg retired from sport) become a millionaire but he has lived on the end of assailants boots, lived close to the surgeon s scalpel lived too long in the company of a fat agent His very shape has changed His dark beard may try to suggest the boy has become a man but he is unfulfilled he has won nothing and there is a joylessness about him on the field which hurts the onlooker He cheats himself he attempts to cheat the referee and he cheats our demands for performance above the norm
Rob Hughes in *The Sunday Times*

Sport is about health and honesty Drug abuse is unhealthy and dishonest Britain is setting an example I hope the rest of the world will follow
Sir Arthur Gold Chairman of the British Amateur Athletic Board referring to the random out of season drug testing plan undertaken by his Board

I would feel a lot happier beating the West Indians in Pakistan with neutral umpires Just about every other major sport has neutral umpires And cricket is now a professional sport with money at stake
Imran Khan, the Pakistani cricket captain

I do not have a big strong body so I work hard at it When someone comes across me in a dark alley they d advance not run away as they might if they saw Joel Garner or Patrick Patterson
Michael Holding

I love the game he said and all over the world the game has come to love him No wonder they were singing Auld Lang Syne outside the dressing room at Port of Spain because they thought they had seen the last of him Somehow I doubt it
Robin Marlar in *The Sunday Times* while interviewing Michael Holding

He finally came down to my pace He started back pedalling on me I knew I had to win the last three rounds I knew I had to stay busy be impressive
World heavyweight boxing champion Michael Spinks after his split points victory over ex-champion Larry Holmes


Kapil Dev


Ian Botham


Imran Khan



Bernd (Schuster) is always most welcome I offer him open door—if he likes to play for his country o k come put on the jersey and play If not stay away
Manager of the West German football team for the World Cup, Franz Beckenbauer

Tim had a change of plans and flew back to London But it was not because there was any great row between us And he is still my agent
Ian Botham while denying that he and his manager Tim Hudson were to split

There being no way of calling the series off on humanitarian grounds the fourth Test between England and West Indies sponsored by Cable and Wireless starts today
John Woodcock writing in *The Times* on the morning of the fourth Test

You have three champions right now and the only ones happy with that are the championship belt manufactures
Seth Abraham, Senior Vice president of the Home Box Office who are organising a Heavyweight World Series to finally decide who the real champion is

If Ian Botham is an English folk hero as was claimed in *The Observer* then this must be an alarming time for the nation Sporting heroes reflect or should do our aspirations and emotions and if Botham as a person as much as a cricketer does this for us then notwithstanding his intermitten brilliance with bat and ball it suggests we have become worringly undiscriminating and self idulgent
David Miller in *The Times*

Shame on the generals after this massacre
***The Observer* after England s 0-5 drubbing in the West Indies**

I am getting too old
World badminton champion, twenty-nine year old Han Jian of China

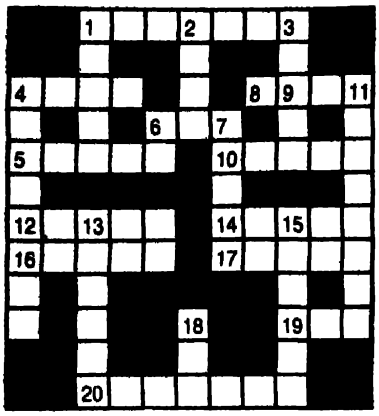
We have no excuse to offer A team which fails to convert two penalty strokes in a crucial match can offer no excuse No doubt we have a good team with a fine bunch of players but on the field their performance was never consistent One day they play superbly and the next the same set of players would put up a surprisingly indifferent performance But I must say I am disappointed
Jhaman Lal Sharma, manager of the Indian hockey team which finished fifth in the Champions Trophy

According to the law of probability it is virtually impossible to win again Since World War II only Brazil have managed it—in 1958 and 1962—but they had Pele
Enzo Bearzot, manager of the Italian football team for the Mexico World Cup

CROSSWORD

332

Suprakash



Across:

1 A game akin to bowls played on ice (7)
4 The first Australian to swim in an Olympic Games (4)
5 The best of talent (5)
6 Diver for the USA who won the Olympic high diving competition in London (3)
8 When two boxers take on one another (4)
9 Dismissed (3)
10 A great cricketer whose autobiography you must have read (5)
12 You re delighted when you get one (5)
14 A boatman's concern (3)
15 You need strong arms to fare well in this game (3)
16 British fencer the first to win an Olympic gold medal (5)
17 Dolphins who play football in America (5)
19 Don t run too fast do it well (3)
20 Your favourite game (7)

Down:

1 French individual combat sport (5)
2 English lawn bowls gold medal winner in the Commonwealth Games (4)
3 Cricketer for Australia and Queensland. Played his first Test at the age of 30 (5)
4 A ball-and-goal field game (8)
7. A famous Derby (5)
9. Dismissed again (3)
11 Associated with discus, hammer (8)
13. Footballer An all-time great (6)
15 Cricketer An all time great (5)
18 The boss of world cricket (3)

QUIZ

QUESTIONS

Ranjit Ghose

1 In what sport is Prince Basalat Jha Trophy contested?
2 What is the Olympic Cup?
3 Where was the first world chess championship (team) held and which country won the title?
4 Last year, twin brothers won an international marathon race Who were they and what was the race?
5 In sports parlance who are called the "men in black' ?
6 What is "RSG"?
7 When, for the first time, did an African country compete in the World Cup soccer final?
8 And which year marks the beginning of Asia s participation in the tourna ment?
9 When was a World Cup soccer match televised worldwide for the first time?
10 Which former US President was in his youth a college football player at Michigan University?

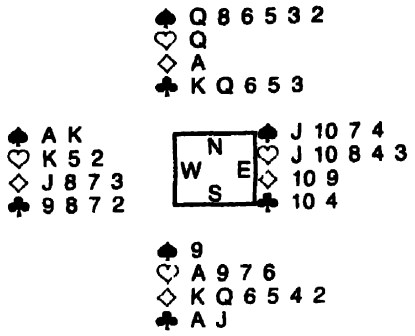
ANSWERS

1 Basketball It is awarded to the women's National champions in India
2 Since 1906 the Olympic Cup is awarded every year to the National Olympic Committee of the country which makes great contribution for the promotion of sport
3 Lucerne (Switzerland) USSR (scoring 37 5 points out of a possible 54)
4 Takeshi and Shigeru So of Japan They won the fifth Beijing International Marathon on October 13, 1985, crossing the finish line at exactly the same moment
5 Football referee
6 Rhythmic sports gymnastics
7 1930 Africa was represented by Egypt
8 1954 North Korea represented Asia
9 1966
10 President Gerald Ford

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

The editor of the Australian magazine Paul Lavings was scathing about the play of the Finnish declarer on this deal from the Olympiad You may think that his own analysis was less than brilliant too



North was the dealer at game all The Finnish declarer played as South in 3NT and West led the 2 of hearts (Is there a case do you think for leading the king since North is known to be short in hearts?) The declarer cashed the ace of diamonds came to hand with a club then played king-queen of diamonds ace of hearts and overtook the jack of clubs He made only eight tricks

Lavings wrote Not a good line seeing the contract is cold After the queen of hearts wins play ace and jack of clubs return to the ace of diamonds to cash the clubs and exit with a spade Not really a difficult hand

Rather better because it wins against a 5 1 break in clubs is queen of hearts ace of diamonds ace of clubs and clear the diamonds This ensures two hearts five diamonds and two clubs

Lavings goes on to describe the Australian bidding

South	North
—	1S
2D	3C
3D	4C
4D	5D
pass	

They were playing Precision which means that North s one spade promised at least a five-card suit and a limited hand Even so, it is difficult to imagine a more incompetent display South's failure to bid 3NT (or three hearts), and North s failure to rebid his spades are incomprehensible Four spades is a good contract

I see that the author has taken his courage, his ribbed faced shue-noblick and his future happiness in both hands, and probably without even checking if his left hand was too far over dedicated this somewhat eccentric tome to me one other than his wife! I must say that at the time, it must have seemed like a droll idea, I'm equally certain that he had a mental picture of the good woman smilingly attendedly at the quaint notion of her busied herself ironing his woollen vest.

By now of course, he has learned the error of his ways and is reduced to ironing his own wood covers and probably even cleaning his own golf shoes. I see that you recoil in shock and horror surely no wife worthy of the name would reduce her man to such indignity? Ha! I see you know little of the woman scorned the golf widow rejected. It's as if the man had hit the lady behind the ear with a putting iron.

This, lest we forget is The Woman Who Gave Up Everything for a golfing fiend who can't even remember to keep his head still. This is the same, selfless sainted person who Sits at Home Twiddling Her Thumbs All Evening With Nobody But The Children To Talk To Until You Decide To Come Home From The Golf Club.

And he hasn't even taken the minor precaution of dedicating the book to her! Nor need he look for comfort and succour from his family. A quick perusal will readily show that he's given his two daughters the elbow into the bargain. Where does he propose to go for his Christmas dinner when he's old and grey? Whose grandchildren does he imagine he's going to dandle on his knee? Who does he think will be around on visitor's day at the Home?

Can he count on golf's countless 'also rans', to whom he has dedicated this slim volume? Some hopes. There's no such animal. It shows culpable, not to say dangerous ignorance of the psychological make up of his fellow golfers to assume that a man is an also ran just because he six putts from four feet or shanks nine times in a row. I've seen Lee Trevino and Hale Irwin miss 'em from six inches. Tom Watson take four to get out of a bunker and every golfer knows that a shank is only a whisker away from being a good shot.

You will never meet the man who admits to being a bad golfer any more than you will meet one who admits to being a bad driver, a lousy lover, or unable to hold his drink.

Golfers with high handicaps-that's anyone over 16, yes, I am 16 (at Temple GC, since you ask)—are not bad golfers, and certainly not, as your author would have it, 'also-rans'. Nor are they 'chickens', 'rabbits', 'bunglers' or 'wreckers'. They are 'golfers'. And there are only golfers! Certainly, I will freely admit that there are golfers better than me. They practise more. They do it for a living. They're out on the course all day to the detriment of their wife, family, career and dog.

A doctor friend of mine recently went skiing for the first time and took dog's abuse from the instructor till flesh and blood could take no more. Goaded beyond endurance the other wise placid medico turned on is tormentor and shrieked 'Look, you. You can ski and I can't! But can you take out an appendix?' The effect, apparently was somewhat vitiated by the good doctor falling over in the snow as he made his point, but we golfers know what he meant.

Heavens! If I only had the time to play twice and three times a week like some of these Johnnies. I could be down to single figures in no time! Don't talk to me about Seve Ballesteros! He's been playing since he was a child. When you and I were conjugating latin verbs, he was out there practising chip shots! Tom Watson? Ben Crenshaw? Don't make me laugh! What couldn't we have done with a golf scholarship to the University of Houston?

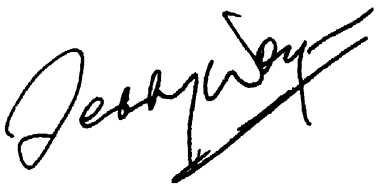
Also rans? Bread winners rather toiling at the workface. Men and women who if only had been given a chance, if only they had the time, if only, if only.

You know it would serve this bandit right if his wife took up the game. And in six months became a better golfer than him. I know. I was the caddie.



'Heavens! If I only had the time to play twice and three times a week, like some of these Johnnies, I could be down to single figures in no time! Don't talk to me about Seve Ballesteros! He's been playing since he was a child. When you and I were conjugating latin verbs, he was out there practising chip shots! Tom Watson? Ben Crenshaw? Don't make me laugh! What couldn't we have done, with a golf scholarship to the University of Houston?'

Terry Wogan takes a swipe at the pros in his introduction to this book which is published by Stanley Paul & Co. Ltd. and priced at £7.95 net





Come on Lord! Please! Hallelujah!

Jeff Hawkes invokes the ultimate outside agency for an eagle 3 in the 1982 Coral Classic

DUE to its proximity to nature it is inevitable that golf will produce its fair share of clashes with the various flora and fauna which abound on the course The tendency golfers have to hit a golf ball into dense undergrowth means that the battle is unceasing, with nature usually gaining the upper hand Crows, snakes squirrels gophers foxes, badgers and geese have all demonstrated a liking for golf balls probably in the mistaken belief that they are eggs One gopher in Canada set an unofficial world record for hoarding when its nest was disco vered to contain 250 balls Crows have been observed dropping balls from great heights in an attempt to smash them

A notorious crow frequented the 13th hole at the Wilmslow course in Cheshire, regularly carry ing off balls One of its victims was professional Doug McClelland who was robbed during the Greater Manchester Open, while in the same area, at Hoylake a group of crows relieved the members of 26 brand new balls in a single day On another occasion, a player drove his ball down the fairway but as he walked towards his shot he could not see the ball anywhere He approached a hen sitting in the middle of the fairway whereupon the hen, another egg-deluded creature got up to reveal the player's ball

In the struggle for air supremacy golfers have registered 'kills on crows, seagulls hawks, pigeons and ducks The prize in the category of most appropriate shot must surely go to Willie Fraser of Kingussie GC then aged 11, who, on 12 August 1975 (The Glorious Twelfth) killed a grouse with his tee shot

Meanwhile back on the ground the most spectacular kill was recorded in 1934 at St Margarets at Cliffe GC Kent when the professional W J Robinson killed a cow with his tee shot at the 18th The animal was struck on the back of the head fell got up staggered 50 yards and then dropped stone dead One can only surmise that the shot was powerfully struck albeit a little low

Bovine revenge was extracted 47 years later in Oakland California when a bull escaped from a stockyard and ran onto the nearby Gailbraith GC and chased golfer Robert Warren Warren ran for a tree but the bull anticipated this move and arrived at the tree simultaneously with Warren A hefty butt from the bull ensued and Warren was stretchered off with a broken leg

If you think that s a load of bull, then this incident may stretch your credibil ity even further On the 145 yard 4th hole at the Mountain View GC in Oregon, Ted Bowenhouse shanked his 7 iron tee shot over a barbed wire fence into a field The ball ricocheted off the forehead of a grazing cow bounced back onto the course hit a sprinkler head then struck a mower parked by the side of the green From there its only possible destination was the bottom of the cup where indeed it finished

A resident mole at the 198 yard 5th hole at Brampton GC Cumbria made an ill timed and subsequently fatal appearance for as it poked its snout above ground it was despatched to that Great Molehill in the Sky by a ball struck with a 3 wood The golfer Bill Writson was credited with golf's only known mole in one

The old joke about the golfer thrashing about in the rough and then claiming he was killing a snake has a ring of truth in it so far as Jimmy Stewart is concerned Playing in the 1972 Singapore Open Stewart approached his ball on one hole only to see a large cobra converging on the missile He killed the reptile with a club only to see another smaller cobra emerge from the dead snake s



Angel Gallardo negotaltes an alligator at the World Cup in 1971

jaws It met the same fate

On certain up country courses in Africa caddies refuse to venture into the long rough for fear of snakebite while in the United States the city council of Arkansas City Kansas ask golfers playing the Springhill course to sign a release freeing the city from liability in case of snakebite At the Glen Canyon course in Arizona a local rule provides that If your ball lands within a club length of a rattlesnake you are allowed to move the ball

Nature had the last word at a water strewn hole in Portugal The water came into play on two adjacent holes and was also the home of a group of ducks One day the ducks were going peacefully about their business when two four balls arrived at the holes together Shot after shot plunged into the water around the ducks until finally they could take the barrage not longer and almost as one, waddled out of the water, taking refuge in the safer confines of the green the golfers were aiming at

A place in Irish folklore is reserved for the goats of Lahinch

Successive generations of these animals have acted as reliable weather forecasters for golfers on this Country Clare links When the weather is set fair the goats can be found on the far reaches of the course but if the weather is about to change for the worse the goats will head back to shelter in the lee of the clubhouse On one occasion the club barometer broke down, whereupon the Secretary pinned up a notice which read 'See Goats' In recent years the goats have been elevated to a position on the official club crest No such honour was given to a ram which attacked two players approaching the 7th green at Dungannon Links Co Tyrone in 1936 Despite their attempts to beat off the aggressive ruminant, they were forced to give up their game

Apart from dogs, which are *de trop* at tournaments, professional golfers are fairly well protected from interference by animal outside agencies, but not always In the 1968 Open Championship at Carnoustie British professional John Morgan had the unnerving experience of being bitten by a rat while looking for a ball in the rough He was also bitten by the golf course-he was round in 92

It was P G Wodehouse who wrote of the golfer whose game was affected by 'the clamour of the butterfiles in the adjoining meadow' but one golfer who has cause to curse this particular species of wildlife is British professional Ian Mosey In the 1979 South African Open he stood on the final tee needing a par four to win the title As he began his downswing on the drive, a butterfly alighted on his ball causing him to hit it into the trees He eventually holed out in six missing a putt of a yard to tie

One professional who succeeded in levelling up the scores a little in man's struggle against nature was Nick Price Playing at the Elephant Hills course on the banks of the Zambesi in Zimbabwe, Price drove off at one hole just as a group of bush pigs was crossing the fairway As in the cow killing episode the ball was powerfully struck but a trifle low The bush pig is an unattractive animal which patrols the jungle with its tail struck straight up in the air revealing a none too pleasant orifice underneath Price's



Kruger's appetite for balls led to seven being removed from his stomach

ball struck the lead bush-pig in precisely that spot and stayed there, sending the animal rushing into the undergrowth squealing like, well, a stuck pig of course.

Golfers and geese do not, it seems, have a happy relationship. In Massachusetts a goose, having been struck by a golf ball which then came to rest by a water hazard, waddled over to the ball and kicked it into the water.

Then there was the case of the Murdered Gooses. A 67-year-old American, Dr Sherman Thomas, narrowly escaped going to jail for beating a Canadian Goose to death with his putter (evidence does not reveal whether it was a goose-neck putter). The assault took place on the 17th green at the fashionable Congressional Club in Washington. The doctor claimed in court that his approach shot struck the bird and, to put it out of its misery, he administered the *coup de grace*. Other evidence submitted stated that the doctor had attacked the bird because the creature had put him off with its mournful honking cry. The doctor's lawyers successfully applied for a 'plea bargain' and their client was fined $500 under the Migratory Birds Treaty Act.

A HOLE-IN-ONE is the ultimate stroke in golf, its perfection cannot be beaten and its perpetrator can bask in its glow forever. The odds against achieving this feat are astonishingly high, emerging roughly as follows: male professional or top amateur, 3,708 to 1; female professional or top lady amateur, 4, 658 to 1; average golfer, 42, 952 to 1. In 1951 a competition was held in New York when 1,409 players who had done a holed-in-one played over several days at short holes on three local courses. Each player was allowed five shots, giving an aggregate of 7,045 attempts. No one holed-in-one.

Even amidst the joy engendered by the feat, fate still lurks with the loaded glove, as in the case of the New Zealand golfer who holed-in-one at the 6th and, while walking to the next tee with a spring in his step, was knocked unconscious by a ball driven from the nearby 8th tee. Take heed also from the experience of Charles Coody in the 1972 US Masters. As defending



Bernhard Langer and his famous tree recovery in the 1981 Benson and Hedges International



John Hudson celebrates his two consecutive holes-in-one in the 1971 Martini International at Royal Norwich

champion, Coody had every reason to believe that the Georgia sunshine would continue to shine exclusively on him when, in the first round, he holed-in-one at the 6th. At the next hole he was suddenly enveloped in a deep pall of gloom. The hole measures just 365 yards and is one of the shortest par fours on the course. Coody holed out in seven. Consider too the circumstances concerning a certain Dr Tucker in 1936 at a course in New Orleans. The god doctor put his name down for a hole-in-one competition. He then repaired to the competition hole, put down a ball and holed-in-one. He rushed back to the clubhouse to impart his good tidings. When he got there he found that the competition was not due to begin for another two weeks.

In the 1974 Penfold Tournament at Worthing, professional Peter Wilcock holed-in-one at the 5th to win a prize of a car, worth £2,000. He achieved his ace in the second round but since the prize was on offer throughout the tournament, Wilcock took the precaution of insuring against having to share the spoils of his good fortune with another professional. It was a wise move for, in the very next round, another hole-in-one was achieved. The only slight drawback was that it was by the same player.

At Rochford GC, Essex, one Sunday morning a player said he had dreamed he had done the 10th hole-in-one. His companions were scornful and commented on his over-indulgence the night before. Some sizeable bets were struck and when the player arrived at the 10th, a good crowd had gathered. To everyone's amazement, the player holed-in-one and the hole is still known as 'The Dream Hole'.

Two golfers approached the 187-yard 12th hole of the Box Valley GC in Wisconsin. The sun was low and the first player hit his 3-wood towards the green into the glare. The second player followed suit with a 4-wood. On reaching the green they found one ball in the hole, but since both of them were playing with the same type and numbered ball, they do not know to this day who had the hole-in-one

It should never be forgotten that a hole-in-one is only one stroke in a round and therefore has exactly the same value as a one-inch putt or a 250-yard drive. This fact may have escaped Eric Fiddian while playing in the 36-hole final of the 1933 Irish Open at Royal County Down. In the morning round, Fiddian holed-in-one at the 7th and then repeated the feat at the 14th in the afternoon. His opponent, Jack McLean, was obviously unmoved by these flamboyant strokes and defeated Fiddian by 3 and 2.

On occasions, a hole-in-one has no value whatsoever, as in the case of professional Stuart Brown who, while playing in the 1980 Kenya Open, hooked his tee shot to the short 2nd hole at the Muthaiga GC into some bushes. Brown followed the correct procedure and announced he was playing a provisional ball. He then hit his provisional ball straight into the hole. Unfortunately for him, his original ball was found and he eventually holed out in four. When play was over for the day, Brown found he had missed the 36-hole cut by one stroke. Similar devaluation was experienced by Robert Saalfield playing the 195-yard 7th at the Savannah GC, Georgia. Saalfield hit his first two tee shots out-of-bounds and then holed out with his third attempt for a five-in-one.

As mentioned earlier in this chapter, in order to get your hole-in-one in the record books, you have to do something exceptional. Perhaps you might feel that your total of say five holes-in-one in a lifetime is worthy of inclusion. Forget it. Amateur Norman Manley of Long Beach, California is the current leader with 47 aces so far in his life. Manley also achieved the incredible feat of successive holes-in-

one at two par-four holes, the history-making strokes occurring at the 330-yard 7th and the 290-yard 8th of the Del Valle Country Club, California, in September 1964. The feat of scoring successive holes-in-one in a full professional tournament has been achieved only once. In the 1971 Martini International at Royal Norwich, British professional John Hudson holed-in-one with a 4-iron at the 190-yard 11th and after a twenty-minute wait on the next tee, holed out again with a driver on the downhill 311-yard 12th; on this occasion the ball ran through the players still putting on the green.

In the 1974 Eastern Countries Foursomes at Hunstanton, Bob Taylor, a member of the Leicestershire team, set a unique record by holing-in-one at the same hole, the 16th, on three successive days. The first occurred in practice with a 1-iron and the other two in competition, both with a 6-iron. These most repetitive aces were almost equalled by John Murphy who holes his tee shot at the 175-yard 5th hole at the Wil-Mar GC, Raleigh, North Carolina. Since he was playing alone, his ace was unofficial, so after the round he took the assistant greenkeeper out with him to the same hole, put down a ball and repeated the feat.

Another record in this department was set by 26-year-old Scott Palmer of San Diego in 1983, when he became the first player to score a hole-in-one on four consecutive days. He recorded his feat at the Balboa Park Municipal Course in his home town by respectively holing out with his driver on the 260-yard 6th on day one, a 5-iron at the 198-yard 8th on day two, a wedge at the 150-yard 1st on day three and finally a 6-iron at the 8th again. It should be stated that this record was achieved on a nine-hole course with four par three holes, thus affording more possibilities than usual.

One of the most enduring world records is that held by Robert Mitera who claimed the longest hole-in-one when he holed his tee shot on the 447-yard 10th at the aptly named Miracle Hill GC in Omaha. The ground sloped sharply downhill and he was aided by a strong following wind.

In 1981 at Beamish GC in Co Durham, seventeen-year-old Stephen Wightman decided, for a laugh, to play the 174-yard 4th using his putter from the tee. The ball rocketed off the putter, never rising above waist height, landed on the green and ran into the hole.



A spectator like this one pictured here is enough to unnerve even the most professional of golfers

When the mandarins at Baltusrol, New Jersey wanted to toughen up their course for the 1954 US Open, they brought in the eminent architect Robert Trent Jones. At the end of the work, the committee protested that Jones had made the course too tough, in particular the short 4th hole which had to be played across water to a narrow green protected by bunkers at the back. Jones disagreed with the officials and took them out to the hole to test it out. The officials all hit their shots and then it was Jones's turn. His shot flew towards the green, pitched and rolled gently into the hole.

'As you can see, gentlemen,' said Jones, 'this hole is not too tough.'

The earliest recorded ace occurred in the Open Championship of 1868, when Young Tom Morris, in the first of his four consecutive victories in the event, holed-in-one at the 145-yard 8th at Prestwick.

Most hole-in-one records are held by men but one record held by Nila Morrison of Michigan is unlikely to be beaten by a man. In 1967, Mrs Morrison had a hole-in-one two days before she gave birth to a son. This record has not been seriously challenged since, although in 1982 Kitty Peck holed-in-one at the Recreation GC in California two weeks before she gave birth to her son.

Swiss golfer Otto Bucher became the oldest player to hole-in-one when, at the age of 99 in January 1985, he aced the 130-yard 13th with a 5-iron on La Manga's South Course. This beat the previous record held jointly by three American striplings who were aged only 93 at the time of their achievement.

Keep trying, everyone!

freewheeling

"If I were Chetan Sharma I would have. The list is endless.

After Pakistan had pulled off the near impossible against India in the Australia Cup final at Sharjah this was the most repeated sentence in the country. Everyone initially. Everyone did. Even too admit it.

One ball to go. Four runs to get. Last pair at the wicket. The possibilities are endless—but the result will be definite.

Feeling that you'll [illegible] target. Fingers cross. Lungs inflated. Shirt pounds in. Next moment it's all over. Miandad is exultant, ecstatic. But triumphantly aloft like a warrior's broadsword he weaves his way through the spectators back to the dressing room. Two colours predominate. Pakistan's green and white. There is a numbed silence about India's supporters. You share the feeling too.

Then it sinks in slowly, almost painfully. A feeling of false complacency comes over you briefly as you try and convince yourself that it doesn't really matter to you. But it does.

That crucial last delivery is the focal point of the week's conversation. With such committed television audiences, cricket assumes prime importance in India. Mothers and grandmothers who previously did not even know of the game's existence now partake in animated dinner time discussions about what Chetan Sharma could have with the last ball.

Come to think of it what *could* Sharma have done? Consider the pressure on him. Consider his relative inexperience. Consider too the fact that the batsman in question is one of the greatest fighters in the game. You think you could have done any better? You did. Admit it you did. Else you wouldn't have lent your considerable opinion to the raging debate on the final delivery.

For the people back home it was unforgivable. Household Offices. Bars. Even swimming pools were privy to animated discussion about what could have been done. And what *should* have been done. Kapil Dev's miscalculation on the overs. Kirti Azad's stint with the ball. Azharuddin's removal down the batting order. And of course Chetan Sharma's last fatal ball. No tone is left unturned.

There are suggestions galore. Different points of view on how the last delivery could have been bowled. One armchair cricketer says he would have bowled a bouncer. A second would have bowled a good length ball outside the off stump. A third would have tried to york him.

There is a truly fascinating variety of suggestions. Someone explains that Sharma could have changed to bowling spin in an effort to confuse the batsman. Another theory is that he should have bowled round the wicket and angled the ball across the batsman. The permutations are endless. He could have used the extremity of the crease. He could have bowled a slower one. He could even have bowled it underarm!

Another school of thought decides he did exactly the right thing. After all which batsman would expect a full toss when he is looking for a hit to the fence.

Amazing. Because all these people who trot out so confidently their solution to the Miandad problem are the sort who haven't been near a cricket pitch in 20 years. Granted there is a measure of wisdom (how much we're not sure) in their suggestions but theirs is the perspective of hindsight. Besides which as you will agree it's pretty simple to provide a solution when the match is over and your cricketing experiences are fuelled by endless glasses of cold lager.

Whatever it was that went through young Chetan Sharma's mind as he walked to the top of his bowling run let me assure you that his was not a position to be envied. I mean how many of you self appointed experts would have liked to be in his boots? When you know that your country's cup of joy depends on what you do in the next ten seconds. Not me for sure.

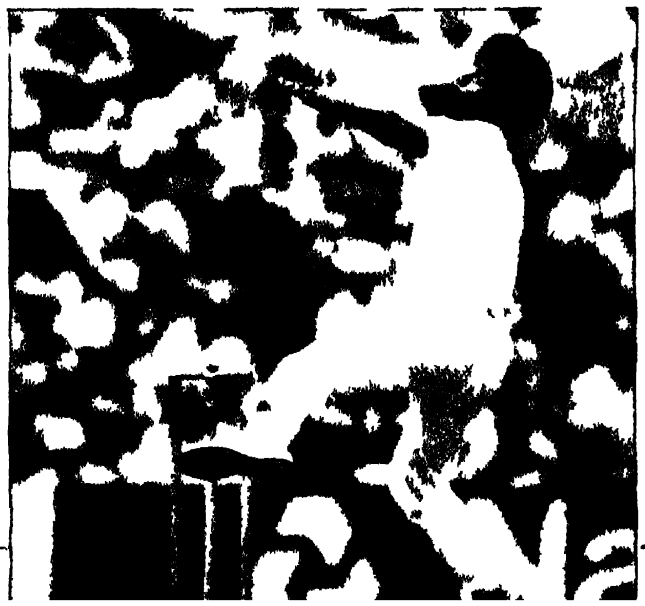
But there was an intelligent observation from one of my friends. He said the turning point was the second last ball of the last over. He feels having got Zulqarnain out we had no business letting Jauseef take a single off the second last ball thereby giving Miandad the strike. Knowing fully well that Jauseef was not going to *attempt* a big hit off his first ball we should have had all the fielders inside the circle to cut off the single. Food for thought my friend adds ruefully.

But did it really make a difference? Aren't we all forgetting what happened at the other side of the wicket where Javed Miandad waited ready to thump any delivery over the fence? Having already scored 110 Miandad must have been seeing the ball like a football? It is debatable whether even a Marshall or a Kapil would have made any difference to him.

So it isn't entirely Chetan Sharma's fault, after all.

Pradeep Paul

One ball to go. Four runs to get. Last pair at the wicket. The possibilities are endless—but the result will be definite.



Nikhil Bhattacharya



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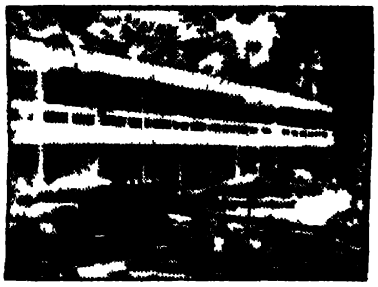
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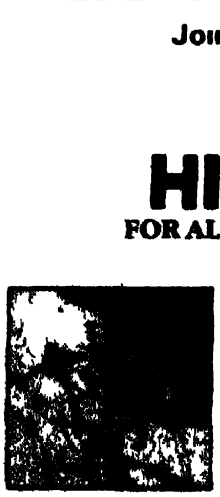


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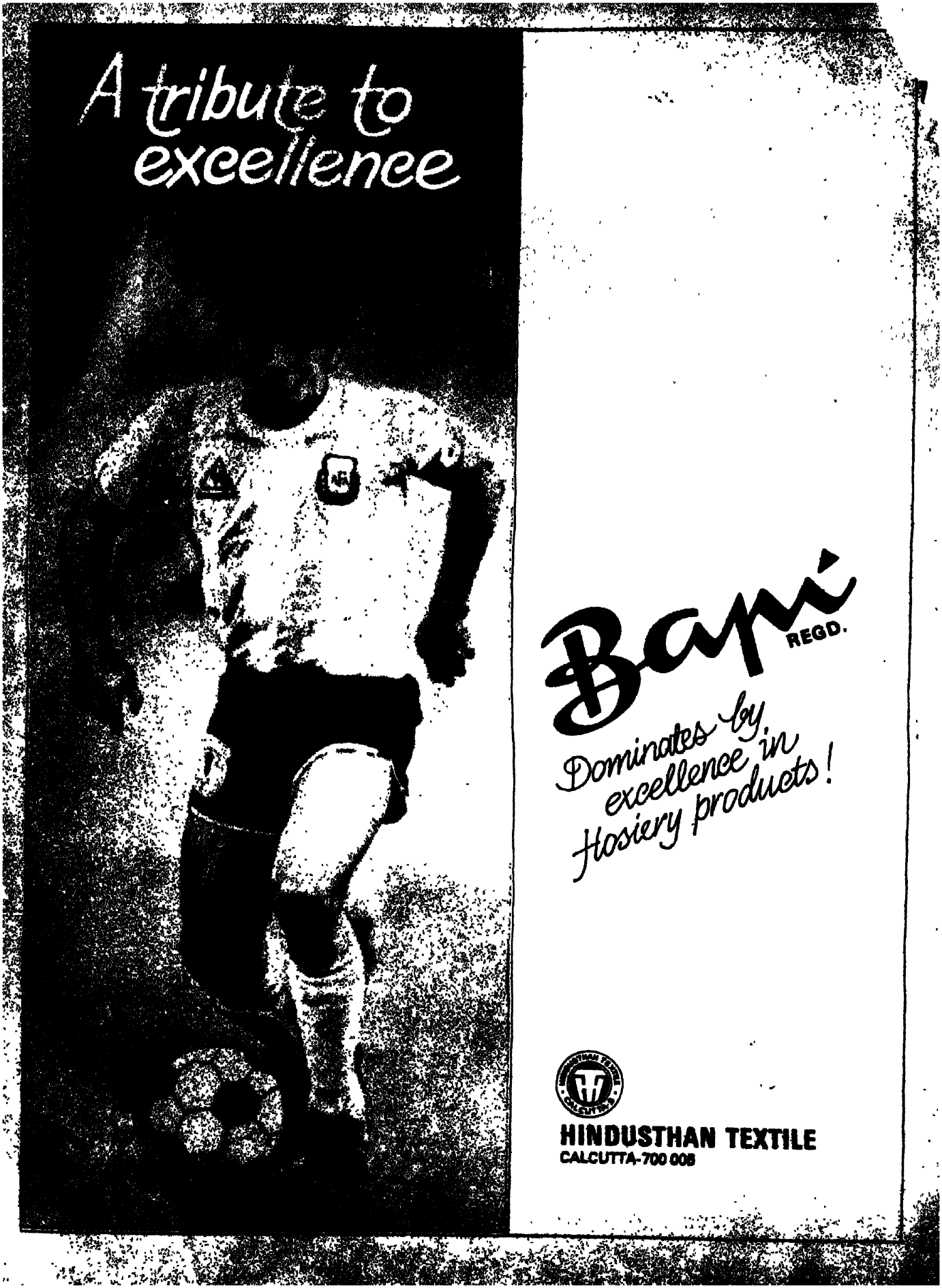
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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor: David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul
Correspondents: Bombay Haresh Munwani. **Madras:** Partab Ramchand
Staff Photographer: Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director: Bipul Guha
Staff Designers: Santosh Dutta, Ali Akbar Mirza
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Hail India

THERE will be a tumultuous welcome for the victorious Indian cricket team at home but we must remember that too much adulation and criticism are against basic tenets of the game. Victory or defeat is just like two sides of a coin and what matters is the team spirit and zeal with which a game is played. After the 1971 victory in England dismal performance followed. Our players are always on edge to give their best as we treat them as either 'heroes' or 'zeroes' within no time. When they are abroad they play their natural game and the team spirit is at its best. There is no one except to fall back upon one another.

The facts that have emerged after the successful tour of England are a marked improvement in the leadership quality of Kapil Dev; intelligent spin bowling; clicking of the lower middle order batting and excellent fielding. Our seamers did well; particularly Chetan Sharma. But we should not forget that conditions in England are ideal for such bowling and much should not be expected of them elsewhere. The heartening feature has been the emergence of Maninder as a class spinner who is now fitting in grove of Bedi. The sterling performance by Vengsarkar with the bat and Kiran More's behind the stumps and with the bat are highly commendable.

In a nutshell we have shown that we are a force to reackon with not only in one dayers but Test cricket as well and our team must live up to this reputation in future.
DR. SHYAM. N. SHUKLA,
Lucknow.

Unimaginative

THE recently announced fixtures for the domestic cricket season and the season against the Australians is most disappointing to persons who expected the Board to take some bold and innovative steps to improve the standard of cricket in the country. First of all, a record number of six one-day international matches has been arranged against the Aussies. It is now a widely accepted view that one-dayers take a heavy toll of the players' mental and physical strength. Hence this unimaginative schedule is only intended to bulge the already bulky purse of Board.

Moreover these one-day matches are going to be played only between the national teams of the two countries and hence many of the promising youngsters who are knocking at the doors of the international cricket are not likely to be benefited.

Secondly, in the domestic fixtures everyone expected a change in the format of the Duleep Trophy tournament. Last year when the tournament was conducted in the south, most of the matches were affected by rain and hence many promising players from East and Central Zones were not able to show their talent in front of the selectors. The best thing would be to conduct this tournament on a league basis. Like in England, Combined Universities should be given a place with the other zones in this tournament.
S.E.NARAYANAN,
Coimbatore.

Back where we belong

INDIA has now grasped their original form and team spirit. We saw this nature of performance in the 1983, during the "World Cup". If their exists no tension between the little master "Sunny" and the 290-wicket-taker "Kapil", then we can say that India will keep winning.

We hope that they will play like this or better in the future.
TAPAN MISHRA,
Singbhum.

An obituary

MANY years ago a mock obituary for English cricket was published for the first time in the sporting times in 1882. "In affectionate remembrance of English Cricket which died at the Oval, 29th Aug 1982, deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances—R.I.P.
N.B. The body will be cremated and the Ashes taken to Australia.

Why can't we make use of the obituary after England's defeat against West Indies and India?
"In affectionate remembrance of English Cricket which suffered a stroke at Lord's and died at Leeds deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances—R.I.P.
N.B. The body will be creamated and the Ashes taken to Bombay, the home of Indian Cricket.
C.K.SUBRAMANIUM,
Madras.

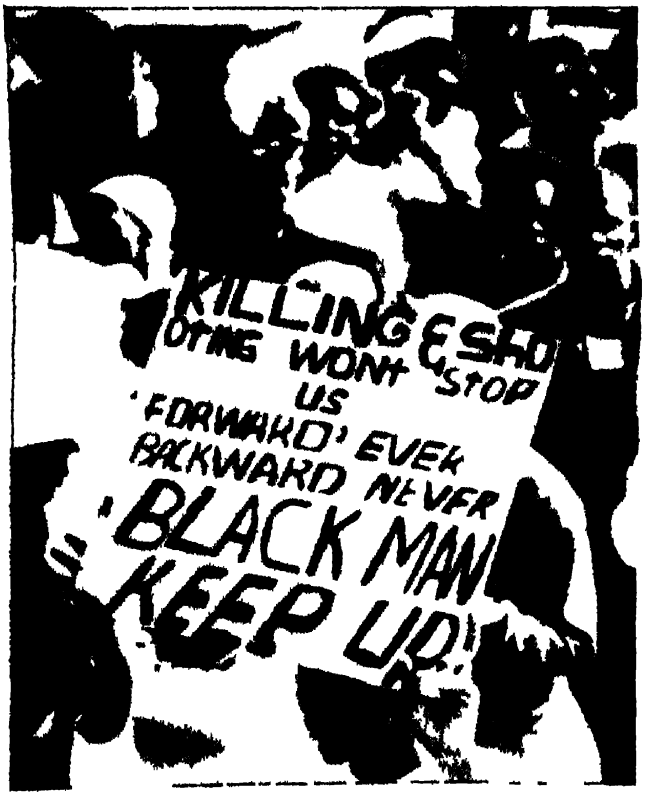
THE poor do not have too many weapons which is why they remain poor It might have been different if all those who still oppress in the name of colour, of religion of race of caste, had accepted that the world has changed that this is no longer the nineteenth century

But there are still strong pockets of oppression which refuse to recognise that the values of today are very different from those of even fifty years ago And certainly the worst example of brutal inhuman institutionalised oppression in the modern age is South Africa where a white minority using no rationale other than the arbitrary notion that white is superior to black and using no persuasion other than that of pure violence has built a moral ghetto

Till the middle of this century, the notion that white was inherently superior was the perceived wisdom, at least in the white world But the age of empires and colonies suddenly collapsed with the collective exhaustion of both victor and vanquished after the Second World War The time for change had come and India was in the lead as the oppressed nations fought their way towards independence In a sense, once the British gave up the jewel in their crown, it became a matter of time for the rest Nevertheless the struggle was not easy despite the debilitation of war, there were enough obstinate dictators left—Portugal is a good example—who clung on to their diminishing empires even at the cost of terrible bloodshed But now after forty years the last vestiges of the old colonialism have gone Portugal, predictably being the last to surrender its hold on the nations bordering South Africa, the front line states like Mozambique and Angola It needed long and bitter fighting to get the colonisers out of the frontline states as the white ruling elites clung on to the enclaves of privilege and oppression But at some point or the other the rest of the world intervened to stop the fighting to negotiate a peace to effect a change The best example was Rhodesia now Zimbabwe where a long and bloody war was finally brought to an end through talks sponsored by Britain at the urging of the Commonwealth nations It was the message that the Commonwealth countries gave to Britain at the Lusaka summit which led to the Lancaster House talks and then to the installation of the Robert Mugabe government The time has come for another message of similar potency

South Africa is the last bastion of white oppression and perhaps this is why the conservatives of the white world have become extra determined to protect this Sun City of racism The history of South Africa in the last three decades in particular is a record of valiant black rejection of apartheid countered in turn by growing Boer fascism What is surprising is not that the Boers are behaving in the way they do but that the democratic nations of the west are supporting the Boers in the manner they do

The rest of the world has shown patience—perhaps too much patience It is now ten years since the Soweto uprising when black youth in slums decided to take courage in their hands and marched against apartheid Since then thousands of blacks have become martyrs, a fact which cannot be hidden by all the censorship which the white government of South Africa uses to hide its evil As the level of black protest has intensified so has the brutality of the apartheid regime And powerful nations like Britain and the United States have found one excuse after another to stall international action against this hated white regime, in every forum where the problem has been raised Every argument in the extensive South African disinformation booklet has been faithfully parroted by the likes of Mrs Margaret Thatcher, who in fact seems to be far more concerned about the Botha government than her own And President Ronald Reagan, possibly against his own better instincts, perhaps out of a sense of gratitude to Mrs Thatcher for the support on the Libyan raid and other issues, has backed this effort How long could the rest of the world, and in particular the coloured world, accept this nonsense being dished out to protect a malicious and evil regime?



How long could the rest of the world and in particular the coloured world, accept this nonsense being dished out to protect a malicious and evil regime?

But how can the coloured world make its voice heard? First through institutions like the United Nations It did No one cared And if the idea of economic sanctions or action against the South African regime was passed by a majority, it has promptly vetoed by South Africa's guardians in the security council

Then there was the Commonwealth, a group which obviously had to take a special interest in South Africa for many reasons the shared experience of colonialism, the fact that the countries bordering South Africa had a special problem which they would com-

municate to Britain since Britain had such a vested interest in South Africa...But the special environment created by a gathering of the Commonwealth nations seemed to have no effect on Mrs Thatcher. (If there had been any other government in Britain at this moment, even a Conservative government headed by someone other than Mrs Thatcher, the problem would never have assumed such serious dimensions. In fact, the Labour, Liberal and Social Democrats parties are in tune with India's position.) Not only did she make a great fuss about even a marginal concession, but promptly began sneering at the rest of the Commonwealth nations the moment she reached London.

It must be stressed that Britain is virtually alone—and it is not a question of just white supporting white. Australia, New Zealand and Canada are in total sympathy with those who want to destroy apartheid. It is only Mrs Thatcher's obstinacy which is hurting the Commonwealth spirit. In any case, a last effort was made for a peaceful solution to the South African problem through the creation of the eminent persons' group, composed, as its name implies, of eminent persons from a range of countries—Malcolm Fraser, former Prime Minister, came from Australia, for instance, and Swaran Singh from India. But even while this group was doing its best to try and find a way out of this difficult mess, the South Africans cynically sabotaged them by launching armed raids against neighbouring black countries even while they were in South Africa. Far from condemning this astonishing display of arrogance, Mrs Thatcher continued to defend the promoters of apartheid. But by now the rest of the Commonwealth was fed up of Mrs Thatcher's duplicity in the defence of the indefensible. And they decided that the time had come to send a powerful message: if Britain did not agree with the common sentiment to impose economic sanctions against South Africa, then this time there would be a reaction. Hence the boycott.



Non-participation in the Commonwealth Games may not change Mrs Thatcher, but it will go some way towards changing popular opinion in Britain—and then hopefully popular opinion can change Mrs Thatcher

As Winnie Mandela, daughter of the imprisoned Nelson Mandela, put it in a interview, "Had it not been for the Reagan administration and the Thatcher government, the Pretoria government wouldn't be where it is today, continuing its violence on unarmed and defenseless people...To Margaret Thatcher we are nothing more than her investments in our own land. She isn't bothered about the blood that is flowing every day in our country...We are asking the rest of the caring world to impose sanctions as the only peaceful measures we know of which would reduce the violence in our country."

The fight therefore has to be at two levels: one, internal, where constant protests by blacks inside South Africa weakens the racist government of Pretoria; and two, external, where pressure from the rest of the world makes its impact on the South African economy. Since Britain is the principal defender of this racism, this oppression, a message had to be sent that the friends of a pariah would gradually be given the same status.

The withdrawal from the Commonwealth Games is the first salvo in a larger message—that if Britain does not change then the price will get higher.

The Commonwealth itself is not going to survive in its present shape if all its members cannot agree on the very basic minimum—that racism as an idea, as an ideology, is wrong, and must be fought through every method possible. If Britain remains its obstinate Thatcherite self, then it cannot sit as an equal in the Commonwealth. It is welcome to take its racism elsewhere.

It is a pity that Britain is currently in the grip of a conservative like Mrs Margaret Thatcher but that is more Britain's problem, not ours. We have to take the lead in telling the world that enough is enough, that our patience is running out. We do not have much to fight with, not being superpowers, but that will not diminish our will, that will not prevent us from using what weapons we do have.

Non-participation in the Commonwealth Games may not change Mrs Thatcher, but it will go some way towards changing popular opinion in Britain—and then hopefully that popular opinion can change Mrs Thatcher.

Africa is at a most crucial juncture in its history, and for us, who have fought colonialism and racism for so long, not to have taken this step would have been a denial of our most fundamental ideology and belief.

VOICE OF THE WORLD

A survey of worldwide reactions

"Had not Japan been triumphant over Russia, had not the white prestige suffered a severe blow, the same bureaucratic colour bar would have spread in a malignant form throughout the continent of Asia."
P.S. Joshi in *Verdict on South Africa*

"No normal sport in an abnormal society."
Hassan Howa, president of SACOS.

"There is much hypocrisy. Even though there was a boycott of the 1976 Olympic Games, Jamaica took part. This was because they knew that Don Quarrie would win the 200m gold medal. Singer Jimmy Cliff comes to South Africa, yet still wins top showbiz awards back home in Jamaica."
Lawrence Rowe.

The sort of five-figure sums being paid by South African business to bribe, irony of ironies, a team of West Indians to return to their continent of origin is a mark not of success but of failure."
David Miller in *The Times*.

"Most of us came to South Africa not knowing what to expect. Believe you me, most of us are so impressed it ain't funny. There's no way this has been laid on. There's no way a guy can come up to you in the street—a black guy—and say to you: 'We are glad you are here.'"
Colin Croft.

"India, Pakistan or Guyana, for instance, exercise some repression on ethnic or religious grounds. Moreover cricketers from these countries have cheerfully played with and against South Africans in England."
Editorial by C.M. Jenkins in *The Cricketer*, June 1982.

"Well, I dunno. All I know is there's a nice golf course there."
Alec Bedser, when asked about Gleneagles.

"The issue after all is not whether it is right or wrong to play against a country which once had segregation in sport (and was doubtless not alone in that), but whether for financial reasons it is right to allow the British freedom of choice to be eroded because it does not suit the policies of foreign governments...the original reason for the ostracism, segregated sport, has been removed at a pace which few predicted...up to 1980 Rhodesia was *persona non grata* in world sport. Now, without having made the same intensive effort as South Africa to make their sport non-racial, they are to play in the World Cup. If playing against South Africa condones the policies of that country, does not playing against Zimbabwe condone the activities of the Fifth Brigade?"
Michael Melford.

"The Cricket Council said there would be no further tours involving South Africa 'until South African cricket is played and teams are selected on a multi-racial basis in South Africa.'

"To be honest, we have deserved that. I don't believe South African cricket was organised on a consciously racial basis. But in a country with an official policy of apartheid, cricketers played within their own groups.

"Since then, however, our administrators have worked fearlessly to bowl out racism. Now we can proudly claim to have eradicated all vestiges of racial discrimination from our cricket. Nor did this process stop once we had satisfied the requirements of the Cricket Council, which were repeated by the ICC in 1974. We have carried on creating a just system for all our cricketers because we believe it to be right.

"South African cricket today is totally autonomous. We have won the right to run our own affairs without interference from the government or any other outside agency.

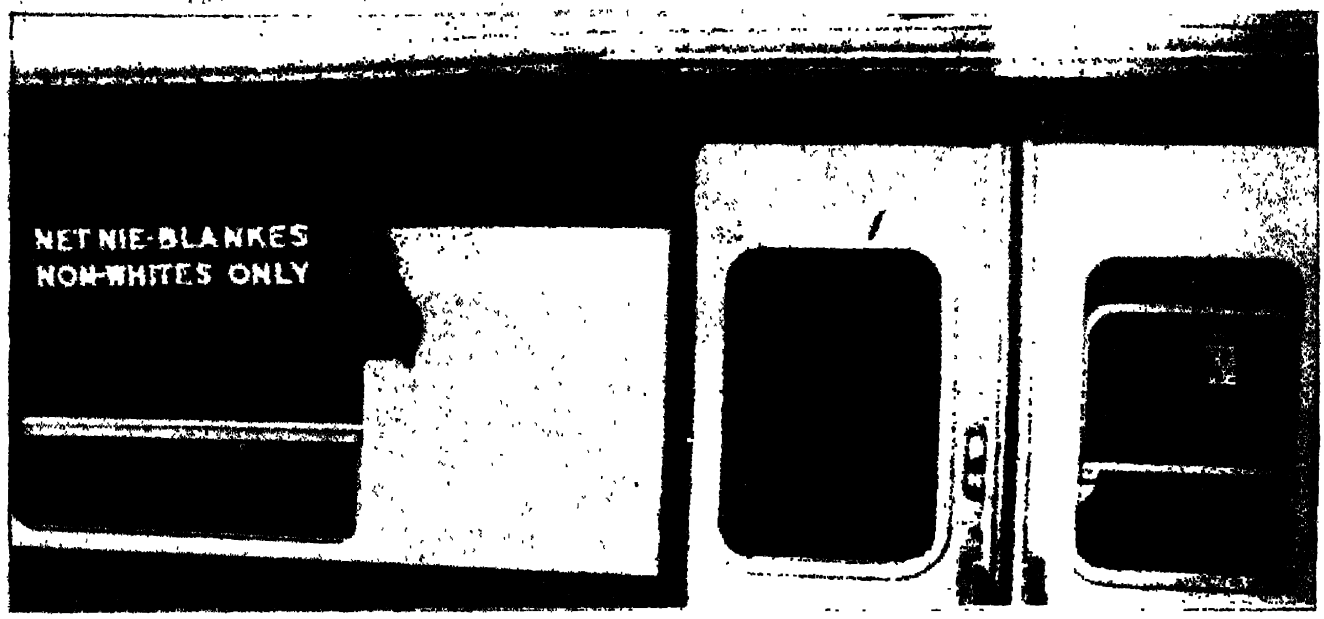
"How many other countries have cricket administrators who can make the same claim? Sadly, it seems most administrators in other countries admire what we in South Africa have done—but when it comes to doing something positive to acknowledge our efforts, they all wash their hands of us. Then we hear that they can't offend their governments or go against the Gleneagles Agreement."
Dr Ali Bacher, former S. African Test player.

"Sport is the most undervalued social service today."
Tommie Campbell in *The Cricketer International*.

"To put restrictions on the teams Australia, and anyone else for that matter, can bring here would be further inviting our isolation. Such moves would be counter-productive, heralding South Africa's readmission to international cricket. It is the very strength of West Indies cricket that has been a contributory factor in keeping South Africa out of Test cricket. Since they were expelled from the International Cricket Conference in 1971 the West Indies command large crowds and earn healthy profits for host countries when on tour. Our presence is essential in ensuring that South Africa is kept out of Test cricket until all forms of apartheid are obliterated. If England now find they cannot play against us, they could look to fill the breach by playing against South Africa, the very eventuality we have fought so hard to prevent."



"We can proudly claim to have eradicated all vestiges of racial discrimination from our cricket," feels Bacher.



"You have to visit South Africa and see how complex the apartheid question is before making declamatory statements..."

West Indian commentator Tony Cozier.

"They (the South Africans) were giving me the opportunity of earning in one month what I might expect to make in the next six years just as a Northamptonshire player."
Geoff Cook.

"I am a professional cricketer with family responsibilities and the right to play where and with whom I choose."
Alvin Kallicharan.

"The British government does not stand in the way of individuals going to play sport anywhere and it would be a sorry day that saw us impounding passports and using immigration controls—individuals with British passports have the right to come and go as they please."
Neil Macfarlane, British Minister for Sport.

"It is a shame that six years ago the government supported a boycott of the Olympics in Moscow and now they are saying there should not be a boycott of the Commonwealth Games."
Steve Cram, Britain's world and Commonwealth 1,500m champion.

"Invitations have been issued to some Indian journalists to visit the Republic of South Africa. This correspondent is amongst the four initially sounded to make a trip to the country of the rand. While this invitation has been turned down by *The Statesman*, the response of the others is not known."
Kishore Bhimani in *The Statesman*.

"One saw all too little of the black African: enough though to assure oneself that he had far better natural manners and a warmer sense of humour than his Afrikaaner master. I watched with the Rudd Brothers, Robin and John, a non-European athletics meeting of rather moderate standard on the outskirts of Johannesburg, but to my great regret missed at the Cape the chance of seeing some coloured cricket."
E.W. Swanton in *Sort of a Cricket Person*.

"I cannot foresee a one-man-one-vote situation in South Africa in the near future because the majority of coloured South Africans need to be led, rather than lead. Obviously this doesn't apply to all of them. One can immediately turn around and say that this situation has been caused by the South African Government's neglect of the coloured people over the years, that they haven't done their duty as far as education is concerned. I think rushing in the policy of equal vote would harm South Africa; it has to be a gradual process. Surely slow constant change is better than no change at all. What do people expect?

"The demands other countries are placing on South Africa in relation to sport are to my mind often quite ridiculous. In the six years since the Springboks last played Test cricket there have been gradual but continuous changes and concessions made within the country in an effort to meet the demands of an often hostile outside world. If they expect the South Africans to come up with a total solution to all their problems immediately, and if they are prepared to accept nothing less, I fear South Africa's cricket isolation could become a permanent thing.

"So what happens to South African cricket now? I feel the situation has reached a critical stage. As far as cricket is concerned, if a touring side is not sent to South Africa soon, I fear the worst. If the South African Government finally decides that their changes are having no effect on the thinking of other countries—if they conclude that there is little chance of South Africa returning to international sport—they may well simply stop making changes and give up their campaign to 'come in from the cold.' Then it would be time for cricket administrators around the world to start shivering."
Ian Chappell in *Chappelli*.

"Did Vitas Gerulaitis or Guillermo Vilas get crucified for playing in the S.A. Open Tennis Championships in November 1982? Did Ray Floyd get banned for winning the Mil-



"White South Africans are amongst the most affluent people on earth, while the majority of the population are forced into cheap labour which provides investors with one of the highest returns for their money in the world."

lion Dollar Golf Classic in a South African Satellite state Bophuthatswana, December 82? Did Bill Beaumont get criticised for captaining the Lions in South Africa recently? He got an OBE instead! Do foreign businessmen get passport endorsements for selling their goods in this country? With the present state of world trade they normally get home Government incentives to assist them!"

David Dyer in *World Cricket Digest*

"I am a sixth generation South African and lived there all my life until four years ago when at the age of 58, I left the country My knowledge of the South African situation is an intimate one in that I come from Afrikaaner stock have worked in the gold mines farmed for a few years and served as a Methodist Minister in Johannesburg Durban and Cape Town

The truth is that South Africa is a society in which blacks are not recognised as citizens Fixed into white consciousness is the idea that a black person is a thing a commodity a labour unit to be used and discarded at will The important thing to remember about apartheid segregation or what you will is that it is designed to keep the black man as cheap labour to serve the white man's needs while ensuring that all wealth prestige symbols and political power are effectively held in the white man's hands All arguments like development along their own lines separate development are just so much eyewash for a policy that feeds the rapacity of the white man

The cricket issue has made one thing abundantly clear—there are limitless supplies of money available to the seducers The reason is obvious white South Africans are amongst the most affluent people on the face of the earth while the majority of the population are forced into cheap labour which provides investors with one of the highest returns for their money in the world All this is because of a system that keeps blacks powerless and excludes them from decision making at almost any level of society It is important to realise that the force of separation in South Africa is not mere segregation It is much more than that it is economic domination, political separation, psychological intimidation and suppression of human freedom and dignity as a matter of course No one (and I mean *no one)* is free in that society The law decides where you can go, with whom you will travel by bus or train, where you will live, with whom you may live, whom you may marry where you will be educated, who will teach you, what you will be taught, what you may read, what work you may do, what you will be paid, where you will be buried"

Rev Dr Theo Kotze in *The Cricketer International*

"Two white rugby players were harassed because

they joined a non-white club in Port Elizabeth, and were arrested on their way to a match because they did not have the appropriate travel permits. There is still a gulf of opportunity between whites and non-whites, in sport as in all else, though this can no more be by itself a reason for exclusion than could the inequalities of opportunity between Brahmins and Harijans in India. Even at the lowest levels, most school cricket is entirely segregated."

Mike Brearley in *The Cricketer International*

"We both arrived early for the net practice at Old Trafford on the eve of that game and found ourselves in the astonishing position of being fellow members of an England side and having to introduce ourselves. I said: 'Hello, I'm Colin Cowdrey.' He said: 'I'm Basil D'Oliveira. I saw you play in a Test match once, in South Africa in 1956. I never thought I would one day play with you. Times have changed.'

"Had we pursued that line of conversation I would have been forced to admit, to my shame, that the word 'apartheid' did not have a prominent place in my vocabulary before my one and only tour to South Africa in 1956. Indeed I did not know what it meant until the day we boarded a Union Castle liner at Southampton *enroute* for Cape Town. Then a mysterious parcel was delivered to the ship containing a number of books and a message asking our manager Freddie Brown to give each player a copy. I took mine down to my cabin, glanced briefly through a few pages without registering what it was about, then put it aside. A few days later, just as mysteriously, our manager received a radio telegram from South Africa warning us that we would be in trouble at Cape Town if we tried to get our books through customs. This, obviously, was an instant challenge to go back to my cabin and read the book thoroughly. I did. As I turned the pages a whole new complexion on South Africa opened up. It was Father Trevor Huddlestone's *Naught for Your Comfort.*"

Colin Cowdrey in his autobiography.

"Black clubs, on innocently affiliating to the previously all-white provincial leagues, discovered that they could only play in fixtures that were approved by the white government. Blacks were not allowed to join white clubs or vice versa. Blacks discovered that they were not allowed to use shelters where food or drinks were served. Blacks were told that the clubhouses and changing rooms were for whites only. Black players were forced to change in their cars while whites enjoyed the luxury of the clubhouses. During lunch breaks blacks had to leave the ground for their meals while the whites could eat in the clubhouse."

Sam Ramsamy, chairman of SANROC, in *The Cricketer.*

"I had the usual reflex action towards South Africa when I first went there in 1972 with the Derrick Robins team. I was staying with some charming people—the Murray family in Pretoria—and I remember standing in their beautiful home, telling them that if it had not been for the black man, they would not be sitting there, sipping a Scotch, content with the world while black people sweated away outside. I didn't get on at all with the Afrikaaners, and could not see why the Dutch Reformed Church would want to preach apartheid. It was very disturbing to go into shops and see 'whites only' signs, or enter a railway station and see two sets of stairs which led to exactly the same place. But what I did not understand was that in South Africa not all the whites are under one philosophical flag, while the non-whites tend to stick to their own racial groups. I found the white, English-speaking people charming, with a social conscience about the need for change; yet the Afrikaaners were entrenched and dogmatic, despite having the same colour of skin. The non-whites are even more disparate: I recall one of the servants in the Murray's house telling me that if a member of another tribe came to work there, they would just kill each other. Many of the non-white sections of the South African community are poles apart in ideology; yet many well-intentioned critics of South Africa think that all non-whites are fighting together. I know it is the easiest thing in the world to say, but I really feel that you have to visit South Africa first and see how complex the apartheid question is before making the kind of declamatory statements I indulged in from the comfort of my left-wing, inexperienced stance."

Bob Willis in *The Cricket Revolution.*

"Britain were singled out for their intention to use South Africa as a staging post for the building of the Falklands airport. In vain I looked for some mention of condemnation of one of the most interesting and lucrative pieces of collaboration of our modern times, the joint venture between South Africa and Russia on the establishment of international diamond market prices. Between Russia and South Africa. Can you believe it?

"I believe South Africa's cricketers should be brought back into the international sphere because of the tremendous progress which has been made in integrated cricket throughout the country. I am not naive enough to think there is anything in the slightest degree reasonable about apartheid apart from self-interest of the ruling party. In the same way I am not naive enough to think there is anything good about the Soviet Union shooting down an unarmed aircraft carrying 274 passengers or invading countries like Hungary and Afghanistan, murdering as many as they like as they go along. Nor is there much to commend in the racial and religious prejudice in countries like India, Pakistan and Iran. An how could an Australian be other than disturbed by the injustice and repression in his own country, where the Aboriginal rights question has been the subject of such appallingly slow and muddled thinking."

Richie Benaud in *Benaud on Reflection*

"The law decides where you can go, with whom you will travel by bus or train, where you will live, with whom you may live, whom you may marry, where you will be educated, who will teach you, what you will be taught, what you may read, what work you may do, what you will be paid, where you will be buried."

SPORT

Lokesh Sharma looks at those who lost out due to the Commonwealth Games boycott

GOLD was the stuff that his dreams were made of. Commonwealth Games gold medals. Soon he would have his own. The thought was intoxicating and made G. Muthuswamy pump the iron barbells harder every evening. The golden rendevouz was only a fortnight away. The poison of pain filtered through every cell in his body, but the mind floated free of it—floated upwards to his golden goal.

But that was not to be For the 52 kg weightlifter there will be no gold medal in these Commonwealth Games. Maybe never as four years later Muthuswamy will be 26 and there will be younger and more explosive opponents to challenge him at home as well as abroad.

What Muthuswamy wanted to say, but could not due to the language barrier, was expressed by the experienced Mehar Chand. "*Khilari kishiye jor lagata hai. Nam or inam ke liye Agar woh bhi na mile to kya fayada. Ministers to bade log hote hai. Woh kah sakte hai ki agli bar koshish karna Par agli bar jane kya ho,*" (For what does a sportsman train? Name and prize. If he doesn't get either then what is the point. Ministers are big people and for them it is all right to say 'try hard next time'. But who knows what will happen next time)

The feeling was of outright dejection for all the teams, more for the wrestlers, weightlifters and shooters as these are the competitions where India win most medals. And what a win means to them has to be seen against the backdrop of their family background. Most of them come from low middle class families and the winners packet of one lakh rupees can wipe out most of the problems at home in just one stroke.

Most of the sportmen could not understand why they had been made to suffer or whether a solution to the African problem could actually be reached by boycotting the Commonwealth Games When the Sports Minister Margaret Alva visited the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium to console the team members, one of them wanted to know if India will also stay away from the wedding of Prince Andrew?

The only consoling feature was that the government acted in the most dignified and balanced way The Prime Minister endorsed the Harare decision only when he had explored all possible avenues. He even requested the obstinate British Prime Minister, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, to announce that she will discuss the matter at the mini Summit in London in August So in a way the boycott was forced on us by Whitehall

But the reaction of the Opposition parties was a little extreme. When this correspondent asked the Congress-S MP, Mr Suresh Kalmadi, who also happens to be the Amateur Athletic Federation of India selection committee chairman, he said: "Since Great Britain is involved the first shot had to be fired by the Commonwealth countries. The move was started by Africa and we, as chairman of the Non-Aligned Movement, share their sentiments. I am sure the boycott will have the desired effect."

"Ministers are big people and for them it is all right to say 'Try hard next time'. But who knows what will happen next time?"

What the desired effect is is not clear. Mr Kalmadi who jumped the gun by giving statements even before the issue was decided was not clear when I asked him why African countries like Kenya did not ban the touch down of flights en route to South Africa at Nairobi? "Anyway, that is a separate issue," he quickly retorted.

Bhagirath Samai, Bengal shooter, was hoping to improve his seventh position at the Brisbane competition in 1982. "In the trials I had scored 591 points, which equals the bronze medal score of the last meet In the team event also, J Das and I had a fairly good chance of a bronze. The Brisbane competition was my first international meet. After four years I was hoping to give a mature performance."

Most of the teams were lining up outside the Indian Olympic Association office to collect their kits, both competition and ceremonial. Major Mohinder Lal picked up his bag from the chef de mission S.K. Roy's room and quipped: "We can keep them as souvenirs." Rare souvenirs. In fact, the only reminder of their selection for the Commonwealth Games will be the cream coloured suit with the legend "XIII Commonwealth Games, India" in maroon thread on the left breast pocket.

Major Lal is in the army and knows



Steve Cram with a set of the Royal Mail's stamps to mark the 1986 Commonwealth Games

that he should express his views even if he is hurt About the boycott all he had to say was that he is hurt However, about the prospects of his boys he was more explicit "We should have had at least four medals Soma Datta might have got a gold She qualified for the Commonwealth Games by equalling the silver medal performance of the last world championships," he said

The wrestlers did not even wait to collect their kits They dispersed on Monday afternoon itself Most of the *pehlwans* come from Guru Hanuman's *akhara* in Delhi Their disappointment is natural if you consider the regimen Their days starts at daybreak with a run up the nearby hill or a game of football This is followed by rope climbing sessions or digging of the akhara This four hour morning session is followed by the preparation of breakfast and grinding of almonds to be consumed with litres of milk This is followed by a pre afternoon nap, cooking and then an afternoon nap It is four hours of work in the evenings again mostly sparring So you can see how much of other things a *pehlwan* does during a normal day He lives with the hope of competing in meets like the Commonwealth Games His disappointment is natural

The athletes are back to gradual training The Asian Games camp is shifting to the capital on July 1 and at their request the athletes have been permitted to stay back in Delhi till then Coach V K Kutty said It is not much of a disappointment for Valsamma as she stood no chance of winning The same is the case with others like Shiny Abraham and Vandana Rao But for the men's 4×400m relay team it could be a disappointment People like Ghulam Kibria may not get the nod for the Seoul Asian Games as Charanjit Bajwa and Rajinder Sharma will be returning"

Chef de mission Roy felt this contingent was good enough for 30 odd medals "The entire contingent was in good shape We would have won almost twice as many medals as the 16 at Brisbane I am very disappointed I feel sad for my boys I feel I have no business to continue ' he said Roy resigned from the IOA executive council in protest over the boycott

But continuity is the essence of life The important thing is that the warring leaders should come forward and ensure that this is not repeated again. That would be an appropriate tribute to the generation lost to this boycott.

All that glisters.....

The gold medal prospects that never became reality

Wrestling

Mohd Javed (48 kg)

This pocket dynamo has just emerged on the national scene. The Commonwealth Games would have been his first major international at the senior level. He defeated the gold medallist at the last Commonwealth championships, Rajesh Kumar, in Glasgow.

Kuldeep Singh (52 kg)

India has a rich tradition in the lighter weight categories. For the last six years Mahabir Singh had held aloft Indian hopes. In the 1980 Olympics he finished fourth. He also won the last Commonwealth Games and Commonwealth championships. Kuldeep Singh defeated him in the selection trials.

Rohtas Singh (62 kg)

Once the Indian hockey team had crashed out and P T Usha finished fourth in the 400m hurdles all Indian hopes in Los Angeles rested on this stocky wrestler's shoulders. But even he could not win that elusive medal for India and finished in the fifth spot. But in the Commonwealth Games you do not have the Soviet, Mongolian, Iranian and American wrestlers.

Satyawan Singh (68 kg)

Satyawan Singh arrived in 1985. He won the gold medal in the Qaid-e-Azam Jinnah championships at Lahore and then went on to take the title at the South Asian Federation games at Dhaka. However, he finished with a bronze in the Commonwealth championships. But coach K N Singh felt that this was due to lack of international exposure. He was expected to win this time.

Rajinder Prasad (74 kg)

Rajinder Prasad won a silver medal in the last Commonwealth Games. At Edinburgh he was expected a gold medal. The reason: the Australian who beat him to the gold four years earlier has moved up to the next weight category.

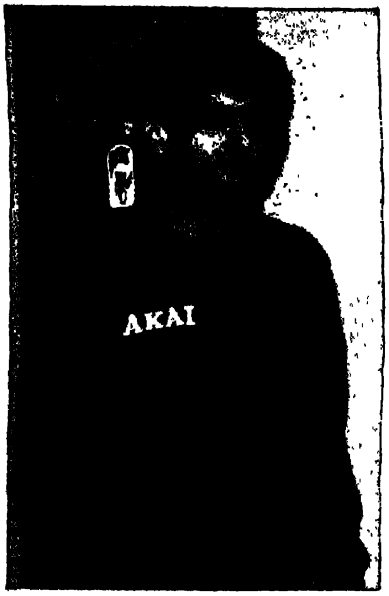
Sunny Gill (above 135 kg)

Gill is a newcomer as far as national wrestling goes. He was an unkonwn quantity till he defeated Rajinder Singh in the National Games late last year. He sustained his winning spree, defeating Singh again in the selection trials last month at Patiala. Rajinder Singh had won a silver medal in the last Commonwealth Games.

Badminton

Prakash Padukone (men's singles)

The gold medal for this event has been with India for the last eight years. In 1978 at Edmonton, Prakash won the title and four years later Syed Modi brought back the title when Prakash became ineligible by virtue of being a



licensed player. Prakash's main opponents this year would have been Steve Baddley and Nick Yates of England and the Malaysian Misbun Sidek. The most dangerous would have been Sidek. But then Prakash has been at the top for so long that he can be expected to tame the best in the world on a given day.

Weightlifting

G. Muthuswamy
B. Veeramuthu (52 kg)

The two Indians were going neck and neck and till the Indian. government decided to boycott the Commonwealth Games. An indication of their chances can be got from the result of the last meet at Brisbane. While the two Indians totalled 220 kg in the selection trials, the winning total four years earlier was only 210kg. Muthuswamy's personal best is 227.5 kg. This was exactly 12.5 kg more than the best by a non-Indian in 1985. P Hayman and P. Sanchez of Australia totalled 215 kg each. Muthuswamy's brother G. Kamble was the silver medallist in the last Commonwealth Games. Muthuswamy was tipped for the snatch and total gold and a silver in jerk. Veeramuthu for the gold in jerk and silvers in the other two.

Parvesh Sharma and D. Akilan (56 kg)

The two Indians were in line for a silver medal. On past performance N. Voukelatos of Australia was way ahead. The Australian topped the 1985 rankings with a total of 250 kg. While Sharma was ranked second in the Commonwealth last year, Akilan occupied the fourth place. Challenging them for the silver medals would have been another Australian L. Orsihi.

Meher Chand (90 kg)

This Services lifter is perhaps the strongest man in India. Though he is not in the heaviest category he lifts the best total in virtually every domestic championship. Chand, with pock marks on his face, was tipped for the gold medal. He lifted a total of 340 kg in the trials at Bangalore. This was 2.5 kg more than the winning lift four years ago and a whopping 17.5 kg more than the winner's total in the last Commonwealth championships in 1985.

Lokesh Sharma, New Delhi

The sacrifice of neutrality

THE Olympic Games, the Asian Games and now even the Commonwealth Games. Jingoistic cannonade and political boondoggles have made these inter-nation competitions a surrogate battle-field for cold war polemics, defeating the very purpose for which they were established—global peace.

The question is how long are we going to take the sportspeople for granted? For how long are the two-bit politicians and power drunk journalists going to scratch non-related issues to deny the sportsman his right to compete? Not very long, it appears. There is a growing disenchantment in the fraternity, with the increasing abuse of sports to attain political ends and already athletes all over have started asking for sport for individuals. The day is not far when all of them will pack their bags and join some kind of a professional circuit. This idea may have been far-fetched a few years ago, but today there are enough ambitious promoters waiting on like hawks. Given half a chance they would swoop down to take away sports from nations and international bodies in one swift movement.

A few years ago nobody would have even dreamt that an American businessman would stage something as elaborate as the Goodwill Games, and that too, in Moscow and bring together the sportspeople of the eastern and western world in a multi-sport festival for the first time in 10 years. Ted Turner may have suffered a loss of 15 million dollars this time, but he has secured his future. The nations will continue to squabble and boycott and the shows put up by the likes of Turner will be the only meeting place for the world's best—white, black, brown or oriental.

The complete privatisation of sport is not far away. Mark McCormark of the International Management Group has a stranglehold over tennis and the Adidas boss, Horst Dassler has made deep inroads into the Olympic sanctuary, commercialising even the Olympic logo and symbol which till recently were considered sacred.

Sport for individuals may sound a very nice idea, but in reality it isn't unless the spirit of amateurism is all pervading. This could become a matter of great grief in a few decades. Sport is business to the sponsors. To do good business they will have to put up spectacular shows and for that the rules will have to change.

A huge rally at New York's Central park to mark the Tenth Anniversary of the riots in Soweto



Initially it will be arc lights and cheer girls. Then it will be a gradual return to the days of the gladiators. When nations compete, the paying public is satisfied with rooting for their country. That is what they share with the performer. But once this patriotic factor is taken away then they would expect and demand something more.

Let us pray that sanity returns. If nations cannot come together in friendly gatherings then how can they expect to attain unanimity on wider issues of politics. Sport is a great leveller and it should be pursued just for that.

We talk of discrimination against the blacks in South Africa. Sure it is a very serious issue. But has anybody bothered to think of those sports people who have lost their only opportunity to win, to which they had dedicated their entire life.

Without doubt, sport should take the back seat when the larger interests of the nation are at stake. But would it not be better if for example Kenya bans the landing of flights en route to South Africa at Nairobi to register its demands for economic sanctions against the rescist regime at Pretoria? The politicians also know at heart that boycotts are futile exercises. Soviet troops are still in Afghanistan six years after the America-led Moscow Olympics boycott, and Los Angeles managed to put up a show despite the East Bloc boycott. Most of the opposition leaders who demanded that India boycott the Commonwealth Games were eager to admit in private that they had done so just to toe their party line.

These Commonwealth Games have been lost to our present generation of sportspeople. One is not sure of the gains, but the losses are clear. Till date India had remained clear of boycotts. We went to Moscow and we went to Los Angeles. What always stood in India's favour in the sports arena was its neutrality. This we have recently sacrificed. So if England decided to boycott our World Cup Cricket in 1987 we should be prepared. And when we propose to host some international competition then let us not cite our neutrality. We are aligned with the non-aligned movement.

Lokesh Sharma, New Delhi

The history of boycotts

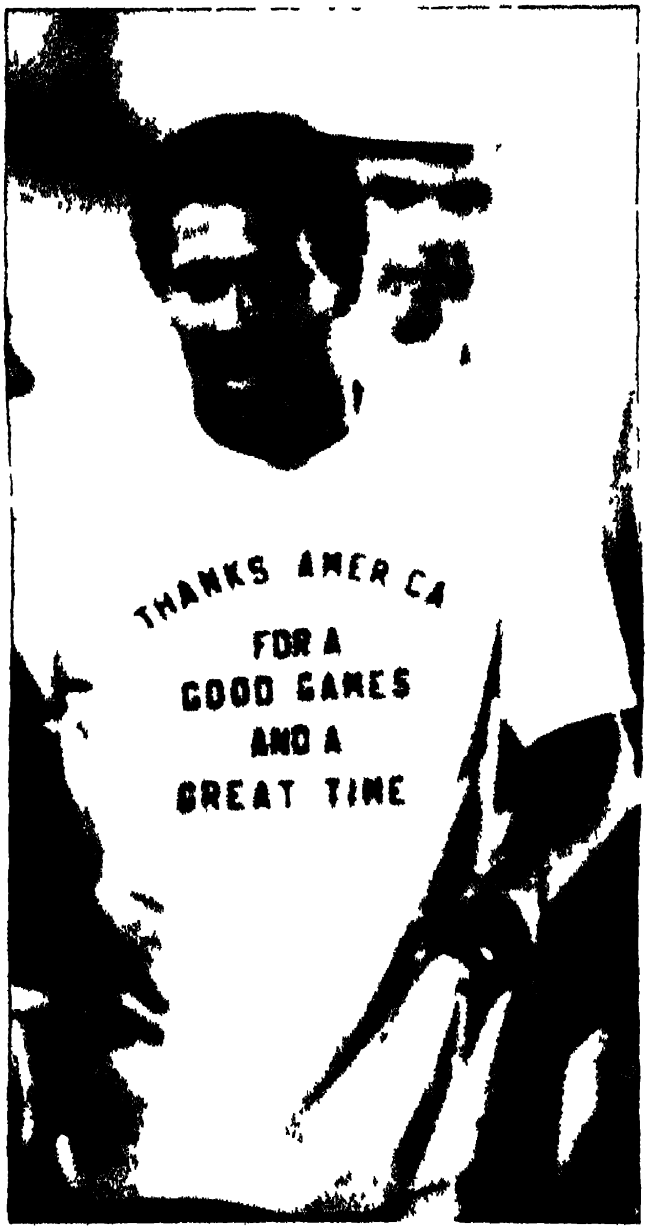
CAPTAIN CHARLES BOYCOTT was a landlord's agent in Ireland at the end of the last century It was in the struggle between the Irish peasant and his absentee landlord in the 1880's, that Boycott's problems began The tenants were insisting that it was their right to decide on the rent they should pay for their farms A remarkable politician called Parnell inspired what happened next the entire neighbourhood refused to have anything to do with Boycott no shop would serve him and no one would help with the harvest In frustration Boycott sent for workers from elsewhere But hundreds of soldiers were required to protect these 'substitutes' while they gathered the crops Boycott remained boycotted (the word caught on from the start) and had to leave his job and the area By sheer coincidence, almost a hundred years later, one of the most controversial sportsmen of the time has the same name—Geoff Boycott

The idea of a boycott as a form of protest and even a ploy, was ancient Only the word was new There had been political, social, economic and even religious boycotts. Sport however remained the one, and perhaps the only, field in which a boycott was an alien ploy "Why should one man refuse to play against another? After all it's only a game" Logic and moral values seemed to indicate that the two just couldn't go together The people who thought so were later proved to be wrong Very wrong Boycott in sport soon became another important (some say effective) weapon of voicing a protest

The Olympic Games, being the greatest sporting expression of man, has always hogged the show, even where boycotts are concerned In ancient times during the period of the Olympics all wars were suspended But today it is quite the reverse When wars are on—the Olympics are off.

Originally open to all countries, the 1920 Antwerp Olympics were gone through without Austria, Bulgaria, Germany, Hungary and Turkey—the losing side in World War I The seeds of 'boycott' had been laid

The first attempt at a concerted effort to boycott the Olympics came just before "Hiter's Olympics" in 1936. Jews all over the world called for a boycott of the Berlin Games. An alternative Olympics was scheduled to take place in Barcelona, Spain. But it was cancelled at the last minute at the break-out of the Spanish Civil War and Hitler had his way. In the United States a boycott proposal was narrowly defeated.



... but the Soviets were missing

Then came the War and once again the Games lost out At the '48 Olympics Japan and Germany, the World War II losers, were not invited.

The first 'Olympic boycott' (as we know it today) came in 1956 Five countries stayed away from Melbourne, in two separate boycotts, for two different reasons Holland and Spain withdrew to protest the Soviet invasion of Hungary, while Iraq, Egypt and Lebanon boycotted the Games to protest the Israeli-led takeover of the Suez Canal

The Tokyo Olympics easily one one of the most successful Games of all time, had its little boycott' too The IOC had warned that any person taking part in the GANEFO (Games of the New Emerging Forces) that was hosted the year before by Indonesia, would be disallowed from taking part in the Tokyo Games As a result, Indonesian and North Korean athletes missed out on the '64 Olympics

The first major boycott of the Games came in 1976; and since then we have not witnessed an 'unboycotted' Olympics. I wonder if we ever will!

Twenty-two African nations, alongwith Guyana and Iraq, boycotted the Montreal Olympics less than forty-eight hours be-

Nikhil Bhattacharya



The opening ceremony at Los Angeles—not much to smile about

fore its scheduled start. Their reason? New Zealand had sent a rugby team to play in South Africa and they should therefore have not been allowed to take part in the Games. The IOC felt that the matter was out of its jurisdiction as rugby was not an Olympic sport and the Games went on without the Africans. Pierre Trudeau, the Canadian Prime Minister, refused entry to te athletes from the Republic of China (Taiwan) as his country did not recognize Taiwan. That meant Chinese athletes were deprived of yet another opportunity to exhibit their skill.

Then came the big one. Moscow—1980. A boycott of mammoth proportion. The man behind it was Jimmy Carter, the American President. Finding no other way to protest against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Carter resorted to bullying other nations to back up the United States in the boycott. He was, to a great extent, successful. While many countries joined the US led boycott, Great Britain and Australia left it up to the athletes themselves to make up their minds. Nevertheless the final result was a "successful Games, without all the glamour".

Four years later the Soviets were on the other side of the fence. And they were no different. Fears of terrorism and defections were enough to keep the Soviet Union away from Los Angeles.

The primary cause for most boycotts has naturally been the South Africa issue. Banned from participating in the Olympics after the 1960 Games, South Africa have continued to struggle against the Gleneagles Agreement. Having played their last Test match in 1969-70 against Australia, they continue to tempt cricketers from all over the world to come across to their country on 'rebel tours'.

What has been India's association with boycotts? Almost negligible. The only time that India had backed out of a sporting event on a protest was in the 1976 Davis Cup final. South Africa, the other finalists, won the Cup with a walk over. Since then there have been many attempts to lure India into the 'boycott strategy', but she has resisted. Even the Soviets failed in their attempt in 1984. The Edinburgh Commonwealth Games is India's first complete boycott of a sporting event. Let's hope it's the last.

Barry O'Brien

Lying around

THE government announced its intention to boycott the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh The chief jerked me out of the dreamless one morning and asked me to do a survey of reactions from all over the country

I rang my good friend V P Singh "Oh is it you?" he asked "Well, keeping in mind the foreign exchange reserves position in the Seventh Plan, this boycott will save the exchequer around Rs 100 crores "

"Of course," I said

Margaret Alva, Minister for Sport and Youth Affairs, was next on my list "Well er but I feel . er," she said. And then my phone went dead

I dressed for work and left for the office I now tried leader of the opposition NTT "We will take this up in the monsoon session," he thundered "Maybe, we will stage a walkout," he felt

"Best of luck," I said



My industrialist friend Ronnie Readymoney on the 42nd floor who owns 33 companies, called me over to his place in the evening Looking over the skyline to Victoria Memorial, the Howrah Bridge and the floodlights of the Mohun Bagan ground, he suggested "If we can't go to the Commonwealth Games, then there is nothing in the laws in organising one here The steeplechase events can be held on any of the roads in Calcutta, we'll hold the athletics events at the Boat Club in Delhi and we can go over for the swimming to King's Cross in Bombay when it rains "

"Very good idea," I said

My neighbours' daughters, aged 18 and 14, were downcast "Uncle, no late nights watching TV for us now," they complained

"Sad," I said

I flew in to Madras to speak to Sriraman, the cricket Board chief "What if England boycotts the World Cup in India in 1987? And yes, please do not quote me "

"Not to worry," I assured

I tookthe morning flight to Delhi and went straight to Kapil Dev, getting ready for the series against Australia at the DDCA nets "Lucky our cricket tour of England was not boycotted, yaar Otherwise I would not have won my first Test as captain ' he said, putting an arm around me

'Boycott ke timing ka jawaab nahi ' I said

Kapil agreed

I then took an auto to Rafi Marg to meet my old hero Lala Amarnath ' Well, I think India is now in the driver's seat I think the Commonwealth Games will end in a tame draw '

"Thank you, ' I said

Next stop was Mandi House I walked into the Director's room "It's off the record, but we had a long line of advertisers willing to sponsor the Commonwealth Games on television What do we do now?" frowned Tony Thandapani

'Hmm that's a problem, ' I agreed

I ran into Shiv (nee) Abraham at Janpath "Sir, the problem is that I shall now miss the Royal Wedding "

"A pity " I said

Just as I was leaving the Jawaharlal Stadium, I bumped into the chef de-mission, Mr Surjeit Singh "The only regret," he whispered when no one was around, "is that my wife and I shall miss out on Harrod's sales in late July! '

Lazybee

Kasparov Vs. Karpov
A Second Challenge

V. Ravi Kumar examines the chances of the world's greatest chess giants in their battle for supremacy

WORLD Champion Gary Kasparov is undoubtedly the most talented player of the century Spectators watching the final match of the previous world chess bout between Kasparov and Karpov at Moscow on 9th November 1985 were puzzled by what they saw on the chess board Their sympathies were with the young challenger Kasparov who required a draw to become the youngest world chess champion Kasparov had played extremely well and was only a step away from achieving his ambition in life Karpov, on the other hand, beaming with confidence with the victory in 22nd game and white pieces in the decisive encounter was going all out for a victory

To the novice it seemed that black pieces were disappearing from the board at alarming regularity and that Kasparov was losing But the pieces offered by Kasparov the tactical genius, was a combinational sequence In the end Kasparov triumphed and the rest is history

Despite being the reigning world champion after a hard earned victory over Karpov, there was a calculated attempt to force the youthful champion to play another match In simple terms Karpov was being provided with another chance to regain the throne Quoting rules set for the previous match FIDE informed about the rematch to Kasparov after Anatoly Karpov exercised his right for a revenge match.

Yet another controversy erupted and Kasparov declared war against FIDE president Florencio Campomanes Outspoken as he has always been, Kasparov openly accused the president for doing Karpov a favour by terminating the championship at a critical juncture when things were in his favour The suspension was meant to shield Karpov from a physical and psychological collapse, he was sure The new set of rules framed for their second meeting had insulated Karpov from a test of physical endurance and gave him a two to one shot at the title "I have outwitted him once but perhaps that was not impressive for FIDE so they want another match and another shot at the title for Karpov," explained Kasparov in a Press conference

Sources quoted that in an effort to solve the crisis diplomatically FIDE officials flew Moscow and finally Kasparov agreed on principle to play

The FIDE executive council met, removed the clause of rematch for the losing champion introduced the six-hour faster time control and the choice of venue Karpov insisted on playing at USSR, while Kasparov preferred London as the venue

The first twelve games will be held in London, while the remaining half will conclude at Leningrad In the past seven months Kasparov has had only two outings He played a six-game match against Timman and Miles Kasparov was in tremendous form as he crushed Timman by 4 to 2 and drubbed Miles by 5 5 to 5 A remarkable result which could only be compared to the legendary American Bobby Fischer's 6 to blanking of Taimanov and Larsen in 1971 candidates' matches



Anatoly Karpov: acid test

Kasparov was brilliant and imaginative particularly in dictating the course of the game into tactical complicated path Both Timman and Miles were bewildered and could not get past the charisma of Kasparov being the greatest player of all time and his undisputed superiority in handling tactical and complicated positions A unique quality that surfaced from the match was the champion's remarkable resistance in inferior positions and his iron will to win each game under any situation

Karpov on the other hand, had reestablished his superiority over the rest of the world by seizing the top honours in the two super grandmasters tournament he played at Brussels and Bugnio Karpov was impressive and his positional artistry was refined and smooth Many well known tactical exponents like Jusupov, Ljubojevic were beaten Karpov has claimed his superiority with these two fine results His play has definitely improved particularly the positional aspect

I believe that Karpov still is the best all round player and the most consistent in the world But the point is whether he would get past Kasparov's charisma and tactical explosions and theoretical bombshell is a different matter altogether Kasparov has a definite advantage in opening preparation and indepth analysis of the openings The 16th game of previous match would be an ideal example. Kasparov had analysed till the 19th move and on the 22nd move Karpov was in a hopelessly lost position.

The most important determining factor will be the course of the match. Whether it will be Kasparov's tactical bombshells or Karpov's positional artistry—we will have to keep our fingers crossed till the match concludes in October 1986.

Suprakash Ghoshal relates the drama of the eventful East Bengal-Mohun Bagan battle royal



Referee Dilip Sen being heckled by the East Bengal players

TO do justice to a Calcutta league match, no matter who participates, has a certain dubious hazard Never say it was good If, perchance, you do, your credibility is liable to suffer, your knowledge of the game will immediately be in question, your taste a butt of cruel jokes Such has been the sorry plight of Calcutta's ill-fated soccer, and even more so, now that the World Cup has left an air of snobbery in the city's football fraternity Now, detractors are the only connoisseurs, really and truly

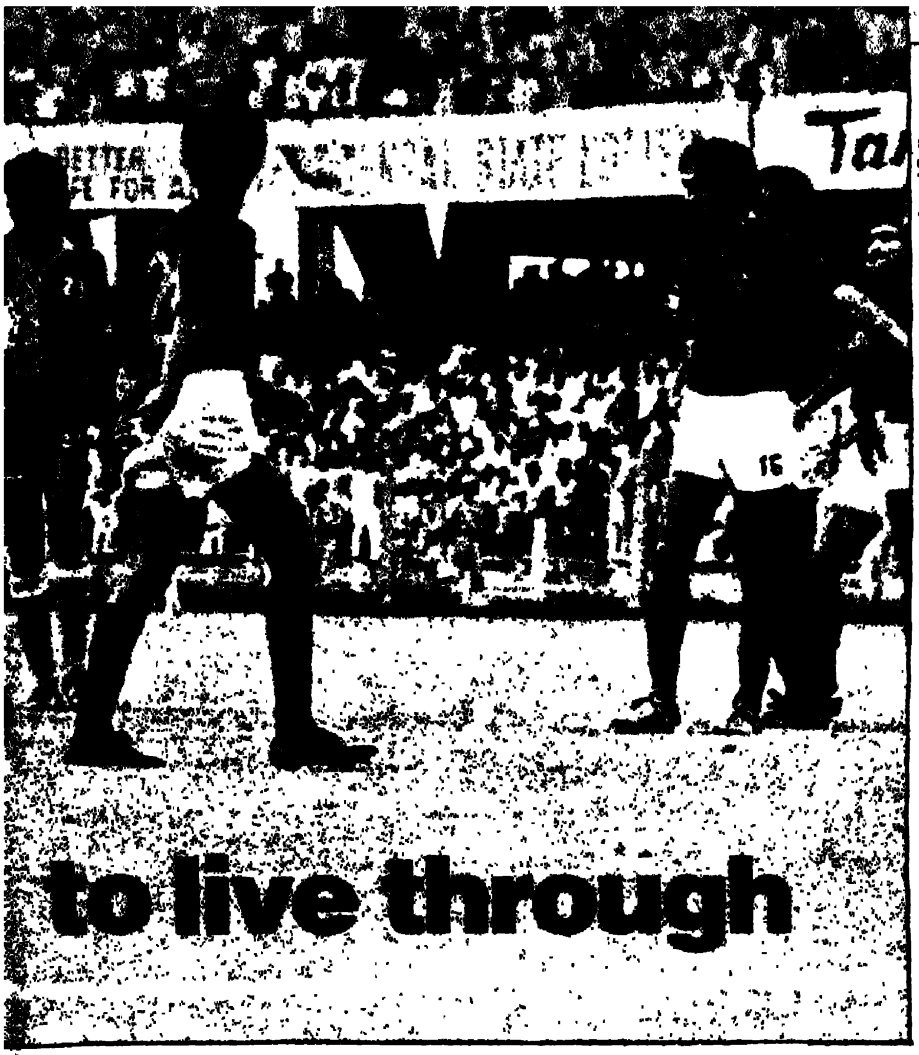
Yet, I liked it, when Calcutta came alive at Salt Lake Stadium to watch Mohun Bagan and East Bengal face off *in another war of honour* And so did a 80,000 crowd, right from the first moment, though before the close there were many a painful moment to live through

On the more positive side, there was a sense of renewal about this match Renewal of the city's sagging soccer spirits Only a few days ago, there were only a handful of people at Salt Lake to cheer their players when East Bengal and Mohammedan Sporting and then Mohammedan Sporting and Mohun Bagan met each other in the first and second exhibition matches of this year's soccer league What a pity Calcutta was in the grip of a lingering desolation that her football had become a damp squib

Then came the battle royal, the rivalry of which runs back to several generations The picture changed overnight Suddenly, all was forgiven The lack-lustre matches, the run of abject failure by all the Big Three, the absence of the stars, busy in the national camp—all forgotten, all that took a heavy toll on the city's most



Coach Shyam Thapa and an East Bengal official pacifying Bhaskar Ganguly. But how could they get onto the ground anyway?



Was it fear that prompted Sen to deny the incident?

Jayant Sett



A belligerent Bhaskar Ganguly rushes towards the referee: fanning club fanaticism?

Jayant Sett

popular sport. Calcuttans felt a surge in their soccer passion. And fortunately, for once, the response from the players was not quite out of tune.

This, however, is not to say that they reciprocrated fittingly to the renewed interest, nor that the football they offered was outstanding. But one could certainly sense that the mood was positive—very much in favour of spirited, aggressive and hard working soccer, something we have so long been thirsting for. How far they could succeed in that is certainly a matter of debate, but the fact remains that both Mohun Bagan and East Bengal said no to the dull defensive, extra-careful game that they had offered their fans a little too often in the past.

Just as Mohun Bagan had a certain edge over East Bengal on paper, they dominated the scene on the turf as well. And the credit for this goes largely to their imaginative midfield who won all the laurels. Here the most dynamic personality was the veteran Xavier Pius. Quite a guy, this talented footballer from down south. There was a time when Calcutta hardly had a diligent, ambitious individualist to cheer for; hardly a spirited soul to acclaim. Xavier Pius filled that slot deservingly and joined the prestigious company of south Indian footballers who had won the hearts of the city's soccer fans. He was good at scheming, he could essay breathtaking passes and had a penchant for unsettling the opposing defence. His only problem was he was not consistent enough to remain in the forefront.

But Pius is genuine talent and once again he proved that he is far from finished yet. It was a good idea to play him as a medio and the Mohun Bagan coach Amal Dutta profited immensely from his clever ploy. Xavier Pius was in a position to make the most of his game-making talent.

There was another man from the south who excelled. Muniappa certainly could not do justice to himself when he was chosen for the national side. His skills were inadequate; he always seemed to be at a loss in a difficult situation and his small build was considered an insurmountable disadvantage. Against East Bengal Muniappa tried to make a positive impact by switching his position constantly and keeping the East Bengal defence on tenterhooks.

The man to watch in the East Bengal frontline was Emeka Ezugo, the Nigerian. Banking largely on the



Confusion in Mohun Bagan s defence makes way for East Bengal's equaliser



Jayant Seth

Emeka Ezugo locked in a duel with a Mohun Bagan defender

impact his fellow countryman, Cheema Okerie has made on the city s football life Ezugo has acquired the status of a hero player a little too soon in fact But he s not fifty per cent of the image the media has projected on the public mind His only strongpoints are his speed and the constant awareness that physically he is superior to most other players in the big three

Ezugo was a total flop against Mohun Bagan And I d a feeling he would be for his repertoire is much too limited to put the dogged Mohun Bagan defence in trouble Even more so due to the fact that the chief of the Mohun Bagan defence was the great Subrata Bhattacharya

Subrata Bhattacharya is the spirit of Calcutta football He has got all the right qualities in his repertoire as well as personality as a fine footballer He is a chip of the old block belonging to the now rare breed who always had a keen sense of pride in their quest for footballing excellence These are the kind of people who refuse to give up easily And Subrata did not give up for a moment when he faced East Bengal in this battle royal till overconfidence put him on the wrong foot towards the fag end of the game when Ranjit Karmakar was about to bring down the Mohun Bagan defence Karmakar succeeded and most ironically it was Subrata who had the misfortune to put the finishing touch The ball hit Sub rata of all people, and went past a bewildered Tanumoy Bose

Bewilderment, however seems to be a chronic affliction of Tanumoy Bose His anticipation is rather suspect, so also his ability to make quick decisions And all this result in an unhealthy inclination to depend on his



Debashis Roy of Mohun Bagan breaks through the East Bengal defence

colleagues in deep defence I remember an instance where he unnerved thousands of Mohun Bagan fans hopping comically about the second bar suffering obviously from indecision as Ezugo lurked dangerously inside the box Ezugo needed a little bit of luck to put the ball home the story would have been different altogether

Luck, however, was very much on the side of Debashis Roy when he scored the first goal for Mohun Bagan Some kind of a freak it is difficult to figure out how this goal really came about Even more puzzling, which part of the body Debashis used to send the ball in It was halfway between a half volley and a shot that Debashis used to score It is not very frequently that Calcutta sees the comic face of soccer

But this was the goal that brought the poison out, as the East Bengal defenders vociferously claimed that the ball had been out of play before it was crossed for Debashis to send in Sitting in the Press box we were hardly in a position to know what really happened The question does not arise But there was something striking about the way the East Bengal defenders especially Monoranjan Bhattacharya and Bhaskar Ganguly reacted when the ball was centred into the box Both of them stopped which seemed to be a natural reaction to what they had seen the ball dropping out of the ground although experienced as they are they should never have given up, before the whistle was blown

But that s another thing what was really disquieting about it all was tha the truth will never be known For you could hardly afford to trust any of the parties involved Bhaskar Ganguly and Monoranjan Bhattacharya now belong to that class of footballers whose declining powers often lead them astray They know their glory days are gone They seek refuge behind lame excuses And what better way to distract the public s attention from the truth than laying the blame on other shoulders!

Even more condemnable, however was the behaviour of referee Dilip Sen One wonders if it was fear that prevented him from divulging the truth about the way he was manhandled by the East Bengal players when later in the match he gave another controversial verdict a few minutes from Ranjit Karmakar s equaliser Dilip Sen brought disrepute on all Calcutta referees denying the incident despite photographic evidence If it was fear that made Sen stoop so low, one wonders if the maidan is in the grip of the mafia Football is sick in India It does not take much to know who the parasites are

The 'punishment' of Cheema Okerie





CHEEMA OKERIE wanted his contract money from the club he plays for. Was there anything wrong in that? To you and me he was perfectly within his rights. But that does not matter. The musclemen of the maidan thought he was at fault. So Cheema was 'punished.'

It was around half past five in the evening. Tempers were simmering in the Mohammedan Sporting stands. The club had just been held by the unfancied Tollygunge Agragami to a goalless draw.

In the lawn adjacent to the ground the atmosphere was gloomy. The players were coming in one by one, silent, heads down, very much aware of the tension in the air. On the other side, near the club tent a group of officials, including Mohammedan Sporting's de facto boss Omar, was engaged in a heated discussion. They were talking about the players.

The next moment there was pandemonium. Cheema Okerie, who had just started taking off his boots and shirt, was attacked by the club officials and some other militant supporters in a violent fit of mob frenzy. Slaps and blows were raining down on the helpless Nigerian, and as if not content with it, the crowd hurled at their hero the filthiest abuses possible. Cheema was in a state of shock. The most adulated star of Calcutta football suddenly found himself facing the wrath of his own club fans. It was as if he was going to be lynched. Tears rolled down his cheeks as Cheema prayed for mercy.

The charge against Cheema Okerie was that he was holding the club to ransom. Apparently, he had refused to play for Mohammedan S.C. unless his payments were cleared by the club authorities who had entered into a written agreement with him during the transfer season. Cheema had repeatedly threatened to stop coming to the ground unless he was paid in full.

The Mohammedan Sporting officials were sore with this. They alleged that Cheema was getting on their nerves, even though the club had already assured him that the dues would be cleared before long. Cheema's behaviour, according to them, amounted to blackmail, which had to be curbed, some day or the other.

The day came when discontent was raging in the Mohammedan Sporting camp in the wake of the drawn match with Tollygunge Agragami. But little could one imagine that their method of curbing Cheema's 'rebellion' would be so crude. This, perhaps, was the first time in the history of the maidan that a star player was manhandled by his own club men for demanding his rightful money. The present club bearers of Mohammedan Sporting are some sort of trail-blazers. They have set an example for their brethren in other clubs to follow. They are fast learners, you bet.

For Cheema, the experience was nightmarish. The most unnerving incident of his life. He was visibly shaken when I saw him after some friends rescued him from the ordeal. Cheema, the massive 6-foot man mountain was crying.Amazing.

The Mohammedan Sporting officials sought to underplay the incident claiming that Cheema has a penchant for theatrics and love to create a scene whenever he gets a chance. Well, the severity of Cheema's ordeal was not the most important question. What was alarming was the stranglehold certain unwanted, anti-social elements have got on the leading clubs of the maidan. And their increasing clout, which gave them the courage and audacity to adopt such mean methods to 'discipline' their players.

Cheema now wants to forget the ordeal, even if that means leaving the city in the near future. Like some of his well-wishers he too has a hunch that the attack was pre-planned and the persecution will continue, until he stops claiming his dues from the club. If his fears prove true, eventually, the triumph of the maidan musclemen will be complete. Football in Calcutta will face yet another crisis. Cheema will symbolise the agony of genuine sportsmen at the hands of unscrupulous club bosses, some of whom have strong links with the city's notorious underworld.

It is a well-known fact that footballers in the big clubs are often denied a major portion of their promised remunerations. Especially, if the players are unlucky enough to be in the clutch of club's big shots. Instances that can be cited will be innumerable, for this practice has been in vogue for many years. Today there probably isn't a single player in the maidan who does not have a story of deprivation to tell, in some stage of his career. And one

Cheema Okerie after Mohammedan Sporting's victory in the



of the reasons for this is that the entire business of money in Calcutta football is a shady deal thanks largely to its shamateuristic set up and the involvement of unsporting people in sport

Cheema alleged that during the transfer season he was asked to sign a receipt for Rs 60 000 while he actually was paid Rs 50 000 in cash The club promised to pay the balance at a later date which never came Cheema objected to the cheating' and even offered to forsake his claim on the balance on condition that a fresh receipt will be drafted quoting the actual amount he got Cheema obviously did not know that in Calcutta football this was a punishable offence So he was punished

The incident has instilled a deep sense of distrust in the Nigerian He feels he has been betrayed, his loyalty to Mohammedan Sporting, which, he claims was unflinching has been trampled Today Cheema regrets that he chose Mohammedan Sporting to launch his career in Calcutta But how could he have foreseen things anyway?

I was expected to score for the club in almost every match Only Cheema no one else Did I make any such promise when I joined them? Cheema asked

'That is something of an impossibility Yet I tried to score in every match tried heart and soul I told myself since these people depend on me so much let me keep them happy But the fact is that the entire team has to function to do well Cheema Okerie cannot perform miracles He is a human being," Cheema explained

Cheema thinks that the real problem was that it was the bosses who were always thinking in terms of money Not him 'Whenever I could not score they perhaps thought that whatever little money they spent on me was going to waste when, actually they should have felt guilty that they did not pay me in full So it was I who could have had a grudge against the club Mohammedan Sporting had no reason to point an accusing finger at me They still owe me a lot' emotion was quivering in Cheema's voice

People who know this man well will perhaps agree that there is an air of innocent simplicity about him Also a kind of vitality that stems from a clean sporting mind He may be a big man but there is a streak of childlike straightforwardness in his demeanour And this is where he has been so grievously bruised For Cheema Okerie Calcutta has suddenly become a vast stretch of treacherous quicksand

Suprakash Ghoshal

All Airlines Cup: Till then he was the darling of his club bosses

PRESS CLIPPINGS

One for the road

THF sprint queen of Indian athletics, P T Usha, has had her share of praise and recognition, but here s one for the road A new link road in the heart of Cochin city will be "christened" as P T Usha Road The Ernakulam District Collector Mr V Rajagopalan told a press conference that the ceremony for naming the street will be in the presence of Usha herself Well, the running sensation from Kerala has beaten the likes of Vijay Amritraj and Sunil Gavaskar to it

Alternative Olympics

WHO is the brain behind the Goodwill Games? Mr Ted Turner, a US television enterpreneur Why was the project launched? To bring US and Soviet athletes together in a kind of alternative Olympics Has there been a financial loss incurred? Yes A defecit of ten million dollars to be precise Mr Turner, who admitted that he did not feel that he would lose any money took it sportingly, saying "But when you start something new, have to take a risk."

Mr Turner, who stands to cover his losses when the next Goodwill Games will be held in Seattle two years later, called this year's losses a good investment in peace and goodwill. The television magnate described his meeting with the Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachyov as "very pleasant and friendly'? He said he admired Mr Gorbachyov s "strong stand to rid the world of nuclear weapons " Will Turner succeed in doing what Ronald Reagan is failing to do? Let's hope so!

Return from exile

ELEVEN years and seven Wimbledon singles' titles after she left her homeland, Martina Navratilova paid her country and her family a visit Time, they say, is the greatest healer When Martina left her home to become an American citizen she must have naturally have felt that she would never return But return she did

Clutching her American passport in her right hand she entered the airport lounge in Prague where she was greeted by her parents Jana and Miroslav They presented her with a bouquet of pink roses after a prolonged embrace

As the champion made her way through the car park she was pushed around in the crowd She scolded the photographers but later apologisted, adding quickly, "I'm sorry I'm just nervous" Who says that Martina only tense at Wimbledon?



Jayanta Seal

Cheema sings for a cause

Cheema sings

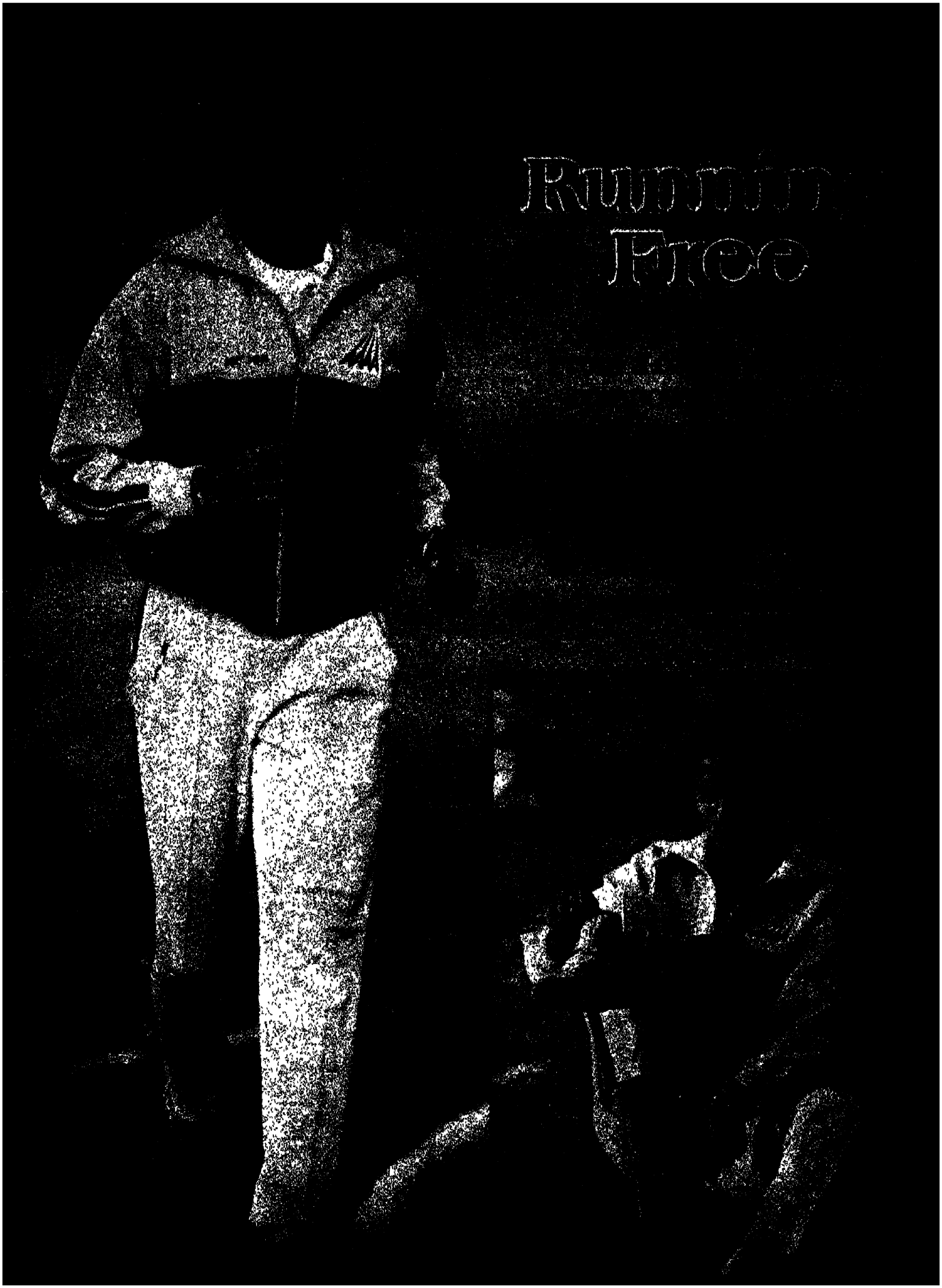
CHEEMA OKERIE and Hemanta Kumar Mukherjee do not have much in common Music and football do not have much in common (except possibly in Brazil) But they came together to record a forty-five minute cassette for Symphony Recording India (SRI) Cheema's was a three minute stint in English The rest of the performers sang in Bengali The cassette, with lyrics and music by Anathbandhu Das, has been dedicated to the famine stricken people in Africa A part of the sale proceeds will be donated to the Aid Africa Fund The other singers involved in the venture are Ajoy Das, Purabi Dutta, Srabani Das and Anathbandhu Das

Alex axed

INDIAN referees have never really been in the limelight Their abilities have always been questioned and, more often than not, they are criticised Keeping with the trend, the International Football Federation (Fifa) and the Asian Football Federation (AFC) have removed Indian referee Alex Vaz from their respective panels of referees' instructors Earlier, the Western India Football Association, the controlling body in Maharashtra, had expelled Vaz from the Bombay Referees' Association. The AIFF followed suit by banning him from any activity concerning football refereeing.

Navratilova: Coming home




Running
Free

IF P I Usha was a Bruce Springsteen fan her favourite track would most probably have been Born In The USA An athlete of tremendous talent she would have been lifted to the dizzy heights of superstardom if she ran in the colours of an Arjuna or an England instead of an Indian to a great extent she is limited both by inadequate coaching techniques and facilities and lack of international exposure

After almost putting India on the Olympic medal list at Los Angeles Usha stuttered but eventually triumphed at lesser meets Yet her talent is obvious and if things go according to plan she may just be the first woman to bring home an Olympic medal But how much do we actually know about our only medal hope?

Reasonably desperate for an opportunity to do an in depth story on our wonder girl (I actually travelled all the way to Kerala in 85 but missed her) it was with some trepidation that I braved the dawn chill to meet her at the NIS Stadium in Salt Lake on the outskirts of Calcutta where she practiced every morning and evening

Being a Keralite myself I was the obvious choice to do the story as this would bridge the language gap and my entire household was as excited as I was In fact it was my upstart younger brother who rather astutely remarked that it was a good thing I had taken my motorcycle Simply because if Usha refused to speak to me and sprinted off the motorcycle would be the only way I could ever hope to keep up with her

But the warmth with which she and her coach O M Nambiar welcomed my intrusion soon put my fears at rest And within minutes we were rattling away in Malayalam making everyone else around feel very left out In fact they welcomed the chance of meeting some people from back home and found time to have dinner with my family A memory I'm sure my parents will fondly cherish forever

With a tongue twister of a name like Pilavullakandy Thekkeyparambil Usha the middle name coming as a result of the Kerala custom of including the family name in one's own name it is only fair to the rest of the world that she answers to a simple Usha But that is about all that is complicated with this otherwise simple and homely lady Having gathered much more self confidence with all her international exposure Usha was in absolute pleasure to talk to She has matured from the shy girl who shirked any form of media attention into a composed woman who has her own ideas and is not averse to letting us know

With an action packed season ahead Usha was still in the process of training for strength and endurance leaving the speed training for later so that she could peak in time for the Commonwealth Games at Edinburgh and the Asian Games at Seoul But it was her decision to run in six events at the Asiad that aroused my curiosity

While she would have run just the 400m hurdles and 400m only if it was after the 400m hurdles at the Commonwealth Games if India had not joined the boycott Usha will be running the 100m the 200m the 400m the 400m hurdles the 4×100m relay and the 4×400m relay at Seoul

With most people concentrating on their pet event Usha's participation in six events might just be overdoing it It might be okay at the Asian level and it certainly will aid the medal tally but it could be harmful in the long run She is too valuable to risk the chance of a burn out at such a tender stage of her career But just try and make her understand this and you would sooner scale the Great Wall of China with your bare hands The girl was born to run and run she will

Having clocked timings of 55.4 seconds in the 400m hurdles and 51.6 in the 100m Usha is quite confident she can shave off over more once she starts hitting top gear As it is she feels she is not running to her full capacity and even claims to complete races without fully stretching her self Once she can channel all her reserves into a concentrated effort in the space of 400m her timings are bound to improve

Usha pays close attention to her coach O M Nambiar



WINDING time back to Los Angeles Usha felt that it was her inexperience that let her down Switching from the 400m hurdles just four months before the Olympic Games she was still in the process of perfecting her hurdling technique when she missed the bronze medal by a whisker That as well as the fact that she was quite unnerved by the international competition put paid to all Indian hopes of glory on the track But Usha is satisfied with her performance at LA Considering her relative inexperience at that time it was a remarkable performance which prompted Judi Brown the silver medalist in that event to say I didn't know Indian women could run Further probing came up with her admitting that it was a weak finish that kept her off



Flexibility is of utmost importance for a hurdler

the winners podium In fact that particular race (the 400m hurdle final) was bolder up her as the first hurdle weren't too good but really went over rhythmically at the eighth ninth and tenth hurdle But my finish was poor and I lost

Usha has been working on her weaknesses and is still different proposition now While she had run the IAAF race with 13 strides between hurdles she has cut her number of strides down to 13 for the first five hurdles The rest still require 15 stride Claim that her hurdling technique was suspect has been put to rest as she has perfected the art of sailing over the hurdle instead of jumping

To this she gives most of the credit to her exposure to the European circuit where she ran in many meets including the Coca Cola athletic meet at London The competition there combined with Nambiar tutting her on special hurdling exercises and techniques that he picked up there honed Usha into championship performance at the Asian Amateur Athletic meet at Djakarta where she picked up five gold medals

But her dismal performance in this summers Goodwill Game where she finished last to have unfortunately lengthened her run's new thirteen rhythm between and over hurdles is still unsettled

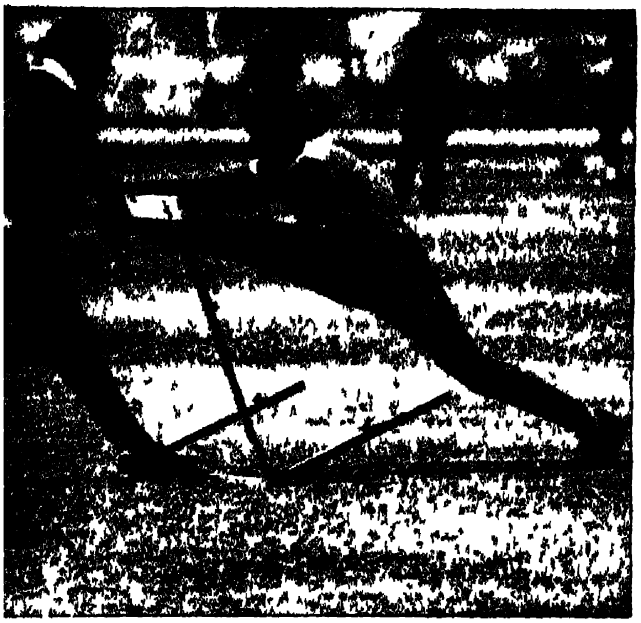
But reminiscing about her experiences during the European tour she stressed that to improve it was imperative to run with races equals or betters And even though she did not win she has gained courage to run with the best apart from perfecting her strides However she was understandably reluctant to comment on the influence of steroids on sport in Europe While declining to comment on that she did point out that the records set in the European meets are better than the ones it meets like the World Cup where stringent dope tests are compulsor

Another topic that we dwelled on at length was her running the 400m sprint as well as the 400m hurdles Although they are run over the same distances both races require entirely different rhythms which can get quite confusing at times Usha accepts that they are two different races and she does get confused at times—it happened at Los Angeles—but she feels that she may as well run the sprint as she runs that distance in training for the hurdles event The main difference being that the hurdles requires long strides right from the start while the flat race can be sprinted in the early stages

Although it is the hurdles that she is keen on the knowledge that she can win the gold medal in other events even while performing at 80% is enough to make her run the other races at the Asian level She ran six events in the space of three days at the Asian meet at Djakarta and with five or six days for her events at the Asian Games it certainly seems worth the gamble

PERSONAL efforts apart Usha also has very firm views on the sports infrastructure in our country But with the typic









a guide that only a woman can possess She sidesteps issues that would raise eyebrows just flitting from topic to topic and leaving me to draw my own conclusions

Having been under Nambiar's wing ever since he picked her from a batch of enthusiastic runners at sports school in Calicut Usha is naturally very attached to him It was with their close relationship in mind that I broached the subject of coaching in India Immediately her hackles rose and she strove to make me understand that the unrelenting attention of a single coach is preferable to having four or five different coaches trying to guide you

She feels that a runner can adapt best to the whims of a single coach who in turn can fathom the athlete's best form of training This is where a camp loses out Although it is better for Indian sport that all our athletes train together and build up a feeling of camaraderie individual attention is as vital in the grooming of any athlete As for the public impression that Usha is given personal attention by Nambiar all the time is unfounded she is just one of 30 other athletes who train under O M Nambiar at his sports school in Cannanore It is only when they travel to athletic meets around the country and the world that she is given his undivided attention The rest of the time she is treated as just another student and partakes of all the training undergone by the rest of the batch

All this I had directed this trifle at tool even before we could move on to the next topic But her drumming smile and ready compliance to dance into another set of lotha for the next part of our photo session soon relieved the atmosphere and we were soon into another long winded discussion about the latest move by the IOA about track and field events

Setting the gold medal winning times as the qualifying mark for the forthcoming meet like the Asiad the IOA spokesmouthpiece V C Shukla have almost made sure that the Indian contingent remains small

The immediate indignation at this decision made the IOA do some hasty rethinking and change the qualification mark to the bronze medal winning times (or even the sixth place) instead of gold But even this could mean that many deserving athletes could be left behind just because they were behind the required performance by a fraction While it will certainly weed out the laggards it also means that we are depriving ourselves of a chance of more medals in some event where India almost has a monopoly

After explaining all this to me Usha made it very clear that she felt there should be some cut off point and there was no point in spending so much money and taking everyone when there is not even a remote chance of a medal winning performance But on the other hand there are some events which warrant the inclusion of three or four of our runners as their timings are very close and there is a good chance of our winning more than one medal in one particular race

Then it was time to find out more about Usha—the woman What is it that makes her function? What does she have to say about her meteoric rise to stardom? And what of the future?

Making her mark in a country that is predominantly male oriented Usha has opened the doors for a whole breed of women who have braved public ridicule to move from the kitchen onto the running track In a country where the woman is supposedly backward he has managed to break away from the normal mould and revolutionise women's sport in India

And how While Indians barely any spectacular male athletes we have an entire ten of talented women athletes who have held their own at the Asian level and are steadily improving

Usha puts all the credit for the emergence of so many women athletes on the sports hostels that abound in the South All the noted runners that make up our women's team are products of different sports hostels where they were spotted early and given the encouragement to carry on and not call it a day once they passed out of school

As for herself Usha is one of a large family residing in Calicut in Kerala While her parents were never against her passion for running they weren't overly enthusiastic about it too In fact, even after all the glory and pomp they still remain very unaffected by it all and would even stop their daughter from





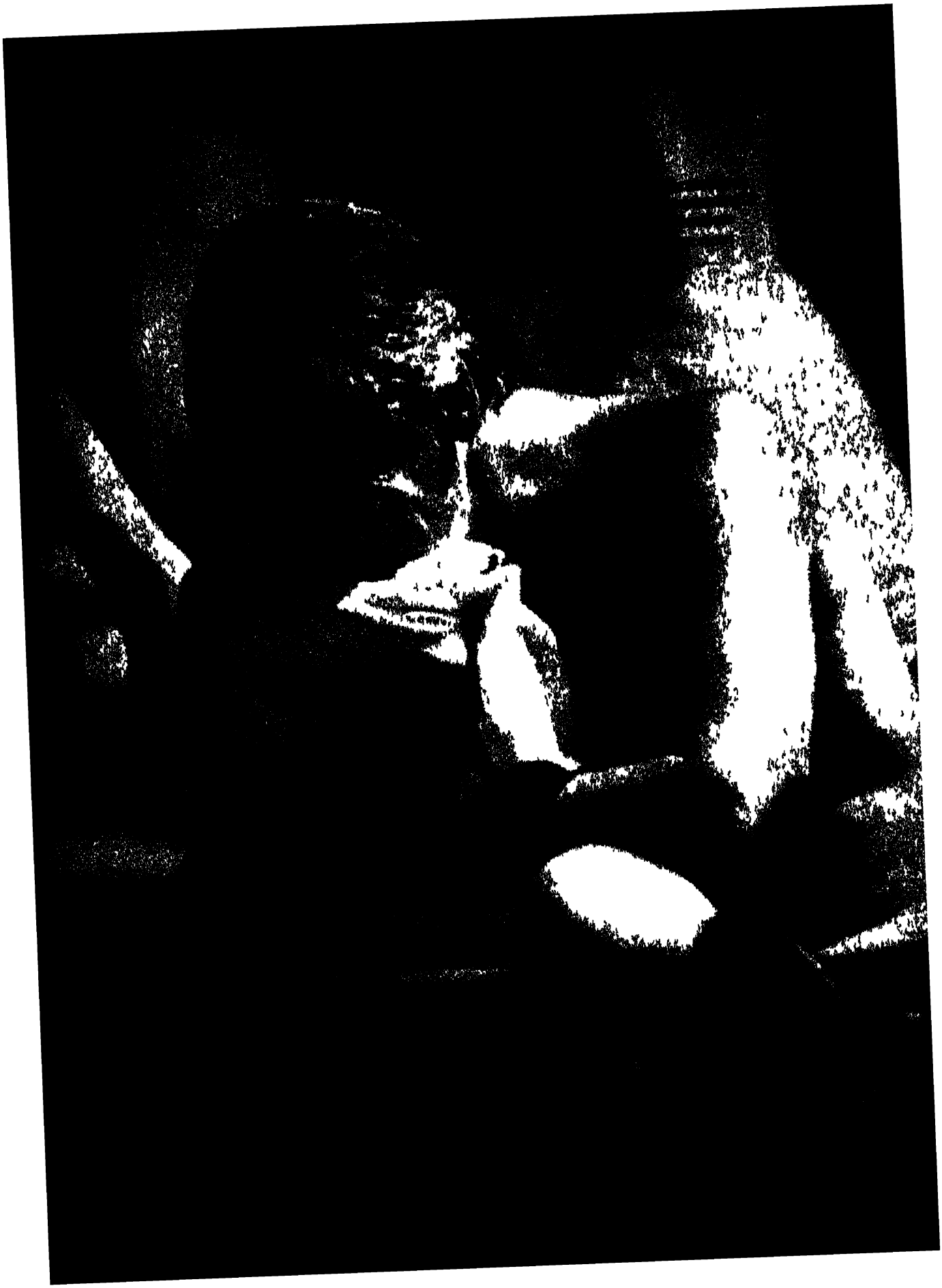
participating in further meets in order to win their trust in the fatherly figure of Nambiar.

An average runner till her late couple of years in high school suddenly found her feet moving faster and soon she was winning all her races at the Inter State meet that she took part in. From then there has been no looking back.

From a country girl to a cosmopolitan lady. The change has taken place. It has taken time but it has happened. As the time spent outside her home land by her had its effect and the homely 21 year old girl is kept pretty trimmed behind a veneer of sophistication that is required for the projection of her country's image.

In spite of having been all over the world in spite of all the attraction of the glamourous city life and inspite of the efforts made by the Arjuna Awardees Association to turn her into a society lady Usha remains as steadfast about her ideals as before. And when she does call it a day probably after the 1988 Seoul Olympics and decides to settle down it will be none other than her native Calicut that she will book her ticket for.

Pix NIKHIL BHATTACHARYA



PREVIEW

The highlights for August: Taj Invitation Prize Money Snooker Championship in New Delhi, Malaysian Open Athletics in Kuala Lumpur, England versus Rest of the World limited-overs cricket match, second and third Tests between England and New Zealand, final of the Merdeka international soccer tournament in Malaysia. World Swimming Championship in Madrid, 25th Asian Youth Championship at Quetta, World Gymnastics Cup in Peking

CALENDAR

National events
Athletics: Indian Open Championship at Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium, New Delhi, from 12 to 14 August
International Invitational Meet at the same venue, on 5 and 6 August
Football: 10th Federation Cup at Srinagar from 24 August to 20 September
Swimming: All-India Police meet at Talkatora swimming pool from 7 to 11 August Y M C A Open meet at Talkatora swimming pool, Delhi, from 22 to 24 August
Karate: National karate meet at Panaji from 7 to 10 August
Snooker Taj Invitation Prize Money Championship at Taj Palace Hotel, New Delhi from 26 July to 3 August

International events:
Athletics Malaysian Open at Kuala Lumpur from 6 to 9 August Kodak Classic, U K vs Commonwealth at Gateshead on 5 August European championship at Stuttgart West Germany from 26 to 31 August
Cricket England vs Rest of the World at Jesmond on 1 August
New Zealand s tour of England—7-12 August 2nd Cornhill Test at Trent Bridge 21-26 August 3rd Cornhill Test at the Oval, Surrey
Sri Lanka Young Cricketers tour of England Test match schedule—2-5 August England Young Cricketers vs Sri Lanka Young Cricketers at Headingley 16-19 August 2nd Test at Bristol Sri Lanka young Cricketer s limited-overs schedule—9 August vs England young cricketers at Chelmsford 11 August vs England young cricketers at Lord s 13 August Nat-West Trophy (60 overs knock-out competition) semi-finals
Chess 11-round Swiss League British Championship in Southampton from 28 July to 9 August 9-round Swiss League Commonwealth Championship in London, from 11 to 19 August Lloyd s Bank Masters tournament in London from 20 to 28 August
Cycling: World championship at Colorado from 28 August to 7 September
Equestrianism. Nations Cup at Chaudfontaine, Belgium, from 28 to 31 August
Golf. U S PGA championship at Toledo, Ohio from 7 to 10 August World series of Golf, at Akron, Ohio from 21 to 24 August
Gymnastics World Cup at Peking from 30 August to 1 September
Rowing World championship at Holme Pierrepont from 17 to 24 August
Football 25th Asian Youth championship at Quetta in Pakistan from 1 to 8 August 32 countries to participate divided into eight groups of four Final of Merdeka international tournament at Kuala Lumpur on 3 August F A Charity shield at Wembley League winners Liverpool vs F A Cup runners-up Everton
Swimming World Championships at Madrid Spain from 15 to 24 August
Tennis Canadian women s open at Montreal from 4 to 10 August U S Open championships at Flushing Meadow, New York from 26 August to 7 September

TELEVISION

Capsule of highlights of the Commonwealth Games at Edinburgh for one hour from 7 40 p m to 8 40 p m from 1 to 3 August The telecast is dependent on India s participation in the Commonwealth Games World of Sport programme from 4 30 p m on the following Sundays 3,10, 17, 24 and 31 August

RADIO

Daily capsule report on Commonwealth Games at Edinburgh from 1 to 3 August in Hindi and English to be relayed by all stations of All India Radio The radio report is dependent on India s participation in the Commonwealth Games Running commentary plus capsule report on Indian Open Athletic Meet at Delhi from 12 to 14 August Capsule report in both Hindi and English to be broadcast on Delhi B 450 5 metres and relayed by all additional frequencies of All India Radio Timings yet to be decided

Monthly sports programmes—9 30—10 00 p m National Sports Magazine an English broadcast of news views and interviews on Friday, 1 August on Delhi B 450 5 metres and relayed by all additional frequencies of AIR Programme to be repeated on Saturday 2 August, at 7 02 a m on the same metre band

9 30——10 00 p m Khel Jagat, a Hindi sports programme, broadcast on Thursday, 21 August on Delhi A 366 3 metres and relayed by all additional frequencies of All India Radio Programme repeated on Saturday August 23, at 7 02 a m on Delhi B, 450 5 metres

BOOKS

Official WTF Taekwondo by David Mitchell, The Martial Arts Commission of Great Britain Cost 7 95 U S dollars

In fourteen vivid and analytical chapters, the author provides a fascinating insight into the history, origins, training and philosophy of Taekwondo It is illustrated with action photographs, depicting contests as well as exercises to be followed to perfect this technique of fighting

Basically Taekwondo means, 'the way of foot and fist Mitchell meticulously explains that ancient origins of this form of self-defence which has now become an international sport with as much spectator interest and participation as judo and karate Very scholarly in his approach, Mitchell traces the origin of Taekwondo He states that in the Korean peninsula, the wall paintings and excavated burial tombs have shown evidences of the existence of this form of self-defence (which in perfection is like an art-form) as early as 34 A D It took nearly another 2,000 years before Taekwondo became established as an international sport In the days of Japanese occupation of Korea from 1907 to 1945 many techniques from Japanese martial arts, Judo and Karate, were incorporated So in 1955 Taekwondo became recognised as an international sport and an international body was formed

The most fascinating aspect of the book is the way author elucidates the philosophy of Taekwondo He points out that the master of Taekwondo is one whose mind is freed from contemplation of the technical and left unclouded to react naturally He elucidates on the difference from practising the Korean martial art for safety and for competitive purposes

The technical aspect of the book is enthralling David Mitchell cleverly details various stances and Taekwondo patterns or forms as they are also known, as sequences of combination of techniques performed in a set order There are representations of combat with imaginary multiple attacks The author is of the view that Taekwondo is not an easy art to master, it requires assidious parctice till blocking and combination techniques are instinctively grasped

Compiled by Novy Kapadia

Inside Track

CIRCUMSTANCES make it inevitable that the 1986 Epsom Derby will go into the archives as the classic that Dancing Brave lost rather than the one Shahrastani won and such facts deeply hurt both Walter Swinburn and Michael Stoute But in sweltering sunshine at the Curragh, the manner in which Shahrastani strolled away with the Budweisser Irish Derby only added fuel to the arguments as to which is the better colt We do not have long to wait as the much awaited "return match" is definitely on in the King George and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes run at Ascot on July 26th over the Derby trip

Seldom has a classic been so cut and dried so far from home Ostensible, supposedly a pacemaker for Bakharoff in effect set a perfect gallop for Shahrastani and Bonhomie, and this pair had the race between them soon after half way Swinburn rode another magnificent race, keeping the Epsom hero in the first three throughout When Ostensible beat a hasty retreat at the five furlong pole Walter sauntered to within striking distance of Bonhomie and he sat poised to pounce like a hawk preparing for his prey Pat Eddery, riding Bonhomie sensed that Swinburn could pass him whenever he wished and Walter duly put him out of his misery inside the last two furlongs when Shahrastani put eight long lengths between himself and his rival with just hands and heels

While Shahrastani s time of 2 min 32 1 sec was nothing exceptional, it confirmed how much faster the early pace was than at Epsom and that he has improved a few pounds Mashkour for instance, had been beaten only by three lengths at Epsom

Bakharoff has now finished third in two Derbys having occupied the same spot in the French equivalent at Chantilly behind Bering On a line through Bakharoff it would seem that Shahrastani has at least a couple of lengths in hand of Bering, but with the French Derby winner remaining at home, the scene is set for the great match with Dancing Brave and what a mouth watering prospect that is going to be Definitely something to look forward to

NIGEL MANSELL took a further step to be coming the first Briton since Jackie Stewart to win the World Drivers' Championship, when he won the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch But the race had more a touch of Houdini than anything else as Mansell pulled off the greatest escape of his rapidly rising career

Mansell, in second position on the grid, surged off the line at the start and thrust his Williams Honda into second gear only to feel his drive shaft explode He slowed down a bit watching other cars pass him by, probably fuming at himself when he saw a black flag being waved, signalling a stop to the race

A horrible eight car pile-up at the first corner, in which the Frenchman Jacque Laffile at 43 the oldest man in the race, broke both legs and fractured his pelvis meant the race would have to be restarted This gave Mansell time to use the team s spare car—there being no time to repair his own The spare had not been performing well and there was no water bottle in the car Mansell would have to go a whole hot burning afternoon in the cockpit without even a drink But the start of the great escape was on

At the restart, his team mate Nelson Piquet got away clean, with Mansell tucked in behind, and the vast crowd watched hypnotized as he waited for the precise moment to pounce

It came on lap 22 on the long straight Mansell went straight past Piquet and the crowd, as one, rose to its feet Now Piquet tracked Mansell and the race developed into a deadly, desperate waltz—Piquet attacking, Mansell defending, Piquet ducked left and Mansell was there, then he went right but so too did Mansell It was a Walt Disney production with real characters

They started to lap all the other cars and both did fast tyre changes—just nine seconds—and still the deadly waltz continued Ayrton Senna's John Player Special Lotus was out of the race with gear trouble and Alain Prost, in a Marlboro McLaren, was third, but Piquet and Mansell were both to lap him The crowd were enthralled by the spectacle and there was a stony silence all around, anticipating a victim in this race for survival

It was only four laps to go that Piquet began drift back, but only a couple of hundred yards But Mansell had broken him He crossed the line 5 5 seconds ahead and apart from being one of the great escapes it was also one of the greatest drives under pressure

After making it an astonishing four wins from the last five Grand Prix, Mansell clambered out of his car unsteady on his feet and breathing heavily A water bottle was greedily devoured the rest poured over his head

Now, the position for the world championship is Mansell—47 points, Prost—43 points, Sena—36 points and Piquet—29 points Seven races to go, a world to win.

Michael King, London

Shahrastani (extreme right), ably ridden by Walter Swinburn, wins the Epsom Derby from Dancing Brave. In third place is Bakharoff



Love, Loneliness and Money

Former British tennis ace, Sue Barker exposes the truth about tennis

SHE was sweet sixteen, and just about to launch herself on the road to sporting fame and fortune.

Sue Barker, convent schoolgirl from Paignton in Devon, had thoughts for only one thing—tennis.

It had been her life for five hard years already, years of daily practice ever since no-nonsense coach Arthur Roberts spotted her making up the numbers in a game with her sister Jane.

She was young, innocent, and caught up in her dream to be a champion. She was also blonde, blue-eyed and very pretty, a typical teenager who disliked frills on her clothes, who liked the cinema, whose favourite soccer team was Liverpool and who was a natural, to follow Christine Truman and Angela Mortimer as Britain's darling of the courts.

Her family were warm and protective. And Arthur Roberts was her Svengali-like mentor, whose advice and brusque encouragement had got her to the stage where, in 1972, she was prepared to test her talents away from home on the international circuits.

So when he gave her a warning that wasn't to be found in any coaching manual, Sue listened. Roberts told her: "Be careful if a girl approaches you in the changing room. She could have something other than friendship in mind. She may be trying to get you into bed. And young girls like you are very vulnerable."

Sue, who rose to be world number 3 in a career of triumph and tears, found that the warning was right and that gay love was just one of the many pressures to be faced on the closed-circuit world of glamour, intrigue, scandal and Dynasty-size dollar rewards, with Wimbledon, beginning tomorrow, its crowning peak.

Syndication International



Sue Barker with former boyfriend, pop star Cliff Richard

...ecrets from the ...

...days on the circuit, before Billie Jean ... Martina Navratilova had owned up to their ... she remembers quaking in her shoes in ... one made a play for her.

...remembers, too, becoming adept at spotting the ... gay signs."

"Most of the normal girls love to look feminine during a match," she said. "They make the effort to wear make-up for instance.

"But I noticed some of the girls rarely bothered. They liked to look tough."

She managed to run her career successfully without being drawn into the lesbian scene. Sue said: "I'm just not that way inclined. The girls knew where I stood and left me alone."

She respects both Billie Jean and Martina for "coming out of the closet." Billie Jean, she said, showed a lot of guts.

"She won the fans over. It cost her a lot of money in withdrawn sponsorship deals, but I admire her integrity."

So what is it that throws some of the game's biggest names into the arms of other women?

"A lot of the girls get lonely and they have no one to turn to," said Sue.

"The men and women players don't mix much. Most of the guys don't find the women very attractive. So most of the girls never have boyfriends hanging around... and they get bored with men. It's as simple as that."

According to Sue, Billie Jean and Martina aren't the only players to have a gay love life.

She said a third "all-time great" has managed to keep her long-standing lesbian life one of the most closely guarded secrets in sport. "People would be shocked if they knew who she is," said Sue. "She is universally admired and a household name. She has always been discreet, but I'm surprised her secret has never come out." Like Martina and Billie Jean, Sue's mystery player had a boyfriend when she came into the game.



...days: Martina Navratilova's 1985 ... exposition got much publicity

"She was always surrounded by eligible men. They swarmed over her, and she did have a few serious relationships with them.

"Why she turned puzzles me. There were so many men actively chasing her and she did seem flattered by their attentions."

Today, said Sue, a clutch of attractive newcomers are transforming the image of a game that was so severely dented by the lesbian scandal.

She said: "There are fewer butch types around these days. And don't forget Chrissie Lloyd. She looks better than ever, and is a great advert for the game.

"Now more and more girls are making the effort to look their best just as Chrissie always has."

Above all there was the pressure to succeed. That's why Sue found herself sleeping rough as she competed in an Under-21 tournament in France.

Arthur Roberts had given her just enough money to pay for one week's bed and board. Sue said: "The idea was that I had to win enough to pay for the second week."

"But I was so scared of being stranded without any money, I slept under a hedge for two nights to eke things out. Luckily, by the third day I'd won enough to book into a little guest house."

Next came learning about loneliness—the price that girls like Sue paid for their trip towards stardom.

"I know people will think 'Wow—what a life! How glamorous.' But it's not like that," she said.

"It's hard work probably for 11 months of the year tramping round the world from one engagement to another.

"Sometimes all life seemed to consist of the airport, the taxi, the hotel and the tennis court.

"I remember waking up one morning and having no idea where I was. I knew I was in a hotel. A Holiday Inn. But all Holiday Inns look the same.

"I went to the window and watched the sun rise. But I was still no wiser. So I rang reception and asked them where I was'! 'Kansas City. Thank you. You're welcome'"

Sue, 30, has now quit big-time tennis, and found new happiness with England number 3 star Stephen Shaw.

At her best she was the heroine who helped Britain win back the Wightman Cup from the all-conquering Americans, on an emotional night at the Albert Hall in November, 1978, and who lived up to Arthur Roberts' hopes to take the French Open the same year.

He wanted her to be "an alley cat who scrapped for every point." She did and won.

At her worst she broke her supporters' hearts...as happened in the 1977 Wimbledon semi-finals,

"The secret I kept for Chrissie"

[illegible] the great Lloyd John match for the racket. [illegible] was one of the few people who were [illegible]. For more than a year she had shared the secret [illegible] Chrissie had become trapped in a delicate love triangle—torn between her husband John, the British No. 1, and a furtive, but full-blown romance with his best friend Adam Faith.

Ironically, it was John who introduced his pal Adam to Chrissie in 1982. For a while the three really were "just good friends."

But by the end of the year Chrissie was slipping away to spend a few days in Hong Kong with Adam—without John knowing.

Sue said: "I knew what was going on ages before it got out but I had to keep it to myself. It was a terrible predicament.

"Her affair was a secret I had to keep. When John found out both of them turned to me to pour out their troubles. I made a vow—not to tell 'tales' on the other. Not once did I tell John what Chrissie had said, or let her know what he had told me.

"The situation was made worse because Adam's wife Jackie is an even closer friend of mine and I was visiting her for coffee throughout this whole drama. Whenever she told me that Adam was away on a 'business trip' I had to forget that Chrissie had flown to the same place as well." In the end the affair fizzled out "Chrissie wanted Adam to go and live with her in America," said Sue.

"But he didn't want to. He still loved his wife Jackie and was devoted to their daughter Katya. So he said no."

Sue believed the Lloyd's marriage was saved by the way John battled to win Chrissie back.

"He refused to run around with other women and instead carried on talking to Chrissie—even if only over the phone—and made it clear he wasn't giving her up. She was the only thing which really mattered.

"I don't think there is a woman in the world who wouldn't be won over in the end," said Sue.



Chrissie had become trapped in a delicate love triangle

when, against all the form, she was beaten by Betty Stove and missed a final against Virginia Wade.

"There isn't another sport to touch tennis when it comes to making heroines, then destroying them," says Sue.

"It's made millions for people who have never even picked up a tennis racquet, and it's frightening to think the key factor can often be a girl who isn't even old enough to wear a bra.

"Think about it—a girl who is physically a star, but emotionally no different from any ordinary teenage girl.

"They are under so much pressure today that it's no wonder some of them crack and drop out completely—remember Tracy Austin and Andrea Jaeger?"

The moment for Sue to call it a day came in 1984 in Melbourne.

There were only a handful of sepctators present to see her play an up-and-coming American, Kim Stemmetz.

"What the hell am I doing here," she mumbled to herself, reflecting on the fact that the one time world No 3 had plummeted to an ignominious 68th.

"I was 28 years old and going nowhere. Here I was playing an American kid I'd almost never even heard of, who was ranked 103 in the world, and she was beating me.

"I felt I was cheating the public. My game fell apart and I lost in straight sets. As I trudged off with my head down I made up my mind there and then to pack it in."

Today Sue Barker thinks that quitting earlier would have saved her "three years of misery."

"I haven't picked up a racquet in anger in all that time," she said. "I know I will never play Wimbledon again. I got disenchanted with the game. I quit. And there's no going back."

Is she happier?

"It's wonderful," said Sue. "No training. No travel. I'm staying in one place and doing a bit of living again."

Asia Features

Goodwill Games '86

Empty stands and blank screens

THE Goodwill Games opened in Moscow with a colourful pagentry which rivalled and perhaps even surpassed the opening ceremony of the Los Angeles Olympics. However, empty stands in Moscow and blank television screens in the United States awaited Ted Turner's version of the Olympics. Still, the first ever multi-sport competition between the Soviets and the Americans this decade has to be considered the miracle of Moscow.

Two years ago, many laughed it off as an another crazy fantasy of American television magnate Ted Turner, who has a track record for such schemes. To the world the concept of the Goodwill Games seemed like a strange wedding of capitalism and communism which would never be. After all who could imagine it to take place in Moscow, the sanctuary of communism itself. Yet, Turner's version of Olympics was inaugurated in full splendour at the very venue of the 1980 Olympics.

The empty stands and the blank television screens will cost Turner at least 15 million dollars. There may not be another Goodwill Games ever. The 1990 Seattle Games may never become a reality for financial reasons alone. Still, Ted Turner's one-man show in Moscow will go down in history as one of the unique experiences and experiments of international sports. He became part of history the moment the Goodwill torch was lighted at Lenin Stadium on July 5.

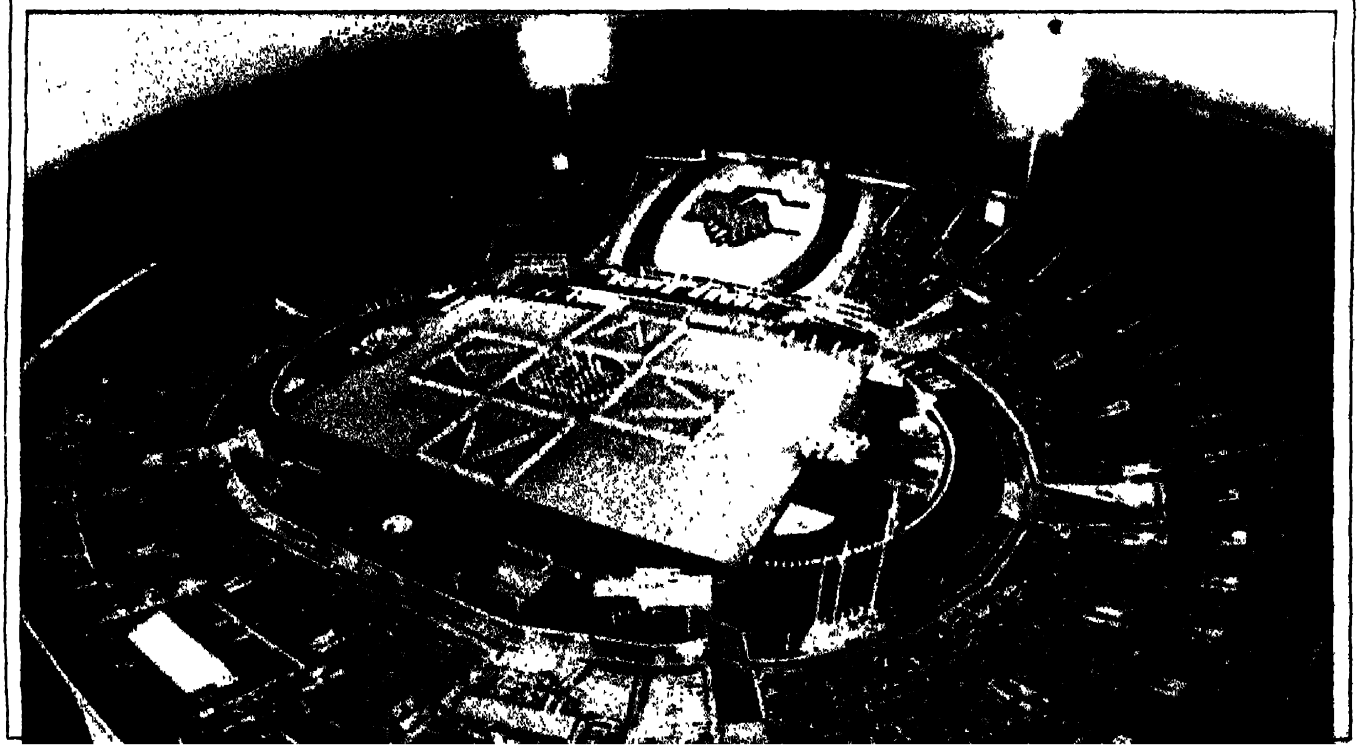
The ban on some boxers and officials who are members of the armed forces of the United States, the absence of the Israeli and Cuban Atheletes, the withdrawal of some leading athletes in the last minute as well as serious organisational problems have not dampened Turner's spirit. Nor has it reduced the historical importance and political significance of the games.

The opening ceremonies were just spectacular. The Soviets went all out to cash in on the biggest television exposure they could get in the United States with an impressive show. It was a stunning mixture of politics, sports and show business. A full capacity Lenin Stadium with 103,000 spectators watched 21,000 children folk dancers, singers, actors, athletes, clowns and even former cosmonauts display almost every trick in the book. 1,200 young gymnasts combined athletic and artistic skills to top the show.

The star attraction of the opening spectacle was Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the Soviet leader who brought with him the entire Politburo to emphasise the importance of the occasion. Until the day before the opening, it was not certain whether Gorbachev himself would be in attendance. Hence his appearance with the entire Politburo was indicative of the significance the Soviets had attached to the games. Although the games has not captured popular attention, it has been taken very seriously by the Soviet government.

The Soviet leader had more surprise in store for his guests. In the event of his appearance, his remarks were supposed to be rather brief and non-political in nature. Instead, he used the occasion to make one of his most direct political messages to the American people. He was taking a leaf out of Presi-

The stadia were usually empty, but the opening ceremony was a fortunate exception





Marat Gramov, head of the Soviet Sports Committee with Ted Turner. Wonder why they are smiling?

dent Reagan s book this time by using his direct access to the American people through television After the opening chorus of We re for peace Gor bachev reiterated his peace initiatives and reminded Washington that he was expecting a serious reply It certainly was a surprise for the Western media which had not expected a political theme from him beyond the usual theme of Peace and friendship through sport

The theme of politics continued throu gh the ceremony Even the spec tacular card display in front of the Goodwill torch re flected it The 11 314 member card section dis played among other pat terns, the Soviet flag the picture of Lenin and mushroom clouds of nuc lear bombs

The strongest statement of the theme of friendship was the symbolic reenact ment of the linkup of the Appolo and Soyuz spacecraft in 1975 The veterans of that mission, Thomas Stafford and Deke Slayton from Appolo and Alexei Leonov and Valery Kubasov of the Soyuz shook hands and exchanged flowers

The mass ballet on the horrors of war dominated the cultural events Folk dancers from 15 different Soviet states clown acts gymnastics acrobatics carnival feats American style lassoswhirling bron co dances samba dances and circus acts were among the numerous items of the two and a half hour gala The flawless execution of these massive events clearly indicated the in tensity of the Soviet effort to capture the imagination of the American television audience Many observers rated the inaugur al gala close to the opening of the Moscow Olympiad

The entrance of the athletes to the stadium was not alone in the national team format Instead they came in groups of six from different countries However the national anthem of the United States and the Soviet Union were sung at the cere mony At the medal cere mony national anthems were sung and flags are raised as in all major inter national competitions

The Soviet plans to attract national attention in the United States through television suffered a severe setback as the telecast of the opening ceremonies clashed with the centenary celebration of the Statue of Liberty Turner had syndi cated the games through 63 independent stations all over the United States be sides his own Turner Broadcasting System (TBS) a cable outlet The three national networks fil led their programming of July 6 with the Liberty spe cials Turner could not have picked a worse time for his telecast In fact the competitions began on July 5 but the opening cere mony was scheduled for the 6th to avoid a clash with extensive Liberty coverage on that day

Rating figures revealed that the games telecast attracted very little atten tion from the US tele vision viewers The four day Liberty telecast was not the sole competition Base ball and Wimbledon tennis also claimed substantial rat ings The rating of the sporting events of the week revealed that the Goodwill opening cere mony did not find a place among the top 10 sport casts The average rating of the first week for the games was only 2 2 points during prime time viewing In other words only 1 882 000 homes in the country tuned in the games Turner has ex pected at least a 5 point rating and the advertising was sold on the basis of that calculation 22 million dollars have been raised for advertising sales Now TBS has to give them re funds to make up for the smaller audience

The scheduling of events also has been hurting the television ratings Swim ming had to begin at the very beginning in order to free the participants as ear ly as possible for the im-pending world cham pionships Track and field another popular item had to be adjusted to the Grand Prix schedule Turner had hoped that the Grand Prix status of the track meet would attract several lead ing European and African competitors Unfortunately that was not the case

Mens basketball has been the hottest team item in the Olympics for the American viewers A USA USSR finals Unfortunately the world championships were scheduled simul taneously in Spain Turner



Salnikov, swimming's messiah, was upset by America's Sean Killion. The messiah is thankfully human

bought the television rights for the championship and worked it into the Goodwill schedule It did not really boost the ratings as a rather weak team of college juniors with very little preparation was representing the US against leading world teams. Star quality has been missing in the team in spite of its early wins.

Gymnastics, another popular item was not a major attraction either due to the retirement of most of the Olympic stars of the US team. Without the likes of a Mary Lou Retton or Mitchell Gaylord, it is impossible to get national attention for such sporting events

The depth of the field in most events proved to be another weakness of the games Turner was able to attract a good number of American athletes through the national federations. However, the East German representation in track and field and swimming was limited. Top European nations also did not send their athletes and swimmers to Moscow Turner was unwilling to pay the 10,000-dollar appearance money for British athletes like Sebastian Coe. His efforts to lure Steve Cram and Zola Budd unfortunately also did not succeed The absence of leading American swimmers was another major setback

Lack of support from the US Olympic Committee was a major factor It was upset by Turner labelling the 1980 and 1984 Olympics as "shams " In fact the International Olympic Committee itself was infuriated by Turner publicity stunts and statements It put some heat on the US Olympic Committee to disown the games, to which it was sympathetic initially. "We do not want to see progression of international sporting events controlled by commercial interests," USOC president Robert Helmic said. "That's the bottom line "

Another blow came from Uncle Sam. On the eve of the competition the United States Department of Defence barred 10 members of the US boxing team, one member of the modern pentathlon and two handball team members employed by the US Army or Marines. The order came from the White House itself. The President and his men did not want government personnel competing in "commercial endeavours" such as the Goodwill Games.

Talking about the commercial aspect of the games, the Soviets do not seem to look at Turner's Goodwill as a commercial endeavour of a southern capitalist from America The games is seen as a useful public relations tool The very forces which criticised the Los Angeles Olympics for commercialisation of amateur sports, seem to have no scruples in reaping monetary rewards from an American businessman

The Soviet media has come down hard on the lack of standards at Los Angeles, pointing out the dearth of world records At these games quite a few records though were broken

The first came the day before the opening ceremony when Vladimir Salnikov broke his own record in 800-meter freestyle Then came the track and field records by American Jackie Joyner in heptathalon and Sergei Bubka of the Soviet Union in the pole vault. Then the Soviets broke the record in the 4-kilometer team pursuit cycling record. The women's 200-meter flying event also was marked by a world record in the qualifying round by Ericka Salumae of the Soviet Union

The highlight of the games so far has been the stunning performance of the American B team in swimming The Soviets had fielded their best team of swimmers and ended with 39 medals including 13 gold The young and inexperienced Americans claimed a total of 49 medals, 15 of them gold The most impressive upset came from teenager Sean Killion who upset his idol Salnikov in the 400-meter freestyle Salnikov holds world records in 800 and 1500 freestyle events Angel Mayers, another teenager won four gold medals and a bronze in the womens division to make her father, a coach of the US team proud

The Los Angeles Olympics got a flying start through the wonderful performance of American swimmers in the first week of the competition The young Americans did it again at Moscow However, the rest of the field did not have the fire power to continue the momentum as the old talent played to the empty stands.

George K. George

RESULTS OF THE WORLD CUP OPINION POLL

The best team was:	
Brazil	46.25%
Argentina	37.50%
Denmark	7.5%
France	3.75%
West Germany	3.75%
Belgium	1.25%

The player of the tournament was:	
Diego Maradona	92.5%
Gary Linekar	2.5%
Karl Heinz Rummenigge	1.25%
Josimar	1.25%
Socrates	1.25%
Claudio Borghi	1.25%

The best goalkeeper was:	
Harald Schumacher	31.25%
Joel Bats	27.5%
Jean Marie-Pfaff	12.5%
Peter Shilton	8.75%
Carlos	8.75%
Nacerdrine Drid	6.25%
Ezaki Badou	3.75%
Neri Pumpido	1.25%

The best match was:	
Brazil vs France	76.25%
Argentina vs West Germany	7.5%
Belgium vs USSR	7.5%
England vs Argentina	3.75%
Denmark vs Spain	1.25%
Argentina vs Belgium	1.25%
South Korea vs Italy	1.25%
West Germany vs Scotland	1.25%

The most entertaining team was:	
Denmark	33.75%
Brazil	28.75%
Argentina	18.75%
France	3.75%
USSR	3.75%
West Germany	2.5%
Spain	2.5%
Mexico	2.5%
Italy	1.25%
Belgium	1.25%
Uruguay	1.25%

The most disappointing side was:	
Uruguay	30%
Italy	20%
Brazil	12.5%
URSSR	7.5%
France	5%
England	5%
Iraq	5%
Hungary	3.75%
Canada	3.75%
Denmark	2.5%
Poland	2.5%
Belgium	1.25%
West Germany	1.25%

The standard of football has improved:	
Yes	62.50%
No	37.50%

We thank the following readers for their contribution Sulagna Sanyal P K Guha, Keshav Mundhra, Subhashis Roy, Meghdoot Banerjee, Arunava Ghosh, Goutam Kayal, D. Chettry, Manjeet Das, Partha Pratim, Chanchal Das, Saibal Gupta, Mohammed Ishaque, Chaitali Mukherjee, Bhiman Das Navlani, Shahana Meerza, Suchitra Halder, Lilly Puchotta, S.N Ghosh, Kishore Tripathy (Calcutta), Rajiv Kumar Mohan (Tinsukia), Nilamani Wangkhemrakpan (Imphal), Durba Bhattacharya (Itanagar), Prakash Mete, Jacquilin Kharmalki (Shillong), Diptiman Biswas (Silchar), Mantosh Kumar Sarma (Guwahati), Amit Deb (Digboi), Rajiv Saikia, Digbol Saikia, Ranendra Chowdhury (Assam), Subodh Garg (Meerut), Salim Anis (Aligarh), Tep Adama (Bhopal), Sondeep Poddar (Chakradharpur), Kajal Thakur (Murshidabad) Smit Shah (Kanpur), John Bosco Rayen (Bombay), P V Arvind (Nagpur), J. Om Prakash Rao (Sambalpur), A.K. Tripathy (Sundargarh), Shreevardhan Sinha, S. Pervez Qaiser, Deepak Kumar, Navneet Trikha, Sangeeta Basuk, Mrs. Bakshi (New Delhi), Iswar Das Karmacharya (Kathmandu), T V Rao (Hooghly District), S Dutta (Dimapur), Indrakshi Roy Choudary (Malda), N.K. Surendran (Dhule), A Banerjee (Asansol), Gour Sen, Asoke Banerjee (Howrah), G.K. Krishnamoorthy (Hyderabad), Sanjeev Mohanty (Cuttack), Jagdish Popli (Coimbatore), S. Ramraj (Madras), K.M. Sanju (Trichur), H.M. Girish (Chickmagalore), Shailesh Dadhich, Naresh (Bangalore), Soma, Maria Selvarajan, S. Ravisankar (Tamil Nadu), K U Nataraj (Karnataka), M.K. Das (Orissa), P.C. Mishra (Darbhanga), Rashmi Baruah and Vishnu Prakash Dhandania

Chaitanya Chakram first: The rest nowhere

CHAITANYA CHAKRAM, the TV Sunday ex Urvashi bay colt tuned to concert pitch by schooler Juggy Dhariwal waltzed away with the Bangalore Derby in stupendous fashion on Sunday 13th July Ridden by jockey Lloyd Marshal the colt never really gave his connections any heart stopping moments whatsoever to win from rank outsider Ivanoe who followed him home eight lengths in arrears Realand the second favourite for the race and the only one who could have given Chakram a run for his money, broke down when heads were turned for home and was subsequently destroyed

Few horses have won a Classic by making all their own running and it is indeed intriguing to note that both Chaitanya Chakram and his illustrious sister Chaitanya Ratham before him have both won Derbies by going from start to finish In other words not only has this brother and sister combination won Classics in successive years—they have done so in identical fashion, and that must surely be one for Ripley's Believe It or Not

A field of nine acceptors was slated as the Derby line up but it was reduced to eight when the Chenoy trained Keep Trying was withdrawn on the day of the race on veterinary grounds Chaitanya Chakram was the piping hot favourite at five to four against finally closing at even money His superb win in the Colts Trial Stakes three weeks before the Derby was an avid demonstration as to his ability and it was obviously this performance that made him the even money favourite The second favourite was the Chenoy trained Realand available at twos Next in demand came Rimcollian and Responsions both at sevens and eights and then you could write your price on the others

Breaking level from the gates Marshal took Chaitanya Chakram into the lead before the field hit the first turn and by the time they had traversed the first 400 metres he had established a commanding six length lead which was never to be relinquished Realand and Rimcollian were in second and third place and then came what looked to be like a procession made up of Ivanoe Loving Spirit Responsions and Strides Ahead

The pace was unduly fast in the opening stages of the race and one began to wonder whether Chaitanya Chakram would keep it up After all he had never been over the distance before But keep it up he did and he had the opposition off the bridle almost half a mile from home At this stage he was still a good six lengths the good of Realand who was moving up nicely into second place while Rimcollian had shot his bolt and was obviously in trouble as was Responsions who was a beaten horse Ivanoe and Loving Spirit were behind these runners at this stage and the former was putting in some useful work and was moving up nicely

Entering the straight Chaitanya Chakram was still well clear but he certainly was not travelling as well as Marshal would have liked Obviously the rigours of setting such a gruelling pace had caught up with him Meanwhile Shroff astride Realand was definitely making some headway in second place and he looked dangerous as they straightened up for the final run Then fate intervened Realand suddenly lost his action and wobbled alarmingly Shroff immediately pulled him up and tried to get him out of the way He had almost succeeded when Ivanoe came carrering along and bumped him as he went past and that was probably how Shroff came a cropper Realand had broken his left fetlock and had to be destroyed on humane grounds

Back to the race proper and by now it was all over bar the winning post eight lengths to the good of Ivanoe who created quite a surprise by running second In third place was the equally long priced Loving Spirit another eight lengths behind Ivanoe Finally in fourth place came Rimcollian just edging out Responsions to get the honour of finishing on the board The race was run in a time of 2 min 7 3 sec which is a far cry from the record of Young Rajput incidentally also trained by Dhariwal

In fact Chakram's timing will go down in the books as the slowest time recorded in the last decade Of course there will be some who say that time does not reflect everything and Chaitanya Chakram was probably eased up in the closing stages of the race But it seemed most unlikely that the winner had anything more left in hand Whether he would have been beaten by Realand or not is a totally different ball game However I don't think I would be very off the mark if I said that Chaitanya Chakram beat a mediocre set of horses and his supreme test will come when he takes on older horses over the same distance in a weight for age

Chaitanya Chakram's dam Urvashi has thus produced two individual Classic winners from two foals and that itself is quite an achievement The first was Chaitanya Ratham who won the Nilgiris Derby, the Deccan Derby and the South Indian Derby—to name her major classic wins Now Chaitanya Chakram takes over from where his champion sister left off

Adi Davar, Bangalore



Nikil Bhattacharya

Shroff (left) and Chenoy: Running out of luck

House Of Darkness

JOHANNESBURG Apartheid has darkened the world of sport in South Africa Perethia Radebe, who has lived for the past 10 years in a garage with her family, was lucky enough to win in a lottery competition recently The keys to a $30,000 house unfortunately, she's black and the house is in a 'Whites Only' neighbourhood, so she could not occupy it. The organisers, however, has agreed to give her one on a black neighbourhood

Crazy Contests

ITALY A group of 100 youths claimed a world record for the longest sandwich in the world—404 metres of bread smoked ham and salami The project took 24 hours with 10 going to construct and the rest to put together a serpentine table

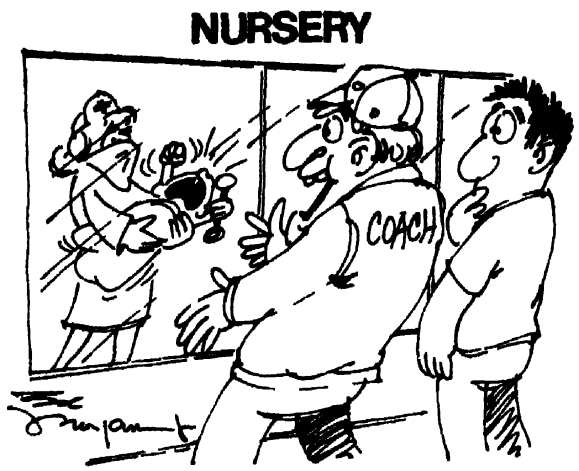
Try Till You Die

BELGRADE After 9 years of trying to pass the driving test, Hranislav Mirkovic (54) is going to give it another try His 79th!

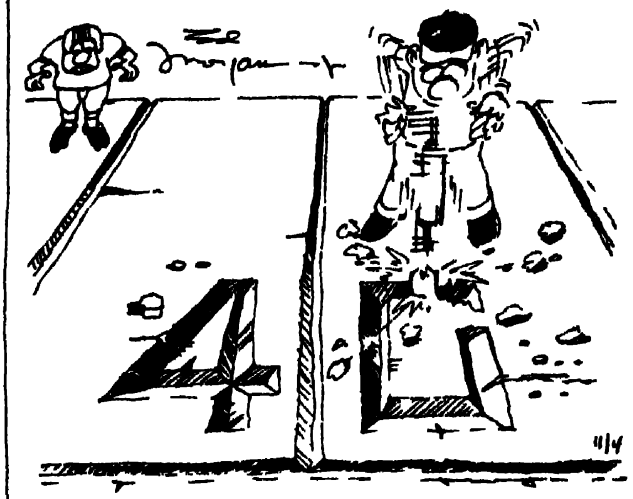
Tale Of Twins

NEW JERSEY Identical twins Mark Newman and Gerald Levey, who were separated at birth and raised by different adoptive parents, were accidentally reunited 32 years later when they both became firemen in the same town They both wear a moustache in summer and a beard in winter, are slightly bald look alike and share a love for the same sports—hunting and fishing That's how they re-discovered each other

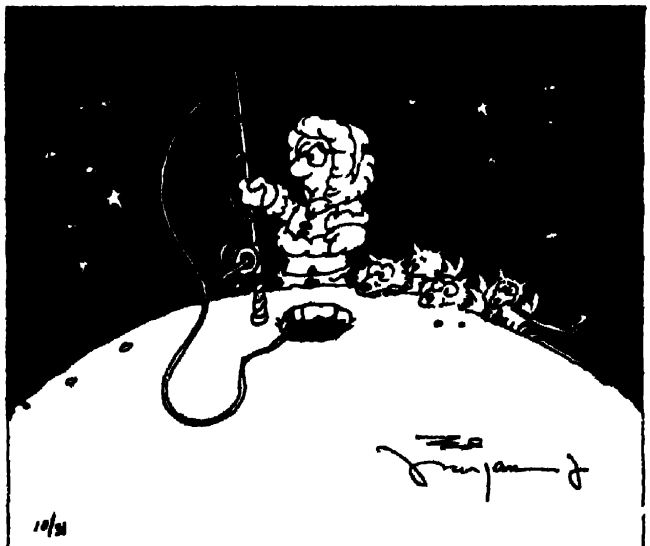
Bernie Tellis



"Listen to that! My kid's calling his first audible!"



Chiseling in the final touches on another artificial surface.



Admiral Byrd discovers the North Pole.



"Anybody want to play catch?"





Looking for the big one. British Open contenders Sev Ballesteros of Spain and Sandy Lyle of Scotland (with sunshade) get a feel of the greens, Jack Nicklaus of USA (left) is all concentration, Britian's Nick Faldo (bottom right) slices savagely but a thoughtful Greg Norman of Australia (bottom) finally takes the prize

All photographs by Associated Press

MADRAS

Title for Karnataka

As the only major hockey tourna ment held in the city, the start of the Scissors Action All India MCC tournament, conducted every July by the Madras Cricket Club with the active sponsorship of ITC is looked forward to eagerly by hockey fans of the metropolis

Since its revival a few years ago, the tournament has been a popular one in the sports calendar in the city. The fare itself has ranged from the mundane to the skilful, depending upon the teams gracing the competition But this year's meet, held for two weeks in early July was not as thrilling as some of the previous tournaments have been. There were two reasons for this. Not many top teams took part with the result that except for two or three matches, the rest saw very ordinary performances. Tournament Secretary Munir Sait, a former Olympian, told *Sportsworld* that one of the reasons why there were restrictions on teams was the modest budget provided by the Club for the tournament.

The second reason for the rather ordinary standard of play was the shabby condition of the ground. For the past three years, the ground—The Mac 'B', which is adjacent to the main cricket stadium at Chepauk, was green, with just a few brown patches and the bounce was fairly even. This year there seemed to be more brown patches than green ones. And the ball had a very uneven bounce. With proper round the year care one hopes to see a better ground next year

Among the participating twenty teams (ten of them were outstation) MEG, Bangalore and Karnataka XI always did seem superior to their rivals. And it was no big surprise that the two made it to the final where the all Bangalore affair had a thrilling finish Down 0-2 at the break against their more experienced rivals, Karnataka XI staged a fine rally, banging in two goals in the second session. There was no extra time because of fading light and in the tie breaker, Karnataka XI watched by KHA President and IHF Vice President Murthy, came out on top netting four times to MEG's three to emerge deserving winners by a 6-5 margin.

If for nothing else, Karnataka deserved their title triumph because it was for the second successive match that they came from behind to win. In their semi final against All India State Bank, they were two down within the first 20 minutes showing commendable fighting qualities which endeared them to the crowd, Karnataka made it 2-2 in the first half itself and then scored the match winner in the second to win 3-2. In the other semi final, MEG outplayed crack local outfit IOB 4-1. The tournament did help in bringing to the fore the enormous talent of a possible future star Vinod Chinappa, Karnataka's speedy and resourceful left winger. The tall, slim forward displayed remarkable stickwork and ball control and emerged as the find of the tournament. It was no surprise when he was declared the "Best Player of the Tournament."

Partab Ramchand

FAT FREE MUSCLES

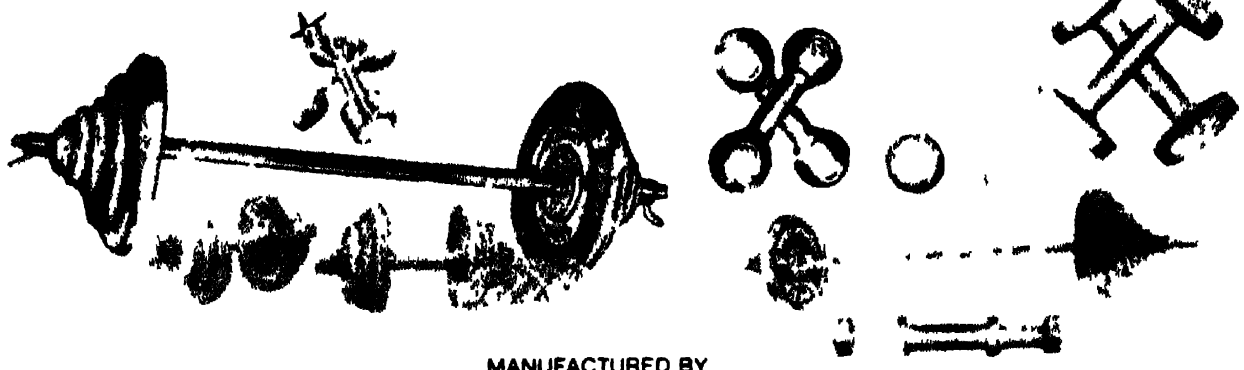
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AVANTIKA

Jumbotham

New trip

IAN BOTHAM, never one to let the grass grow under his feet, is deeply involved in planning his trek across the Alps by elephant, following in the footprints of Hannibal.

The trip with three elephants is scheduled to start in February 1988, covering 1,000 miles a week.

Botham aims to raise one million sterling for leukaemia research, to add to the £850,000 he had raised for the cause with his long walk last winter.

The trip will mean that Botham misses the England tour of Pakistan and New Zealand.

Perhaps he will send his mother-in-law instead. All expenses paid.

Boycotted

Clear choice!

GEOFFREY BOYCOTT is truely remarkable. If not his public relations than definitely his cricket. At the age of 46 he still remains one of the best batsmen in England today (scoring his 151st first class century last week).

With the state the English batting is in a Boycott wouldn't be too harmful.

Gooch has had as many as six opening partners this season and the English selectors are probably perplexed with the question: 'who are England's best five batsmen?'

The Sunday Times consulted eight wise men—all country captains or players of long experience—and got a top five which included Boycott in third place. He was the first choice of three of the wise men.

The selection criteria was somewhat simpler than it is for those who are appointed to the job. The job was to simply name the 'best' batsman with no conditions attached.



Botham: Guy the elephant AP

The five in order were Gatting (8, getting everyone's vote); Gower 7½, Boycott 6, Gooch 5½, Lamb 3, Amiss 2, Bailey 1½, Whitaker 1½ Larkins, Athey, Boythams and Robinson all one.

The poll must cast popular doubt in England that "everyone knows who the best players are." After all, eight experienced players chose a total of 13 batsman. Even the selectors haven't chosen that many-yet.

Poles Apart

Fame

WHO says it's only in India that favouritism Greeps into team selections. Take this example. Daley Thompson will be competing in three events at the Commonwealth Games. The decathlon, the 4×100 relay and the pole vault.

He gained one of the three vaulting places at the expense of his best friend Jeff Gutteridge—and this seems to have shattered the friendship. Said Gutteridge: "He hasn't done enough. The only thing he's got over me is fame."

The two athletes have been friends for 15 years and Thompson is godfather to Gutteridge's young son. Gutteridge, silver medalist at the 1982 Commonwealth Games and an Olympic finalist in 1984 has a best vault of 5.40m. Thompson's best is 5.25 m.

Gutteridge has been in the first three in all the major trials this season and in the AAA Championships last month, when the vaulters were told it was their last chance to impress the selectors, Brian Hooper was first, Gutteridge second, Keith Stock Third, Thompson fourth and Andy Ashurst fifth. The trio for Edinburgh are Thompson, Hooper and Ashurst.

Boycott: Still at it AP



Time Out

Breathless

NO wonder Argentina won the World Cup. They were most adept at pacing themselves, and taking time out in the Mexico heat.

One hawk-eyed Finn who monitored the competition with video tapes and a stopwatch found that in only two of the quarter finals did effective play-time exceed 58%.

Against England, Argentina were responsible for 83 breaks in play totalling 26.55 minutes and England for 80 taking up 20.02 minutes.

The final itself beat all others in time wasting. Argentina contrived 84 breaks (31.31 minutes) and West Germany 76 (19.26 minutes). Kicking the ball took up a mere 4.8% of playing time.

16 July England wallow further in their depths of misery as New Zealand beat them by 47 runs in the first one-day international at Leeds Scoring 217 for eight in their turn at bat, New Zealand restrict the English to 170 to take a 1-0 lead in the one-day series

Steve Cram runs back into the limelight as he records the world's fastest time in the 800m this year as he clocks 1 43 62 in the Nice Athletic Grand Prix

17 July Greece calls for a revival of the ancient Olympic tradition whereby all war was stopped during the Olympic Games

India fix their Asian Games squad at 540 with 425 of them being competitors According to the Seoul Asian Games Organising Committee, India's entry is so far the third largest for this Games

18 July England avenge their defeat in the first one-day game by winning the second one-day international against New Zealand by six wickets Chasing a New Zealand score of 284 for five, with Martin Crowe topscoring on 93 not out, England's openers Graham Gooch and Bill Athey score a record 193 for the first wicket to take their country to a comfortable victory

The Kerala Government are going to felicitate their star athlete P T Usha by naming a new link road in the heart of Cochin city after her The naming ceremony which was to take place after Usha returned from the Commonwealth Games will now be brought forward since India have confirmed their boycott

19 July Martina Navratilova is given a warm welcome by the country of her birth, Czechoslovakia. Returning there for the first time since she defected 11 years ago, she is welcomed at the airport by her parents Jana and Miroslav.

Calcutta soccer giants Mohun Bagan and East Bengal clash at the Salt Lake Stadium in a senior division Group A tie Scoring first in the first half, Mohun Bagan fritter away the lead to share points.

20 July Tim Witherspoon retains his world heavyweight boxing crown as he stops Frank Bruno of Britain in the 11th round of their 15-round bout at Wembley.

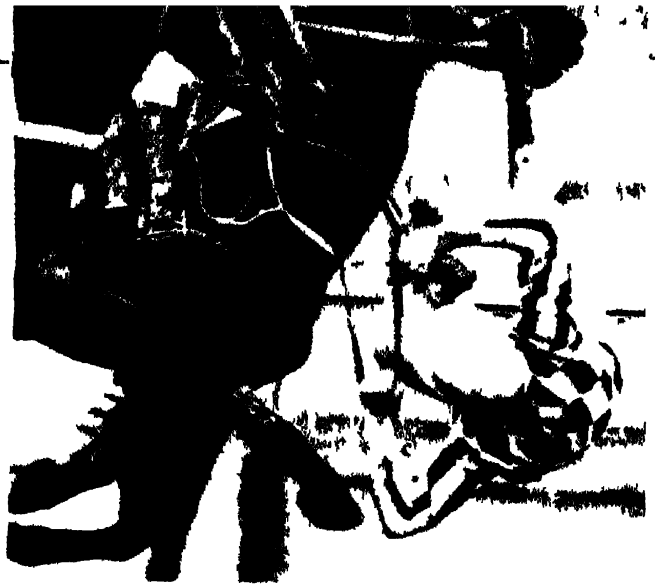
Holders Sweden steamroller their way over Italy to enter the semi-finals of the 1986 Davis Cup tennis championship Also making the semis are Australia and Czechoslovakia

21 July USA complete the semi-final line-up for this year's Davis Cup competition as they win both their reverse singles matches against Mexico to seal the tie 4-1

USA edge their way to the world basketball title by a narrow two point margin Holding off a spirited challenge by USSR, the Americans win 87-85 in an exciting final at Madrid.

Icuk Sugiarto of Indonesia wins the men's singles title at the Indonesian Open beating Sze Yu of China. In the ladies' section, Shu Wen of China registers a hard-fought win over Helen Troke of England.

22 July Football proves deadly for one budding goalkeeper as he is killed by lightning while playing a practice match at the Ispat Stadium in Rourkela.

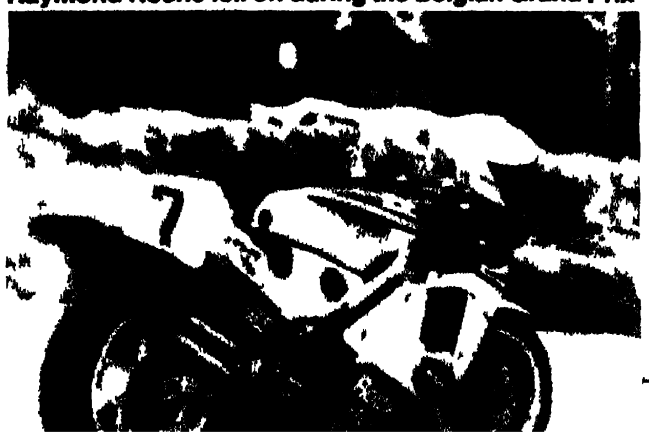


First in a series of disaster photographs, Laurie Paltridge of Melbourne desperately clings onto the reins of his mount Brinkworth during the grand national hurdle at Flemington, Melbourne



Joe Lammertink of The Netherlands is given first aid as blood streams down his face after he fell during the fourth stage of the Tour de France cycle race. Lammertink was taken to hospital with a broken jaw and a fractional collar bone

Last but not the least...Honda can take a round of applause for the perfect balance of their 500 cc model as this bike goes it alone after rider Raymond Roche fell off during the Belgian Grand Prix

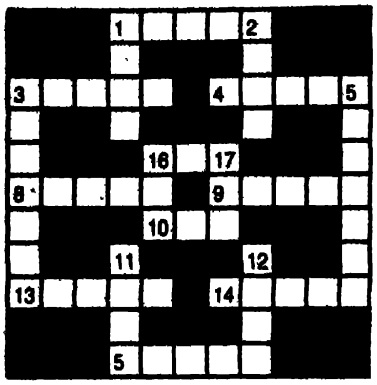


All photographs by Associated Press

CROSSWORD

Mudar

342



ACROSS

1 and 3. What Michael Holding is amongst fast bowlers, in the words of a cricket writer (5,5)
4. Limited-overs tournament in India is 'unwell' in the middle (5)
6. Bradman's book is 'this' of Cricket, returning (3)
8. Japanese form of sword fighting and which, when translated, literally means 'sword way' (5)
9. West Indian fast bowler who jeopardised his Test career by playing in South Africa comes back (5)
10. What a fast bowler looks for in the pitch in the morning (3)
13. Association Football club, founded in 1863 by the students of the Charterhouse School, begins with a saint (5)
14. Multinational Indian company for a bowler who played against India this summer (5)
15. Long distance runner ends in the singular (5)

DOWN

1. Cereal for a South African all-rounder (4)
2. There's many a 'this' betwixt the 'peeper and gully (4)
3. Generally regarded as the fastest of the traditional court games, this sport is played by two or four players in a court enclosed by walls on all four sides (7)
5. Sprinter for GDR, who was the first to break the 11 secs barriers for 100m, ends in the feminine (7)
6. Heavy weight for a batting achievement (3)
7. Association of Tennis Professionals (1, 1, 1)
11. Type of divers (4)
12. Former Indian cricket captain ends in the Princess of Wales (4)

Excellent: 17-15, Good: 14-13, Fair: 12-11.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1. Which law of cricket governs intimidatory bowling ?
2. Has any Test bowler ever been banned (after stipulated warnings) for the rest of the innings on the ground of using intimidatory tactics ? If so, name him.
3. What does 'GP' stand for in sports parlance ?
4. Is there any limit to the height of a polo pony ?
5. Can a pony be ordered off during a polo match ?
6. For how many successive 400 m hurdles races is Edwin Moses unbeaten ?
7. What is the NatWest Bank Trophy ?
8. Who is the last player to beat Martina Navratilova in Wimbledon ?
9. Who was the last Frenchman before Henri Leconte to reach the Wimbledon semi-finals ?
10. In volleyball what is the 'rolling receive'?

ANSWERS

1. Law 42.
2. The law has never been totally enforced.
3. Grand Prix.
4. No.
5. Yes.
6. 111 (till the recently-concluded Goodwill Games).
7. Since 1981 the Gillette Cup cricket trophy has been replaced by this trophy.
8. Hana Mandlikova (Czechoslovakia), in the 1981 semi-finals.
9. Yvon Petre (in 1946)
10. A player dives to the ground, hits the ball, rolls over and returns quickly to his (or her) feet—receiving the ball in this way is called the 'rolling receive.'

QUESTIONS

1. What is the Manitoba Trophy ?
2. Who were the first black Americans to take part in the Winter Olympics ?
3. Who was Hirofumi Daimatsu ?
4. Where is Amstelveen Hockey Ground ?
5. Who is the first Cuban woman to win an Olympic gold medal ?
6. An Event in Olympic swimming, discontinued in 1976 and 1980, was reinstated in the 1984 Games. What is it ?
7. What is a Catamaran ?
8. What is the Sydney-Hobart race ?
9. What is the 'Ilio Colli' course of giant slalom ?
10. How many gold medals did P.T. Usha win in the Delhi Asiad (1982) ?

ANSWERS

1. Prize awarded to inter-provincial badminton champions of Canada.
2. Willie Davenport and Jeff Godley who represented the U.S.A. in the bobsled event in 1980 (Lake Placid).
3. 'Notorious' coach of Japanese women's volleyball team in the Sixties, he was noted for his Draconian methods.
4. Near Amsterdam. It is the national ground of the Royal Netherlands Hockey Board.
5. Maria Colon Ruenes who won the javelin throw event in the Moscow Games.
6. Women's 200m individual medley.
7. A twin-hulled craft—the fastest of sailing boats.
8. The classic yacht race of the Southern Hemisphere which starts on Boxing Day morning from Australia's Sydney Harbour. The course is 690 miles long.
9. Ilio Colli was a skier of Contina. He crashed into a tree at 50 m.p.h. during a race and died instantaneously. The course at Contina is named after him.
10. Nil.

SOLUTION 341

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HENRY COOPER'S MOST MEMORABLE FIGHTS

In the concluding extract from this book, Henry Cooper pays homage to Muhammad Ali even as Ali fails in his attempt to recapture the heavyweight title for an unprecedented fourth time. To round off, Cooper takes on an opponent of a different type—a computer. Published by Stanley Paul & Co Ltd., the book is priced at £8.95

The Fight: *Larry Holmes V. Muhammad Ali*

The Date: *2 October 1980*

The Venue: *Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas*

The Build-up

THIS was supposed to be Muhammad Ali's 'Last Hurrah', a final comeback to capture the world heavyweight championship for an unprecedented fourth time. But for once his mind and his pride were making an appointment his body could not keep. Waiting for him in the opposite corner was Larry Holmes, his former sparring partner whom Ali saw as a pretender to his throne.

Early in his career Holmes had idolised Ali to such an extent that the first time Muhammad blackened his eye in the gym he declined treatment until he could get a photographer. 'I wanted evidence of what the great man had done to me,' he said.

In Ali's estimation Holmes was fighting above his station. He still considered him in the sparring partner bracket and could not accept that he had improved out of all recognition from the young boxer he used to hire at 100 dollars a session; neither could he see, as we who looked sadly on could see, that he himself had lost much of the magic and mastery that had made him a fighting phenomenon.

Ali had been tempted out of a two-year retirement by the promise of an $8 million purse. But it was more than profit at stake. It was pride. His giant ego wouldn't allow him to concede that his one-time hired hand had taken over as the bossman. Holmes, winner of all his 35 fights, was determined to make it a case of 'the ego has landed.'



Ali—pushing his luck



Associated Press

Holmes—beat his hero

Since his defeat of Leon Spinks in 1978 Ali had ballooned to a fat, grossly overweight 18 stone. But from the moment he signed to fight Holmes in a 25,000-seat temporary arena specially built in the Caesar's Palace parking lot, Ali went into serious training at his Pennsylvania mountain camp. For two months he worked as hard as he had ever done in his life and trimmed down to 15 st. 7½ lb., his lowest weight since taking the title from George Foreman in 1974.

Eight years younger than Ali at 30, Holmes was in his prime at 15st. 1½ lb. He had ascended to the World Boxing Association throne in 1978 by narrowly outpointing Ken Norton and had since defended the title seven times, winning each bout inside the distance, which equalled a record set by Joe Louis.

Holmes, born in Georgia on 3 November 1949, and raised in Easton, Pennsylvania, had been a professional since March 1973, following an impressive amateur career. He was carefully groomed for world championship honours, winning 27 contests before seeking title recognition. I have become a Larry Holmes fan, and I believe time will prove that he has been the most underrated heavyweight champion in history. He is not only an excellent ring technician and a solid puncher with either fist but is also the most dignified champion since Joe Louis. He has been a credit to boxing with his conduct both inside

and outside the ring.

His talent was submerged in the backwash left behind by that quick-on-the-jaw salesman Ali. A quiet, devoted family man, he has suffered by comparison with Ali's overpowering personality and because he's been content to let his boxing do the talking for him he has not been given the projection his ring skills have deserved.

Holmes has proved time and time again that he has got courage to go with his ability. That murderously hard puncher Earnie Shavers knocked him down with the sort of right-hand blow that would have ended most fights. Holmes dragged himself off the canvas and battled back to stop his dangerous opponent in 11 rounds. He was also floored in a title defence against Renaldo Snipes but again got up to win in the 11th. Several times, as against Ken Norton and Mike Weaver, fights were slipping away from him until he dug down into his reserves to show the sort of spirit and determination that sets champions apart from those who only get to challenge.

Holmes was on a hiding to nothing against Ali in Las Vegas. If he won, everybody would say he had beaten a man way past his peak. If he lost, he would be dismissed as having been a mediocre champion. My heart wanted Ali to win but my head said that Holmes would be too young and strong for him. I would have been much happier if Ali had stayed retired after his revenge victory over Leon Spinks. You can go to the well only so many times and I knew that even Ali would have to dry up at some time.

Yet because of the legend that is Ali there was an air of expectancy about his bid to become world champion for a fourth time. Could he produce just one more miracle?

The Fight

Ali *looked* the part for his championship challenge. He was so lean and fit that it was almost as if the clock had been turned back five or six years. But from the very first round it was obvious that Ali's looks were deceiving. Age had robbed him of the speed that used to be his trademark. His quickstep dancing was slowed to a funeral march and the hands that had been so fast now moved as if on a



Ali looked the part for his championship challenge

rusted chain

Holmes produced a performance of near perfection but he got little appreciation because Ali was such a sad shadow of his old self All that Ali revealed that could be admired was his courage in sticking in there long after it was obvious that Holmes had him licked No matter what Ali tried Holmes had an answer for him He was beating him to the jab moving quicker around the ring and trapping him by cleverly angling into positions to cut off the challenger's escape routes

When Ali attempted the rope a dope tricks that had worked so well against Foreman Holmes belted him to the ribs with long hooks that reached around his guard It was tragic to watch as Ali was virtually reduced to the role of a sparring partner Even the most biased Ali supporters struggled to score a single round for him and the man who had so often boasted—with some justification—that he was the prettiest developed an ugly red patch and swelling under his left eye where the champion's jabs were landing with a thumping regularity

There was just a flash of the old Ali at the start of the fifth round He came out on his toes and caught Holmes with a couple of stinging lefts to the face But his legs quickly turned to lead and by the middle of the round he was flat footed as Holmes attacked with both fists to the head and body The champion was so confident that he was clowning Ali style, pretending to stagger on the few occasions when the challenger landed a worthwhile punch

From the seventh round on Ali was surviving on sheer will power He seemed to have aged ten years since the first bell and the fierce afternoon heat—it was 104 degrees at the ring side—was taking its toll along with the punishment that Holmes was handing out in a systematic thoroughly professional manner

It got to the stage where Holmes was getting sick and tired of hitting his old hero Why don't you quit?' he kept pleading during clinchs

Ali just said in response Fight, sucker fight '

In the eighth round Holmes landed a succession of clubbing rights to Ali's head without reply and in my opinion the referee should have stopped it there and then because Ali was offering no resistance Ringsiders openly wept as the once mighty Ali stumbled back to his corner with little knowledge of where or who he was Anybody else but Ali would have surrendered but his stubborn pride wouldn't allow it

Trainer Angelo Dundee wanted to pull Ali out at the end of the punishing ninth round but others in the challenger's entourage objected Holmes, a compassionate champion, was clearly holding back in the tenth round and kept inviting referee Richard Green to stop it

Ali looked a pitiful figure and, as he slumped onto his stool at the end of the round there was an undignified scuffle between Angelo Dundee determined to save Ali further humiliation and Ali's loud mouthed soulmate Bundini Brown who was demanding 'just one more round' Thank goodness it was Dundee's commonsense that swayed manager Herbert Muhammad He summoned the referee over and announced Ali's retirement

For the first time in his 20 year professional career, Ali had failed to finish a fight It was a tragic ending to one of the greatest ring careers in the

Holmes (left), in one of his earlier bouts. He was determined to make this fight a case of 'the ego has landed'

Associated Press



history of boxing. Well, almost the end. Ali being Ali, he had to have one more fling.

The Aftermath

HOLMES, to his great credit, did not crow over his victory. He was close to genuine tears of sorrow for Ali and said: 'I love that man. I held back for the whole of the tenth round because I didn't want to see him getting hurt. The referee should have stopped it. He's my friend, my brother. I've got no happiness out of beating him. All I've achieved is a big pay-day. But I ain't celebrating. He's the best heavyweight fighter in the world and just the fact that he was going for the title for a fourth time is a great achievement.

'He tried his old tricks, hoping to pysche me out of it but I got to know him too well during four years as his sparring partner. Ali fooled a few of the writers into thinking he could win. But he couldn't fool me. I hope he never fights again. But nobody can tell Ali what he can or can't do.'

The next day Ali, his damaged eye hidden behind dark glasses, conceded that the fight should have been stopped. 'I was taking a lot of punches and was glad when they stopped it,' he admitted. 'Take your hearts out and turn them over to Larry. He's the heavyweight champion—until I return.'

Ali listened to all the advice of people telling him he should retire and then ignored them all. He foolishly had one more fight, a meaningless affair against Canadian Trevor Berbick in the Bahamas in December 1981. At his peak he would hardly have allowed Berbick to lay a glove on him. But a pathetic, lumbering Ali was outpointed over ten mauling rounds and this at last convinced him that his days as 'The Greatest' were well and truly over. A light had gone out on the boxing stage and it will be a long, long time before we see one burning so brightly again.

Ali has since suffered from ill health, no doubt many of his problems being attributable to the fact that he wanted to conquer one mountain too many. He did me the honour of attending my 50th birthday party in London in 1984 and I would be lying if I didn't admit to being shocked and saddened by his appearance. There was a slur to his speech, he had the movements of an old man and there were times when he could hardly keep his eyes open (maybe that was something to do with my boring company!). Obviously the punches he had taken over the years had caught up with him but there were other factors that would need a doctor's diagnosis rather than mine.

The busybody boxing abolitionists would like to convince us that his poor health was all due to his ring career, but his diabetes and liquid-level problems could have afflicted him regardless of what he did for a living. And what he chose to do—boxing—brought him the sort of fame, fortune and sheer satisfaction that he could have found in hardly any other field. I prefer to remember him as the cocky yet likeable showman of the sixties when he brought a hurricane of fresh air to boxing with his quick wit, twinkling toes and fast fists. Duing a 60-fight, 20-year career he transceded sport and became the best-known face—and voice—in the world. He was up there with the presidents and kings for instant recognition and was more popular than any of them. I will always harbour a soft spot for him and consider it a privilege to have twice shared the same ring with him.

Ali works out on the speed bag. For him it was more than a profit of $8 million at stake. It was pride

Associated Press



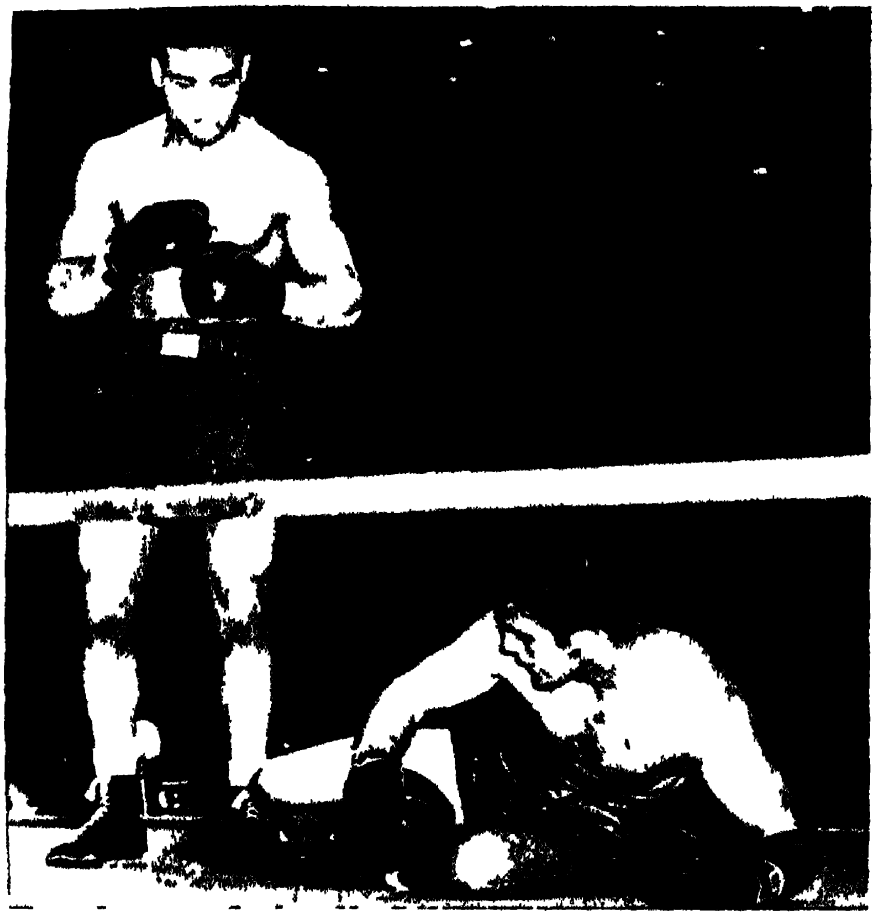
The Computer Versus Henry Cooper

NORMAN Giller the writer who has helped me get my scrapbook memories down on paper is a computer freak who fed all the facts and figures on every 20th century British heavyweight champion into a computer to find who has been the greatest His final top ten table after the computer had digested all the data is given at the bottom of this page

It makes me fighting mad to see myself rated below Joe Bugner I'm convinced he would not have lived with me at my peak And I'm also sure that everybody else listed in this table would have got the better of him if they had met when at their best Len Harvey was one of the all time greats and I queried with Know all Norm why he is so low in the table Apparently his bodyweight was against him His best years were in the light heavyweight division

I don t usually get drawn into the ratings lark because I feel any champion can only be the best of his era But I believe I am better qualified than a computer to rate the top post war British heavyweights The computer can t take *feelings* into account to go with the cold facts and figures This would be my top ten British table It includes only post war boxers whom I have either fought or seen in the flesh

1 Joe Erskine (Wales)
2 Bruce Woodcock (England)
3 Don Cockell (England)
4 Joe Bugner (England)
5 Frank Bruno (England)
6 Brian London (England)
7 Dick Richardson (Wales)
8 Jack Bodell (England)
9 Johnny Williams (Wales)
10 Billy Walker (Englad)
Johnny Prescott (England)



Henry Cooper s top heavyweight in the last 50 years—Joe Louis

I am watching Frank Bruno s rise with interest In my opinion too many of his matches have been of the no risk variety but in manager Terry Lawless s shoes I suppose I would have brought him along at a similar pace There is a stiffness about him that worries me but there is no question that he has natural punching power that will always keep him in with a chance when the going gets tough He has certainly got all the equipment but I reserve final judgement on him until I see him in action against the top Yanks Only then will we know his true potential

Here s how Norman s computer rated the top ten world heavyweight champions of the last 50 years—from 1935 (Table given at bottom of facing page)

The eye opener for me is that Ali boxed nearly 100 rounds more than Joe Louis and even more than Jersey Joe Walcott whose career spanned 23 years And remember that right at

	Ht.	Wt	Fights	Wins	Losses	TKOs	KOs	KO'd	Total Rounds
1 Rocky Marciano	5-10½	13-2	49	49	0	43	32	0	243
2 Joe Louis	6-1½	14-6	71	68	3	55	43	1	444
3 Muhammad Ali	6-3	16 0	61	56	5	37	29	0	540
4 Larry Holmes	6-½	15-12	48	48	0	34	7	0	350
5 Sonny Liston	6-1	15-4	54	50	4	39	25	2	270
6 George Foreman	6-3½	15-12	47	45	2	42	27	1	152
7 Joe Frazier	5-11½	14-6	36	32	4	27	10	0	208
8 Joe Walcott	6-0	13-12	67	49	17	31	29	6	466
9 Floyd Patterson	6-0	13-6	64	55	8	40	16	2	417
10 Ingo Johansson	6-½	14-0	28	26	2	18	11	2	176



Sharing top spot with Joe Louis in Cooper's list—Muhammad Ali

what should have been the peak of his career Ali had three-and a-half years out of action because of his dispute with the US government over his refusal to join the army and fight in Vietnam

Using my feelings as well as facts as a guide and taking each fighter at his very best, my top ten world heavyweight champions for the last fifty years would be

1 Joe Louis
Muhammad Ali
3 Rocky Marciano
4 Larry Holmes
5 George Foreman
6 Sonny Liston
7 Joe Frazier
8 Jersey Joe Walcott
9 Floyd Patterson
10 Ingemar Johnasson

Sorry to chicken out over the No 1 spot but I honestly cannot bring myself to separate Louis and Ali Both at the peak of their powers, had equal claims to being called 'The Greatest I believe that at their best both would have had the ring craft and the power to outmanouevre Rocky Marciano

Ali and Marciano were matched in a computer fight shortly before Rocky's death in a plane crash in 1969. They simulated seven different finishes and when the film was released two weeks after Rocky's funeral it showed Marciano winning by a tenth-round knockout

But Ali told me some time later. 'The whole things was a sham It was phony from start to finish and neither Rocky nor I were happy with the way it was done. He was a great champion but the way he fought—you know, taking three or four punches to land one—he would never have been able to defend the title as often and as regularly as I did '

It's difficult to argue with Rocky's perfect 49-fights, 49 victories record, but he defended the championship only six times before he retired and his legend of invincibility was built against once-retired 37 year-old Joe Louis, twice retired 38-year-old Jersey Joe Walcott, 40-year-old Archie Moore and 34-year-old Ezzard Charles who had left his best behind him I don't want to take anything away from Rocky He was great for boxing, but I have to pick Louis and Ali ahead of him because I feel they were better all round ring generals who would have come up with a strategy to beat him

I know my opinions will start more arguments than they will settle, but that's what helps to make boxing such a compelling sport It's great for conversation and nostalgia as well as action I hope you've enjoyed taking a ringside seat with me and that some of my scrapbook memories have helped revive memorable boxing moments for you Thanks for being in my corner

	Ht.	Wt	Fights	Wins	Losses	TKOs	KOs	KO'd	Total Rounds
1 Tommy Farr	6—1	14—6	104	71	22	12	11	1	995
2 Bruce Woodcock	6—½	13—1	38	34	4	22	10	1	192
3 Joe Bugner	6—4	16—0	70	58	11	39	6	1	461
4 Henry Cooper	6—2	13—9	55	40	14	20	7	4	362
5 Dick Cockell	5—10	14—9	79	64	14	17	20	3	506
6 Jack Petersen	6—1½	12—12	38	33	5	10	11	0	292
7 Len Harvey	6—00	12—12	133	111	13	34	22	1	1232
8 Billy Wells	6—3	13—8	52	41	11	8	27	11	335
9 Joe Erskine	6—½	14 0	53	44	8	12	2	1	425
10 Jack Bodell	5—10	14—8	51	41	10	14	18	5	295

freewheeling

"WHICH famous sportsmen have you met?" This is a question fired as soon as he or she is aware of my profession. And on discussing this with colleagues, I have discovered that this is no unusual phenomenon.

After the exclamations of how lucky I am and how fortunate and so and so have died down, the first thing that people want to know is how many important sportsmen I have had the fortune to brush shoulders with. Have you met Gavaskar? You've actually spoken to Kapil Dev!! Wow, you've been to Vijay Amritraj's house! And I tell them that I've met P.T. Usha.

This brings on a reaction that never ceases to amaze me. It amazes me because some people feel that there could be nothing greater for them. It also amazes me because others react as if it is no big deal. Met Met P.T. Usha? So what? More than amaze, it saddens me.

Why does this difference in opinion exist? It certainly doesn't in the case of cricket. You are envied if you've met a cricketer. The moment it becomes a hockey player or an athlete, the magic is gone. You are mortal again.

But that doesn't make a difference to me. Having met quite a few sporting personalities, Indian and foreign, I have come to realise—quite painfully—that cricketers aren't exactly the best of people to be with. Egoes bloated beyond imagination by their triumphs, our Indian cricketers rarely have the time, or patience, to be with scribes.

But a runner or a hockey player will always be just that vitally receptive to your queries. This indifference on the part of our cricketers could stem from the fact that they have very tight schedules, whereas the other sportsmen are a little more relaxed with their time. Even then, I was quite surprised at the amount of time an athlete of the stature of P.T. Usha had for me.

Training twice a day during her stay in Calcutta, Usha also had to find time for numerous receptions and interviews that were being heaped on her. But she handled it with panache.

Lapsing into Malayalam whenever she wanted to double-check on something with her coach O.M. Nambiar, Usha would smilingly oblige even the most persistent of reporters. And, believe me, some of our tribe can be irritatingly persistent.

This was where I came up trumps with her. Sharing the same mother tongue, we hit it off from the starting block. Very soon I was a constant companion during their stint in Calcutta. Going through her paces at the NIS Stadium at Salt Lake, Usha always had a smile for me and our photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya. As for Nambiar, he was virtually embarrassing with the attention he gave us. He used to explain each exercise in detail. Better still, he used to ask me, in Malayalam, whether it was absolutely mandatory that they attend this function that they had been invited to. When I smiled and explained to him that a lot of people would be very disappointed if they did not, Nambiar would nod his head and tell me that Usha needed rest. That was his only concern.

Personally, however, it doesn't make a difference if Usha does not win another medal. To me, she is more than an athlete. She is a friend



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Coming back to the question most asked of sports journalists, I still name P.T. Usha first whenever I start listing the famous names that I have had the pleasure of meeting. Even though I notice that my listener is not suitably impressed. But the moment I mention even Sadananad Vishwanath, a flicker of interest comes alive. And I am flooded with a deluge of questions about him. What sort of a guy is he? How does he look in real life? Where did you meet him?

What about the rest of our Indian sportsmen? Is there no interest in what sort of a guy Mohammed Shahid is? Doesn't anybody care whether I met Geet Sethi? I sometimes wonder. Who did it? Was it the media? Or the people themselves?

Wherever the fault stems from, it seems that there is no going back. Cricketers have come to live up to the super-star status while the rest of our Indian sportsmen have to wallow in their shadows. Shakespeare had perhaps this dilemma in mind when he wrote in *Julius Caesar*. 'Upon what meat doth this Caesar feed that he is grown so great?

P.T. Usha may be consigned to live her life in the shadow of Gavaskar or Kapil Dev. But to a certain bunch of unbiased sports lovers she is as great as any one of the cricketers. Having done her country proud at the Los Angeles Olympic Games, Usha has carved a niche for herself in the annals of Indian sport.

Whether or not she will live up to the promise she displayed is debatable. Personally, however, it doesn't make a difference if Usha does not win another medal. To me, she is more than an athlete. She is a friend.

Pradeep Paul



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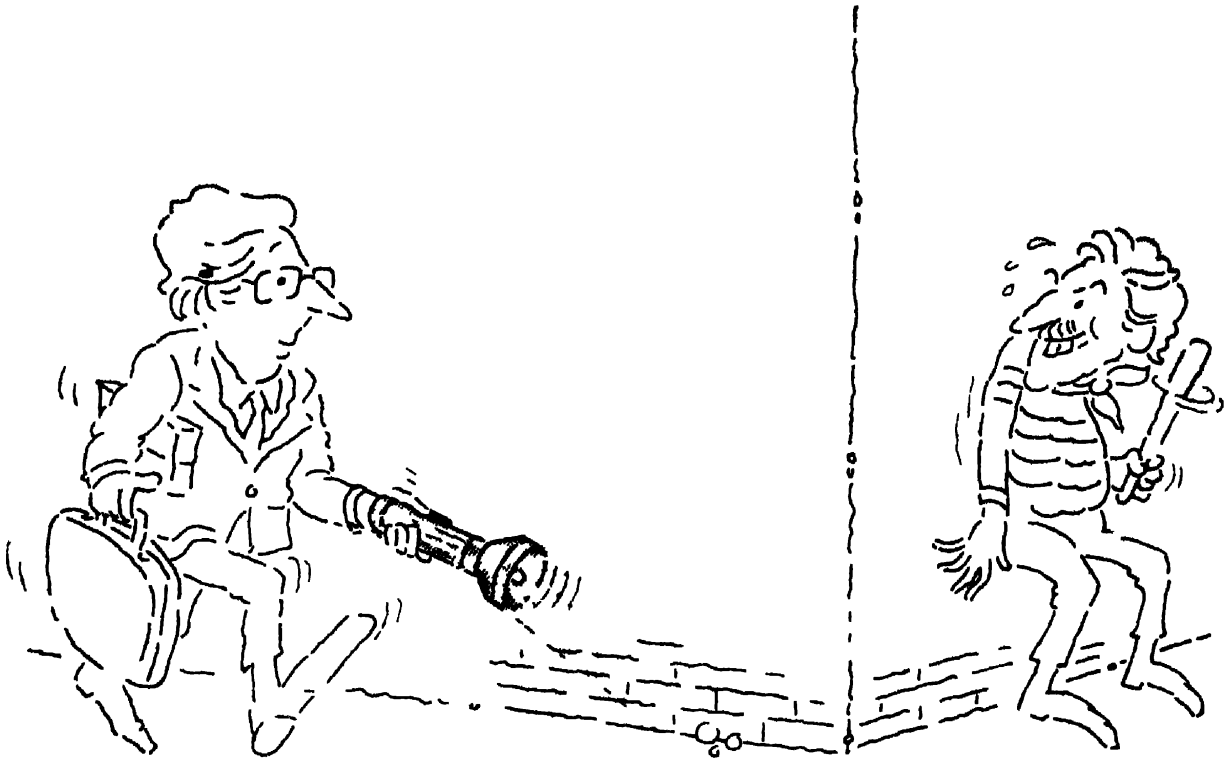
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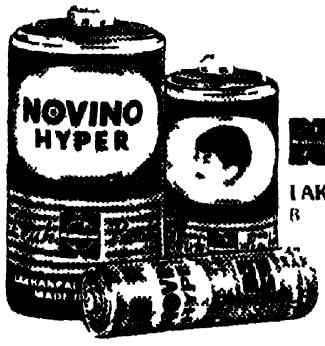
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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor. David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul

Correspondents: Bombay Haresh Munwani
Madras: Partab Ramchand

Staff Photographer: Nikhil Bhattacharya

Art Director: Bipul Guha
Staff Designers: Santosh Dutta, Ali Akbar Mirza
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Panel of umpires

CRICKET umpiring has become a controversial subject, with criticism coming in from all quarters. It is true that the umpire's decision can very often be a genuine mistake, but there have been decisions which could be described as being biased. Television replays have proved this time and again. Very often the complexion of the game changes with a decision of this nature. Cricket being a gentleman's game, its image should be maintained. Appropriate steps should be taken in this direction. A panel comprising experienced umpires from all major cricket playing nations should be appointed and these umpires should be made to umpire Test and one day matches. This would ensure that no umpire could even be accused of being biased. A mistake would be a genuine mistake.
R.C. PAUL,
Meghalaya.

One day rashness

THIS England-India series has proved yet again that too much one day cricket could greatly affect the performances of the cricketers, especially that of the batsmen. Azharuddin, for instance, scored his 33 runs in the first innings of the Lord's Test as if he was chasing a total of 280 in a 55-over match. Shastri after middling the first three balls that he faced, played half-cock to a delivery that he could well have left alone. Kapil Dev played a rash stroke to the second delivery that he faced. In the first innings of the second Test all the top four batsmen were out after they were well settled past the 20 mark. The only exception was of course Dilip Vengsarkar, who managed to blend his sound defence with patches of controlled aggression. It is about time these professionals learn how to adjust their game to suit the brand of cricket that is being played at the time.
PANKAJ KUMAR DEBNATH,
Birbhum.

More quizzes

I WOULD like to thank you for presenting us with a most interesting World Cup Quiz. It would be a good idea to give the readers a special quiz now and then to keep them on their toes. Waiting eagerly for the next quiz.
ASHRU MITRA,
Calcutta.

Spectators should behave

SPECTATORS today hold the key to sport. It is up to them to make or break the game. Sport means entertainment and sporting competition and not hooliganism and violence. During the last decade violence has very often pushed the actual game into the background. The worst affected in this regard has been the game of soccer. Brussels, China, Calcutta Dhaka—have all been affected. It is about time that a "spectators' behaviour code" is laid down. Then, and only then, will the situation be under control. Sport will win. Violence will lose.
ASHUTOSH GUPTA,
Patna.

Sober up

BEING a regular reader of your magazine from the time it came out in print, I am shocked to see the cover page of your 'Victory Special' (*Sportsworld*—23 to 29 July, 1986).)

I feel, that, keeping in mind that a majority of your readers are young, you will only use sober pictures in future.
AVIJIT KHAN,
Calcutta.

Cricket, lovely cricket

IT is indeed unfortunate that comments about a cricket player is going a long way in giving a setback to journalism on the whole. In the letter of H. L. Choudhury (*Sportsworld* July 9—15) Gavaskar's antics had come to a standstill for sometime. Then suddenly he felt like reading a newspaper on the field of play. It was rightly criticised by one of your readers. If there is smoke there must be fire also. One must remember this. There is no need to create a controversy for that. Cricket fans are entitled to comment upon the plus and minus points of a player. Why then did Mr Choudhury bring freedom and the country into the picture. It was rather ridiculous.
MADAN KUMAR,
Jamshedpur.

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Mayotte overcomes the Mexicans.....

In one of the greatest comebacks in Davis Cup history

IT was a baptism of clay for American Tim Mayotte as he fought the Mexican singles players and one of the most unruly and unsporting crowds in Davis Cup history to lead his team to the semi finals of the 1986 Davis Cup

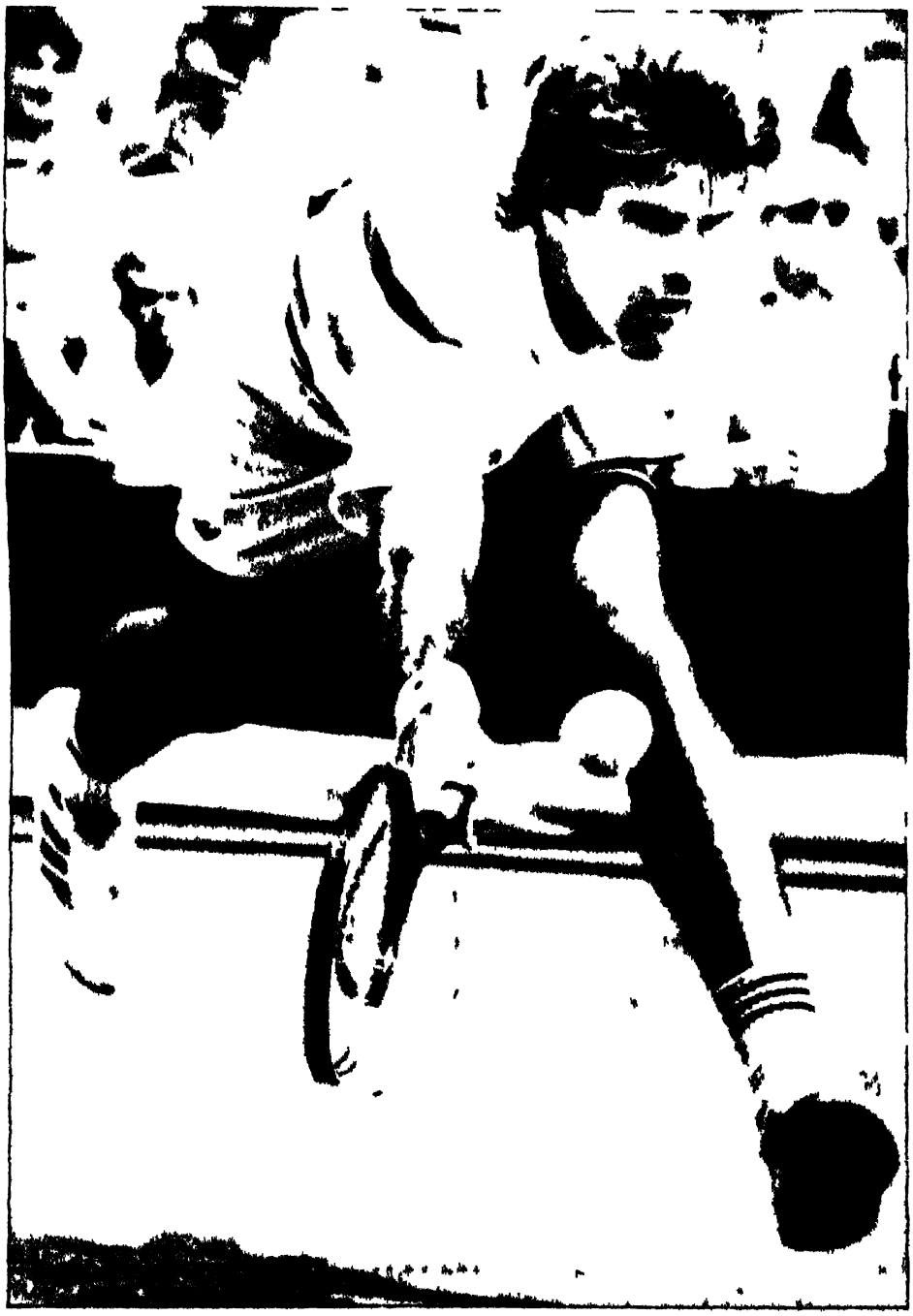
Mayotte called it the greatest moment of his tennis life He had just finished the longest victory dance of his life His teammates were still clinging to him in a mad frenzy Ken Flach the flamboyant doubles player was trying to hug him tighter and tighter as the whole team and officials huddled together around the latest American hero Big Tim had just taken them past the most hazardous Davis Cup tie of the year against a team which has buried Boris Becker's Germany

Mayotte had dreamed about a glorious Davis Cup moment in his career But finally when it did come it was at a time and place he least expected A clay court for a grass court player who had not played a single match on clay during the whole year

The American lost two match points and survived two match points in front of a 15 000 capacity crowd of Mexico City whom many foreign journalists called the most unsporting crowd at a tennis match It was nothing less than a night mare

Mayotte affectionately called the Springfield Rifle for his booming serves served a record 41 double faults in his two matches With his most powerful weapon abandoning him totally he hung in there with sheer grit and will power

In the opening singles of his first Davis Cup tie after serving his way through a 6 2 first set and gallantly fighting the second, he lost his serve and confidence against the nasty Mexican



Mayotte: The greatest moment of his tennis life

crowd rather than lowly ranked Fransico Maciel.

Mayotte had grown up seeing hand waves behind a basketball hoop while the rival player went to the free-throw line at Collegiate games. He had never seen anything quite like that an international tennis event. Every time he served or attempted an over head, thousands of spectators would jump out of their seats to do the handwave. Robert Seguso, the doubles partner of Flach, sat covering both his ears as the crowd tried to bury the American on every point Things got so out of hand that in the reverse singles, the umpire had a point replayed after Mayot te landed an overhead in the net among handwaves and jeering.

For a moment, it looked as if captain Tom Gorman had made an error of judgement by playing Mayotte instead clay court specialist Aaron Krickstein, the 18-year-old with a 3-3 Davis Cup singles record Could he have done any better in the place of injured Jimmy Arias, whom Mayotte was substituting? Hardly anybody who has played against Mexico seemed to think so Afterall, Gorman himself had gone through the horrendous experience of playing a Davis Cup tie at the same venue Krichstein himself had not played since the French Open during which he injured his foot in a five-set loss to Mats Wilander Arias had withdrawn on the eve of the same tournament after spraining his ankle in a practice match.

The high altitude of Mexico and the indoor clay of the Sports Palace were conducive to the game of the other American, Brad Gilbert. It was his first Davis Cup appearance. His opponent, Leonard Lavelle, the blue-eyed boy of Mexican tennis. The teenager was expected to win both his singles against the Americans. Gilbert, a 24-year-old Californian who rose to stardom after knocking John McEnroe to a six-month lay off in the first round of the masters Grand Prix in January, was a picture of confidence in his four-set win In addition to putting the U.S. on par, Gilbert played a major role in reviving Mayotte after a 0-6 third set against Lavelle in the reverse singles. Seguso played at this best in the doubles to make up for an off-form Flach and gave the U S. a precious 2-1 lead Flach made for his mistakes through an incredible cheerleading performance from the stands. He suffered with Mayotte at every point he lost It was an incredible demonstration of team spirit in the American camp in years. In fact, McEnroe, who was approached by Gorman for playing in the tie, was interested in playing doubles. But Gorman declined the offer as it meant replacing Flach and Seguso, who had become the sheet anchor of the team over the past two seasons. McEnroe was rather reluctant to take on the singles due to the lack of match practice.

Mayotte's reverse singles against Lavalle is part of Davis Cup history. Once again his powerful weapon let him down. In spite of five double faults, he won the first set. In the second set, even a usually gentle and calm Mayotte could not handle the noisy fans, with whom he argued. The referee even threatened to disqualify the Mexican team if the abuse continued. Three double faults led to Mayotte's 7-5 loss in the second set. In the third he was wiped out with a blank. He looked as if he wanted to give up and go home.

These boys (Mayotte, Gilbert, 'Seguso, Flach) may not be of the caliber of McEnroe and Connors, but they are a team and that is what Davis Cup is all about

During the 20-minute break, the team came to Mayotte's rescue Gorman, Gilbert and brother John revived the fading giant. Mayotte later recalled, "they told me to back to the basics, return, serve and volley, and put the pressure on and above all to relax on my serve I tried to separate the volley from the serve " Gorman remembered Gilbert's pep talk to Mayotte, "you didn't get where you are without serving and volleying." Not bad coming from a guy who is vieing for a singles spot on the team

Tim Mayotte returned to the clay and the crowd. After his fifteenth double fault he was broken by Lavelle. The American returned the compliment immediately at love In the fifth and decisive set, the Mexican crowd felt that it and Leo had everything under control as Mayotte raised the tally of his double faults to eighteen in the match match and 41 overall. The American fought off two match points in the ninth game and then broke Lavalle at love to tie at 5 5

Gorman asked Mayotte to go for the kill as he prepared for the eleventh game. He seemed to have waited for just that signal He held serve and had triple match point against the stylish Mexican youngster in the thirteenth. But a wide and then a long return from Mayotte and a superb volley from Lavalle made it six games apiece It was a remarkable performance from a charming young man.

Game seventeen· Lavalle trailed 15-40. His racquet string was broken. He was facing a double match point with the new racquet and looked perfectly capable of doing it. The crowd waited in silent expectation. An effortless service returned by Mayotte passed Lavalle and he looked surprised as Mayotte lept in the air for his solo dance. The crowd was stunned for a few more seconds and then a mild applause broke out. It was such an anti climax for a superbly played match

Now Tim Mayotte and Brad Gilbert will lead the Americans to the green grass of Australia. If things go well, John McEnroe will be joining them. McEnroe has already agreed to play provided former South African citizens Kevin Curren and Johan Kriek are not representing the U.S. Both have acquired U.S citizenship in recent months. Their expertise on grass is well known and rumours on their Davis Cup participation have been circulating since Curren knocked out McEnroe and Jimmy Connors in the 1985 Wimbledon Nothing could be more unfair to Mayotte and Gilbert who have waited in the wings for a year and a half

The addition of Mayotte and Gilbert to the U.S. squad makes it a complete team. They have the stature and star quality missing in Krickstein and Arias With Seguso and Flach in the doubles line up, the U S. has a respectable team. They play as a team and act as a team. These boys may not be of the caliber of Mc Enroe and Connors, but they are a team and that is what Davis Cup is all about.

George K. George

6

A little girl who came a long way

Sudeshna Kar Barua profiles Asha Agarwal, India's premier middle distance lady

WHEN you look at the career graph of Asha Agarwal one predominant factor strikes you. Her steady rise from a benched 'extra' in her kho-kho team to India's first lady of marathon running. The little runner has surely come a long way.

Asha Agarwal was no child prodigy. There were no brilliant flashes, no enthralling performances. Success was just a dream. But constant practice and dedication was there all the time.

Not one girl, not one teacher of the Government Girl's Higher Secondary School, Roop Nagar II, ever expected anything from her. She was just a student who "played" kho-kho when one of the regulars fell ill or retired hurt.

Came 1977, '78, '79—it was "experimenting" time for Asha. Kho-kho? No luck. Gymnastics? Good for a year, not more. And then one day, she decided to run. That was it. She began with the shorter distances, running the 800m in school for three consecutive years. The results were encouraging: third, second and then first in 1979.

Asha could perhaps have relaxed with a I've-come-first-so-who-wants-more attitude, but fortunately her vision was broader.

She was unable to get a seat in the Daulat Ram College simply because her performances weren't good enough. Mrs Pathak, the physical instructor of the college was direct, "If you can improve, come to me, I'll help you. Now get into another college work hard and come to us if you still want to."

Asha gleefully accepted the challenge, finished a creditable 9th in the Delhi University Cross-country nd went happily to to Daulat Ram to do her B. Com.



Nidhi Bhattacharya

Thereafter the track 800—1500—3000 metres, the Inter-University Athletic Meet, the Open Nationals, Benaras, Jamshedpur, Asha was everywhere She ran, she won but the athlete in her was not satisfied

It was time for a bit of introspection a little self analysis "800 1500 3000 metres, they get over so fast I can run for miles and miles, what I don't have is the speed required for those short distance races" Asha confided in her brother one night Rajinder Agarwal her friend philosopher and guide listened carefully and thought And decided on the marathon Rajinder did everything for her from waking her up at four in the morning to running for miles with her 'He used to get two rupees everyday and he spent the entire amount on me buying me juice fruits nuts and what not He knew my dilemma and when I was in the doldrums he cheered me up saying Asha practise improve your standard something will come up And it did

The newspapers one morning carried a small announcement It was to change Asha's life Rath the Vanaspati company were sponsoring an Invitation Marathon and women too were being invited Asha immediately decided This is it I'm going to apply If women abroad can run 42 kilometres why can't I? Her parents were horrified Coach S Kapoor looked at her carefully 4 feet 11 inches 40 kilograms—42 kilometres impossible Forget it marathons are not for you he said with an air of finality Don't make a fool of yourself We'll have to carry you back mid way said her parents Asha looked at Rajinder He said go and Asha went

In the 40 kilometre trials her timing was around 3 hrs 7 min One thing was clear no one was going to carry me back smiled Asha Her search was over She found what she was looking for In the finals she clocked 3 hrs 8 min 3 sec Men and women ran together and Asha came twenty ninth It was just the beginning

Asha's lifestyle changed Hours of practice everyday in the Delhi University campus reading books on Marathons training and more training She was getting ready for the international scene

The authorities were taken aback when the diminutive Asha approached them and expressed her desire to fly to Japan They were to be convinced and in '84 she was off to Nagoa She finished 38 3 hrs 5 min 13 sec—Asha had improved



Nikhil Bhattacharya

In Japan Asha became a close friend of another runner Joy Smith a mother of two who taught her one very important thing That mental strength just as essential as being physically fit And Asha maintained that if Joy could run at the age of forty nine she too could at twenty two

Her trip helped her in another way too For this particular journey the expenses were borne by Asha and even as she bought her tickets she decided I am not going to spend my money again I'll reach that level where I'll be wanted I would either be invited or else sent up by my country She kept her word

Thereafter there was a stream of invitations Seoul Singapore Hong Kong Seoul International Marathon the name evokes memories bitter and sweet A fourth position and an unbelievably good timing—Asha was delirious with joy The newspapers next morning unfortunately were not that positive They said that Asha had managed 2 hr 46 min 47 sec for other reasons *route chhota tha is liye main kar saki unhone kahe*

Asha has nt forgtten this for nothing upsets her as much as harsh and unjust criticism To prove them wrong Asha clocked 2 hr 45 min 40 sec in the Singapore International Marathon and came third losing to a Swede by a fraction of a second

8

1985 onwards was a positive period for Asha. She struck gold in Hong Kong with a 2 hr. 44. min. 51 sec. timing. She won another in the Sixth Asian Track and Field Event in Djakarta. This performance qualified her for the World Cup at Hiroshima, yet somehow she missed it. And that's another story.

"I was never Dame fortune's blue-eyd boy. After my consistent good results I expected to be in the Olympics squad. I stayed away from my M. A. finals, but I was not selected. In the trials in Bombay, my timing was more than 3 hours and 20 minutes. Even to this day I wonder. Imagine such a poor performance after all that training and experience, and a 3 hr. 8 min. 3 sec in my first appearance when I was absolutely raw. There was some mistake—the calculation—any way past is past now," said Asha. She preferred to be tactful. She had had one bad experience and so decided to go ahead and do her M. A. She sat for the exams when the call came from Hiroshima. "I wasn't included when I was sure of a place, I was invited when I least expected it and so I had to miss the World Cup—that's life", shrugged Asha.

In Hong Kong this year, Asha clocked her career best (2 hrs. 43 min 27 sec) to win a bronze. "The road had been newly constructed, it was cold," and Asha couldn't beat her two Chinese rivals. "Running bare-foot on a "cold road" is very difficult", explained Asha.

Why does she run without shoes? Only because no one ever told her to run with shoes on. Now it's too late to change. A gold in Trinidad saw Asha in the squad for the Commonwealth Games but that was not to be. So it's the Asian Games that she is concentrating on now.



The recently-concluded Bata National Marathon meet here in Calcutta saw her at the top again. The only one to be selected for the Marathon at Seoul, Asha disappointed her fans in Calcutta. She clocked 2 hours 57 minutes and 1 second to win and it seemed that she ran only to win and qualify. "This was a mere formality and I was only interested in crossing the mark. I did not try too hard for I have to conserve my energy," she said candidly.

Energy and stamina, Asha's strongest weapons, one hopes will see her through. It is hard to believe that this frail looking girl has so much strength. Dr Ashok Ahuja of NIS, Patiala, too was surprised: "She is better than most of her male counterparts, stamina-wise," he remarked.

Asha has stamina. Example I—On 29.9.85, she ran for the gold in Djakarta. On 4.10.85 she began her journey to Delhi "on foot" from Agra. She ran for four days to cover 260 kilometres for the Air Force Anniversary. On 24.10.85 she topped the list in the Delhi Nationals and then a career best in Hong Kong on 26.1.86. Unbelievable, yet true. Example II—her stamina got her the first gold. In Hong Kong Yuko Gordon was just a little ahead of her. They were almost inside the stadium when Asha decided to do a 100 metres sprint leaving Yuko rather confused.

"I am banking on my stamina, says Asha, aware that she will have to be even better for the Asiad. "A 2 hrs, 35 min. timing or else I'll be out and with the Chinese and Japanese around, it will be tough going."

After the Asiad the Hiroshima World Cup and finally the Olympics. Asha has no illusions. Tough, but not impossible.

Back home in Kamala Nagar, her parents Sardari Lal and Sudha and her brothers are keeping their fingers crossed. Asha's medals, her success mean a lot to them. The only member of the family who is worried for reasons of her own is Asha's grandmother. She is scandalised—twenty four and not yet married! She just cannot understand these young people. Are they crazy? Does Asha want to die an old maid? "Die an old maid?" laughed Asha, an old maid with a Asian and Olympic gold in the bag...not a bad idea...not a bad idea at all."

Lying around

THE chief got this brainwave that I should interview India's victorious cricket team for our Victory Special. I did get their words down the tape recorder. But I missed the deadline.

The chief was not amused. The last traces of my compiled material ended in his w p. basket via the 'out' tray However, he was forced to do a 'Mary Rose' job with as much speed, the magazine had some pages going spare and suddenly all inspiration had evaporated That is how Lazybee made it this time round

I started off with Sunil Gavaskar at his World residence He had just come back from his Rest of the World game in England, was busy writing his fortnightly column to be syndicated in 16 Indian newspapers, and his appointments for the next few hours, wife Pammi told me, were "attending a felicitation function at 11 30 am, inaugurating a fashion boutique at 12 15 pm, presiding at the muhurat of Sunil Gavaskar Presents at the auspicious hour of 1 52 pm, lunch with the managing director of Nirlon at 2 30pm and and ".

Meanwhile, Sunil was stuck for words between a comma and a colon, so I pushed my 'recorder' further. He had his statement ready "Well, I have decided to dedicate my 100th Test catch to my friend Ajit Naik who first put me at slip in Dadar Union in 1967 And yes, there are no differences between me and Kapil Dev. We are the best of friends."

"Of course," I said.

I ran into Ravi Shastri as he was waiting for the lift in his office at Annie Beasant Road. "It's nice to be back home to attend to certain commitments." As an unintended aside, Ravi walked into the elevator saying something about the enormous overseas telephone charges he had to pay in England

Since Sandeep Patil also worked at the same address, I followed Ravi in. But Patil wasn't there, the clerk who sat at the table down the line said· Babu leave ke liye apply kiya. After he was dropped for the second Test and went to play club cricket in place of Madan Lal, he has adjusted himself so well that he has made a request that he be allowed to continue Lekin saab hamara naam mut bolna "

"Not to worry," I said and made my move.

Chandrakant Pandit was most upset "After the first one-day international girls rang up to ask whether I was in any way related to Vijayeta After I denied, nobody rang up again "

"Sad," I consoled.

Kiran More was around I thrust the tape machine in front of him "But, sir I shall have to take the Board's permission first to speak to the Press," he said

Roger Binny was both, amused and angry. "They wanted to know who I was playing for."

Srikkanth was more specific "Ayyo," he started. "The day The Hindu carried a photograph of the streaker and me at Lord's, I got a call from my wife in Madras Don't you think the press should be a bit more responsible?"

"Quite right," I agreed.

Azharuddin was at a barber's shop at Narayanaguda where I tracked him down "The best part of the trip was the superb halaal tikka in a corner at Covent Garden," he said as soon as he had rinsed and towelled himself dry.

I took the first available flight to Delhi. Maninder threw a fit. "Sir, I was credited with only nine maidens at Lord's, second innings, whereas I bowled 12. Can you issue a clarification?"

"I'll try," I promised.

Madan Lal was stretching himself in one corner of the Ferozeshah Kotla. "It's great being called to play for the country in the middle of a Test series. But I must be the only Test bowler to be dropped after taking three for 18 in an innings from the following Test!"

Chetan Sharma had a complaint against the British commentators. "Sir, one of them alleged that I 'threw' the ball. I said nothing. Then in the last Test another called me 'Snake' Can I sue him?" Manoj Prabhakar was standing nearby. "I was on the trip too," he said

"Of course, of course," I reminded myself

Kapil Dev was getting ready to have a slog at the nets I approached him "Captain, in a particular section of the press it was reported that you were intending to file a suit for defamation against your co-author Vinay Verma, for the last three chapters which you say were written without your cooperation, whereas Vinay Verma in a telex to an Indian sports magazine stressed that the last three chapters were done together. Could you explain this rather confusing situation with both of you who supposedly wrote the book together, issuing contradictory statements?" Kapil Dev answered in his Anglo-Aussie-Americanised-Haryanavi accent· "No comment."



Lazybee

Witherspoon batters Bruno to an honorable defeat

Frank Bruno was hammered into honorable submission by defending champion Tim Witherspoon, while in quest for the elusive world heavyweight championship. The question that remains is: will he try again?

EIGHT years ago Frank Bruno wrote on his mother's kitchen wall, 'I' m going to be world champion in 1986'.

But Tim Witherspoon's constant attack on July 19, 1986 washed the writing off the wall. It tarnished the image of Bruno as the 'great British hope'. And it denied yet another 'Pom' the chance of emulating Bob Fitzsimmons' world champion status.

It has been a strange time for boxing. Barry McGuigan emerged as an Irish icon only to be humiliated by a plumber in the heat of Texas. The limitations were clear. Marvin Hagler was marvellous and mad as he decimated the gangly Thomas Hearns in three rounds. No match. Larry Holmes, the last of the decent heavyweights, went for Marciano's 49 fight all win record but was stopped by the lighter Michael Spinks. A rematch. And a controversial decision again. Then Bruno, muscles gleaming had Gerri Coetzee, flab and all, flat on the canvas in the second minute. And Witherspoon was on a marijuana warning after defeating Tony Tubbs. As I said, a very strange time for boxing.

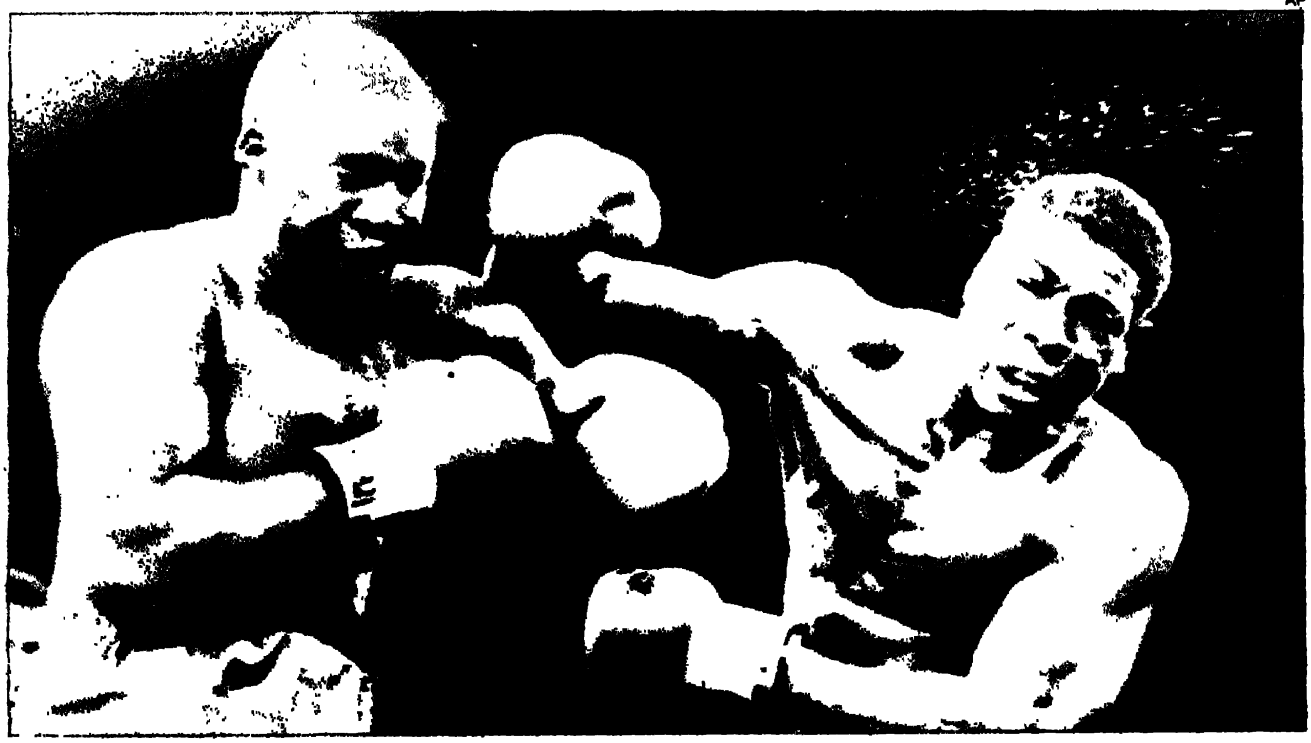
In unwelcome addition, we had three world heavyweight title-holders—the WBA, WBC and IBF champions. The fact that contenders for all three titles were rather limited boxers is, in this context, secondary. So in an effort to untangle the mess, promoter Don King and Home Box Office proposed a tournament between the three associations to decide *the* world champion.

Bruno saw his chance last year to be a contender and obviously went for it. Training with rare discipline, he emerged with a body sculpted from stone. Not always a boxer's ally is such muscalature, and history has many examples-...Witherspoon reinforced it.

Coetzee was Bruno's ticket to Witherspoon and unfortunately it was free. Two minutes, a few savage rights and we knew Bruno could hit. Yet his ability to

The muscular Bruno (right) was predictably outboxed by a more skilful and mature Witherspoon

AP



fight over 15 rounds and absorb punishment was still suspect. Would he last out?

A very relaxed Witherspoon arrived in London-...cool...confident and described by a scribe as a 'jolly fat man'. He sparred for the people, seemed lethargic; had no rhythm and was terribly overweight. Yet he continuously maintained that the muscular Briton would not take a punch.

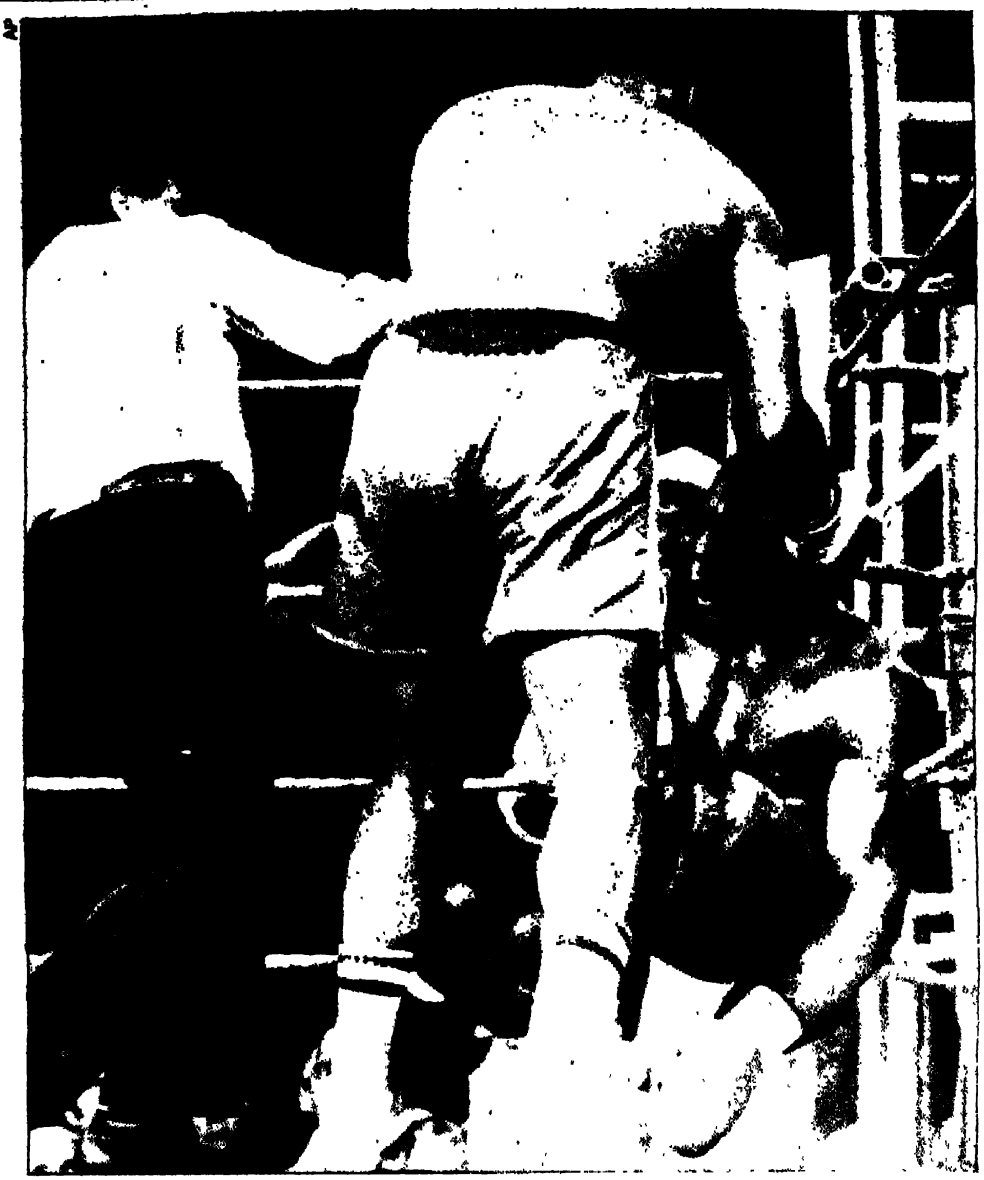
Yet if Witherspoon was comfortable, Bruno certainly wasn't. He remained edgy and locked himself up in nervous seclusion. Whether an effort at concentration or an attempt at innovating new combinations, he went to the extreme of banning a mumbling Muhammad Ali from his camp. He wanted to be alone.

The pre-match opinions were possibly too simplified. One, that Witherspoon's flabby condition reflected his inability to take Bruno seriously. Secondly, that Bruno would be massacred. And an optimistic third opinion, which was based on the simple logic of 'Who hits firsts'.

Yet the fight was not simple. It was an intriguing eleven rounds. Yes, Bruno lost. Yes, his limitations were apparent. But his courage was absolute. Never in 28 bouts has he fought longer. Never has he been up against a fighter of Witherspoon's class. And never has he displayed the quality boxing that he did that night. He used the ring well, parried, clinched and absorbed punishment. He was for ten rounds a different boxer.

The 'who hits first' theory was repulsed. Against general opinion he walked through six and a half rounds of Witherspoon's viciousness, absorbed it and proceeded to close the American's left eye.

But courage is not the only winning essential. Skill and ability are. And in this context, the 'Yank' was always in control.



Bruno is dazed and down, Witherspoon crowds in and the referee says its all over

He was too skilful: lethal in the clinch, forcing Bruno back when the Briton is only schooled in attack. He was too strong: both in the absorbing of Bruno's right and his constant barrage of punches. And he was too fit: taking Bruno confidently beyond the 10th round (which was in a sense no-man's land for Bruno), which signalled imminent destruction.

And he destroyed Bruno. A flurry of shots, a blur of gloves and the towel was thrown in. It was the 11th round. Bruno's contention was over.

A post-match Witherspoon was thoughtful. A bruised face, the quintessential dark glasses, his pre-fight vindication of whupping Bruno was complete. He complimented his opponent's performance, his face bore proof. But the chasm between American boxers and the rest was yet to be crossed. The completeness of Witherspoon in the ring was still superior.

Bruno's pride was damaged. His jaw, the hospital said, thankfully wasn't. His improved performance has earned him a rematch in 18 months. Will he take it? Will he win?

Most opine that Witherspoon exposed his inability to be a world champion. Thus he must retire in unwelcome, possibly honorable, defeat.

Others contend that his surprising performance is a sign of greater ability. Thus he must pursue the title.

And Frank Bruno. He just said, 'I still have my dreams'.

And that in the end is what counts.

Written by Rohit Brijnath
Reported by Michael King

Frost: Friend and Foe

From his jovial mood and witty remark, **Han Jian** realised that he had become a stronger character—and a more formidable adversary

SO far I have fought more badmin ton matches with Morten Frost of Debmark than with Liem Swie King of Indonesia – with five wins and six losses in his favour

My first impression about Frost is that he was a bit shy and had a light gait Before every match, he would pour a glass of water and put it beside the sideline, together with a neatly folded towel He was so quiet and gentle mannered, played with such a beautiful style and had such a slender figure that he looked like a girl, which is rarely seen in European male athletes

We first met in Denmark in 1980 Before that I had heard about him as an excellent shuttler I outplayed him 2-0 After the competition, I told the newsmen that he was not so fierce as I had expected and that he played a game similar to mine in many respect Of course, he had not yet matured He had written an article for a news paper in which he said "To defeat Han Jian, I must wear him down by protracting the game as long as possible " Being unfamiliar with the Chinese players' style, he was hard put to it by our fast, deep jump shots

I have played with many Danish players Most of them are apt to lose their temper when odds are running against them or when the umpire has made a mistake in judgement But Frost is not so irritable

Last year in Holland, Frost and I were seated together watching J P Nierhodd at play Being chagrined at his own poor performance, Nierhoff shouted loudly in the court

"He's somewhat like John McEn roe," I commented

"I used to be like this before," Frost said with a candid smile "I'm better now "

Frost has bagged scores of gold medals in the past few years and few can compare with him in this regard In 1984 alone he collected nearly 20 golds at 25 international competitions.

Strange to say, Frost has been



Han Jian in action

almost ever-victorious in Europe but not so lucky in Southeast Asia. At the World Cup tournaments held in Malaysia in 1981, 1982 and 1983, he even failed to get the fourth place. He was so annoyed that he did not turn up at the 1984 event. Obviously this had something to do with the hot climate which hindered him from giving his level best. But he finally got used to the tropocal climate, so much so that he ascended the throne at the Grand Prix held in December 1984-again in Malaysia. However, he owed the victory—and indeed all his successes—mainly to his indomitable spirit. "I hate to lose. I always try my best to fight it out," he once told me. And I shall never forget how doggedly he fought in the title decider with Liem Swie King at the 1984 All-England Championships. Trailing in the third game, Frost saved many seemingly irretrievable shots and made two dives in the last rally, which is not easy for a tall player like Frost and calls for unusual willpower. I think it is this spirit that makes a game so thrilling and keeps a player going forward.

Luck seemed to have desertedhim last year. To start with, he was defeated by Yang Yang 2-0 to place second at the Hong Kong Open in January. Then he was squeezed out of the quarter-finals by L. Pongoh of Indonesia at the Taipei Open, and knocked out by Zhao Jianhua of China in the semi-finals of the Japan Open. Disappointed, he went back to his hotel immediately after the match with Zhao and left for home.

he met Zhao again at the All-England Championships. In the third game, he took seven points in a row to level the score at 13-all. Still he lost the match and the hope for coronation for the third time at his most prestigious event. Steady as he was when in trouble, he could no longer control himself and shouted angrily, with tears in his eyes. When a journalist mentioned this in an interview, Frost snapped, "Don't forget I am a human being. Why shouldn't I give vent to my feelings in one way or another?"

In April that year, Frost came to China for his second visit. "Hello!" he greeted me warm-heartedly. "Here we're meeting in Beijing again!"

"This time it's your turn to beat us," I said.

It turned out that except for the final match which he lost to me 2-0, Frost achieved a grandslam in China—a sweet revenge on the losing streak he had suffered during his first tour.



Colorsport

Morten Frost—more formidable than ever to deal with in future contests

Last June I met Frost in Canada as soon as I arrived at the hotel in Calgary, where the Fourth World Championships were to take place. To adapt himself to the high-altitude climate, he had arrived ahead of us. I asked about his plan after the Calgary event.

"The Thailand Open," he said.

Upon hearing that I would also take part in this tournament, he said jokingly to my coach Hou Jiachang: "Would you pair Han with me for the men's doubles in Bangkok? I have you 24 hours to consider it!"

At the Championships, Seed No. 1 Zhao Jianhua was sidelined by illness. Some newspapers predicted that Frost, Seed NO. 2, would have a walkaway. But he was not so optimistic himself, saying that there were still many other hard nuts for him to crack.

He beat Seed No. 4, Yang Yang, but lost to me, Seed No. 3. This seemed to be the heaviest blow that had ever been dealt to him, When the bird netted on his side to end the battle, he stood awhile in the court, as if stupefied. He even forgot to shake hands with me and left the competition area in company with his wife—this time without uttering a shout. He said to a reporter, "I am very glad that Han Jian got the gold medal. I believe only Han Jian, Zhao Jianhua, Yang Yang and I can make a bid for the title at such a high level competition. Han Jian has never played so well as he did today."

When we mounted the victors' podium, Frost looked very happy when I extended my hand to him. "Xiexie!" he said the Chinese word for "thanks" and asked me whether his pronunciation was correct. At a dinner party that evening given by the local government, we stood side by side once more as gold and silver medallists when we received prizes from the hosts. I suggested that he dance with Wu Jianqiu after the dinner.

"Why?" he asked in surprise.

"Because both of you are dressed in the same colour."

"Then you should dance with Han Aiping, because both of you are gold medallists. Gold with gold and silver with silver."

From this witty remark I found that Frost was in a jovial mood—he had not been crushed by the defeat he had suffered in the finals. I was very happy that my Danish friend had become a stronger character. At the same time, I saw before me an adversary more formidable than ever to deal with in future contests.

Courtsy China Sports

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IS GAVASKAR RETIRING?

After a couple of articles in the Press, almost every conversation at the coffee house veers to this question these days

UNROLLING our calendars over a few years the first time this subject surfaced was in late 1981 Gavaskar was preparing for a day out at Eden Gardens the fifth chasing a total Some vernacular rag had whipped up similar speculation *Sunil Ki Kolkata teri phurey aashbey* (will Gavaskar come back to Calcutta again?) or some words to that effect and everyone had started humming about it

We had run into each other in the elevator at the Oberoi Grand I wished him well for the coming days ordeal Thanks he said 'May just be the last time

The next time something of the sort emerged was after we had won the World Cup A Bombay newspaper got hold of an astrologer from Ahmedabad to take a look into Gavaskar's future This seer explained that the tour of England by Gavaskar in 1986 would be his last He also happened to add by way of postscript that the Bombay batsman would achieve what had always eluded him—a century at Lord's

West Indies beat India at Calcutta within four days in the winter of 1983 The Indian side was subjected to much ridicule The players were pelted with stones and in certain cases the wives of the leading players abused Much of the invective had been directed towards Gavaskar dismissed first ball of the match and in rather inglorious circumstances in the second The next time he played in Calcutta he was strongly booed for a late declaration Gavaskar issued a press statement at that time that he was never going to play in Calcutta again Keeping one eye on that particular remark and the other on India's playing programme over the following couple of years one could at least arrive at a predictable retirement date

The next time that Gavaskar had the Press on the wrong trail was at the conclusion of the third Test against Australia in early 1986 *Aajkaal* in Calcutta—Gavaskar was considered in house since he edited a cricket monthly for them—appeared to have scooped it when it reported on its front page that Gavaskar had announced his retirement

For one thing it appeared to have been premeditated our first reaction was that Gavaskar had set up this entire story in collusion with *Aajkaal* That way Gavaskar would take the whole of India by surprise And *Aajkaal* who did not have one of their staffers reporting the series in Australia the scoop of the decade It could very well have been choreographed

It wasn't When our representative in Australia was alerted of this news item he rang Gavaskar up to cross check There was a laugh at the other end It was news to Gavaskar himself

However the news item that appeared the other day in the *Afternoon Despatch and Courier* deserves to be taken a little more seriously The writer Sharad Kotnis generally assumed to be fairly close to Gavaskar could be tapping on sources beyond the grapevine Perhaps Gavaskar himself

Will the third Test against Australia be his last?



Micro Eye

Going by Kotnis 'dope' Gavaskar is likely to retire at the end of the third Test against Australia this October The very fact that the match will be played at Wankhede Stadium could be an indication that there could be a reasonable degree of truth in it

There are a couple of other factors going for the report Kotnis has ghosted Gavaskar's *Idols* To his credit he also has two previous scoops on Gavaskar his stepping down from the captaincy and his refusing to open the innings for India There is an outside chance that this piece may be Kotnis third

The speculation has gained currency with the added bit that Gavaskar might be offered the role of a commentator by Channel Nine in Australia Considering the high standard of living in Australia the assignment would not only be remunerative but within Gavaskar's sphere of involvement A certain writer has made a point that whereas Kapil Dev would be quizzed on the aspects relating to the day's play last winter in Australia Gavaskar would often be invited to the box when no play was in progress with the intention of filling viewing time On one particular occasion he was asked about the state of the wicket Gavaskar replied that he hadn't been in the middle long enough to see it!

So that's the gist of it Will he? Won't he? Somehow I have a hunch that he'd rather see the World Cup come to his country and then take the bow I am willing to stake Rs 100 on my intuition Is there anybody prepared to risk his?

Madan Pathaye





Heroes of yesterday... Hopeful for tomorrow...





IT feels good Adulation usually does And you know your today's hero

In the beginning it was hard But you're young And ready The adrenalin flows, your body absorbs punishment, your mind is a confusion of unrealised dreams You struggle and that's usual and recognition although slow is forthcoming Not always, you despair, in conjunction with your ability But who said life is fair huh?

It becomes an obsession Coaching manuals demonstration films four hours on a late cut in the desolation of a sunny morning, churning 150 lengths in the loneliness of a swimming pool, curling free kicks with breathless intensity into an empty goal

Mentally too it's difficult Looking for an illusionary killer instinct, repeated failure, consistent self discipline The search for perfection has begun

And then glory comes along State meets, national championships, international challenge and the adulation increases correspondingly You revel in victory in medals in flowers autographs in perfection You're today's hero

But glory breeds sometimes greater commitment and reinforcement of goals' but often ego, laxity, narcotics and complacency Yet these are all controllable factors Age and vibrant new talent are not

And so the inexorable slide into semi-oblivion is initiated What's it feel like being a 24-year-old has-been? Or a 13-century, 37-year-old cricketer facing life with an attitude of where-have-all-the-flowers-gone? It's an effort being a spectator now It's an effort being yesterday's hero

And so you must re-evaluate What are your options? Coach, commentator, family business or another beginning

So you choose another beginning It's hard The body is not necessarily young Neither are you totally ready But the adrenalin flows the body in question is back on the track The achievement motive keeps the mind in tandem The zest has returned The search for perfection has begun again

You're tired of being yesterdays hero You wanna be tomorrow's hopeful

Rohit Brijnath

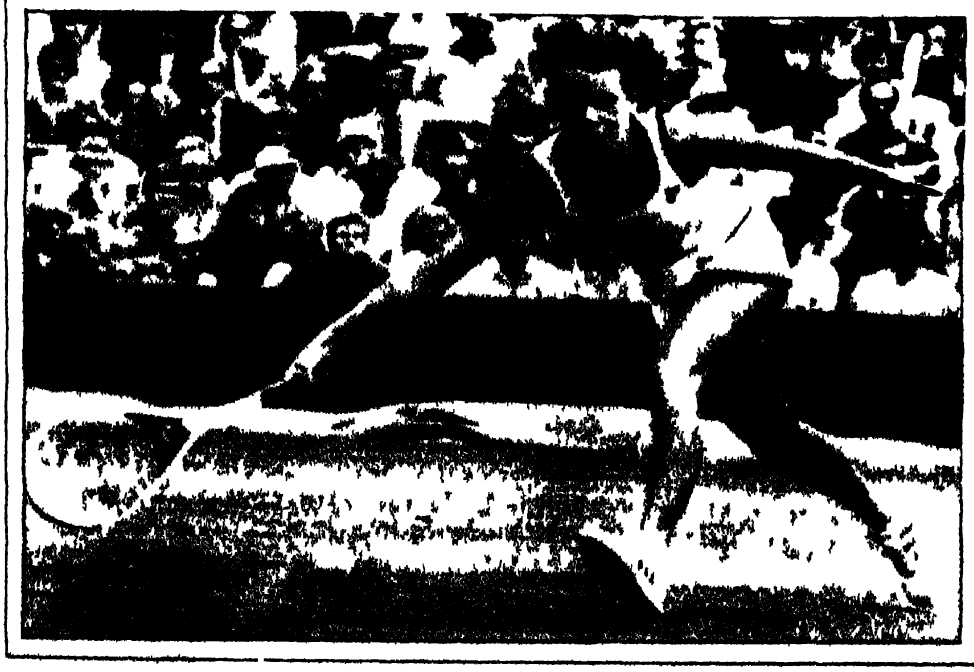
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THE SECOND COMING

The sportsman had retired. He was part of history. Suddenly he changed his mind. And returned. And changed history as well!

MOHAMMED ALI
After winning the world heavyweight title in 1964 he was stripped of his title in April 1967 for refusing to be inducted in the US Army He came back three years later but after a few wins lost to Joe Frazier in 1971 in a bid for the title Undeterred, he eventually won the title in 1974 when he knocked out George Foreman Four years later he relinquished his title this time in a 15-round defeat at the hands of Leon Spinks But Ali initiated another comeback recovering the title from Spinks a few months later He attempted another comeback a few years later but Larry Holmes beat him





EVONNE CAWLEY
This Australian aborigine won the women's Wimbledon title for the first time in 1971 Finalist a year later, she lost in the semi-finals in 1973, crashed out of the quarter-finals in 1974, lost the 1975 final and repeated the effort again in 1976 with little success In the meantime, she had got married and made a virtual exit from competitive tennis It was nine years after her first Wimbledon triumph, the birth of a daughter and assorted injuries, she became the first mother to win Wimbledon after the first World War, when she made a comeback in 1980





S.MATTHEWS

Undoubtedly one of the most skilful and entertaining soccer wingers the world has ever seen Capped initially in 1934 for England, he was to play 54 times for his country In 1950-51 he was dropped from the side and it looked all over But three years later, at the age of 38 he was recalled to the national team and played another 20 internationals after that If nothing, a glorious comeback

COLIN COWDREY

Colin Cowdrey first played against Australia in 1954 55 under Len Hutton He went on to play more than a hundred Tests and after a solitary appearance against Pakistan in 1971 it seemed that his Test career had ended He was nearing the end of his playing days but at the age of 42 he was suddenly drafted out to Australia for the sixth time in his career to face Lillee and Thomson



RAY ILLINGWORTH

After having played his last Test in 1973, Ray Illingworth continued his association with the game in the role of a manager of Yorkshire In 1982, then in his fiftieth year, he assumed the captaincy. Personally, the summer was no great success for him However, *Wisden* pronounced that 'it could be argued that Illingworth had held things reasonably together well in difficult circumstances "





BRIAN CLOSE

Perhaps the only cricketer to play Tests in four separate decades Close first represented England against New Zealand in 1949 and played his last Test against Clive Lloyd's West Indians in 1976 Known for exceptional courage in facing fast bowlers, England recalled him to withstand Holding, Roberts and Daniel in 1976, nine years after his previous game for the country



BOBBY SIMPSON

Simpson represents cricket's classic comeback example For all practical purposes, he had retired from Test cricket by 1967-68 After Kerry Packer had siphoned off the best talent in Australia to the WSC circus in 1977-78, Simpson was SOSd back into the national side for the series against India His sequence of scores justified yet another series as captain 7, 89 176, 39 run out, 2, 4, 38, 33, 100 and 51 His tour of the West Indies contained a significant innings of 67 in the third Test

'I'm still the best'

At 28 Adille Jehangir Sumariwalla realises that the forthcoming Seoul Asian Games are his last chance to bag the tag of the fastest man in Asia. To his pragmatic way of thinking the bespectacled Sumariwalla is aware that the standard at the last Olympic Games is far higher and therefore seemingly out of reach but the corresponding performances for the hundred metres sprint at the Asiad Games are achievable.

It is with this knowledge that Sumariwalla arranges his entire training schedule in such a manner so as to peak during the Asian Games. Sumariwalla who has just returned to Bombay after a six week stint in London with Richard Simmons national coach of the British Amateur Athletics Board for sprints and jumps, reveal that I am preparing a solid base which will hopefully get me good results in the coming month.

Elaborating on the benefit he derived from his training with Simmons which was arranged by the Amateur Athletics Federation of India, Adille felt basically the emphasis was on technique. To harness the existing potential of the athlete for maximum efficiency to achieve the best results rather than suggest a change in technique was the main theme of the camp.

Through a series of jumping, hopping and bounding exercises the back extension of the legs were improved for greater mechanical efficiency thereby suggesting that technically perfect running was more essential than simply faster running, explains Sumariwalla. Like for example I have a high hand action while sprinting. Simmons therefore suggested that I should drop my shoulders and that I should run with my arms and not with my hands.

The other significant lesson that Sumariwalla who has won the Inter State title seven times and the Open title four times learnt in London was speed endurance. Being an asthmatic patient my finishing bursts are not quite as good as my starts and so Simmons recommended that I do my practice runs with little rest in between, explained Sumariwalla.

But while in London the bespectacled 169 cm tall Sumariwalla has suffered an injury. He has chipped the ankle bone of his right leg which raises a big question mark against his performance. And though the Bombay man hopes the injury will heal quickly the lurking fear that it may rob him of a possible medal at Seoul persists. Coincidentally enough a few days before the 1982 Asian Games at Delhi an injury had prevented Sumariwalla from giving his best.

Be that as it may with the Indian Open at Delhi in mid August which shall serve as the qualifying event for the Asian Games, Sumariwalla is brimming with confidence. I know I am the best in the country and if I am physically fit no one can stop me.

With five weeks separating the Indian Open and the Asian Games, Sumariwalla feels there is enough time for him to peak at each event. According to Adille the main competition at Seoul will come not from Malaysia who had bagged the gold medal at Delhi but from China and host country South Korea.

Sumariwalla pooh poohs the idea that his recent marriage will affect his track record. He argues Allan Wells of Scotland who won the gold in hundred metres and the silver in the 200 metres at the 1980 Moscow Olympics was coached by none other than his wife who also a printer. Italy's Pietro Mennea achieved the world record in the 200 metres with a timing of 19.72 seconds after he was married. Marital status has nothing to do with actual performance. As for me all I can say is that my best is still to come.

Haresh Munwani, Bombay

Nikh Bhattacharya

Sumariwalla could not do his best at the Delhi Asiad



A man with an ultimatum

SUBHASH Agarwal is a man with an ultimatum. He has given himself one more year to collect his dues from a game to which he has devoted the last 17 years of his life. The game of the green baize.

Soft-spoken and almost apologetic for his lack of familiarity with the English language, Agarwal epitomises the previous generation of snooker and billiard players that ruled supreme. Now, the new emerging force is an altogether different matter. Geared for success, these hotshots are as slick as the suits and bowties they don for their matches.

Starting his career in 1968-69 in Bombay, Agarwal has made his presence felt at the national level for quite a few years. Playing his first Billiards National at Calcutta in 1978, where he finished a worthy runner-up, he has gone from strength to strength and eventually won the championship in the January of '84. Played in 1984, it was the 1983 nationals.

Basically a billiards player, Agarwal has more or less shifted to snooker while still keeping in touch with the former. This was proved when he notched up a double last year at the BCA tournament at Bombay.

And now, with the Taj All India Invitation Snooker Tournament at full swing at Delhi, Agarwal is in the process of proving that he is not a spent force as yet. Proving it to the entire snooker and billiards fraternity. And also, more importantly, to himself.



Ashok Vahie

Agarwal: Giving himself time

Agarwal personally has accepted his decline in the national standings quite gracefully. The first person to admit that he is certainly not putting enough hours on the table, he has made up his mind however to try and get in the necessary five to six hours that are required for him to make a dent on the stronghold of Geet Sethi and Michael Ferreira. Although the people who follow his game closely feel that he is playing his best right now, with maturity moulding his game, Agarwal himself feels that he played his best snooker and billiards in the '78-80 span.

Full of praise for the present crop of youngsters who have taken to the game, Agarwal also has a word of caution that comes from his years on the scene. While accepting that there is a tremendous bank of talent in the country he is also sceptical of the amount of this talent that will be able to make it when the going gets tough. With a severe lack of facilities tripping up our raw talent, the snooker and billiards players are struggling under the almost step-motherly attitude meted out by the governing bodies.

Agarwal himself is very grateful to the Western Railways for doing their best for him but he is sure that much more could have been done if the Railway Board had been genuinely interested in the case. But he is not a man to hold grudges and believes in getting on with the game. Agarwal is of the firm opinion that, given a better deal, our country is unstoppable in the forseeable future.

Reluctant to talk about himself, Agarwal preferred to talk more about snooker and billiards and general. But eventually he condescended to open up and expose the true side of Subhash Agarwal. Certainly disgruntled with not having got back from the game as much as he has put into it, Agarwal has also started losing the exuberance of youth that lets you plug on regardless.

Now it is time for a final effort. Having struck form on the snooker table of late, he is gearing himself for a final bash at the World Amateur Snooker Championship that will be held in India next year. And if the results are not there by 1987, Subhash Agarwal will, as gracefully as ever, accede to his self-imposed ultimatum.

Pradeep Paul, New Delhi

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Against all odds

HE enjoyed an enviable record in the game. Winner of the men's title in the National Table Tennis Championship for three years from 1979 to 1981, a feat that had last been performed by Gautam Divan almost 20 years before, he had the best record by an Indian, among his contemporaries, on the International circuit. He led India to notable triumphs; an unprecedented fourth place in the Asian Championships at Calcutta in 1980 and bringing India back to category one in the 1983 World Championships. He was also the proud recipient of the Arjuna Award in 1984. An only child of parents who gave him all encouragement, he had a good job, befitting a top ranking student, as an officer in the State Bank of India, who also gave him plenty of opportunities to play all over the country and abroad. Frank and fearless, he was an active spokesman for players' rights.

Yes, life was pleasant and full for Venugopalan Chandrasekhar in September 1984. Even though he seemed to be slipping—finalist in the 1982 nationals, a semi finalist the next year—no one on the Indian circuit could take things for granted against Chandra. He was still good enough to win major tournaments and could continue to command a regular place in Indian teams. Indeed, in a very competitive field, with a lot of talented youngsters making their mark every year, it spoke highly of Chandra's skill and fitness that even at 27, Chandra was still given a lot of respect by the other top players.

Then disaster struck, suddenly and in the most unexpected manner. Chandra went into a Madras hospital for a routine knee operation, the kind of which any active sportsman may have to undergo during his career. But something went wrong with the operation, so terribly awry, that for some time Chandra hovered between life and death. With great difficulty was his life saved. But the damage seemed irreparable and by the end of the year when he came home after an agonising two months in the hospital, Chandra was virtually a vegetable, despite the fact that medicines were flown urgently from abroad just for his sake.

In spite of receiving the best treatment possible, Chandra did not register improvement in the early months of 1985. On the contrary, his condition worsened. His vision was badly affected, his speech was slurred and there was little coordination among his limbs. The result was that Chandra could not even get around doing the simple daily chores. He had to be assisted while walking and his head appeared to hang on his shoulders. Chandra had been reduced to an invalid—maybe for life.

But then the one quality that always characterised Chandra's game was his never-say die attitude. A fighter to the core, Chandra now displayed these qualities to fight a bigger battle. He went through many painful forms of treatment and endured days, weeks

Scrop News Agency



First priority: a normal human being



George Francis

Chandra: Never willing to give up

and months of physical and mental anguish In the midst of all this he put in some practice Even as one admired his spirit it was pity to see him muff simple shots even miss the ball or misjudge its bounce totally

But fortune favours the brave While taking treatment at the Institute of Naturopathy and Yogic Sciences near Bangalore, Chandra met an associate of Dr Paul Cutler, a leading doctor in Toronto Chandra started corresponding with Dr Cutler who, after studying his case history told him that he could improve after lengthy doses of the treatment For this he would have to come to Canada and the total treatment would gross Rs 6 5 lakhs

The funds trickled in following appeals in the media Last month after treatment at Dr Cutler's clinic and a follow-up in the Rusk Institute in New York and another hospital in Chicago Chandra returned an improved person Chandra will fly again to Toronto for a further round of treatment in January next year Dr Cutler had assured him that he would normalise "As you were before the September 1984 operation

By that time Chandra will be almost 30 a veteran by table tennis standards Moreover it will be almost three years since he last played at a competitive level Chandra by nature is neither a pessimist nor an optimist he is a realist a person who examines the record and faces the facts and then bases his judgement on them "My first priority was to become a normal human being he told *Sportsworld* last month That has virtually come through Once that is completely over I can concentrate on coming back to the game a goal that has always been with me I know it will be very difficult Three years is a long time especially in a fast game like table tennis where the reflexes have to be very fast It will need a lot of hard work and perseverence '

'There are a couple of important factors that are reassuring The first is I am very happy with the way I have shown progress after the treatment Before I left India, I said in a TV interview in response to a query that it would be almost impossible to return in a big way to the game I feel so encouraged now that I would say it will only be very difficult not impossible The second factor is rather negative In the two years since I had to abruptly leave the scene no new players have really come up The juniors have not lived up to their promise Still it is Kamlesh Mehta, Sujay Ghorpade, Manmeet Singh and S Sriram who are on top these were the same players around two years ago All I have to do is to beat one of them and that would bring me back to the Indian team I am not saying it will be easy but it is certainly possible I suppose it would all depend upon the amount of hard work I put in "

One thing is sure If Chandra is able to recover to even a percentage of what he was during his prime it will be one of the greatest examples of a comeback in the history of Indian sport The odds are certainly against him But then the odds were against him getting back to being a normal human being in the first place

Partab Ramchand, Madras

The neglect of Naeem

CURRENT national hockey coach Harmeek Singh has frequently reflected that a dependable goalscorer is the need of the hour for the Indian hockey team In fact he has gone on record saying that one player like Dhyan Chand Balbir singh or Hasan Sardar would make all the difference between gloom and glory Considering these sentiments any reasonable goalscorer should be welcomed as an oasis in a parched desert Yet such is not the case

The pint sized but wiry Mohammed Naeem a mercurial centre forward with the goal scoring knack is being surprisingly cold shouldered Till he was the centre forward for the Indian junior team which he last represented at the Asia Oceania qualifying zone at Kuala Lumpur in September 1984 Naeem was being lauded as the furture goal scoring hope for Indian hockey Yet he has not bridged the gulf between junior and senior hockey at the international level in that he has not quite clinched his place in the national team forward line

What is even more shattering for this Senior Welfare Officer of the North-Eastern Railway is that he has lost the confidence of the Indian hockey selectors 1986 has been a dismal year for the diminutive centre forward, a product of the Sports College, Lucknow He was omitted from the Indian team which went for the four-nation tournaments at Dubai and Kuwait and did not figure in the India Pakistan Test series, or the Champion trophy on the test series against Japan and Malaysia

Why this sudden reversal of fortunes for young Naeem? Has he suddenly lost form or the instinctive goal scoring knack, or does he not fit into the four-forward system the national team now adopts, or is it a lack of ambition or physical defect? The factors mentioned are just theories being floated about Naeem and there is perhaps more to it than what meets the eye, as regards his omission from the national team

The bias against Naeem, which has now assumed the form of a campaign, was allegedly started by former national coach Balkrishan Singh, prior to the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics At the Delhi coaching camp, Balkrishan Singh was frequently queried as to the strange omission of Naeem from the team especially when a goalscorer was urgently required and Naeem was in good form His standard reply then was that Naeem's physique (frail, short but lithe and wiry) did not suit the exacting demands of astro turf

He also expressed the opinion that, Naeem would be ineffective against the hard tackling European and Australian defenders who have a long reach and so could easily quell his thrusts These ideas coming from an experienced coach like Balkrishan



Pint-sized but wiry with a goal-scoring knack

Micro Eye



Naeem (second from right) with the Indian junior team

Singh established the prejudice against Naeem.

Critics in favour of Naeem's inclusion, argued that in domestic and junior international matches he was a prolific scorer. Also, during his stint at the Meerut nationals (1983) and Delhi nationals (1984) and junior internationals there had never been any complaints of Naeem being bogged down or bottled up by tall and tough defenders.

It would be really a quirk of imagination to say that in the domestic circuit and junior internationals, Naeem did not come across strong defenders. In fact, the discerning critics maintain that with his quicksilver and fluid movements he was a constant source of worry to any defence, whatever their stature or status. This theory of Naeem's inability to withstand tough tackling, seems to be an over-reaction to say the least.

Till July 1984, Naeem was a member of Indian Airlines. He was their top-scorer when they annexed the national championship in 1984 at the National Stadium in Delhi.

Unfortunately for Naeem, even though he changed his job joining the Railways in 1984 (favourable home posting being the reason) he could not live down the prejudice against him. When MAM Ramaswamy became president of IHF, there was a change of national coaches and Harmeek Singh became chief coach. There was however no reversal of fortune for Naeem.

An incident at the National stadium, in October 1985, during training prior to the four nations tournament in London further exacerbated the situation. Whilst the probables were playing a practice match on astro-turf at the National stadium, Naeem received a fierce hit on his ankle (not intentionally of course). He limped off in agonising pain but there was nobody to attend to him on the sidelines. No doctor was available. An attendant went in quest of ice. There was no ice available at National stadium. A certain amount of ice was finally obtained from nearby Pandara Road market. Over twenty minutes had expired by then and Naeem's ankle was swelling up.

At half time of the practice match players tied bandages around Naeem's ankle but coach Harmeek Singh did not take the injury seriously. Upset by this injury Naeem kept moaning, "my luck is bad. Something always happens to me at senior national coaching camps, either the coach mistrusts me or I get injured. I want to go home and rest."

Not realising the imprecations of his candour, Naeem became a victim of this outburst which was unfortunately overheard by Harmeek Singh and other coaches. He was selected in a depleted team to tour London, even though he could barely run properly. The impression was that he was just grumbling and was not seriously hurt, as his outburst was misunderstood. At the four nations London tournament to which India sent a last minute entry. Naeem played for a barely ten minutes in a match before limping off, injured. After the tour reports against him were adverse and his future in the Indian team is now in jeopardy.

Navy Kapadia, New Delhi

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Stumped, but not dismissed



It was under the glare of night lighting in Australia that Sadanand Viswanath staked his claim to fame. Those were moments of a lifetime. Less then a year later he was dropped from the Indian team. Now, with the emergence of many a rival, he is in danger of being forgotten. But he is determined to come back, he tells Andy O'Brien

IT was chaotic outside the customs area of Bombay's Sahar International Airport. People had been gathering round the glass walls of the arrival lounge for hours. Even the Press had been kept waiting.

In ordinary circumstances the wait would have irritated the members of the Fourth Estate. But not on this day. It was past one o'clock in the morning but no one grumbled. The Indian cricket team was coming home after an incredible victory in the 1985 World Championship of Cricket in Australia.

As the heroes walked out of the Customs enclosure they were garlanded and surrounded by the few privileged children allowed inside the arrival area. Emerging finally, they were hit by the dazzling lights of the TV crews. It must have been the moment of a lifetime for many of them; especially the younger ones in the side. Savouring the experience was the wicketkeeper,



Amiya Taraldar

'Man it was heady stuff. It was real freaky'



Sadanand Viswanath He had grabbed with both hands the first opportunity to play for his country on foreign soil

As Gavaskar was to write later, "If our fielding in the World Championship of Cricket was top class, it was due in no small mea sure to Sadanand's constant urging, his amazing energy and the ability to convey that to the rest of the team "

I recall what the exuberant young man told me when I walked up to him at Sahar and asked him for his comments on the Indian victory "Man, it was heady stuff It was real freaky " It was a typically Viswanath way of getting the message across He was on cloud nine and he had no qualms about showing it He certainly didn't have any inhibitions when he rode on top of Ravi Shastri s Audi during the victory lap at the MCG

Those were moments of a lifetime for the 23 year old Karnataka lad Less than a year later there was a traumatic experience and I had the dubious distinction of being present once again It was at Nagpur during the Irani Trophy game in the last week of October On the last day of the game when the Indian team to Sharjah and for the series against Australia was announced there were quite a few surprises But what shocked even the coolest customer was the omission of Viswanath He had toppled suddenly from the pedestal Kiran More with a very mediocre record till then was to take his place

Later that evening on the flight to Calutta Viswanath told me I'm disappointed but not sour I've taken a lot of hard times in my life So this isn't very much ' I was tempted to continue the questioning but the situation did not warrant it He was obvious-



MCG under lights: A scene Viswanath will long remember

Patrick Eagar

ly more upset than he made out to be.

IN Bangalore to cover the national hockey championships, early this year, I thought it might be a good idea to find out what Viswanath was doing. Perhaps, it would make a good story especially if I could continue where the conversation had died during the Boeing 737 flight from Nagpur to Calcutta. The more I thought about the idea, the more interesting it seemed, till I could resist it no longer. I had to meet him. So, relegating hockey to the back of my mind I set off to find Viswanath. It turned out to be a sort of expedition. In short, it took me four days, numerous auto rides and several telephone calls to locate the man who lived life kingsize.

I finally tracked the man down on the day India—ironically—played their last preliminary game against Australia in the World Series Cup. The former India 'keeper was at a friend's place. I dialled the number and asked, "Could I speak to Vishy please?"

"Yes, speaking," came the reply from the other end. "Hi, this is Andy O'Brien," I said, adding "Sportsworld", to refresh his memory.

The reaction was typically, characteristically Viswanath.

It was as if he had traced a long-lost friend. "Hey, what are you doing? Come on over and watch the match with me. I've got some good Bengali-style fish for lunch. You'll enjoy it."

I couldn't make it for the fish lunch since I had an appointment with a British hockey umpire. When I got that out of the way I began the hunt for Vishy's friend's house accompanied by a friend of mine who claimed to know the city. We eventually traced the place while India were cruising to victory against the Aussies. Vishy rejoiced at every shot the Indian batsmen hit. His arms were flying around in much the same way they do when he appeals behind the stumps. It was a little strange, though. Here I was, watching India play, while sitting alongside a man who shared the limelight with the players less than a year ago.

What did it feel like to watch a game he could have been playing? The answer was disarmingly frank. "Although I do feel hurt and sad because I'm not there, it's great to see them. Those are my friends playing out there. It's great to see them doing so well. Besides, I don't have grudges against anybody."

After the game was over, he gave me a lift back to my hotel on his sleek Yamaha 350 (I promised not to ride on his pillion again) and the formal interview was fixed for the following day. Saturday morning was snooker morning for him, so the interview had to be in the afternoon. But when morning came my phone rang. It was Vishy asking me to join him for snooker. As one of the highest handicapped players in my club, I wasn't too enthusiastic to go onto the baize. Fortunately for me, his snooker was not a patch on his wicket keeping, so I mustered the courage to accept a bet on a frame. I lost the bet — a lunch — on a black decided in (Luck didn't favour me though my opponent might not agree).

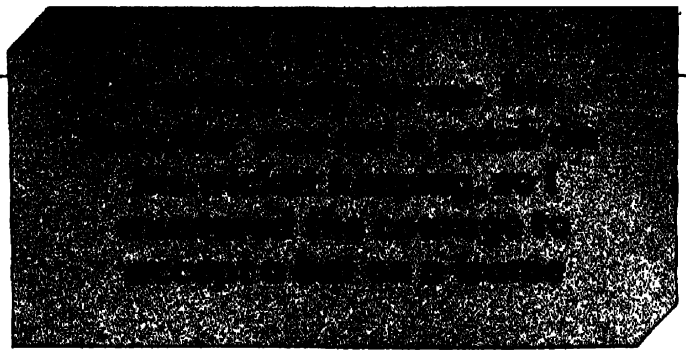
Of course, the match took so long that photographer Devi Prasad Sinha had a one hour wait in the Viswanath house where we were supposed to meet. Vishy, his three brothers and two sisters (one of whom is married) live in a cosy, well kept bungalow in Bangalore's posh Indiranagar colony.

The Yamaha 350 is a prized possession

DP Sinha

The drawing room showcase is monopolised by the cricketer's many souvenirs. In fact, so is most of the house. I got down to the interview after Sinha had completed his session, during which Viswanath, many a time, tried telling the photographer what to do. So enthusiastic is the man.

He even brought out his old photo album in which I saw a prize photograph. Taken at a junior coaching camp was a group shot which included Vishy, Ravi Shastri and an even more wiry Sivaramakrishnan.



Patrick Eagar





Some of Shastri's female fans wouldn't like to see that particular shot. But even there, Vishy was the enthusiastic, wide-eyed boy.

HE showed me the report card he got at the end of his first year in the nursery. In the column alongside "Can recognise numbers from one to ten" there was a bold "NO" written. Alongside, "Can count from one to ten," another bold "NO". So too alongside "Can recognise and read from A to Z." At the bottom of the report card was an equally decisive 'Promotion Not Granted'. But Vishy had no inhibitions about showing it to us.

"See, that's what cricket has done for me," he concluded with a smile. Then he told me an unusual story, of how he had bunked school to watch a Test match. There was this person sitting in front of him, who kept shifting about, making it difficult for the young Vishy to see. When the schoolboy told the old gentleman to stay still because he could not see, the only reply was "If you want to get such a good view, why don't you become an umpire?"

Recalls Vishy, "Then I told myself — not an umpire, it would be better if I became a player." It would be difficult to comprehend how such a seemingly minor incident could motivate a man to reach such heights. But as Vishy says very sentimentally, "I am inspired by many things in life. Even a baby's smile can work wonders for me." He feels that it is this attribute that enabled him to play for the country. What will inspire him to come back into the team, I wondered aloud? "Mummy", was his curt reply. And then he gave me the background to the seemingly cryptic comment he had made on that October Nagpur-Calcutta flight.

His father, a businessman, left his mother and was declared bankrupt when Vishy was just twelve years old. The father committed suicide. The mother strong woman that she was, successfully bore the responsibility of bringing up her children. No doubt there were hard times, like when young Viswanath went around selling newspapers in order to buy his first cricket kit.

"I think it was a wonderful gesture on her part. If it had not been for her, I don't think all of us would have been where we are now. She inspired all her children. She knew that one day I would play for my country and now that she is gone I'm not going to quit. Nothing is over. It's just the beginning. She lived to see us live."

D P Sinha



"My life is 70 mm colour"

HIS mother died last year after heart surgery But she made sure she saw her son play for India before she died said Vishy's elder brother Manjanath

I reminded Vishy of what he had told me after Nagpur Yes he recalled I've always been fighting against the odds from the time I was a child It's always brought out the best in me It always will Then he recalled the exact sequence of events at Nagpur He had been batting in the closing moments of the game when Randhir Singh and Chandu Borde entered the press box to announce the Indian team As the fourteen names were read out a cheer went up in the stands What? Had they heard about the team? No they were cheering Sadanand Viswanath for a well hit six Vishy did not know that he himself had been hit for a six He was no longer somebody But right now I'm prepared to devote my life only to cricket Even if I have a girlfriend it would be difficult to predict a marriage so soon I can't afford to get carried away on a wave of romantic emotion

ON HIS HOBBIES My life is 70 mm colour, but without being exuberant or over enthusiastic I prefer sometimes to keep a very low profile Even when I came back from Sharjah and Australia I stayed at home and played snooker or chess I've never been a flashy sort of guy I do go out to discos and parties but everything has its limits

ON HIS ON FIELD AGGRESSION It's just a quality that I have I don't know if it's good or bad, but it just comes naturally to me I'm not an aggressive person If my cricket creates that impression, I can't really do anything about it I play every game the same way but maybe when I'm playing for my country, that extra spirit in me comes out

ON GIRLS AND MARRIAGE Marriage is a very serious proposition I think one should only get married if one is perpared to share one's life with

ON JOINING THE CONGRESS(I) I have always been a keen follower of politics The Congress party has a rich heritage and I support the ideology of Rajiv Gandhi I support a good government I have joined politics not for power, but to serve people, especially the youth They have a very important role to play Yet in many cases they are responsible for the disorder and violence in the country I want to do my bit to set this right by trying to get their minds away from this and maybe say into sport



D P Sinha

in the Indian cricket team

While I was at the crease a note came down from the press box and Bombay keeper Chandrakant Pandit congratulated me thinking I had made it to the team Later when I went into the dressing room I saw Maninder Singh crying and I tried to console him Just then Kapil came up to us and said Bad luck lads there's always a next time For a minute I didn't think he was talking to me But then judging by the reaction of the others I knew that I was really out I was so stunned I don't even remember what crossed my mind in that instant

He feels that the main reason for his omission was the fact that the team needed a few changes which in turn was a result of India's defeat in Sri Lanka According to Vishy it was a 'tough series The itinerary was such that we had to play three Tests without a break I was the only wicketkeeper which meant I was keeping wickets for one month at a stretch He feels that he didn't keep wickets badly on that tour and backs his argument with statistics sixteen catches and two stumpings including eleven victims in three Tests But he thinks his batting let him down I was too hesitant There was a lot of pressure on me while I was batting

Vishy is not one to look for excuses His viewpoint as he explains it is simple There have been many good cricketers who have not found themselves in the Indian team I am not grumbling because I'm out of the team maybe I've been left out of the team for my own good It's sort of shaken me up and brought me down to earth There is no room for compromises because I know I have to keep improving Because I think there is a lot of room for improvement in any game Mature thinking for someone who is 23 years old

The interview over his brother Manjanath takes me to the taxi stand and says He does not like to admit it but we know what was worrying him Mummy died in June (1985) and he took a long time to get over her death It had its effect in Sri Lanka but he has never used it as an excuse I was so touched I had nothing to say in reply

As far as Vishy is concerned he wants to put the past behind him And work And fight And return to the Indian team He knows it is a daunting task but he is determined If it's not tomorrow or the day after it won't bother me One day I'll be back for myself and my mother It's another challenge and I'm keen to take it on

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I've drunk life to the dregs

Majid Baskar

WHEN you meet him you feel a growing—almost unreasonable—pathos You face an accumulation of memories that are involved in the downfall of any brilliant sportsman. Memories that remind you of a certain level of excellence, unscaled by humanity's commoners

For an all too brief spell, Majid Baskar was the last word in Calcutta's soccer excellence He could shoot flickingly fast He could dribble, head and tackle He was murderously quick He was brave Strong Im agnative Astonishingly cool His reading of defence was so amazing that it bordered on the clairvoyant

What more could you ask? Well, you could have asked the guy to take his career more seriously

For a while, everything about Majid was heroic the inventive application of immaculate skill, coupled with god looks and the accompanying glamour of being an imported star There seemed to be no ceiling on salaries For a young man with his immense talent, there were no horizons

But the demons tripped him up The wayward aspect of his nature began to surface and Majid strayed from the dedicated life of a sportsman His talent accumulated a coating of rust. Perhaps, Majid was too sure of himself; perhaps he thought he had the physical capability to make up for all other shortcomings

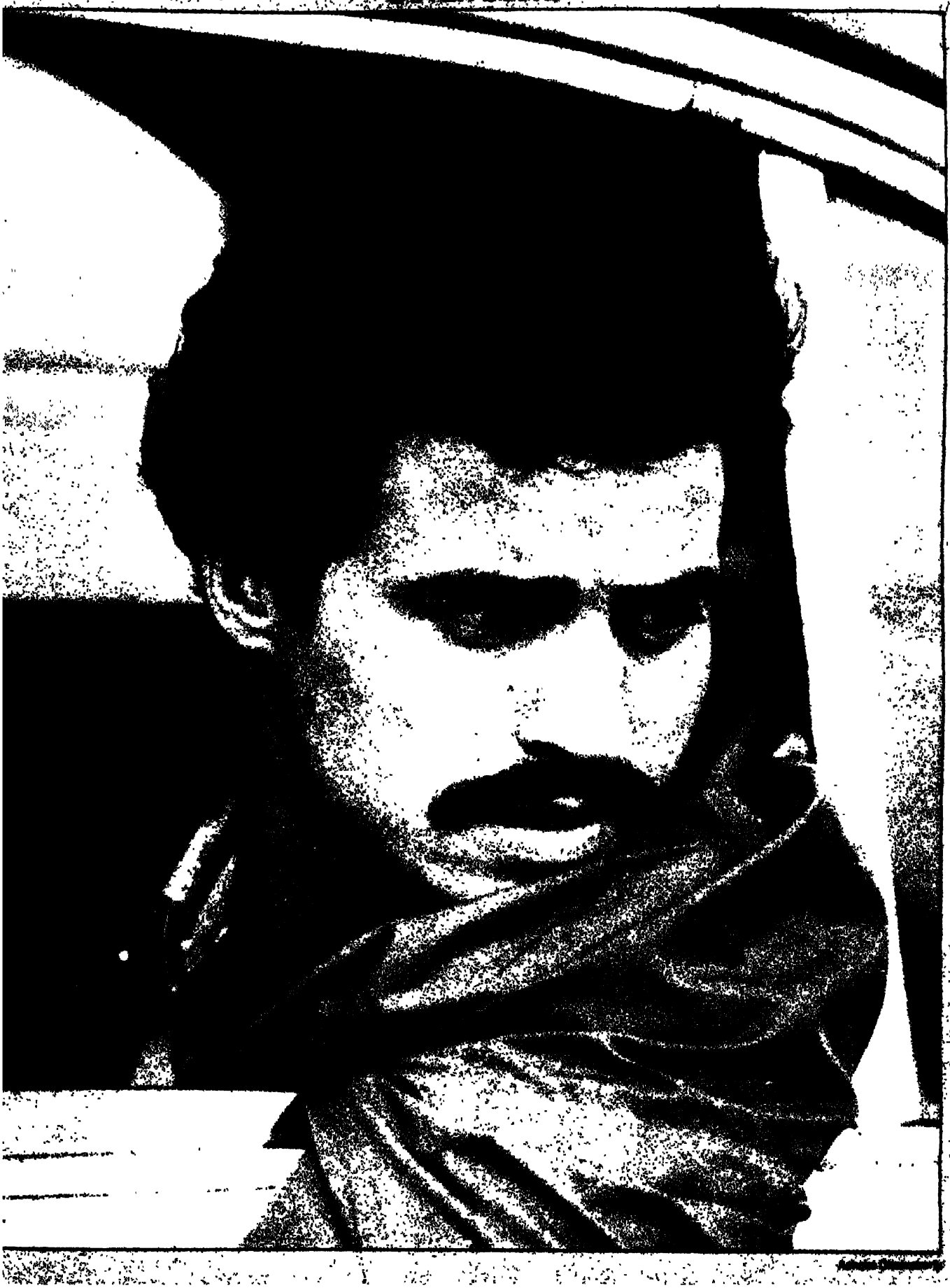
But time waits for no man, it was not going to slow reverently to a crawl for the mercurial Iranian Within two years of having made his sensational appearance, Majid seemed headed for a premature, tragic extinction This man could have woven legends around himself, but he did not seem to try hard enough. What could have been a scintillating soccer career was snuffed out all too soon.

Today, the life of Majid Baskar is a confusion of broken promises and blighted dreams Of regrets and repentance. The glory days are long gone, the glamour now faded Never

Today, the life of Majid Baskar is a confusion of broken promises and blighted dreams

Jayant Basu







before has a sense of waste obsessed him as it does now, amid the ruins of his long-neglected career. Never before has he felt so strong an urge to relive the life that has been left behind.

Majid admits that the fault was his. "I was not serious. Given the standard of football here, I thought I could take it easy. I was not doing the right thing, for I lost touch with reality". And once he was on his downhill journey, there was no way he could arrest it, for he never realised what he was doing, nor the harm he was causing himself. The fading out seemed inevitable.

The first sign of crisis came when Majid and Jamshid Nasirri were virtually thrown out of East Bengal, the club that deserved credit for discovering the Iranian duo. It certainly was a telling commentary on their changing attitude towards the game. Since then Majid has never really been his former self. There have been flashes of brilliance, of course, but they were few and far between.

The changeover from East Bengal to Mohammedan Sporting was even more disastrous. At least, with East Bengal the atmosphere was more conducive to a gifted player like Majid making a comeback. But then things had started moving in the wrong direction and the lifestyle of Majid Baskar was changing vastly.

"My time was divided between my studies and my friends. Life was exciting; full of fun. And time flew so fast." Perhaps, immersed in the excitement Majid did not realise the consequences that were soon to take a heavy toll. The footballer disagrees: "There were moments of soul-searching, but I did not know how to put myself back on the rails. I knew that I should have been more serious about football than anything else; I knew that my lifestyle was harming me far more than those who kept me company. I had so much at stake; they didn't. But my nature is such that I could not deal with the situation firmly. I'd rather harm myself than tell my friends to stay away from me. Everyone thought that I was enjoying life—enjoying it to the full, but what kind of enjoyment was it, anyway? I drank life to the dregs".

Majid does not believe that a man can ever be really happy thousands of miles away from home, no matter how fast a life he leads. It has been years since he last saw his mother and the rest of his family.

Khorramshahr, the city of his birth, is ravaged by a bitter war, his country is ruled by men who look askance on Iranians living abroad. An attempt to return home means hazarding the risk of being greeted less than warmly.

"The tragedy is that I've always been extremely homesick by nature. Even when I was in my late teens, I could not bear to stay away from home for more than a week," Majid reminisces.

It has been more than five years since Majid last saw his homeland and today his chances of ever returning home are extremely remote. A most frustrating thought.

"That was also one of the reasons why I could not really bring myself to concentrate on soccer over the last two years. I hardly have any plans for the future. I am in no-man's land, where life sometimes seems so meaningless to me. How do you think I can keep my mind free of these thoughts? I have tried so many things, but nothing ever worked."

Perhaps, it is this very quest for distraction that has rekindled Majid's interest in football. In fact, it may be an understatement to say that. Today Majid *yearns* to revive his glory days. Every evening, a stroll round the Mohammedan Sporting ground offers you a rare sight: Majid Baskar,

"I'm ready to pay any price. You can put me in jail. I will play and come back to prison, if you so want. But let me have a last chance"



Ashoke Chakraborty

yesterday's superstar, training with a group of local boys in an open field with make-shift goalposts

I met Majid here, against the failing light of summer's prolonged dusk Majid was walking away into the sunset, sad and lonely Beads of perspiration on his forehead, hair dishevelled Majid greeted me with an uncertain smile, something most uncharacteristic of him This was the man who was always brimming with self-confidence in his prime Times have changed, you realise immediately

But will things change for the better in 1986? "I don't know, but this is my last chance As a footballer, I cannot survive till 1987, if I am confined to oblivion for yet another year I will have no hopes left Majid says, despairingly

His immediate problem is that he feels he will never be able to relaunch his career if certain people in Mohammedan Sporting continue to conspire against him "Shabbir Ali and Moidul Islam might not let me make a comeback They are determined to keep me out of the limelight, for they know only too well what will happen to a lot of people, if I shine again Calcutta has not forgotten me and I know what it will be like if I retrieve my form" Majid's voice quivered with emotion

In the past, his payments have been withheld, he had either been confined to the bench despite being fit, or withdrawn at crucial stages of important matches A certain player-official caucus that has grown in strength at Mohammedan Sporting over the years, has always been successful in their evil design against Majid There can be no denying that the Majid of today is not fifty per cent of his former dazzling self, but there can be no dispute either that he has shown promise of a comeback from time to time. For instance, we should have seen more of Majid at the last Federation Cup at Bangalore, but there were always strings being pulled

As the former star explains, "Jamshid made a statement at Bangalore saying how the Shabbir Ali-Moidul Islam duo made life difficult for him and ultimately forced him to switch to East Bengal for the 1985 season" Angrily, Majid continued, "At that time we were at Vishakapatnam As soon as word got around that Jamshid had come out with the truth, these people forced me to make a phone call to Bangalore, so that I could ask him to deny whatever he had told the Press. Luckily, Jamshid had left Bangalore by then"

Majid is panicky about the possibility that his career will be doomed if he is still a target of such conspiracies "But I promise, I will make one last effort to prove myself yet again All I need is a chance to play regularly. And I need it desperately "I'm ready to pay any price You can put me in jail. I will play and come back to prison, if you so want But let me have a last chance"

Majid Baskar wants to show the world that he is not finished yet. He has damaged his career, true Not ruined it.

[illegible]

Gundappa Vishwanath:
Plunged into oblivion



HIS face was grave. He made no attempt to conceal that he did not like us. Newsmen do not mean much in his life anymore. We were unwelcome.

Some years ago this man in front of us was a hero. A brilliant cricketer. He did not look impressive, in the celebrated sense; physically he hardly looked he mattered. In sport, as in show business, small men are rarely compelling. And our man is only five feet four. Yet, despite his diminutive presence, he brought to the game a rare nimbleness, style, flair and calm. Gundappa Vishwanath embodied the cricket that existed in people's day dreams. In a sense, he was unique. Irresistibly overwhelming.

A man, so gifted, was bound to send writers racking their brains for the appropriate epithets. Vishwanath did, and got the most affectionate one, which was also the most fitting. 'Little Master' they called him. He was little in size but big in achievement.

Today, Gundappa Vishwanath is plunged into oblivion. When did you hear about him last? Difficult to remember? When did I last read a copy on him? No use straining my memory. One of the game's most entertaining showmen has gradually passed out of the news. Out of sight, out of mind. As new heroes, young aspirants have cornered the limelight, our memories of him have been erased. Vishwanath has become a name of the distant past.

Yet, it, perhaps, would not be an exaggeration to say that his exit from top-class cricket caused the deepest and most lasting pain in the cricketing community. There was a lingering sense of desolation—feelings that are involved in the premature extinction of a most spectacular athletic career. For some time,

people continued to lament in their ready sentimental cliches. There was much banality in what they said but the longing was sincere. There was something special about him about the impact he left on his fans the world over.

THERE perhaps was an extra poignancy in Viswanath's exit in that his best career ended rather abruptly in the wake of his unsuccessful tour of Pakistan in 83. Viswanath had not been in the runs for some time. His form had been inconsistent. And patience had been running low in the selectors room and the writing was there on the wall that many an uncomfortable decision was staring them in the face. But the man in the street still had hopes left for him. There reality was harsh for them to accept.

For Viswanath to quit must have been a traumatic experience. After a long unbroken spell of 97 Tests Viswanath was now facing the worst crisis of his life. It was a stiff wall before him suddenly dissolved in darkness.

Viswanath may have known what was coming. But accepting it was another thing. These must have been the most torturing days of his life. How did he bear it? I wanted to know from the man himself. I did not know it was going to be such a traumatic experience.

Viswanath's line. I gave an interview when I met him in Madras. There were apparent reasons and he was still did not quite fit in the image I had of him in mind. Grand old Viswanath the most sedate assuming personality among cricketing celebrities never went into his head as they always did. But now it seemed the truth was something else.

Yes it was. The truth was quite different from what I thought. And when I reached it I discovered the unanguished personality of a forgotten hero who refuses to be written off.

Could I put Viswanath's fate to the question that are often reserved for men who relegated to the past. Today in when man comes to him with the mind of an archaeologist trying to see the ruins of an illustrious career. As if Grand old Viswanath a character from the pages of history some one planted on Doordarshan. Viswanath's attitude. His glorious days may be over. But the spirited indefatigable quest of his nature there is no trace of his petty mediocrity refuses to look upon him as a fallen hero. A forgotten champion.

Why do you want an interview. Viswanath asked me his eyes squinted in annoyance. I know why he proceeded to provide the answer himself because you want to know and tell your readers about the Viswanath who is finished. The Viswanath who is not quite up to the mark. The Viswanath who no longer matters. The difference in the life of India is between [illegible]



Nabil Bhattacharya

The stroke that made Viswanath famous

dumb and insignificant life. That what they say. From here on I [illegible] interview with the thing. I wanted to know what he felt in his own words but that doesn't prove anything. Viswanath said and

Let me put it this way. I think the opinion of many that people the selectors. I'm not good enough for Test cricket. It is a matter of opinion. The [illegible] hundred people in India may not agree with me. The opinion of a group of people does not necessarily determine a



from the obscurity that had been imposed on him. That it did not happen has been the greatest cause of pain in his life, he admits.

"But I wonder if I can really blame myself for that. For some time I was quite out of form, when I was dropped from the team, no arguments there. But I think subsequently, my performances in domestic cricket were pretty good." Vishwanath exaplained: "Whether I was good enough to be recalled is a different question altogether, that was up to the selectors to decide. I don't want to make any comment on that. I'm not the type to draw people's sympathy by yelling that I

Head and shoulders above the rest



cricketer's class. So, just because I'm out of Test cricket, it will be unfair to think that I'm done for ", by now Vishwanath forgot that he had declined to give me the interview. He was well into it, already, and I realised that he had quite a few points to make, revealing in the process a hitherto unknown facet of his personality.

The days following his disappointing Pakistan tour of '82, was a period of intense soul-searching. This was a time when, he felt, he could have been shattered by a overwhelming sense of purposelessness, but for an inner strength that bore him through.

"That was when I could have lost faith in myself," corroborated Vishwanath, "I was afraid if this was the end of the world for me. But, I never let those feelings get the better of me. It took tremendous mental strength to recover. But I could muster it. And I was happy about it."

Vishwanath pardoned himself on one condition that he must return

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The most celebrated brothers-in-law



condition I gave myself. Whether it deserved recognition from the selectors is for the public to decide. I'm not going to make a noise and draw everyone's attention that I have been a victim of injustice. It simply is in bad taste", Vishwanath insisted. But how does it feel to be away from the limelight when many of his contemporaries are still very much in big-time cricket. Sunil Gavaskar is one of his greatest contemporaries and is still in prime form, cornering all the glory in the world. And he is a close relative of Vishwanath also. Do such thoughts ever affect Vishwanath?

Perhaps, I was a little too personal and inquisitive. I was not sure how Vishwanath would react. But Vishwanath continued in his relaxed, reflective vein: "Yes, sometimes these thoughts come to my mind. But they certainly do not trouble me. You've to face the truth. Gavaskar is a great cricketer, greater than anyone else. You cannot deny that. Perhaps, you asked me this question to know if I get an inferiority complex about it all. No certainly not, I don't look at things that way. And that's a bliss. Everyone is not going to achieve everything in life. So, it does not bother me though, to be honest, I do sometimes have a strange feeling—a longing for those exciting days when I was in the thick of things. And one thought that keeps buzzing in my mind is that there have been so many people who have suddenly got the sack, like me, but most of them, perhaps all of them have got a second chance, to make a comeback, But Gundappa Vishwanath? Never. He was dropped only once. And that was the end of it. Why?"

I could not answer that question. Perhaps, nobody else could. Maybe, for the rest of his life, a deep sense of deprivation will linger at the bottom of his heart. But Gundappa Vishwanath is too dignified a personality, too self-respecting, to let the world know about it.

Supralush Ghoshal

Gundappa Vishwanath in International cricket

Vs Australia 69-70 0 137 (x), (29 44*), 54-5 (xx), 6-59 (xx), Vs West Indies 1970-71 50(x), 25-0(x), 25-0(x), 22 38(x), England '71 68 9(x), 10 8*(x), (0-33), England 72 73 27 3(xx), (3-34), (37-0), 25-75*(x), 113 48(x) Vs England '74 40 50(xx), 52 5(xx), 28-25(xx), Vs West Indies 74-75, 29 22(xx), 32 39(xx) (52 139) MOM(97* 46) MOM, 95 17(xx), Vs New Zealand 75 76 (0-11*), 83 79(x) 4 20(xx), Vs West Indies 75 76 11 62(xx), 21(x), (41 112), 8(xx), Vs New Zealand 76-77 (10 39), 68 103*(x), (87 17) Vs England 76 77 3 18(xx), 35 3(xx), 9-6(xx), (13 79*), 4 5(x), Vs Australia 77 78 45 37(xx) 39 1(xx), (59 54), (79) 89 73 (xx MOM), Vs Pakistan 78 79 145(x), 20 83(xx) 0 1(xx), Vs West Indies 78 79 52(x), 70(x), 32(x), (124-31) MOM, 9(x), 179(x), Vs England 79 78 51(xx) 21 113(x) 1(x) 62 15(x), Vs Australia 79 80 17(x), 161*(x) 44 52), 131(x MOM) 96 7(x), (10) Vs Pakistan 79 80 73(x), 4 34(x), (47 9), 2 17(x), 16), 13 13(x), Vs England 79 80 11 5(xx), Vs Australia 80 81 26 24(xx) 3 16(x), (114 30) MOM, Vs New Zealand 80 81 0 9(xx), 7(x) 2 46(x) Vs England 81 82 (8 37), 3(x), 107(x), 15 0(x), 222(x MOM), 74(x) Vs England '82 1 3(xx) 54(x), 56 75*(x) Vs Sri Lanka 82 83 9 2 (x), Vs Pakistan 82 83 1 (x), 24 0 (xx), 53 9 (xx) 0 37(xx) Did not bat (x) 10(x),

Innings Summary

Ducks	10
1 to 9	36
10 to 25	30
26 to 49	30
50 to 75	26
76 to 99	9
Above 100	14

LANDMARKS

Runs	Innings	Test	Season
1000	30th	16th	1974
2000	53rd	27th	1975 76
3000	81st	43rd	1977 78
4000	96th	53rd	1979
5000	121st	68th	1979 80
6000	151st	88th	1982 83

Dismissal Summary

Caught	85
bowled	38
lbw	15
Stumped	4
Run out	3

LBW Dismissals

In India (A2, WI2 E2 NZI, PI)	8
In Australia	2
In West Indies	1
In New Zealand	1
In England	1
In Pakistan	2



Dismissed most by

Ian Botham	8
John Lever	6
Derek Underwood	6
Tony Greig	5
Imran Khan	5
Lance Gibbs	4
Vanburn Holder	4
Jeff Thomson	4
Ashley Mallett	4
Jim Higgs	4
Mike Hendrick	4
Sarfraz Nawaz	4
Richard Hadlee	4

Note Figures in brackets indicate that India won the match MOM stands for 'Man of the Match' * Signifies not out, x for Match drawn, xx for Match lost

Break up of Test aggregate against each country

Against	M	I	NO	R	HS	Avge	C	F	O's	Ct
Australia	18	31	2	1538	161*	53 03	4	9	1	15
West Indies	18	28	1	1455	179	53 88	4	7	1	15
England	30	54	4	1880	222	37 64	4	12	3	19
New Zealand	9	17	2	585	103*	39 00	1	4	2	5
Pakistan	15	23	1	611	145	28 61	1	3	3	8
Sri Lanka	1	20		11	9	5 50	0	0	0	1
	91	155	10	6080	222	41 93	14	35	10	63
In India	48	81	7	3502	222	47 32	10	15	3	34
Abroad	43	74	3	2578	145	36 39	4	20	7	29

Vishwanath in one-day Internationals

'74 to 82 83	25	23	1	439	75	19 95	0	2		3

Highest score against West Indies at Birmingham, World Cup-1979.

HIS TEST CENTURIES

	Mins	6 s	4 s	Against	Venue	Season
137	354	–	25	Aus	Kanpur	1969 70
113	267	2	18	Eng	Bombay	1972 73
139	376	–	23	Wi	Calcutta	1974 75
112	220	–	15	Wi	Port of Spain	1975 76
103*	147		8	Nz	Kanpur	1976 77
145	360	–	16	Pak	Faisalabad	1977 78
124	346	–	17	Wi	Madras	1978 79
179	419	–	21	Wi	Kanpur	1978 79
113	300	–	12	Eng	Lord's	1979
161*	425	1	11	Aus	Bangalore	1979 80
131	275	–	18	Aus	New Delhi	1979 80
124	274	–	11	Aus	Melbourne	1980 81
107	268	–	14	Eng	New Delhi	1981 82
222	632	–	31	Eng	Madras	1981 82

* The first ever cricketer to score a hundred on first class debut (230 for Mysore v Andhra Pradesh, Vijaywada 1967 68) as well as in Test matches Only other cricketer to emulate him was Dirk Wellham of Australia

* His 222 against England at Madras in 1981 82 is the highest individual score by an Indian against England

* His aggregate of 518 runs in the 6 Test series against Australia in India in 1979 80 is the highest by an Indian in an Indo Australian series

*His career aggregate of 1538 runs against Australia is the most by an Indian against Australia

* Scored 1388 runs in the calendar year 1979

* One of the ten cricketers to score six consecutive fifties in Test cricket

*

Research by Bhartendu

China Tees Off

Golf is swinging again in China. And that means a massive world invasion of future Oriental champions who have been denied access to golfing greens for forty years, says **Douglas Lowe**

THE Chun Shing Hot Springs Golf Club is the first ever to be built in the Chinese People's Republic. It's also the first course in the world where you need a visa before you can tee off, where prospective national champions act as caddies and where your ball might well be swallowed by a buffalo in a paddy field.

As a Scotsman from the proud home of the game I expected a bit of a shambles when I visited this pioneering communist course with countryman Stewart Cunningham.

How wrong I was!

I learned that first of all from Wein Jun Chen, a Chinaman with a golden future. It is likely that in the next five years he will be representing his country at golf, a game which is making a reappearance in the People's Republic as dramatic as its disappearance 40 years ago when it was labelled a pastime for the rich and a classic example of Western decadence.

Chen has been playing golf for just over a year and already hits the ball with the authority of a seasoned professional. The 20 year old, selected along with 17 others for a remarkable crash course in the game, has knocked the ball round the par 71 Chung Shan Hot Spring golf course in 73, only a slight lack of finesse in his short game preventing him shooting lower.

The 18 students are the only Chinese golfers in China and are the human result of Chinese reformist policies opening the door to the sport as part of an attempt to attract tourism and trade to a special economic development zone at Zhongshan just over the border from the Portuguese colony of Macau.

Chung Shan, designed by golfing legend Arnold Palmer and modelled on the style of Scottish links courses where a level lie is a rarity, was opened in August, 1984, the first new



Beginner Wein Jun Chen—although only 20, he is already approaching

Stewart Cunningham



Courtesy China Sports

Writer Lowe (left) and photographer Steward Cunningham at the Chung Shan Hot Spring Golf Club

golf course in China since the Second World War. It was then decided that the communist country must have some golfers to go with it.

In charge of the project is Peter Tang who came from Royal Hong Kong Golf Club ten years ago where he was the first Hong Kong Chinese professional. Tang and club general manager Aylwin Tai went to the local Sanxiang secondary school in search of talent. Out of 500 interested children the physical education teacher whittled the number down to the 100 best athletically.

Tang then spent a day with them, explaining the rudiments of the game and inviting each one to make a few swings. On this basis an elite of 20 were chosen for a programme intended to develop them as China's golfing pioneers and future sporting ambassadors around the world.

The schedule of these children, aged between 15 and 20, has been awe-inspiring. Everyday they arrived at the course at 6 am for lessons and practice, leaving the course at 8.30 am to attend classes. At 3 pm they returned and resumed hitting balls until sunset. The following June they became full-time golf students, only two of them dropping out, leaving nine boys and nine girls.

Since then they have played from 7 am until sunset, seven days a week, every week, taking a break from play only to act as caddies for the small but growing number of foreign visitors who have been blazing the two-hour trail from Hong Kong to China for the unlikely reason of 18 holes of golf. They are paid about £20 a month.

Tang has taught them everything — grip, stance, swing and the different uses of each club — with the result that all students are almost clones of himself with full swings and high majestic follow-throughs. Individuality can wait until the basics are well and truly moulded into shape.

Chen, like the others, comes from the surrounding farming community where the game is watched with little more than a passive curiosity. He told me: "Until last year I had never seen a golf club in my life. My first attempt was an air shot, but I thought this was a good and interesting game.

"If I had not been introduced to it I would have hoped to become a basketball player. Now my ambition is to become a professional golfer and represent China in the World Cup."

As he broke off conversation to blast a drive 250 yards up the fairway, Tai explained that none of the students had yet travelled outside China and had little comprehension of

Peter Tang (the first Hong Kong Chinese pro) spent a day with them, explaining the rudiments of the game and inviting each one to make a few swings. On this basis an elite of 20 were chosen for a programme intended to develop them as China's golfing pioneers and future sporting ambassadors around the world

either the size of the game worldwide or the enormous prize and sponsorship money that could be in store for them.

"They have not seen golf on television, and although they have seen golf magazines, they are in English which they cannot fully understand. The only professional golfer they have seen is Peter Tang. We do not want to use the materialist world to attract them to golf but would like them to go into golf because they love playing the game," he said.

Chen has a handicap of eight and others are up to 15, but this is a different system from our own where we daren't beat our handicap lest it be cut. These students have been taught that a handicap is something you must never go over and if you do you should feel shame. These handicaps can confidently be halved to give a western equivalent.

The objective of reaching a handicap of scratch therefore takes on a new meaning. Once they have achieved this — and from what I saw I wouldn't bet against it — they can be presumed ready to face the golfing world with confidence.

Tang and Tai, however, are keeping their feet firmly on the ground. Professional golf for these students is thought to be at least five years away, and there are no hopes of producing an Open or US Masters champion this century. What is intended is that these young players will lead the way for the next generation and create a golfing dynasty which will then provide a match for the mighty West.

Neither is there any room for complacency. Representing their country is a tremendous honour and motivating force but by no means do they have exclusive rights to it. A group of Chinese golfers has been despatched to Japan for a similar course, a fact the students have been made aware of to make them try harder, so much so that they consider the ultimate punishment is being told to stay away from the course for a day or two.

At some time in the future these two groups will be brought together when sparks will undoubtedly fly as they put their skills on the line against those who vie for the same dream. Government recognition has also been forthcoming. Tang has been appointed China's first national golf coach and together with his assistant professional, Hon Man Leung, Tang is forming the Chinese Professional Golfers' Association, of which they are the only two members.

The club has also had a visit from the Government's golf association formed to keep a wary eye on the implications of this new game. Officials, none of whom had any previous connection with the game were fascinated to learn from Tang and Tai this brand new golfing language.

The background to the course and its construction



The Chinese hills are once more alive to the healthy sound of iron club on golf ball



Visiting Japanese businessmen line up for an invigorating tour of the Chung Sang course

is equally fascinating It is the brainchild of Hong Kong businessman Henry Fok one of the colony s richest men who deals in real estate shipping and transportation including a fleet of jetfoils which run between Hong Kong and Macau and owns five casinos in Macau In partnership with another businessman Y T Cheng he invested around £2m in the clubhouse and course built on 600 hectares of ground at the foot of a hill called Kito Mi (stream ahead) Chung Shan itself means middle of the mountain

The patriotic Fok with the blessing of the Beijing Government then commissioned Arnold Palmer to design the course on what was then wasteland too uneven for agriculture Palmer spent four days laying out the holes leaving the details to his architect Ed Sey

Near endless lorryloads of topsoil were brought in and etched into shape by up to 2000 Chinese workers each paid £1 a day Only two bulldozers were used as concessions to modern methods

The result just over four years after work began is greens and tees which would pass for championship quality anywhere in the world and acceptable fairways which still need a few years to mature but which the club feels certain will soon reach the same grade

There will be an amateur open later this year and there is now excited talk of a China Open at Chung Shan in November 1987 with Arnold Palmer himself leading a glittering array of golfing talent to mark China s arrival on the international golfing map

The links with Hong Kong are important China already has two other golf courses and seven more are expected to open in the next two years, all except Chung Shan under Japanese ownership

The Beijing Government no doubt with the date 1987 very much in mind when Hong Kong reverts to China has set a condition of development that all courses are subject to a maximum of a 20 year lease by which time they will come under Chinese control

When there is free travel across the Chinese border these courses will provide a natural linkage with Hong Kong where in addition to Fanling which has three courses there are four other clubs all with lengthy waiting lists wealthy businessmen being among those straining at the bit to become members

Chung Shan has attracted 200 founder members all from across the border and a mixture of Hong Kong Chinese Japanese and Europeans There are even two American members There are no Chinese members This is not such an odd arrangement because the club is less than two hours from Hong Kong by jetfoil to Macau and then by limousine or bus into China thereby making access easy providing money is no object

Although cheap by Japanese standards entrance fee is £1 500 and annual subscriptions are around £360 and expected to rise once business takes off Transport to and from Hong Kong for four players is more than £100 but once you are there it is comparatively cheap

Accommodation in the adjoining luxury Hot Spring resort is little more than £10 a night and for £5 you can eat like a king in the clubhouse where there is a resident chef cooking both Chinese and European meals For non members there is an an additional green fee of around £20 Visitors can arrange their trips through Chung Shan offices in Hong Kong and Macau where visas can be arranged within 24 hours

The clubhouse is the last word in luxury and features a natural spa bath The interior is decorated in wood and marble while much of the exterior is in hand carved granite the skilled craftsmen can be seen chipping away in perpetuity a few hundred yards away

I won t tell you what we scored but the adjoining paddy fields where oxen still plough the furrow is out of bounds and provides a watery grave for golf balls

Suffice to say that we called it a day at the 15th partly because time was running out and partly because a return to the clubhouse was required for the second time to purchase more balls

The lasting impression of the development was one of admiration I only wondered what the Chinese caddies made of us AS A FEATURES

Asia Features

Inside Track

GREG NORMAN, the great white shark of the world golf circuit, finally proved that he can claim to be one of the biggest fish in the sea.

By winning the British Open at Turnberry over the weekend, Norman, who has been called an assortment of names during the past year including "Choker", by a spectator at the US. Masters, finally proved that he's got the bottle to win a major golf title. He has been in the lead on the last day of the last tee major tournaments but has invariably let it slip away from him but this time he was determined to be there when it mattered most. His cause was helped enormously on the first hole, when his playing partner and nearest rival, Tommy Nakajima who was just one stroke behind, dropped two shots after a near perfect drive.

That extended Norman's lead to three and two holes later that lead was five shots when he holed out from a sand bunker from about 65 feet. If there were any butterflies in Norman's belly at the start of the round, then I guess by the third hole it was all settled nicely and an enormous weight had been taken off the Australian's shoulders. Though the Japanese Number One reduced the gap to three with a birdie at the seventh, he drove into a bunker at the next and any crisis for Norman was averted.

Norman, who missed the 36 hole cut at Turnberry nine years ago, now bestrides the golfing world like a blond colossus. To the 547,000 dollars he has won on the US tour already this year—the Florida based Queenslander now adds the 70,000 pounds Open cheque, but more importantly he has made the big break through in style. Now that he has done it once, few will want to bet against him doing it again and again. His previous highest Open finish was sixth to Seve Ballesteros at St. Andrews two years ago, but from the moment he shot a brave 74 in the worst of the weather on day one there was little doubt he would improve on that.

The toiling Nakajima was now labouring to hold on to second place after finding the knee-high rough on several occasions and the stream that guards the 16th tee for the second successive day and he crashed to a wretched 77 and eighth place. With his demise, Gordon Brand of Yorkshire, the 30 year old silent man of British golf, stepped in with an eagle at the 17 hole which took him into clear second place with an overall total of 285—five over par. The £50,000 cheque is easily the largest of his career. The biggest surprises of the day came from a pair never really in with a chance when the last round started the top two in the world, Ballesteros and Langer. Seve obviously felt more at home on the sundrenched last day that in the wind of the previous three rounds and his last round of 64 included seven birdies that took him into joint with.

Langer, the latest father on the circuit after, his wife Vikki gave birth to a nine pound girl was inspired as he shot a round of 68 for joint third place. But this was Norman's day of conquest and once more the Open has a champion of undoubted merit. Final scores: 280 G. Norman (Australia) 285 G. Brand (Eng), 286 B. Langer (W. Germany), I. Woosnam (Wales), 287 N. Faldo (Eng). 288 S Ballesteroes (Spain), G Koch (US).

Michael King, London

Greg 'The Choker' Norman with the British Open Cup. It's been a long time coming



Fatigue in sport and fitness

ONE of the toughest things for a highly-trained athlete to accept is fatigue. He just cannot understand it. After having put in so many hours of dedicated training, how can he run out of energy? For someone like me, however, there is hardly any time to devote to physical betterment. If at all you do get time to grab a swim or a couple of games of badminton, you find yourself in a state of fatigue quite soon.

It was while trying to understand the basics behind fatigue that I chanced upon a book on sports medicine by Aloke Ghosh. One of the chapters was dedicated to fatigue and it afforded a revealing, although confusing, view. This instalment is directed at letting you, whether athlete or office goer (even then I consider you an athlete, in this era of public transport!), know the reasons behind your feeling fatigued.

It is almost impossible to measure fatigue. That means, you cannot say 'I'm feeling 102 degrees of fatigue', but you can feel *very* tired—or even *very, very* tired. Since we are on the topic of sport, it should be an athlete that we should deal with primarily. From there it should be possible to find out how it affects us day-to-day athletes.

One of the first things an athlete has to accept is that there are basically two types of fatigue. He can get physically fatigued. Or he could encounter fatigue of the psychological kind. The first type affects him at any time or place. If he trained hard, he could feel his muscles getting sore and heavy. But this is an almost pleasant experience.

Ask any athlete, and he will tell you that the tired feeling that sets in when he has had a satisfying workout is an almost welcome feeling. It gives him no cause for anxiety as he knows that he has not injured anything, merely stretched himself to a limit that is well within the levels of safety.

As for the second variety, psychological fatigue is a more deadening type of fatigue. While physical fatigue will seep away from your bones and muscles after a while leaving you fit and bouncy, psychological fatigue seeps into your system and can make you quite a grouch till you manage to get rid of it.

This psychological fatigue is most likely to occur in cases where there is a level of competition. When training in your home ground, you are under no pressure to do your best. There is no impelling compulsion to get everything right in that single moment. But the moment you know that you have just one chance and it all depends on your performance, you develop psychological fatigue. Your mouth starts to dry and your legs get heavy. A feeling of uneasiness meanders through your limbs even as you fight to get your thoughts together in channelling everything into the final effort.

Another facet of fatigue is that it need not be generalised. Depending on the muscle or region that you are placing stress on, you will find that fatigue sets in correspondingly. With joggers, it may be shin soreness, especially if you run on hard surfaces. With a sprinter, it is the hamstring and calf muscles that take most of the strain. Throwers use their pectoral muscles or the shoulders and upper back.

A heavy workout may leave an athlete sore in the region that has been exerted. But that is a pain that helps. The entire idea of fatigue, and thereby pain, is a precautionary one. When an athlete trains, he could go on and on depending on his level of fitness. The fitter he is, the longer he could go on. But that is where the mind comes in. Mental drive can win the battle of mind and body and drive the body to ignore the warning signs that it sends out.

The pain that fatigue brings with it is a warning. It signals the athlete that his muscles are tired and that further exertion is going to do more harm than good. This does not mean that the moment you feel any fatigue, you stop. That defeats the entire idea of sport. Sport is competition, and you have to push yourself to extremes in order to succeed. But there comes a time when you have to take into the account, the signals sent out by your body.

This is where your training plays its role. If you and me decide to compete in a marathon, our bodies will be sending panic signals in half an hour's time. However, a highly trained athlete can go on longer before his body informs his brain that the muscles are tired and cannot go on much longer.

The medical side of fatigue can explained as follows: athletes have a lower pulse rate during resting than normal people and if the pulse rate goes up by 10 beats, the athlete can be termed as fatigued. Deep breathing will ease the pressure of the heart, but if the situation still persists, fatigue is probable.

As Ghosh explains it, 'An early presymptomatic sign of fatigue is a rise of diastolic blood pressure, whereas the systolic blood pressure may rise, fall or remain static. The electrocardiogram is also useful in gaining evidence of fatigue for there is evidence that a person's E.C.G. reading is not constant but varies with activity'.

(To be continued)



Illustration Debashis Deb





Top: Martina Navratilova sits with her parents in their home near Prague. She returned to her homeland for the Federation Cup, for the first time since her defection to the US in 1975

Bottom middle: Australian I.B.F. World Bantamweight Champion Jeff Fenech holds his championship belt while US contender Steve McCrory (right) completes last minute preparations prior to their fight

Extreme right: Stanley Kerr of the US finishes first in the 100m of the World Junior Championships at Athens.

Right Top: Lorenzo Wright of the US lies on the canvas after being knocked out by Ruslan Taramov of the USSR at the Goodwill Games in Moscow

Photographs: Associated Press

NEWS IN PICTURES







Capital Notes

INDIA's success in England has delighted nobody more than Desh Prem Azad, Kapil Dev's longtime coach. "I am really happy," he gushed. "People here criticised Kapil's captaincy for a long time. With the victory they will be silenced. Kapil has proved himself."

Though Azad's faith in Kapil is absolute, he concedes, though reluctantly, that the Indian skipper did make mistakes in the past. "We were beaten in Sharjah, and in cricket the captain has to take the blame for the team's performance." However Azad is quick to point out Kapil's success: "Don't forget he won India the World Cup."

Does Kapil seek his advice, I asked. "Yes, he does. He has an open mind. I was in England recently and we regularly talked about strategy. One piece of advice I always give him is to play aggressively. There is no point in being too defensive. Restrictive tactics and containment do not suit him."

Kapil is only one of the many cricketers who have made good under Azad's guidance. As NIS coach in Chandigarh he has groomed Chetan Sharma, Ashok Malhotra, Yograj Singh and several others. Haryana's progress in domestic cricket is, in part, due to Azad's untiring efforts.

"I prefer to start with boys from a young age. But I change them slowly, because the child must be allowed to develop naturally. Flaws have to be sorted out one by one, and this takes time."

Of all his students Azad is, quite naturally, most thrilled about Kapil. "Right from the beginning his talent was evident. What really impressed me was his commitment. Kapil would practise for hours, and he was always determined to do well."

AFTER a year's stint as national coach, Gurcharan Singh is resigning his job. "There are two reasons for this," he told me. "I became a coach in 1969 after playing Ranji Trophy for thirteen years, because Lala Amarnath and Duleep Singhji encouraged me. Since then I wanted to reach the top. My life's ambition has now been achieved. Secondly, I want to coach in Delhi's NIS again."

As national coach, Gurcharan Singh conducted camps for juniors and supervised the Indian team's preparation before tours abroad. "I made it clear to the team that the intention is not to coach but to practise for six hours a day as desired by the Board."

Are the players serious in these camps? "The tendency is to take it easy but a lot depends on the person running the show. Sometimes a player just picks up his gear and walks off after batting. Others plead they are tired and avoid hard work."

"I stopped this and insisted they stay on the field. If somebody was hanging around, I would take him aside and give him catching practice. Kapil set a good example. He always ensured that the boys arrived on time. If somebody was late, he was left behind."

How come the Indian team still contain unfit players? "Some players are carrying injuries. They have bandages all over them! Another has a bad shoulder and can't throw. Still, there was little I could do except make a written report. After this it is up to the Board to take action.

"Fitness is something personal. The player has to work during the off season, but with the amount they play, there is no time."

In Delhi, Gurcharan has worked very hard and his efforts have produced a steady stream of talented youngsters. A popular coach, Gurcharan's commitment is complete, and when his trainees do well his joy is obvious.

"I am happy, Maninder is finally doing justice to his ability. He is immensely talented but somehow in the last few years he wasn't bowling like a Test player. Maybe his breaks came too early. But now he has improved. 'Manni' has gained in confidence and now looks like taking a wicket all the time."

Some flaws, like not coming close enough to the stumps and landing uncertainly in the delivery stride, need to be rectified. "We are working on these," said Gurcharan. "Manni's run up is too diagonal for coming close to the stump. Technically he is very sound. He just needs experience. I am absolutely certain that in a year or two he will become a very fine Test bowler."

For every left-arm spinner Gurcharan holds the example of Bishan Bedi. Regarding off-spinners, he feels there is no better model than Prasanna. What about batsmen? Gurcharan's reply is immediate; "There is nobody like Sunil Gavaskar. He is superb. His technical correctness should be a lesson for every young player."



"Kapil has proved himself"

Amrit Mathur, New Delhi

Taxi Diver

U—turns

DEDICATION can take various forms these days England judo exponent Ray Stevens competed at Edenburgh after doing battle with a U—turning taxi with which he came into violent collision while cycling to do a practice session

He had to do a back somersault to save himself from serious injury, "I landed quite well—you learn how to fall in judo" said Stevens

Stevens then carried his bike—or what remained of it—to his club and despite his bruises, took part in 90 minutes of free fighting

"I can t take time off from training this close to the game ' said the dedicated man

Liquid Assets

No drinking while driving

NIGEL MANSELL could barely stand up after winning the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch last month It had been a particularly hard hot drive and Mansell's exhaustion was subsequently blamed on the fact that the reserve car which he had been forced to drive had not been fitted with a a refreshment bottle

This however was not an oversight on the part of the Williams team

At the press of a switch a driver can pump a pint of water or glucose through a tube into his mouth

In fact the Williams team say that Mansell could have had a bottle if he so desired and that in any case he rarely uses it

Video Nasty

Being taken for a ride

BRIAN LOCKYER, a 48 year old window cleaner hit the headlines when he finished the London Marathon in a fine time of 2 hr 23 min 28 sec Now he makes news again He has been disqualified.

After a number of people rang to question Lockyer s fast time the offi cial video of the race was studied and Lockyer could not be seen from the twelfth mile of the race to the twenty fifth

Said Lockyer It s a load of old tofi-e Although I ve been running for five years I train nearly every day and am extremely fit There was a mix up over my race number and this delayed the results service by two hours It infuriated the organisers



Mansell The victories quench his thirst

23 July The Indian football team missing chances as usual, manage to come back from behind and hold Indonesia to a 1 1 draw in the Merdeka Cup football tourna ment Camillo Gonsalves s goal salvages some pride for India

Edwin Moses extends his 400m hurdles winning streak to 113 races as he cruises past the opposition at an athletic meet in Paris With an excellent timing of 47 67 seconds Moses was treated to a standing ova tion from the capacity crowd

24 July India are humi lated 3 0 by hosts Malaysia in the Merdeka Cup football tournament Two exemplary goals by striker Zainal Abidin and poor finishing by the Indi ans were the highlights of the match

Test debutant Martyn Moxon hits a skilful un beaten 74 as England are comfortably set at 284 for 5 at close on the first day's play in their first Test against New Zealand

Twenty two players includ ing 1982 World Cup stars like Paolo Rossi, Dino Zoff and Bruno Conti are subject to an investigation regarding alleged illegal transfer of money into Italy

25 July Hana Mandliko va Czechoslova kia s errant tennis star mar ries Jan Sedlak in Prague s old town hall Immediately after the ceremony she was back on the court practising for the Federation Cup

Sharon Bowes and Guy Lo rion of Canada, a rapid fire pistol pairs team, win the first gold medal of the Edin burgh Commonwealth Games

John McEnroe after a six month self imposed exile made world Number One Ivan Lendl struggle before losing 4 6 6 3 6 7 in what i considered the beginning of his comeback

26 July Playing inspire soccer India beat defending champions South Korea 4 3 in the Merdeka Cup football tournament Two goal by Krishanu Dey and one each by V P Sathyan and Maurice Alfan so dispelled all doubts of India s scoring ability

Obviously struck by the dismal conditions in Mex ico, Belgium's World Cup stars have decided to give up part of their bonuses to help five under privileged youngsters in Mexico

Martin Crowe, New Zea land s foremost batsman enhances his reputation with a sparkling century against England in the first Test The Kiwis were 342 for nine in their first innings in reply to England s score of 307

27 July Martina Navra tilova easily defe ated Hana Mandlikova 7 5 6 1 to clinch victory for the US in the finals of the Federation Cup Martina was in control for most of the match and her victory gave the US their 12th victory in this women's team championship

Undaunted by a continuous drizzle and a terrible track Asha Aggarwal and Hari Singh cruised comfortably to victory in the women's and men s section respectively of the national Bata marathon championship While neither runner clocked a fast timing they have qualified themselves for the Asian Games in Seoul

28 July Playing with his usual flair and skill Diego Maradona scored an opportunistic goal and a winning penalty to lead the America s to victory over the Rest of the World The proceeds of the match will go to the victims of the earthquake in Mexico last year

Canadian Ben Johnson con tinued his effort to prove that he is the fastest runner in the world clocking an impressive 10 07 seconds to win the gold at the Edin burgh Commonwealth Games

29 July Graham Gooch scored a tempes tous 183 to help England force a draw against New Zealand in their first Test match The final scores were England 307 and 295 for six declared And New Zealand 342 and 41 for two

Playing guarded watchful chess Anatoly Karpov set tled for draw with champion Garri Kasparov in their in augural match of the world chess championships

Olympic champion Steve Redgrave set the Edin burgh Commonwealth Games on fire by winning his third gold medal Red grave has now won golds in the coxless pairs coxed fours and single sculls

John McEnroe humiliated by Kevin Curren in Wimbledon last year has started his comeback



High-Powered Sportsfolk

WASHINGTON High-powered speed-boats are US Vice-President Bush's antidote to the stress of life in public office. Recently he brought one that was so fast, the Secret Service had to borrow high speed Drug Enforcement vessels to keep pace and cover!

The Goal Story

MEXICO Goalscorers have odd ways of celebrating a victory hit Socrates of Brazil philosophically trots back to the centre, one finger held aloft, Altobelli of Italy is unmoved and displays no emotion whatsoever, but Luis Flores of Mexico has this unusual thing about lifting his jersey high to reveal his stomach, as he does a short victory lap round the pitch No one quite knows why although his female fans are not complaining He has a very "attractive stomach' they say For victory that is

His Name, Her Flame

BENFLEET A football crazy 22 year old Englishwoman Janice Harris has this terrible crush on Argentinian ace Maradona, and she did something about it

She paid a lawyer £3 to change her name to include his as well as that of her favourite English club She's now Jandiego Janice Jennifer Dorothy Arsenal Maradona He s smashing" said the new Miss Maradona who s covered the walls of her home with pictures of her soccer idol and I don't care about the Falklands and all that I m just obsessed with him Good going Madonna!

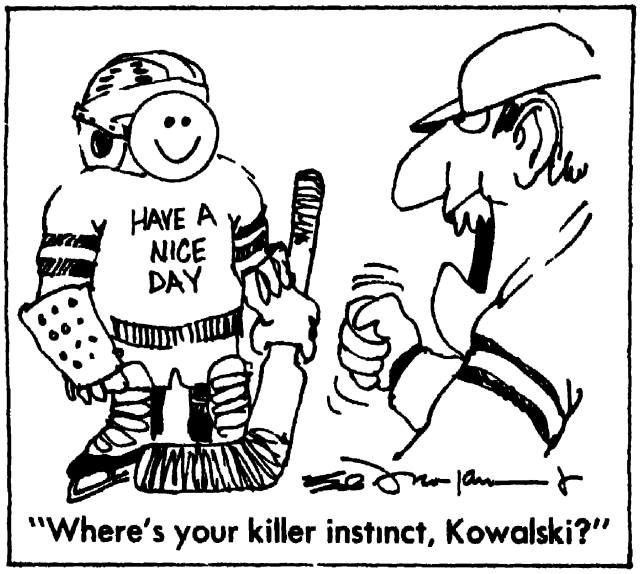
Catty Remark

BOB HOPE says his cat Bob is his best golf critic "He hisses every time I forget a stroke

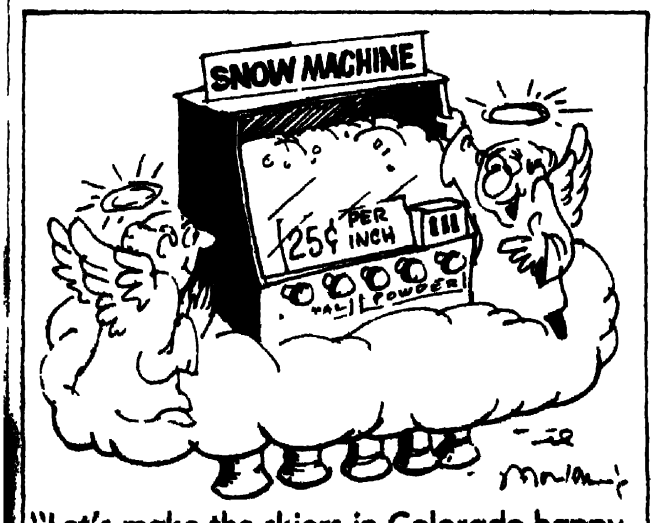
Bernie Tellis



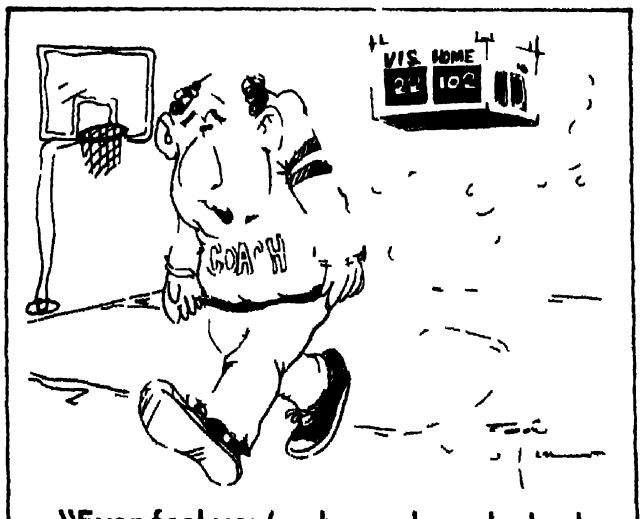
"You pervert!"



"Where's your killer instinct, Kowalski?"



"Let's make the skiers in Colorado happy. Got any quarters?"



"Ever feel you've been slam-dunked through the hoop of life?"

WILLS BOOK OF EXCELLENCE

FOOTBALL

In this extract, the author K. Bhaskaran describes the abilities, genius and rise of football's most entertaining sect: the strikers and schemers. From Tommy Lawton and Uwe Seeler to Kevin Keegan and Johann Cryuff, he portrays some wonderful images of the men and the game. Published by Orient Longman, the book is priced at Rs 130

THE Austrian Wunder team had several stars in Rudi Hiden, Seszta, skipper Smistik, Zischek and Bican But none of them was as luminous as Mathias Sindelar, regarded as the finest Austrian player of all time 'Der Papierene' as he was known because of his spindly legs and frail looks, the tall centre forward symbolised Austrian artistry at its best, all brain and flexibility and no brawn, technical virtuosity and endless tricks To compensate for his lack of weight he had a rasping shot that underlined exquisite timing as it flew into the goal He seldom displayed this, instead preferring to walk, or rather dance with the ball into the net

Sindelar modelled himself on Hungarian Kalman Konrad, who played as a professional for FK Austria in the midtwenties His sudden twists and turns, that his colleagues divined, bemused and baffled his rivals He made more goals for his teammates than he scored himself Tragically this selfless genius killed himself at the age of thirty five in a gas filled room, after a Wunderteam colleague betrayed him to the Nazis as part Jewish

Two suits two pairs of shoes and two pairs of gloves clinched for Uruguayan club Bomsucesso 'the Black Diamond' who had made his debut for Brazil against Uruguay when only 18 With Domingas da Guia, Leonidas da



Tommy Lawton (right) rated as England's finest centre forward ever



Silva was the most prized Brazilian of the Thirties and played in the World Cups of 1934 and 1938 In the latter he was the top marksman with eight goals 'O Homen Borracha' (the rubber man) was rested from the 1938 semi-final against holders and eventual champions Italy, because of Brazil's overconfidence in making the final Renowned for his acrobatics and bicycle kick, the much-travelled centre forward or inside-right, who was capped 23 times, was reckoned by many Brazilians to be the equal of Pele He retired in 1950 coached Sao Paulo, before becoming a radio commentator and then a private detective

'You'll never be as good as Dean' said the tram conductor derisively to Tommy Lawton The 18-year-old had just been signed by Everton as understudy to and eventual replacement for the holder of the record for goal-scoring in a season in the Football League Dixie Dean, who suffered a skull fracture in a motor-cycle accident in 1926, got sixty goals in 1927-28, three of them in champions Everton's last game against Arsenal and the last of these with a powerful header to beat George Camsell's mark of fifty-nine set in the Second Division the previous season Lawton had to contend with defences that had tightened their vigil in the decade since Dean achieved his feat Yet, in his first two seasons with Everton, he was the First Division's top-scorer with twenty-eight and thirty-five goals, besides gaining the Championship medal in the second Then the war took away his best years Later he played for Chelsea, Third Division Notts County, Brentford and lastly for First Division champions Arsenal, who sought the benefit of his experience and maturity

Twenty-two goals in twenty-three internationals was not the only reason for Lawton being rated the finest centre forward England have ever

'Golden head' Koscis (left) scored seventy-five goals in sixty-eight matches for the Magical Magyars

had. He was a complete leader of the attack, as good in the air as Dean, able to withstand without retaliating the heaviest and roughest of tackles, shoot powerfully and accurately with either foot, especially on the volley, display excellent control, hit fine sweeping passes to the wings and had remarkable lightness of foot for a tall, well-built man

Normally one who put the finishing touches, Lawton at Notts County, Brentford and Arsenal played deeper and created chances for others before the Hungarians made it the fashion on their conquering visit in November 1953, thought it was the presence of high calibre players that enabled Nandor Hidegkuti to wreck England centre-back Harry Johnston in the hide-and-seek he played

Hidegkuti made a successful debut as an inside-right with two goals in a 7-2 win over Rumania in 1945 Despite playing in every position in the forward line, he was in and out of the Hungarian team till he replaced Voros Lobogo teammate Peter Palotas in the 1952 Olympics second round match against Italy An attacking midfielder, Palotas lacked power in shooting Hidegkuti suffered from no such deficiency In sixty eight appearances for Hungary, most of them in the last six years, he accounted for thirty-nine goals. But it was not so much his scoring ability as his versatility, energy and intelligence that made him the game's first great deep lying centre forward.

With the last seconds of extra time in the 1970 World Cup semi-final against Italy ticking away, skipper Seeler characteristically strove to retrieve the ball and neutralise West Germany's 3-4 deficit. With him West Germany were never found wanting in effort. Indeed, in his absence, if the team were sloppy the chant 'Uwe, Uwe' would rise to a crescendo to inspire the players to lift themselves up by their boot laces

No one typified better the German courage and indefatigable spirit. Twice his career seemed at an end, and twice he fought back to lead his country in the World Cups in 1966 and 1970, he had made his mark in the 1958 and 1962 World Cups as a short, stocky centre forward who lifted himself above rivals as much by the spring and power of his legs as by his deep absorption in the game. Then, in 1965, he tore his Achilles tendon, had healthy tendons from the other leg, and a plastic heel, inserted. He worked his way back to fitness to help West Germany defeat Sweden with the second goal in the 2-1 victory and qualify for the final rounds of the 1966 World Cup. With the emergence of Gerd Muller, it seemed that he would not find a place, but Seeler held his ground and had his finest World Cup in the energy-sapping heat and altitude of Mexico. He adapted his play to fit as a midfielder on the alert for the chance to surge into the penalty area. The understanding that Muller and he revealed gave the lie to fears of confrontation between two men seeking the same roles In the event the German skipper's unselfish role had

[redacted]

Seeler roamed all over the field, made it easy for his colleagues to find him, created space and chances for the Bayern Munich spearhead, and was acclaimed as the man of the tournament by most critics

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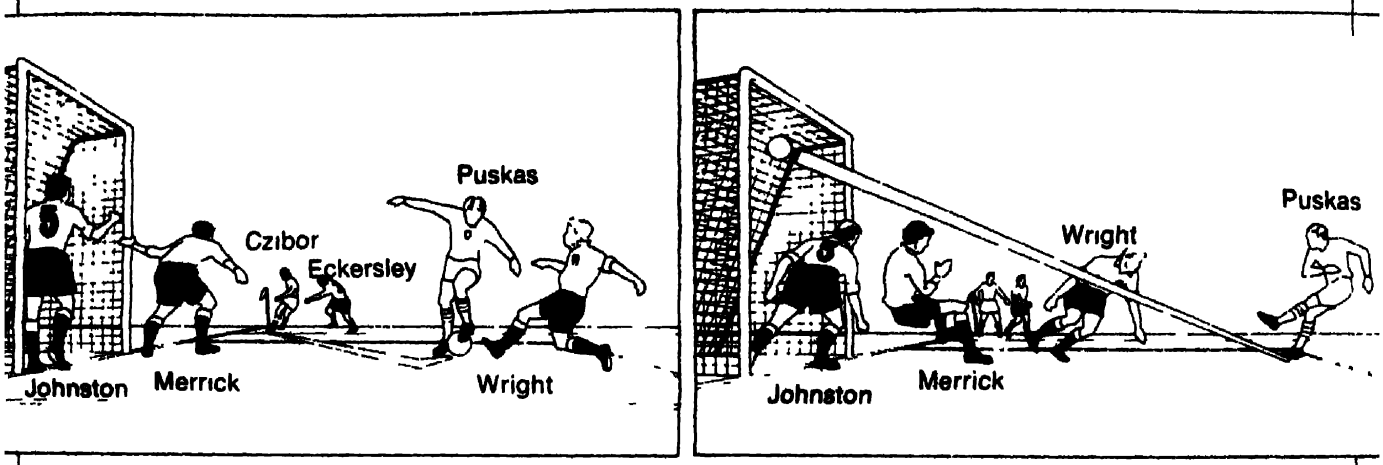
much to do with Muller finishing as the top scorer with ten goals. Seeler roamed all over the field, made it easy for his colleagues to find him, created the space and chances for the Bayern Munich spearhead, and was acclaimed as the man of the tournament by most critics

Seeler, who at seventeen made his international debut in 1954 and played seventy-two internationals besides two games for the Rest of Europe and one for the Rest of the World, was the top marksman in West Germany five times with Hamburg Sport Verein, the club for which his father and elder brother Dieter also turned out. Italian clubs, especially Internazionale, tempted him with big offers. But the agency of Adidas that he secured through Sepp Herberger helped the thrice West German Footballer of the Year, who was also awarded the title of Ehrenspiel fuhrer (honorary captain of the national team) and the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany, firmly reject them

THE first player to be conferred the title of honorary captain of a national team, Fritz Walter took the 1954 World Cup as the stage on which to display his talent to organise and hold together a team and translate on the field the strategy worked out by the team manager. Sepp Herberger paid the compliment of persuading the Kaiserlautern schemer to continue in the national team in defence of the title in Sweden. By then the tall, skilful, precise passer of the ball was thirty-seven, an age when few can continue to be the dynamo of an international team He was but one of the three from the winning side of 1954, the others being wingers Hans Schaefer and Helmut Rahn, who had scored two of the goals in the 3-2 shock victory over Hungary in Berne He steered West Germany into the semi-final, in which Sweden's Parling rendered him hors de combat with a dreadful foul He was carried off sixteen minutes from the end and West Germany, who had taken the lead through Schaefer's stinging 25-yard shot, conceded the last two goals in their 1-3 loss after Walter's exit He was unable to play the third place match against France

Hungary, had an inside-forward trio that brooked little opposition, though West Germany thwarted them in the 1954 World Cup final by cramping deep-lying centre forward Nandor Hidegkuti. However, in the five years between 1950 and 1955, Ferenc Puskas and Sandor Kocsis were the twin terrors of the football field.

Modest and slight of build, the two-footed Kocsis made his international debut three years later and consequently played fewer games by the time the Magical Magyars broke up in October 1956. But he averaged more goals per game, seventy-five in sixty-eight games, to Puskas' eighty-three in eighty-four games. Like his captain, he could read the game extraordinarily well and be on hand to strike for goal, as his seven hat-tricks for Hungary attest. And in one respect he scored, or rather soared above Puskas. The two goals he headed in extra time at the 1954 World Cup semi-final against Uruguay stressed his



A classic Puskas goal. He traps the ball perfectly aware of the fact that English captain Billy Wright is about to tackle him. He suddenly rolls back the ball with his foot, Wright is left tackling a vision, and rifles the ball into the top of the net

rating as the game's greatest header.

'Golden Head' Kocsis also did not return to Hungary from Honved's South American Tour. After a brief stay with Young Boys of Berne, he joined up with Hungarian and Honved teammate Zoltan Czibor at Barcelona. He came nearest to a European Champions Cup winner's medal in 1961, the season Barcelona knocked out arch rivals and holders Real Madrid before going down to Benfica in the final. He did gain a winner's medal in the 1958-60 Fairs Cup, besides two League and two Cup winner's medals to add to the five Hungarian Championship medals he had with Honved.

Puskas was a striking contrast to Kocsis. More outgoing than the latter the 'Galloping Major' had a greater say in Hungarian football. An example cited is his own inclusion in the 1954 World Cup final. He was not fully fit, though he opened the score as early as the sixth minute, was foiled twice in the second half by a brilliant Turek in the West German goal and lastly had an equalising goal five minutes from the end negatived by a doubtful off-side decision.

Thus was snatched away the cup most coveted by the all-time great who had cultivated his ball skills and shooting with either a tennis ball or a ball of rags on vacant lots. Puskas also played basketball to develop his speed of reaction; as a matter of fact the Hungarians used many basketball tactics.

Unlike the pensive Didi, Puskas hit it off with Di Stefano at Real Madrid in what was a second career for the tubby extrovert. In the 1960 final of the European Champions Cup against Eintracht Frankfurt, he got four goals and Di Stefano three in the 7-3 triumph. That was the high point of his days with Real. In two other finals of the event he finished on the losing side, despite a first-half hat-trick in 1962 when Benfica won 5-3. As in Hungary, he finished as top marksman in Spain four times. Besides he also gained five Championship medals and four Spanish caps, including three in the 1962 World Cup.

Hidegkuti, who played in both the 1954 and 1958 World Cups, rated the Brazil of the earlier series as better but without the organisation of the champion team of 1958. The man who brought about this improvement was in the earlier team too. Waldir Pereira Didi was impressive even then; he won many admirers with his unruffled temper and skill in the tempestuous Battle of Berne against Hungary. In 1958, however, he was acknowledged as the world's best.

DIDI was the lynchpin of the 4-2-4 system that Brazil employed to bag the Jules Rimet Cup for the first time, a result of the six hours a day that he had put in from the age of six to perfect the long passes that swerved or dipped in the air. From him flowed the moves that Garrincha, Vava and Pele carried to fruition. In 1962 he was forced to operate from closer to his defence. Again he fitted the bill.

Real Madrid secured the lean and handsome maestro after the 1958 World Cup, but Di Stefano would not countenance a challenger to his status. So Didi was loaned to Valencia, with whom he began to substantiate his credentials. Apprehensive about his impact, Real Madrid released him from his contract on the condition he went back to Botafogo. In Brazil he was soon back to his best and helped Botafogo win the championship in 1961 and 1962.

Didi, who sold peanuts in Campos to help his parents make both ends meet, nearly lost his right leg when only fourteen. He was kicked on the right knee, which developed an abscess. The doctors advised amputation, but skilful nursing gradually cured him. He spent six months in a wheelchair before resuming practice. Four years after the injury he joined Americano. Then he went to Rio and up the ladder via Madureira, Fluminese and Botafogo, with whom he ended his playing career before joining Peru's Sporting Cristal as coach. Given charge of the Peruvian team for the 1970 World Cup, Didi inculcated in them the attractive Brazilian style. Peru proved a match for all, except Brazil. When some of the players stepped over the line, and when no deterrent action was taken against them by the Peruvian FA, Didi, the strict disciplinarian, chose not to renew his contract.



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In the Fifties Real Madrid and Di Stefano were synonymous They won the first five European Champions Cup with the one over AC Milan best exemplifying the intense competitive personality of Di Stefano unwittingly developed in the streets of a Buenos Aires suburb, particularly the realisation that 'you always have to go one better in order to become the best Indeed, in the ten years he was with Real Madrid, he had attained his desire to be described as the most complete rather than as the fastest or the most brilliant' footballer

Real Madrid had paid £4000 and Barcelona £20,000 to River Plate, who held his original registration The Spanish FA ruled that Di Stefano should play for the two clubs in alternate seasons Disappointed by his early performances in Real's colours, Barcelona agreed to waive their option, provided Real would pay them the amount paid to River Plate The £24,000 Real paid proved to be the biggest bargain the richest club in the world had ever struck

The European Footballer of 1957 and 1959 played five hundred and ten games and scored four hundred and twenty-eight goals, including forty-nine in fifty-eight European Cup games, in his ten seasons with Real Madrid The last two seasons of his playing career he spent with Espanol, scoring nineteen goals in eighty one games He also donned Spain s jersey in thirty-one games and scored twenty-three goals He overcame his aversion to be a coach and impressed his strong personality on an ageing Boca Juniors team, dropping Antonio Rattin among others to inject fresh blood and instill physical fitness while steering them to the 1968 Argentine championship He returned to Spain and achieved similar success with Valencia

However, more than these imposing statistics, it was the command he exercised with his control on the ball, the tempo and trend of play, his limitless stamina built through road running and training, speed and power, the imagination and maturity to divine possibilities, that made him a phenomenon The leader of the National Liberation Front on releasing him in Caracas after fifty-seven anxious and agonising hours paid him a remarkable tribute 'We chose you, because you are the greatest footballer of all time, known by everyone, admired by everyone, feared by every team '



Di Stefano played five hundred and ten games and scored four hundred and twentyeight goals, including forty-nine in fifty-eight European Cup games, in his ten seasons with Real Madrid

Neither forty thousand letters nor several tempting offers could make Johan Cryuff rescind his decision not to play in the 1978 World Cup That, according to many critics, cost Holland the game's most coveted prize For, though they reached the final with nine of the men who had claimed a runners-up medal four years earlier, they lacked the unity and fluidity that 1974's model player, as Beckenbauer called him, could have infused

With a team composed of players mostly from Ajax Amsterdam and Feyenoord of Rotterdam, Holland gave the finest exhibition of total football in their sweep to the final of the 1974







World Cup "It was really a psychological thing—we saw the game purely as a team game and tried to help each other in every situation and in every corner of the pitch explained Cryuff They brushed aside Argentina East Germany, the only side to beat eventual champions West Germany, and Brazil before they lost the final by the odd goal in three after taking the lead in the very first minute from a penalty awarded against the tripping of Cryuff at the end of a bewitching move without a single West German having touched the ball

As they were teased and tormented Beckenbauer West Germany s skipper and inspiration in defiance analysed it better "It owed more to the element of surprise than any magic formula I think the Dutch got away with it for so long because the opposition could not work out what tactics they were facing It never dawned on them certainly it was much too late, that there was no tactics at all just brilliant players with a ball

The emergence of a crop of brilliant players made Dutch football a power in the late Sixties and Seventies Piet Keizer, Barry Hulshoff, Wim Suurbier, Aarne Haan, Rudi Krol, Johan Neeskens, John Rep at Ajax, Rinus Isreal, Wim Van Hanegem, Ove Kindvall, Wim Jansen, Wim Rijsbergen at Feyenoord and the Van der Kerkhof twins Rene and Eilhelm, at PSV Endhoven, were players with the talent and intelligence for total football Still, they needed a conductor whose vision put him a rung above and gave him the authority so necessary to unify them into a whole

Neither forty thousand letters nor several tempting offers could make Johann Cryuff rescind his decision not to play in the 1978 World Cup

that would be greater than the sum total of the parts To Cryuff the role was tailor-made, and it became more and more evident as he began fulfilling his dream of emulating Di Stefano's influence on the play of the whole team

Piet Keizer, Barry Hulshoff Wim Suurbier, Aarne Haan, Rudi Krol, Johan Neeskens, John Rep at Ajax, Rinus Isreal, Wim Van Hanegem, Ove Kindvall, Wim Jansen, Wim Rijsbergen at Feyenoord and the Van der Kerkhof twins Rene and Eilhelm, at PSV Endhoven, were players with the talent and intelligence for total football Still, they needed a conductor whose vision put him a rung above and gave him the a the right results, but never with him.' Cryuff himself lets one into his secret I think my game is like my character. I think things out logically and try to make sure that my head always rules my legs'

Just as he sought to derive the optimum yield from the decade he gave himself as a top flight player, he also had worked out that he could not have the ball for more than seven minutes in a match, fleeting moments from which to obtain the best results He didn t need reminding that to excel in a match he had to do so in training He was a real pro in letting nothing interfere with his training, for which he was always punctual Not even an interview as he made clear to the French TV

Though exceptionally gifted Cryuff had no illusions about the path to success Enrolled at ten with Ajax, where his mother ran the canteen after his father s death, he quickly came through to the youth side—incidentally, in the colours of Holland Youth he was overshadowed by Berti Vogts, who repeated the feat in the 1974 World Cup final—before making the first team when only seventeen The fiery temper of an artist got him marching orders in his second international and a year s suspension that was commuted to six months He had been kicked about for an hour by his Czech rivals when he remonstrated with the referee at the lack of protection under the laws But soon enough, the black belt holder and friend of former world judo champion Anton Geesink, learned not only to look after himself, to which some defenders, unwise to believe they could take advantage of his frail build, would attest, but could also ridicule the offenders through his superlative skills

freewheeling

THIS week's cover feature emerged from a very innocuous discussion We had three stories in the pipeline, Majid Baskar and the Vishwanaths Elder and Younger It took an idle mind in one corner of the room to stitch the common denominator And we had a cover story on our hands

But the classic comeback case is far from sporting Walter P Chrysler left General Motors in 1920 when his chairman William Durant wouldn't give him the latitude he required to run the Buick division the way he wanted

Three years later Walter Chrysler came out of retirement to reorganise the dying Maxwell and Chalmers Motor Car Companies He promoted new models overnight and his advertisement programme featured himself Perhaps a cost saving device By 1925 he had reorganised his failing amalgamation into the Chrysler Corporation

In 1928, Walter P brought over Dodge and Plymouth By the time he died in 1940, Chrysler's share had expanded to 25 per cent of the domestic market The company had surpassed Ford and was now second only to General Motors!

However, the protagonists in this week's CS have one point going for them, they have *not* retired This very point appeared to have irked Gundappa Vishwanath when Suprakash Ghoshal approached him for an interview "Let me get one point clear—I have not retired I was merely considered not good enough and am no longer in the Test side I have been dropped That is all

Viswanath the Younger was more emphatic He clenched his fist and grinded his teeth I am going to be back Take it from me I always do better when I am under pressure This is going to be another challenge for me Just you wait he thundered

Obviously the feature will arouse a film of memories Chatterjee from our Stores department is one such inspired He had seen GRV in the mid seventies against the West Indies Rolling his eyes around and arranging the chairs in our department to illustrate the field placings he arches back on one knee then flicks past his eyelashes and says *Bah tomra ki khela dekhecho?* (What batting have you seen?)

Sadanand Viswanath is anybody's idea of a josh cricketer Going through my video tapes of the World Championship games last year before doing this piece I was fascinated by his speed behind the wickets He finished with 12 dismissals from five games with the special bonus being stumped Viswanath bowled Sivaramakrishnan The highlight of the tournament was Miandad skipping out to Siva being beaten by the turn and with Viswanath collecting cleanly not even bothering to look back It was as much a tribute to Siva's break as to Viswanath's quicksilver

Sport affords other comeback examples Sarfraz Nawaz of Pakistan retired at least three before the final announcement Each one was timed to hit the headlines before Sarfraz would revert by saying that he had only been misquoted

Not all sportsmen making a comeback have been successful Joe Louis prepared to take another shot at the title after incompetent financial management coupled with heavy taxes had left him a poor man Ezzard Charles beat him on points Marciano knocked him out Louis never returned

Joe Davis was different On the day of his retirement somebody asked what he was going to do now that he had played his last snooker tournament Davis squinted at the interviewer Why, he said, I'm going straight home—to have a game of snooker!

Ability can however be transitory In 1976 David Gurr was reckoned as the best young fast bowler in England By 1978 he had fizzled out to a club batsman of scant value However hard he tried he could no longer keep to his line One unkind opponent asked him which way he planned to drive home after a game On hearing the reply that Gurr intended to take the M4, he cut in "You should be alright it's got three lanes'

The last straw for Gurr came at Bristol in a second eleven game His first over included eight wides despite pretty considerate umpiring To finish his over, Gurr reduced his run up to two paces The ball finished with Peter Roebuck at gully

The last had not been heard of Gurr Two years later, Gurr dismissed Greg Chappel in the nets at Taunton Chappell wanted to know why the fellow was not in the England team!

So one day you have it one day you don't You strut and fret your hour upon the stage and then are heard no more'

Mudar Patherya

Anybody's idea of a 'josh' cricketer is Sadanand Viswanath



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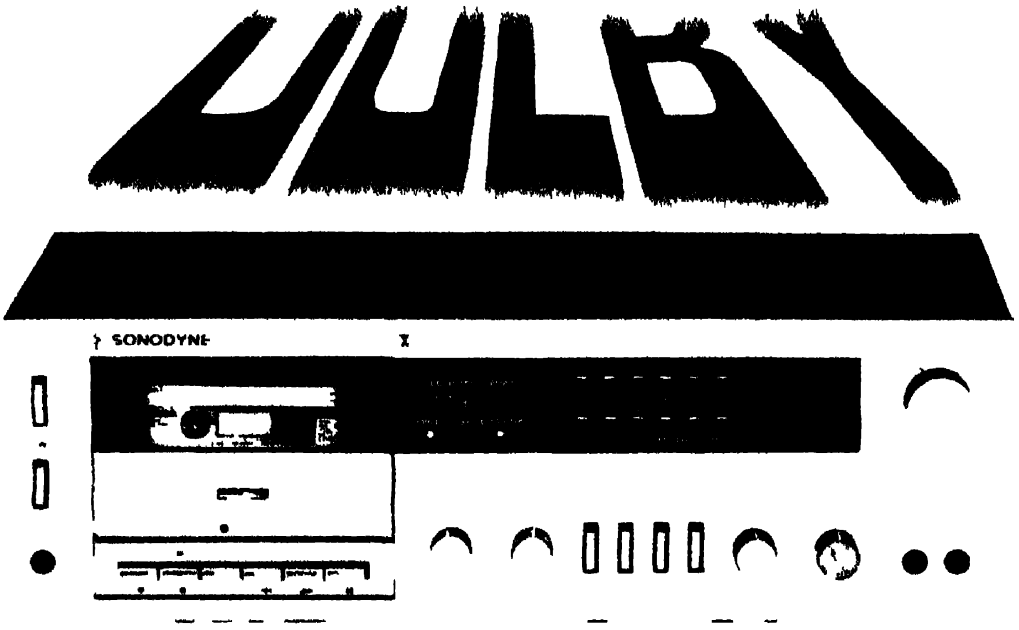
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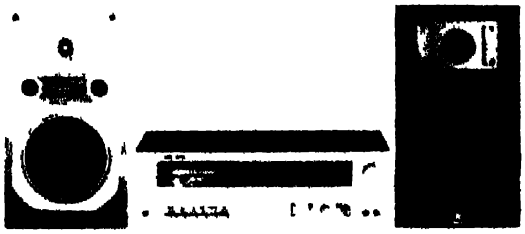
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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor. David McMahon
Editorial Staff: Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O Brien Pradeep Paul

Correspondents. Bombay Haresh Munwani
Madras: Partab Ramchand

Staff Photographer: Nikhil Bhattacharya

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Best XI

WE received a number of letters from readers voicing their opinion as to what their Best World XI would be from the players who participated in the Mexico World Cup. As it will not be possible to publish all these letters we have selected The Best XI, giving a player one point for each time he made it to reader's XI, going by the respective positions.

The Best XI from the Mexico World Cup would therefore be: Harald Schumacher, Manuel Amoros, Morten Olsen, Josimar, Hans Peter Briegel, Jean Tigana, Michael Laudrup, Diego Maradona, Careca, Gary Lineker, Preben Elkjaer. Just missing out were Jorge Burruchaga, Julio Cesar, Mohammad Timoumi, Jose Luis Browne, Mitchel Platini, Peter Shilton, Jan Culemans, Jorge Valdano and V. Scito

We thank the following readers for sending their opinions
Prasenjit Lahiri, Bappa, Himadri Ravchowdhury, Sujoy Sengupta, Shaswata Bhattacharya, Abid Palanpurwala, Saibal Gupta, Prabal Guha, Rajani Pisharoti, Anthony D'Souza, B. Zohana, Avan, Jitandra Singh, Andrew D'souza, Rongsen Jamir, S. Hussain, Nandini Hazarika, Suprakash Dutta, Arundava Bose, Debasis Ghosh, Jaleshwar Ghosh, Geeko.

Unsporting

READER H. L. Chodhury seemed to be very unsporting while describing his views on Gavaskar's antics as right. We have seen the fate of umpires not getting the favour of our former captain if the vital decisions were not going his way I think only Gothoskar supported Sunil Gavaskar If this is a fact then the axing of David Constant is not in lines with ICC's rulings. Gavaskar was at fault totally.

C.R. KRISHNAN,
Srinagar.

Screening

IT was undoubtedly an Indian Summer. Now that the Indian team is back t has struck me that each of the players can have a Hindi film name appropriately attached to his name. Here goes!
Kapil Dev—*Armaan* (His long-awaited dream of winning a Test as captain was finally fulfilled)
Gavaskar—*Ram Teri Ganga Maili* (His ambition of scoring a century at Lord's remains unfulfilled)
Srikkanth—*Chalti ka naam gadi*
Azharuddin—*Kal aaj aur kal* (We have seen his class in the past; we have seen it in the present. We wait to see what he will do in the future)
Mohinder Amarnath—*Pran jaaye par vachan naa jaaye*
Ravi Shastri—*Phir janam layenge hum*
Kiran More—*Hum kisee say kum nahin*
Chetan Sharma—*Ladke baap say badke* (He bowled as well as Kapil did)
Roger Binny—*Kahani kismat ki* (He proved that with a little luck he could perform both with the bat as well as with the ball)
Dilip Vengsarkar—*Hero*
Maninder Singh— *Masoom*
Raman Lamba—*Bud-naseeb* (Not to have made his debut)
Chandrakant Pandit—*Koshish* (He tried hard)
Manoj Prabhakar—*Yeh kaisa insaaf* (Not to have been considered for selection even though Chetan Sharma was injured)
Madan Lal—*Paying Guest*
Shivlal Yadav—Caravan (He travelled with the team, and he travelled with the team, and he travelled with the team)
Sandeep Patil—*Ab kya hoga?*
Raj Singh Dungarpur—Duniya meri jaeb main.

B. RAMANA MURTY,
Behrampur.

Brazil's giants

THIS letter is with reference to the article 'There are no giants in Brazil' in *Sportsworld* (9th 15th July) by Surprakash Ghoshal. His views seem to be very different from many others like myself.

The people of Brazil still care very much for Zico and Socrates. They have forgiven Zico for missing the vital penalty and still claim that he was one of the greatest players of the Seventies. Socrates, in my opinion, was not a failure. He may have lost some speed but his control is still good. Then there is Junior, who is still a force to reckon with. Add to this list the names of Careca, Josimar, Julio Cesar, Mueller Casagrande and Alemao and you have a formidable lineup. There are giants in Brazil and they will walk yet.

CHERI MATHEW,
Bangalore.

THE BEST OF INDIAN SPORT 1947-1986

This Independence Day seems the right time to look back on Indian sport. Almost four decades since that historic day in 1947.

Economic India has progressed considerably from a humble scratch in the Forties. Can we say the same about our sport? True, we have had champions...we've had our share of Ferreiras, Milkha Singhs, Padukones, Natekars, Jones, Gavaskars, Sethis and Kapil's Devils. But what more?

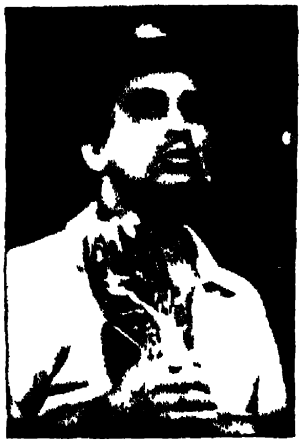
For a population of 80 crores we returned from the Los Angeles Olympic Games with no medal. The best national timings clocked by our male swimmers are still slower than those clocked by, say, women swimmers from GDR. Japan is perhaps the size of Bengal, yet that country finishes each Olympics with more medals than India has won in all the Games combined.

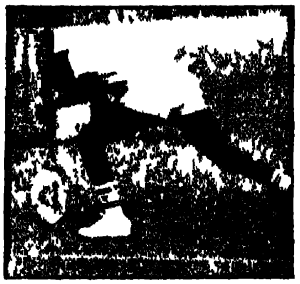
As a sporting nation we have had our hours of glory. And embarrassments. This issue recreates those moments. And the men who made them.

But what of the future? Perhaps the reader leafing through an issue of this magazine in 2025AD will have cause to be reasonably proud of sporting India



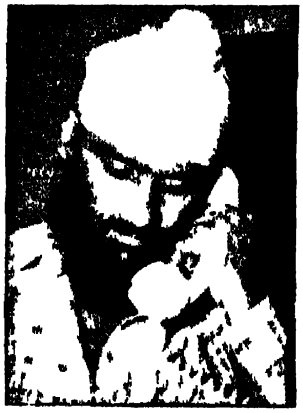














MY TEN GREATEST INDIAN SPORTSMEN



Pearson Surita is a retired commentator. Having been an observer of India's sporting ups and downs over the last 50 years. In this article he looks back on a host of memories before emerging with his master list

Kapil Dev

If Gavaskar is arguably the greatest Indian batsman ever Kapil Dev lays a strong claim to being India's greatest ever all rounder His greatest achievement was in winning the Prudential Cup for India in 1983 He was chosen as one of *Wisden* s five Cricketers of the Year in 1983 Earlier he had qualified into the select list of all rounders by becoming the youngest to complete the Test double at 20 years It was also in the shortest time ever 1 year 108 days He was awarded the Arjuna Award in 1 980 and the Padma Shri a year later

Sunil Gavaskar

An uncle noticed that the baby beside s his mother did not have a mark around his ear while a day earlier the mark was evident Apparently the baby had been erroneously exchanged for a fisherman s boy nearby The mistake was traced and immediately rectified The boy with the birth mark was named Sunil The boy went on to play more Tests than anybody score more Test runs than any other cricketer more centuries than any Test batsman

The greatest tribute to him was paid by Britain s royalty It was conveyed that he was to be conferred a knighthood Being a citizen of a republic he had to politely refuse the honour




CPG



Tenzing Norgay

How do you achieve greatness in sport? If you're a footballer your aim is to be on a World Cup winning team. If you're a tennis player Wimbledon is your goal. If you're a mountaineer it's Everest. And Tenzing, left his stamp on it.

Like other young Sherpas the mountains were his home. Like other young Sherpas too he was strong, fast courageous and fit. But something set him apart. He was determined to make it to the top. He tried but failed. But he never gave up.

When John Hunt had to make the final choice as to which the two prospective climbers would be one had to be Sherpa Tenzing. The other was Hillary who later admitted *Tenzing saved my life*.

Besides Everest he has other peaks to his credit too. But his contribution to the sport has been more than just that. As Director of the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute he passed his skill and experience onto others. An all time great in Indian sport. No doubt about that.

THE BEST OF INDIAN SPORT

Ramanathan Krishnan

Born in Madras in 1933 Krishnan first played Davis Cup for India in 1953 and could go down as the greatest Indian tennis player In the days when the emphasis in tennis was shifting to power rather than skill alone Krishnan's touch was revered by all He won the National Championships on eight occasions between 1954 and 1965 He sounded his arrival on the international circuit when he won the Wimbledon Junior title in 1954 He overcame his only weakness the service with his uncanny anticipation winning the London Grass Court Championship and the American Hard Court title in 1959 He became the first and only Indian to enter the last four stage of the All England He did so in 1960 and 61





Dibyendu Barua

This young man might be the surprise inclusion in the list but what he achieved has not been precedented even by people years older than him Born in Calcutta in 1966 this science graduate started playing chess at the age of five He won the state sub junior and senior titles at the age of 12 Four years later he won the National championship in Agartala and has never looked back since

A member of the US Chess Federation he finished 12th in the International Grandmasters tournament in the USSR in May 1983 and came second at the Prague International Open Tournament in 1084 He was the first of a string of Indian whiz kids in chess We have surely not heard the last of this talented young man

Michael Ferreira

Probably the most unfortunate of all Indian champions is this brilliant billiards player Winning the World Amateur Billiards title thrice the last time in 1984 Ferreira had done battle with the best amateurs in the world and come out victorious But such is the state of discrimination in our country that this man goes without a mention in the book which chronicles *Who's Who in India*

Starting his billiards in the Bandra Gymkhana in Bombay (which incidentally has renamed its billiards room after him) Michael Ferreira drew inspiration from the words and example from the grand old man of Indian billiards Wilson Jones After totally dominating the green baize till a few years ago Ferreira has started thinking about the future of the sport in India in preference to himself

Milkha Singh

He was a sepoy in the Indian army who took to running primarily to overcome the boredom of daily parade and eventually became the greatest Indian athlete of our time.
In the early stages of his career he restricted himself to the longer distances. On one occasion after completing a cross-country race he collapsed and very nearly didn't make it back onto his feet. But courage and determination were his allies. He was adviced to switch to the 400 metres as it would suit his style of running. He experimented. After that there was no looking back.
A breathtaking anchor leg run in the 4×400 relay brought India a silver. The flying Sikh was well on his way to stardom. In 1959 he was the deserving winner of the Helms Trophy—awarded to the best quarter-miler in the world.
The following year in Rome a lot was expected from Milkha. He did his best, but was only good enough to be placed a close fourth even though he broke the Olympic record!
There are some who felt that Milkha would have fared better in the 200 metres. He may well have. Yet the fact remains. Milkha Singh is the greatest athlete to have run for India.





K.D. Singh 'Babu'

A clarification at the start. Dhyan Chand would have walked into this list without question. But, to remind you, we are dealing only with sportsmen after 1947. Hence it is Kanwar Digvijay Singh. Better known as 'Babu'.
While Dhyan Chand was the more complete player, 'Babu' was the perfect man to have as your inside-right, an intricate dribbler with the ability to pass to the right man at the right spot. A bit on the slower side, he made it up with his body swerve, which oldtimers still feel has not quite been matched. He led the Indian hockey team to the Helsinki Olympics in 1952 and returned with the gold. He was awarded the Helms World Trophy on being nominated as the best sportsman of Asia for his contribution in the 1952 Olympic Games.

Chuni Goswami

Chuni Goswami's forte was his control of the ball. His ability to confuse the opposition by starting off in one direction and reversing again was his other strong point.
Goswami played much of his soccer in the company of some of the greatest players this country has produced, holding his own in their company. He was largely instrumental in India reaching the Olympic semi-finals in 1956 and winning the gold at the Djakarta Asiad in 1962.
It is difficult to say whether Goswami would have emerged as a Test cricketer if he had concentrated on cricket alone. He played for East Zone against the West Indians on one of their tours to this country. A decent bowler and a dependable batsman, Goswami often played national level cricket and soccer matches with barely two-day gaps between them!

MY TEN GREATEST INDIAN SPORTSWOMEN

Ron Hendricks is the doyen of Indian sports writers. Most of the performers he currently passes judgment on were, perhaps, not even born when Hendricks started out as a journalist. In this article he draws up his list of the greatest Indian sportswomen that he has seen

Indu Puri

Indu Puri is quite easily a champion without equal in this country That she has won the National title for a record number of times is proof of this Moreover, she is one of the few Indian table tennis players to have beaten a world title holder

Yvonne Smith

It might surprise people that Ann Lumsden has been overlooked However, I found Yvonne a hard-hitting centre forward for Nagpur She was a penalty corner specialist, with the knack of making the boards resound with her shot This quality impressed observers at the Folkestone Festival



P.T. Usha

A versatile athlete of genuine world class Her total commitment and dedication to sport should serve as an inspiration to our youth She finished fourth in the 400m hurdles at the Los Angeles Games in what was a rather untried event for her The timing separating her from the winner of the bronze medal was a fraction of a second, so much so that at first observers felt that Usha had won the bronze On hearing that an Indian had missed the bronze by a whisker, an American athlete commented "It must be the greatest achievement in Indian athletics Why, I never knew that they ever came out of purdah in that country "



P.T. Usha: automatic choice

Stephie D'Souza

She lived up to her promise in athletics as well as hockey Later in her career she graduated from sprints to middle-distance running However, she was an unfortunate victim of the inaugural Folkestone Festival, women hockey's maiden exposure to the international circuit The rift prevented her from following in the steps of Mary D'Souza as a double international

Mary D'Souza

A sprinter of considerable talent Mary D Souza hit the national scene far ahead of the right time Without the best of facilities she nevertheless made the grade for the Olympics in 1952 Her prized possessions are the starting blocks that famous American hurdler Harrison Richards presented her She played hockey with distinction too Today she is a coach at both these disciplines

Durdhana Nair (nee Gill)

Using her height to the best advantage, I felt Durdhana was not only a cut above the rest but perhaps the best woman basketball player this country has produced She was quite a tactical planner and her court coverage was a relish to write on while reporting



The Indian women s 4 x 100m team in 1954 in Manila Mary D Souza is at extreme left Stephie D Souza second from right



Shanta Rangaswamy

Shanta Rangaswamy has done for women's cricket what perhaps a certain S M Gavaskar did for men's She got past limited opportunities for competitive cricket in Bangalore to leave a mark on our national and international record She shares another similarity with Gavaskar in being the most successful Indian captain She also fought for the rights of her colleagues Shades of Gavaskar again!

Nirupama Mankad

Nirupama Mankad may not have matched the speed and power of Jenny Sanderson or Leela Rao but she was on the overall quite easily the best women's player that this country has ever produced I think it will be difficult for anybody in future to get past her string of uninterrupted victories in the National championship Considering that tennis ran in her family, her achievements are not surprising Her father represented the country at the Davis Cup and is today a highly rated coach

Tara Deodhar

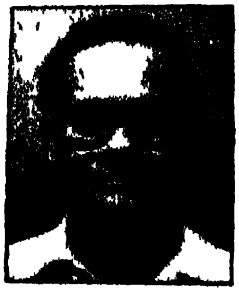
Tara Deodhar should quite easily rank as our all-time great badminton player She was talented enough to take the full measure of Mumtaz Lotwallia (nee Chinoy) She may have finished with a National record of wins had she not left for further studies in America, while she was very much in her prime



Rohini Khadilkar

Constant and untiring encouragement from her father resulted in Rohini Khadilkar developing into a chess player of international class She toured far and wide and later forced her way into the men's ranks in India, proving that she could extend even the best of them

MY TEN MOST CONTROVERSIAL SPORTSMEN



Moti Nandy is not merely a renowned novelist. He is an active sports journalist as well. In this compilation he draws on his experience

Explosive young veteran

The fact that Lala Amarnath was sent back from a tour of England must be overlooked from this survey That happened in 1936, we are dealing with events post 1947 Yet on the basis of evidence after Independence, Lala Amarnath can still be considered to be the most controversial Indian sportsman ever

In the late Forties, he called a press conference in Lucknow and passed, what observers felt, uncharitable remarks on the then Board president Anthony De Mellow. De Mellow in turn pressed that Amarnath be banned from playing domestic cricket on the following counts accepting a bribe to induct Khokan Sen into the Test side, failing in his duty to organise net practice, arriving late for Test matches and accepting appearance money. In all 30 points were listed Eventually things fizzled out with Amarnath tendering an apology—rather uncharacteristically—and the entire proceedings being erased from the minutes of the previous meetings.

Lalaji then ran into Duleep, calling him 'India-born English cricketer The comment was not in appreciation of Duleep's achievements In the late Fifties he once again figured in a selection controversy in which critics alleged that he was 'anti national'

Then in 1983, he had a verbal duel with Kapil Dev on Doordarshan during the Jalandhar Test on the issue of brighter cricket Then during another Test he abused a commentator on Doordarshan thinking that the mike was off! The last has probably not been heard of this explosive young veteran



Opening your mouth and...

Few people have been so beleaguered by controversies as India's chief football coach P K Banerjee And one of the reasons for it is his outspokenness and hobnobbery with a certain section of the Press He has a knack for making news bordering on the inflammatory And the media has banked heavily on him He has always made good copy His quotes have always been sensational

Instances are numerous To cite a few, PK was quoted some years back in a Bengali weekly describing India's national players as 'worthless' It almost cost him his job More recently, an uproar occurred when he allegedly abused a Calcutta journalist following the Bochum XI Super Soccer match at Bangalore PK denied the charge vehemently. But there was no listening. The journalist association in Calcutta drafted a resolution against him. Life as a coach proved a rather thorny experience for PK Banerjee.

Note. The list has been expanded in meaning to accommodate a couple of incidents controversial in nature rather than persons alone.



Captain controversial

Bishen Bedi has had his share of headlines too In 1974 he stirred things up when Wade kar and he had a slang ing match while on tour which could not have worked wonders for the team morale The press got a whiff of it—soon the whole country was talking about it Bedi was at the receiving end dur ing the vaseline con troversy of 1976 77 at Madras when he ac cused John Lever of ap plying the ointment on the ball to aid its move ment in the air The English press- and



cartoonists--had a field day Opinions were mixed when he ordered a walkout against Pakistan at Sahiwal protesting against Sarfraz Nawaz s excessive use of bumpers Bedi was singled out for critic ism when Imran Khan hit two sixes for Pakis tan in the closing stages of the Karachi Test and polished off the game in a thrilling close Bedi then got en meshed in the more controversial power changes at the DDCA In 1982-83 he ran into the headlines yet again with his vitriolic com ments of the Indian captain and his team in Pakistan Bedi was touring Pakistan in the capacity of a selector! Just last season, he felt that Indian players over 30 should be drop ped from our one-day teams So whenever Gavaskar gets a fifty he signals 'O T to the pavilion 'Over Thir ty Get it?

Blueblood, hotblood

After Mrs Gandhi had referred to cricket in one of her comments, MAK Pataudi—then contesting the elec tions for the Vishaal Haryana Party and opposed to Mrs Gan dhi—remarked that it would be better if she were made captain of India This one made the rounds faster than anything what Mrs Gandhi had said Of late Pataudi s com ments on the problems of the Muslims of India has not rubbed off well with his charismatic image



For a few rupees more

Calcutta footballers desert Asian camp

The sporting India was shocked when hard cash prompted most of India s leading footbal lers to desert the Asian Games coaching camp at Salt Lake Calcutta The notorious transfer season was on, cheques were put out and the touts went around the camp star hunting They emerged im mensely successful, with all the stars fol lowing them out "Ene mies of the country", cried out a Bengali dai ly For a long time, they remained the most despised players on the maidan

Star Wars

Authority draws controversy. Critics felt that Kapil Dev was shamming when he walked off upright feigning a pulled hamstring at Faisalabad in 1984. The previous year he had been drawn into controversy on the issue of players reporting Test matches. Kapil Dev's one comment lit the stage: "If they say I can't play, I won't play," implying that he would continue to report the Tests. Later he denied the comment. Kapil Dev was dropped for a rank shot in the Delhi Test against England in 1984-85 and the issue was debated perhaps more hotly than anything in the Parliament all winter. A Gavaskar-Kapil Dev feud was suspected. Kapil went on to write a book in which he alleged that Gavaskar had not given him his best, that Gavaskar was greedy for money and that Gavaskar displayed an arrogant attitude. Kapil, to top it all, denied that he had written this, blaming his co-author in the process. Later, he issued a statement that there was nothing amiss between him and Gavaskar. Games people play!



Careers cut short

Asian Cup hockey, Dhaka, January 1985

India lost the final to Pakistan 2-3 after much controversy. The match was interrupted for 32 minutes when the Indian players objected to a goal that Japanese umpire Yashimo Yubuta awarded to Pakistan. The umpire was struck on the body with a stick during the scuffle and had to be carried out on a stretcher.

The International Hockey Federation decided that Merwyn Fernandes, Romeo James and Rajinder Singh Jr. be suspended for five years from international hockey. The ban on Hardeep Singh and Lauremban Tikken was lifted. The incident not only embarassed India but was a severe blow to the country's hockey prospects as the team lost its key players.

Little Mister Controversy

Here's one to give Lala Amarnath a close fight for the title. Whereas Lalaji's is hardy Punjabi abrasiveness, Gavaskar's is polished invective. Often alloyed with a sense of humour. For example, when he called the Indian selectors a 'bunch of jokers.' Or when Jankidass the film actor cut a trenchant remark on Gavaskar, the diminutive batsman retorted: "Jankidass? I've never heard of this woman." The result was that Jankidass pleaded slander and filed a case in court.

Gavaskar has had his clashes with the press too. Rightly or wrongly. For example, when he batted left-handed in an important Ranji fixture. Or when he walked off with Chauhan after being given out leg before in Melbourne, 1981. Or when he batted for a meticulous 36 not out against England in 1975. It was a limited overs match and Gavaskar stayed in for more than 50 overs! Or when he took apart Khizar Hayat and Shakoor Rana in Lahore one afternoon in 1984. Or when he refused to declare against England at Calcutta in 1984-85. Or...forget it, the list is endless

A sock in one s pride

Sudhir Naik did not play much of Test cricket to be drawn into large scale con troversy But the one little bit with which his name is associated is the charge of shoplift ing levelled at him dur ing the Indian tour of England in 1974 The stigma stayed Even to day Sudhir Naik s name is more associ ated with socks than centuries



To hell with hockey!

Member of the 1975 World Cup winning In dian hockey team, Aslam Sher Khan later got into the adminis tration of the game and stirred up many a con troversy the best known being his book 'To Hell with Hockey The title of the book says much about its contents for between those pages he ridi culed Indian hockey and the administration down to the players He was considered in strumental in bringing down the position of Madhya Pradesh as one of the nurseries of Indian hockey Be cause of a political split in the state association the former Indian de fender took a 'rebel' team to the national championships to rep resent Bhopal He tried to become a member of Parliament but failed in his first attempt but succeeded later



PRESS CLIPPINGS

Come together

AS the 1986 Asian Games draws nearer, things look brighter in the Korean front. North and South Korean officials have agreed to form joint Korean teams to compete in the second annual Asia-Europe table-tennis encounter. The acting President of the Asian Table Tennis Union, Li Jong-Hee, who hails from North Korea, said that the joint teams would serve as an effective means to promote Korean reunification and that the decision was a starting point for the two Koreas to expand sporting exchanges.

Taking the cue from the Koreans, the Chinese supported the idea of forming joint China and Taiwan teams. It is encouraging to note that some efforts are being made to come together, albeit only in the sporting arena.

Lost and out

OURS is not to reason why. If we lose we must 'die'. The coach of a national football team is fully aware that he must succeed to keep his job. If he loses, he must 'go'.

Enzo Bearzot, like many others before him, was axed. After his team won the Cup for Italy in 1982, Bearzot, like Rossi, Conti and the rest, was praised. Very nearly worshipped. But that was four long years ago in Spain. This year in Mexico, Bearzot and his boys failed miserably. And quite predictably Bearzot has been sacked. In his place comes Azeglio Vicini, 53 years old and former manager of the under-21 team. Vicini will build up a side for the 1990 World Cup. But his task at first glance seems a lot easier than the one Bearzot had. The Italians will be hosting the Cup.

Will Sunny set?

THE discussion goes on. When will Sunil Gavaskar retire? At the conclusion of every season a rumour does the rounds that the Little Master plans to call it a day. But almost habitually the person concerned denies it all.

The end of the latest Indian tour of England was no different. Before Sunny made it back to the shores of Bombay, as usual, it was all over the press that the great batsman was going to retire in October. Some went a step further saying that they wondered whether he would ever play again. *The Afternoon Despatch and Courier*, an evening newspaper in Bombay, carried a report which said that the former Indian captain was retiring from Test cricket and intended taking up an assignment with Kerry Packer's Channel Nine as a commentator. Gavaskar, who later admitted that he was annoyed at the fact that very often journalists wrote "anything" without cross-checking it with the person concerned, brushed aside rumours of his retirement. "I have not thought of retirement and I don't know how somebody got such an idea" was the spontaneous reaction of the champion batsman. He went on to say, "When I do announce my plans to retire from Test cricket, it will be told to the Board and then to everybody else."

At the rate he is going one wonders whether he will ever retire. It sometimes seems as if he could just go on, and on, and on.

Better late...

BETTER late than never. John McEnroe and Tatum O'Neal were married last week. The couple who have known each other for almost two years now, tied the wedding band at a ceremony attended only by the family and close friends in Oyster Bay on Long Island, New York. McEnroe, already the father of a son born in May this year, intends to comeback on the tennis pro circuit some time this month. We will wait and see whether fatherhood and family-life have mellowed the Superbrat.



Mirror, mirror, on the wall

Who's the most attractive of them all?

Looks Sex appeal Ability These were some of the guidelines set for the cross-section of women who were given the choice of naming their five most attractive sportsmen And name they did!

While the choice buffetted from the expected to the absolutely surprising there was no doubt that the woman of today knows exactly what she is looking for Although we had given them the international arena to choose from the list is interesting enough to include in this issue Especially when you notice that quite a few Indians feature in the world's top five Ravi Shastri Syed Modi Kapil Dev Sunil Gavaskar Zatar Iqbal Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi Venugopal Chandrasekhar All these names figured in our opinion poll Blasting to smithereens our theory that women go only for macho he men with matinee idol looks The choice wavers between the blatantly macho—Imran Khan The subtly attractive—Michel Platini One even opted for the intellectual appeal of Anatoly Karpov Surprising but true What many women (and men) consider attractive may have an equal number of women turning away in disdain Back to square one really After all have you ever heard of women agreeing on anything?

The five most attractive sportsmen is no exception!



IMRAN KHAN

"I like his looks his style and his sex appeal!!'

"What do I like about him? Everything!'

"Sex appeal personified"



MICHEL PLATINI

"He s a great looker as well as a superb footballer"

'Great football genius who is also 'cute' looking"

"Ooh! What legs!"

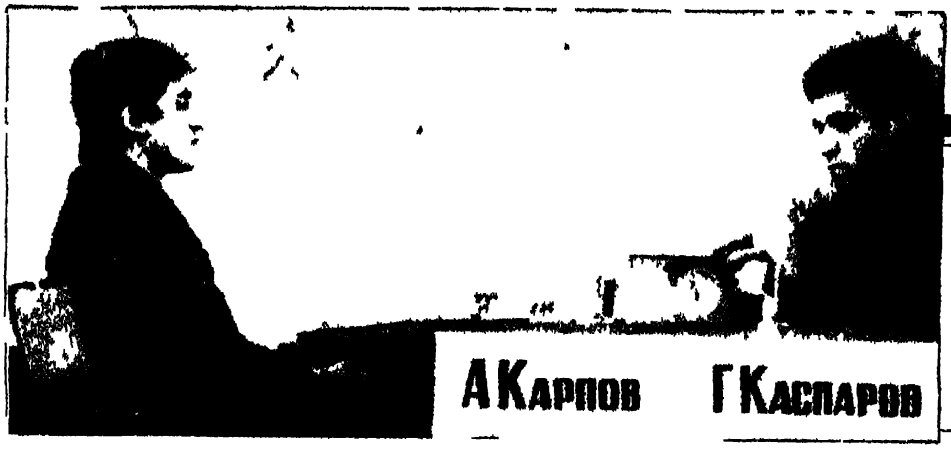


RAVI SHASTRI

"His allround ability and sex appeal"

"Man! I dig him!! He's sexy!"

"I love his intense looks, his height and his all round ability"



А КАРПОВ Г КАСПАРОВ

ANATOLY KARPOV

' His brains That s what I like about the man'

' He is so intense and intellectual"

"Deadly calm"

DALEY THOMPSON

' I like his sense of humour

His body is too much! Such perfection! Such power!





JOHN MCENROE

' I love his style—his serves and swears!'

"His looks and his unique personality turn me on"

"What a man His aggression says everything!"



MY TEN BEST LOOKING SPORTSMEN

Film actress and director **Aparna Sen** makes her choice

Jaideep Mukherjee *.If you were reasonably aware of Prem jit Lall in the Sixties then there is every possibility that you were an admirer of Jaideep Mukherjee too If this present day photograph surprises you look at the inset That should justify the choice beyond question*





ML Jaisimha *Quite like the other dashers in the Indian team Jaisimha had a distinct style which was all his own Slim waisted—even today he is remarkably trim—and swarthy this Hyderabadi had us crazy about him when we were younger He was top on our short list of favourites*

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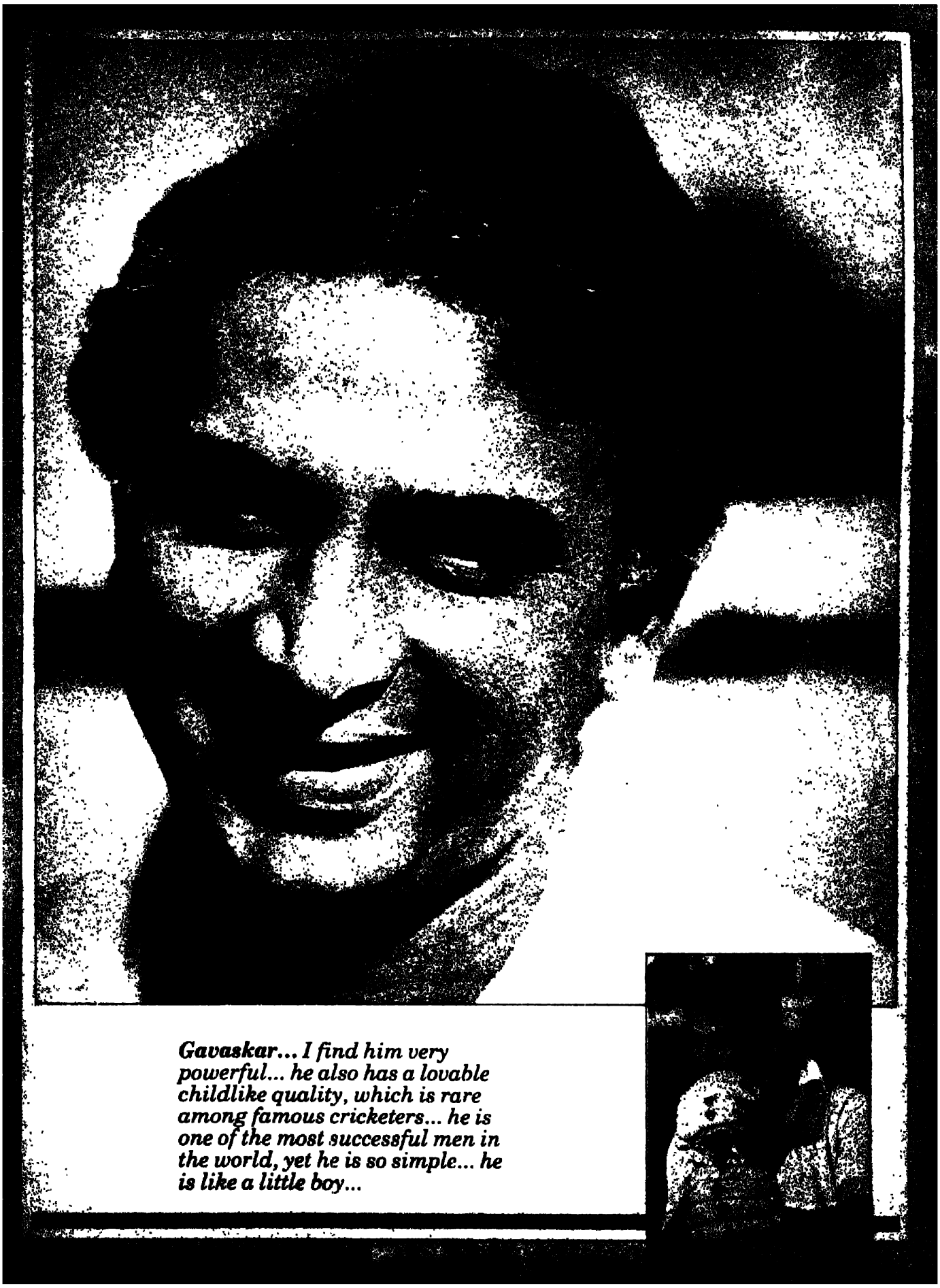


Salim Durrani... *Anybody who had eye for cricketers in the Sixties and the early Seventies inevitably turned to Jai Tiger or Salim Durrani There was a romantic ring around that name of his moreover Durrani associated himself with some of the more spectacular aspects of the game –hitting sixes playing to the galleries etc That he was tall and good looking added to the charisma My sister was bonkers over him Not surprisingly he went on to act in a Hindi movie A sort of early day Sandeep Patil you could say*

Gift of
Gaikrishna Public Library



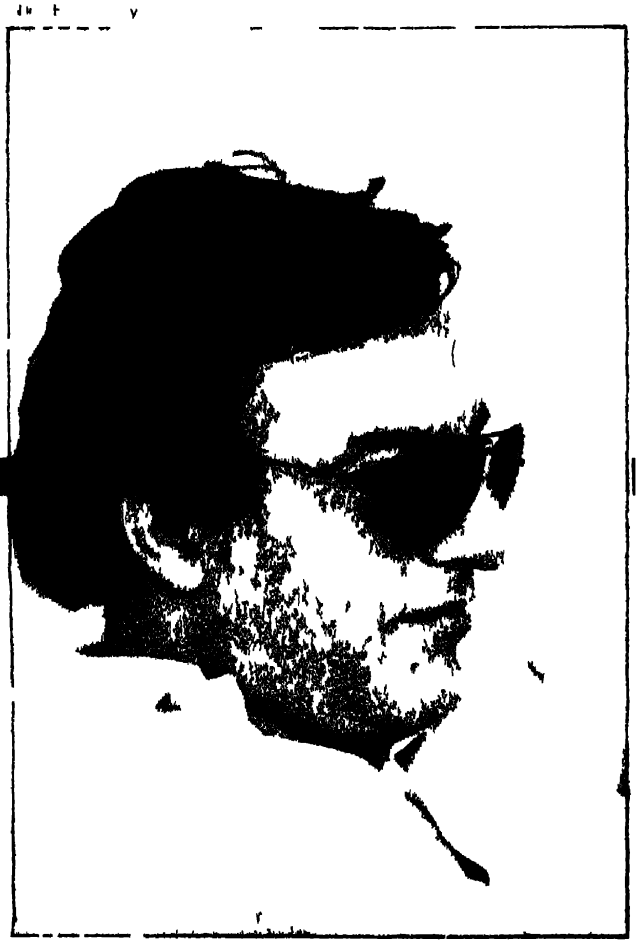
Premjit Lall *If you were a young lady in Calcutta in the Sixties you had to be an admirer of Premjit Lall He was not only one of the best Indian tennis players of that time but a handsome young man well built with a cute face This photograph taken recently can still furnish enough reason as to the charm that he possessed years ago when Vijay had not yet been heard of*



***Gavaskar...** I find him very powerful... he also has a lovable childlike quality, which is rare among famous cricketers... he is one of the most successful men in the world, yet he is so simple... he is like a little boy...*

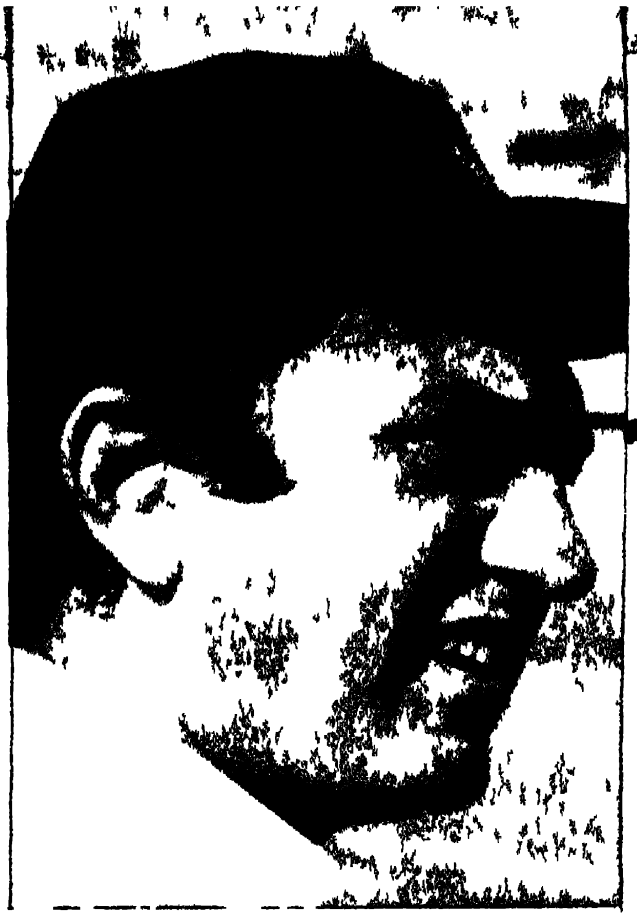


Vijay Amritraj
Swaggers around the international tennis circuit and dates fun of his actress-infested glamorous worlds as Hollywood. The tall, dark and handsome guy has impressed a lot

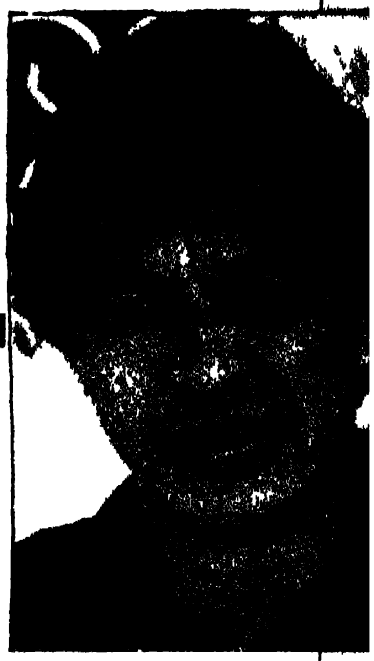


Tiger Pataudi
The regime personified, his plasticene makes his image even more romantic. Just think of the courage and talent it took to be so successful a cricketer despite the handicap. He is very impressive





Abbas Ali Baig . *Sophisticated man from aristocratic surroundings he's got that old world Hyderabadi charm something very masculine about him also in totality a very attractive personality*



Shyam Thapa *One of the most lovable characters I've ever met about whom there's absolutely nothing childlike simple about him kind of exuberance that sprang from a gorgeous sporting mind*

Chunni Gosvami *I'd like to be seen with him he's the kind of guy anyone would like to go out for dinner with one evening and when I saw him play I noticed he's got a great pair of legs*





Premjit Lall's choice of India's most attractive sportswomen



Shiny Abraham... *The 'girl next door' looks. She is simple, but very charming. Her shyness makes her all the more cute. She has a typical South Indian-ness about her.*



Madhumita Bisht...
She is always composed-her movements are graceful and she has a feline beauty



Vandana Rao... *She is pretty. Hers is a very Indian face. She has a strange softness in her eyes. And a bewitching smile which is not easy to forget.*

Bhaktawar Khambatta... *Her courage and strength have always been a special attraction She has a freshness in her face and a pleasant disposition*



Nafisa Ali... She *is gorgeous. Some sportswomen are beautiful, but very rarely are they so beautiful. Whether in the water or out of it she always looked stunning. No wonder she was the second runner up in the Miss World competition.*





Nirupama Mankad... *There was something very sisterly about her She always had a smile on her face Relaxed and always at ease*

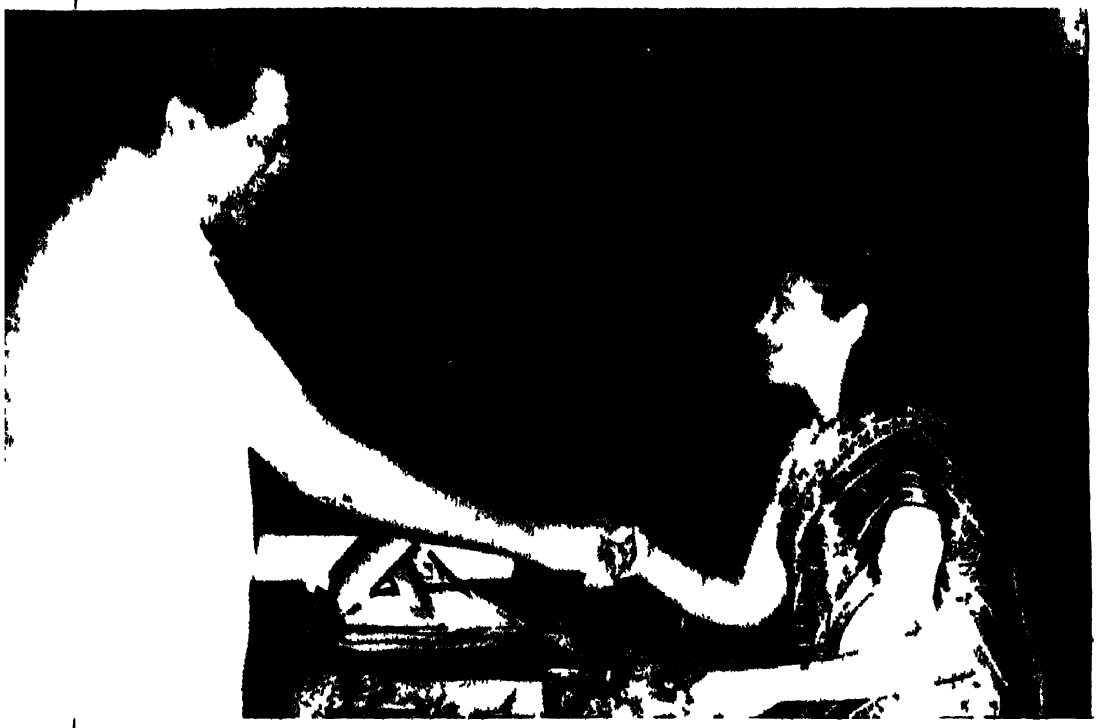




Shiraz Shaheed,,, *Like her golf she is a lady with drive She appears confident She has a quiet charm Something which is difficult to describe*



Reeth Abraham...She is strong and yet very feminine Both on the field and off it she is always well turned out Looking smart A friendly person



Jennifer Paes. .Be sides her legs what I have always found attractive has been her aggressive attitude She had always been an attacking player Al ways competitive Never giving up



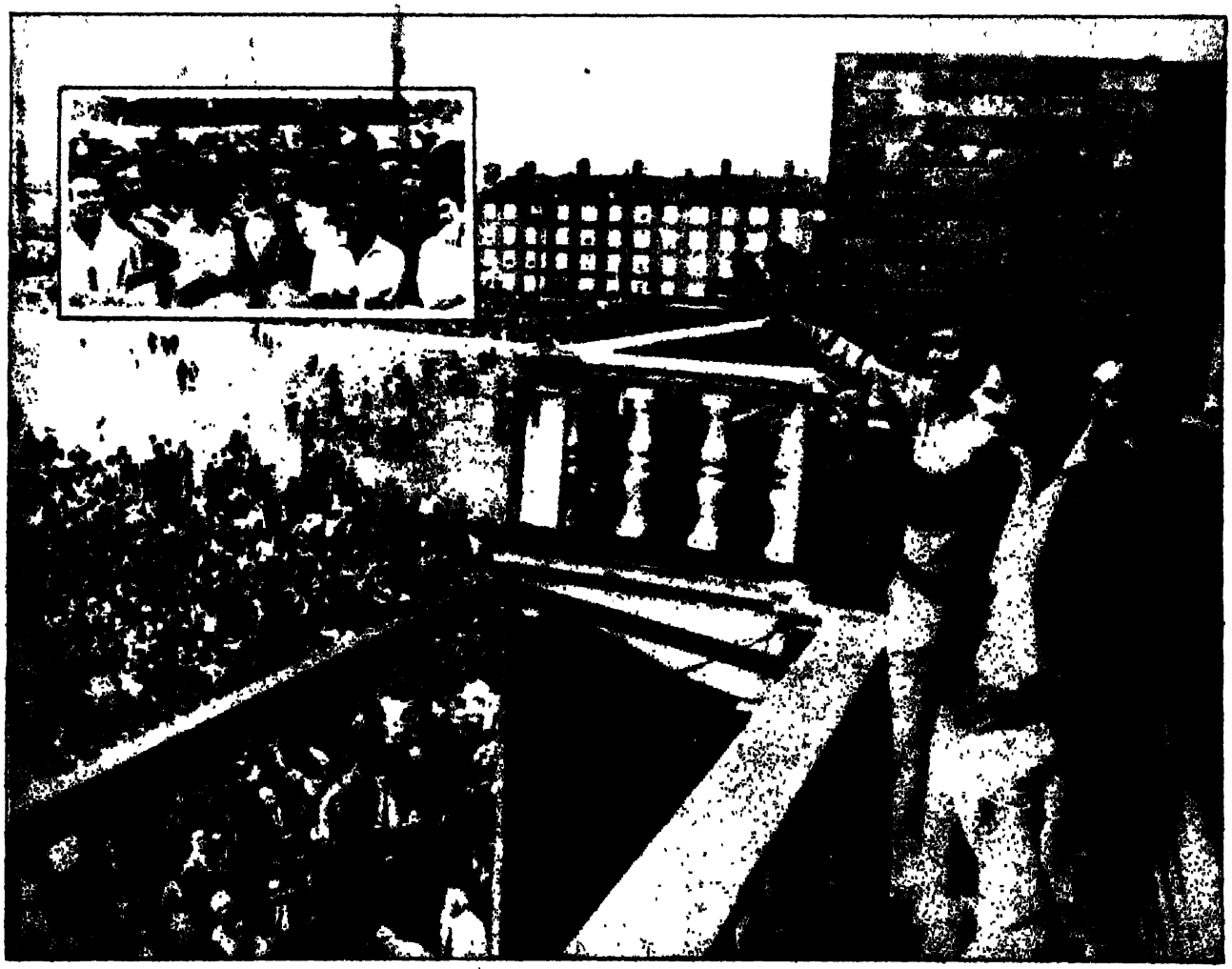
Kamaljit Sandhu...Her face por trays Punjabi hardiness There is an air of stateliness about her, best described in that one word personality

TEN GREATEST MOMENTS IN INDIAN SPORT

'Waddy, Waddy'

India versus England, 1971

It took an illegible display of leg breaks and the googly to win India her first Test and series in England. England packed up for 101 in the second innings at The Oval in 1971, Chandrasekhar picking up six for 38. Left to score 174 in the last innings of the match, the Indians reached the target with four wickets to spare on 24 August at 2.42 pm. The crowd surged onto the ground and Keith Miller later wrote that it was the most touching moment in cricket that he could remember. A restaurant in London produced a new menu card to match the occasion. The new insertions were: Wadekar cutlet, Gavaskar curry, Bedi pullao and Chandrasekhar soup!



Hockey nirvana

World Cup victory in 1975

The 1975 World Cup hockey victory was perhaps India's finest hour in the sport The champagne was re lished even more as we beat Pakistan 2 1 in the final after being down by a goal in the first half The effort that the team put in can be summed up by the fact that V J Phillips, the man behind India s vic tory, fainted on the rostrum while lining up to receive the tro phy The Punjab gov ernment declared a holiday for its offices the following day The government also announced a packet of Rs 5,000 for each play er of the victorious side

All-England for this Indian!

Prakash Padukone wins the 1980 title

He was an extremely gifted individual Certainly a factor that was universally acknow ledged But could he use this gift was the oft asked question He had won a bronze medal at the 1974 Asian Games A gold at the Common-wealth Games

The All England Championship is consi-dered *the* international badminton tourna ment the winner being considered the greatest in the world Plagued by injuries in 1979 third-seeded Padukone nevertheless began the 1980 championship on a confident note

Without dropping a game he went past the first two rounds tamed Hadiyanto 15-0, 15-10, beat veteran



Svend Pri 15-4 15-4 and played an acutely tactical game to walk past second seed Mor ten Frost Hansen The final against reigning champion Liem Swie King was a glorious exhibition of Padu-kone's talent as he out-played the top seed 15-3, 15-10

It was over He was the greatest And India could exult un abashedly in one of its greatest sport ing moments The sub continent had secured a place in history



Asian soccer champions!

Djakarta Asiad, 1962

At the inaugural Asian Games in Delhi, India cakewaled it in most events including soccer. However, we could do nothing to follow this up in the international sphere. The Indians sprang a welcome surprise in the '62 Asiad. When they overcame a previous round defeat at the hands of South Korea and went on to take the gold. India beat South Korea this time round in a needle encounter. PK Banerjee and Jarnail Singh netted goals within four minutes of each other early in the second half. The Koreans scored one. India was led by Chuni Goswami. That remained the most successful year of Indian soccer; we even managed to bring home the Merdeka Cup that year.

Roadblock in the final

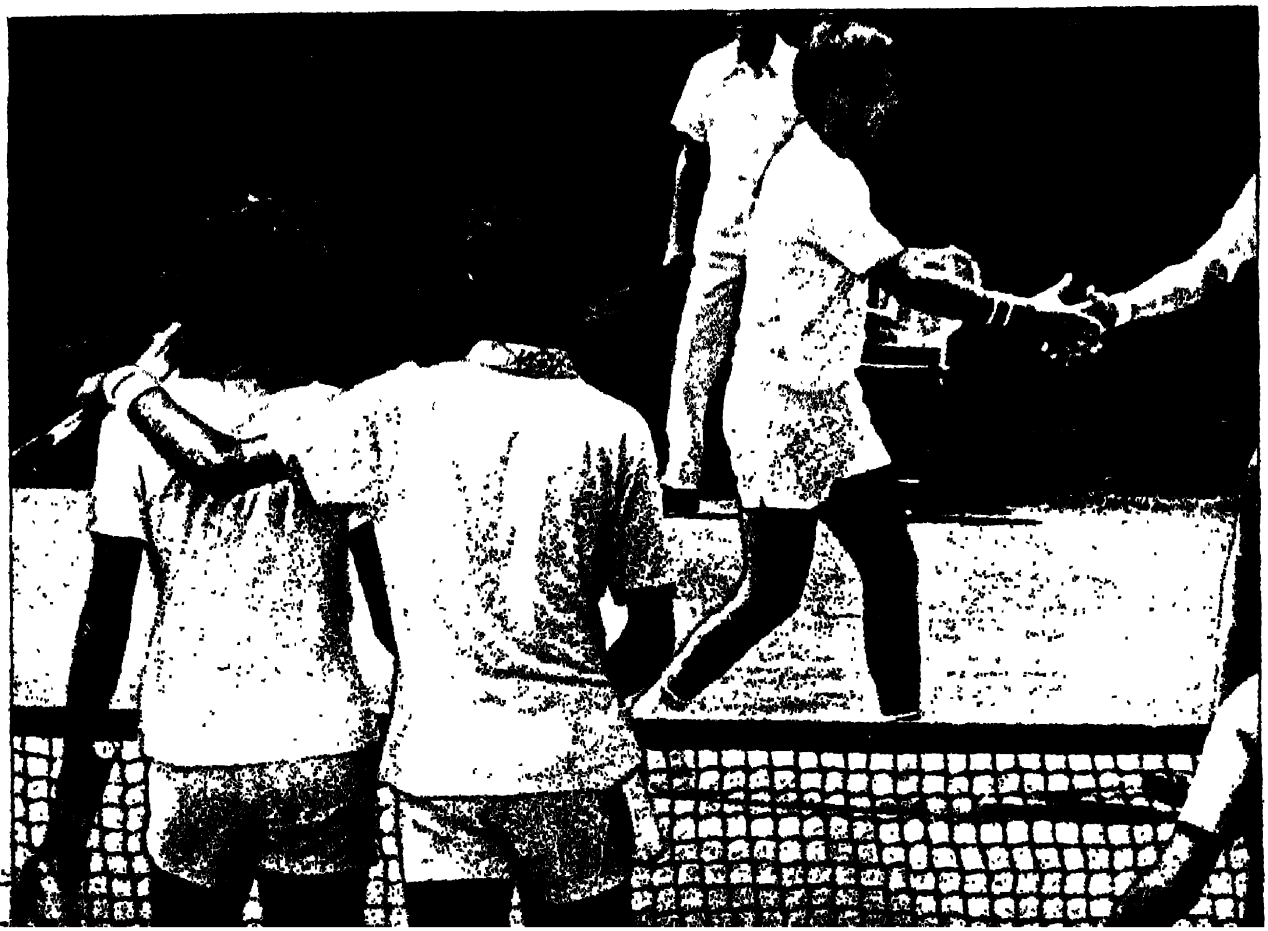
Davis Cup, 1966 and 1974

1966 and 1974 will go down as the greatest years of Indian tennis. In '74 the Davis Cup squad reached the final round. Sadly, it ended all so tamely. India beat Australia at Calcutta after getting past Japan at Kanpur in the Zonal final. In the Inter-Zonal final at Poona we got the better of European Zone winners USSR in a thrilling encounter. Much credit for India's fine show that year should go to Anand Amritraj and non-playing captain Ramanathan Krishnan. But everything came to nought when the government decided that the team would not play the final against South Africa. That was the first time India boycotted a sporting event for non-sporting reasons.

World amateur billiards champion

Michael Ferreira wins the title thrice

Being world champion once is a big deal but Michael Ferreira was thrice world amateur billiards champion. His achievements drew greater attention after he personally campaigned his cause, pointing out that his contemporary cricketers were better paid and getting more attention. It was rumoured that he made it known that he did not want to accept a Padma Shri when other cricketers were being given Padma Bhushans. Ferreira earns a mention in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for the highest break by an amateur—1149 at Calcutta on 15 December, 1978.





On top of the world!

29 May, 1953. Mount Everest

It stands at 29,028 feet, reaching upwards two-thirds through the earth's atmosphere. To the Tibetans it is 'Chomolungma'—Goddess Mother of the World. For the rest of world, it is simply Mount Everest, the highest peak on earth. After the Tibetan route had been opened there were several attempts made to reach the top between 1921 and 1938. In the course of a year between 1951 and '52 three attempts were made once again to scale the peak from the South-East Ridge. All these had one thing in common. They failed.

Would man ever conquer Everest? He did. On 29 May, 1953 in an expedition led by John Hunt, Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay stood 'on top of the world.' A poor Sherpa and a 'sahib' had battled bravely against the uncertainties—the cold, the frostbite, lack of oxygen, strong winds and different terrain—and reached the top of Everest. The picture on this page is of Tenzing taken by Hillary at the summit.

When they returned to the base camp, the famous quote took root. "Well, we knocked the bastard off!"

The night after having climbed the highest mountain in the world, Tenzing had his friend scrawl out a letter for him: "Myself along with one sahib reached summit Everest 29th May. Hope you will feel happy. Cannot write more. May I be excused." Tenzing merely signed at the bottom. He didn't know how to write!

Flying past

Milkha Singh, Rome Olympics, 1960

The 400 metres at the Olympic Games has always been a prestigious event. At Rome in 1960 it was considered even more special. The race was wide open. There were more favourites than usual. Anyone could win.

As the runners lined up at the start, the man to watch was an Indian sepoy. Milkha Singh. He had won the Helms Trophy the previous year for being the best quarter-miler in the world.

At the end of the first lap, which was run at a brisker pace than usual, the Flying Sikh was third. Was India going to win her Olympic athletics medal?

The Indian eventually broke the Olympic record of 45.9 secs by completing the distance in .6 secs less. But as luck had it, three other competitors had also done the same, the first two bettering the world record! Milkha Singh was fourth.

The story goes that Milkha was in line for a medal when he committed a grave error. He looked over his shoulder to see how the rest of the field was doing!

The World in our Cup

Prudential Cup 1983

After losing to Sri Lanka in the Prudential Cup in 1979 India were virtually no-hopers for the 1983 World Cup One bookie offered 100-1 on India winning the tournament Indications of India upsetting the pundits were forthcoming from the opening game The West Indies were defeated for the first time in three World Cups Zimbabwe, Australia and England followed suit Though India lost two matches, she produced the magic just when it was required Which enthusiast could have dreamt that on 25 June 1983 it would be Kapil Dev—not Clive Lloyd—holding the most prestigious international cricket trophy at Lord's West Indies looked like wrapping up the match until

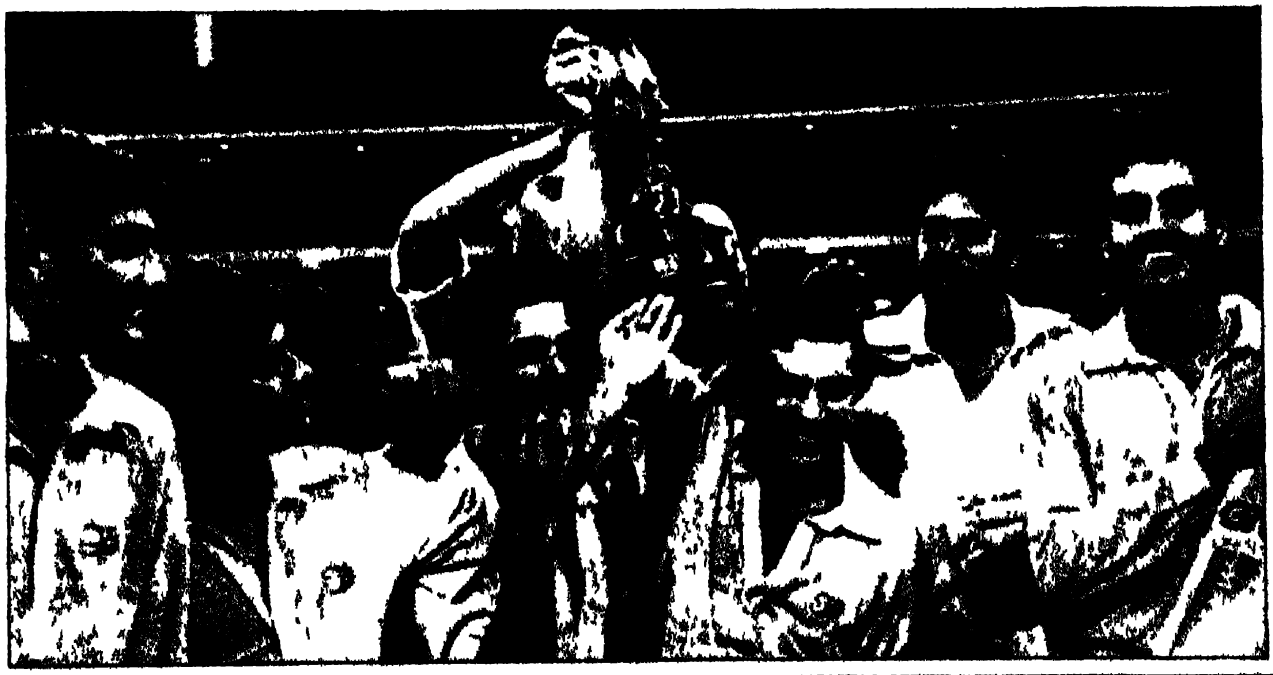


Madal Lal induced Viv Richards to pull uppishly Kapil Dev ran backwards to hold a difficult catch on the mid wicket boundary

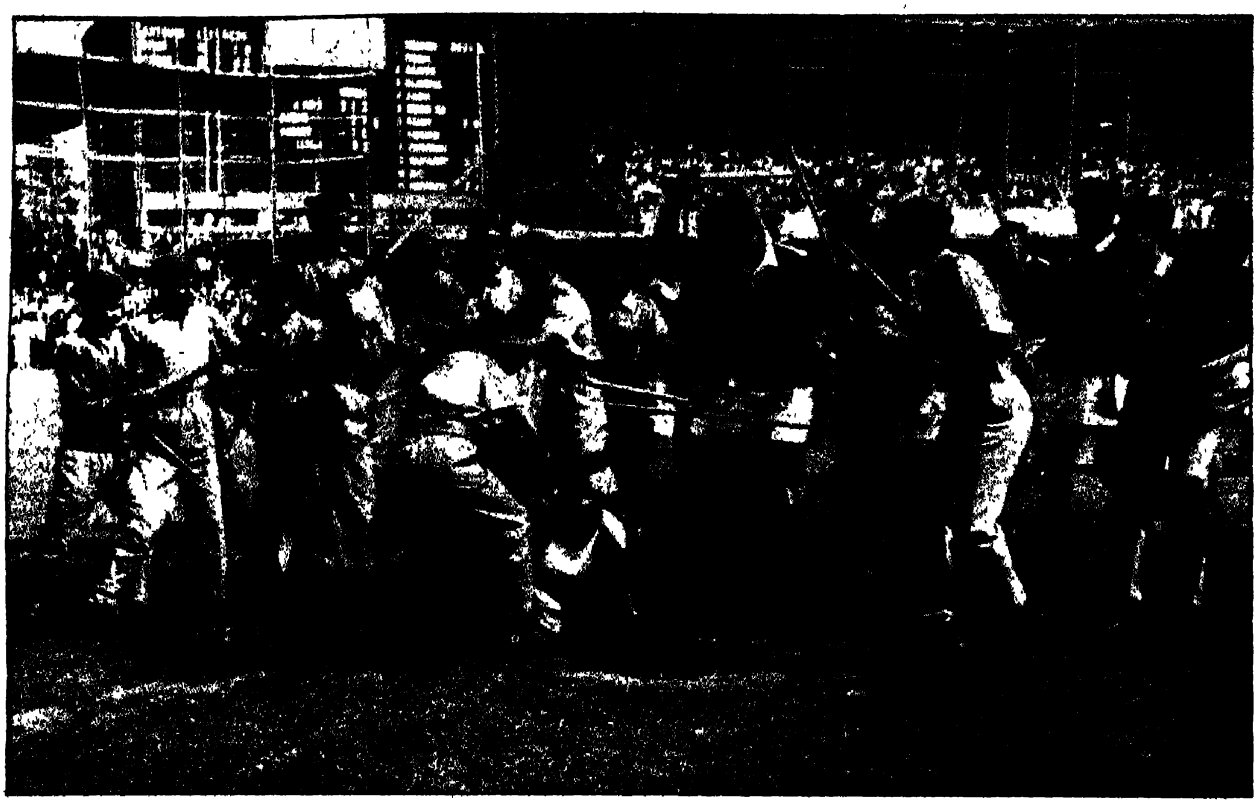
Prudential Cup re-run

World championship of Cricket 1985

After losing the Test series against England in 1984-85 India flew for the World Championship of Cricket in Australia English conditions in 1983 had been one thing but Australia? India, felt experts, had no chance Yet Azharuddin powered his way to 93 not out, Binny picked up wickets almost at will, Sivaramakrishnan introduced a long-lost aspect in a more exacting format successfully Shastri excelled at whatever he tried, Srikkanth hit a once-in-a lifetime 57, Kapil Dev produced the impossible with the bat and Sadanand Viswanath emerged as one of the safest pair of hands—if not the loudest—in the competition As a result, India beat Pakistan (twice) Australia, England and New Zealand and took away the glittering trophy



TEN BIGGEST EMBARRASSMENTS IN INDIAN SPORT











Eden Gardens ablaze

India versus W Indies, 1967

Accommodating 80,000 in a ground where the capacity is 60,000 can create problems. The Test between India and West Indies in Calcutta had the ingredients of a prospective explosion. And sure it sparked. A particular section of the crowd erupted after an intruder was mercilessly beaten up by the police. An invasion resulted...then violence. The players ran for the pavilion and in one case, to the hotel. The officials, who had duplicated tickets to reap a windfall, had to hide in the players' bathroom. Some were smuggled through the players' bus to safety. The West Indians, shaken by the drama, refused to continue the series. Eventually persuaded otherwise by Worrell, they went on to win the Test. So greatly were the CAB officials relieved that the tour had not been jeopardised, that an extra Rs 100 was paid to each Indian player in gratitude!







Out for a walk!

India versus Australia, Melbourne, 1981

To get a clearer idea—as clear as one can get with pictures off the video screen alongside—follow the sequence of photographs on this page. Sunil Gavaskar was given out leg before to Lillee in the second innings after Chauhan and he had put up a first wicket stand in excess of 150. In the first picture, Gavaskar argues with Lillee maintaining that he had played the ball before it hit the pad. He then turns to the umpire, pleading his case. Finally disgusted, he walks away to the pavilion but not before taking Chauhan (third picture at left) away as well. This constituted a walkout, the conceding of the match. The situation was saved seconds later by the quick thinking manager who escorted the incoming Vengsarkar to the gate and averted a virtual give-away. The irony of it all was that India went on to win the match!

Once is not enough

India versus England, Old Trafford, 1952

Getting bowled out in a day is bad enough for any cricket side. But twice?! After having been skittled out for 58 at Old Trafford on 19 July, 1952, India followed on without any perceptible change in fortunes. For a side comprising Vinoo Mankad, Pankaj Roy, Hemu Adhikari, Hazare, Umrigar, Phadkar and Manjrekar, India could produce only five scores in excess of ten in both innings combined. England won the match by an innings and 207 runs. There have been only two such instances in Test cricket since 1877.

Some appetite!

K.K Santra is sent back from Los Angeles

Kamal Kanta Santra first caused a ripple when he was selected for the Los Angeles Olympics even though his performance at the trials had not come up to the expectation of the experts. On the eve of the event in Los Angeles he realised that he was overweight. As a result, he would not participate in the 56 kg class. The assumption was that Santra had overeaten before his event. However, he tried to palm off the blame onto his coach, who Santra said had asked him to go in for a sauna bath, little realising that a sauna bath generally decreases weight, not increase it! This mini confusion mushroomed with Santra having to be sent back home midway through the Olympics!



Total rout

Asiad hockey final, 1982

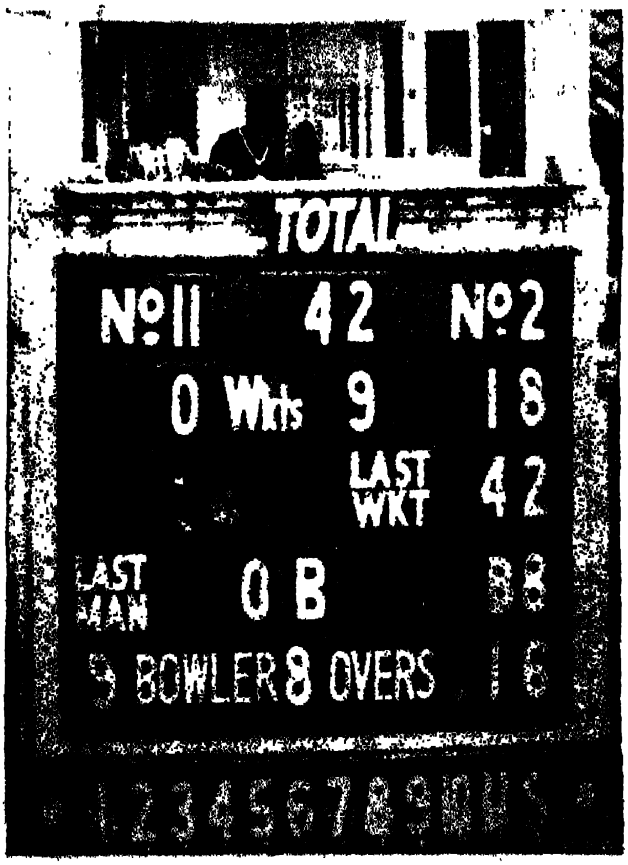
At the Asian level, we haven't done exceptionally well when challenged by arch rivals Pakistan. The only glorious year was in 1966 when India was able to cut short their winning streak. The Asian Games in 1982 was an opportunity to prove our superiority on home soil. Since the hockey final was for us the most prestigious event of the Asiad, the President of India and the Prime Minister turned up to watch. Zafar Iqbal's team scored first but could not prevent the biggest embarrassment to Indian hockey. India lost 1-7 (inset). The President left cold (inset). It was an important hiccup on an otherwise successful Asiad for India.



O what a fall, countrymen!

Montreal Olympics, 1976

1976 was the year of the African boycott of the Montreal Olympics. It was the year of the Games going commercial and the year of the introduction of the synthetic hockey surface. India, as a result, was meted the biggest blow. The previous year she had won the World Cup at Kuala Lumpur but at Montreal she was clobbered by the Australians 1-6—the worst Indian defeat till then on the international scene—and finally ended up a lowly seventh. India lost to W. German, , Holland and Australia (twice).



Clean sweep

India versus England, 1959

Getting defeated in a Test series in no reason for national despair. But the manner in which India was beaten in England in 1959 comprised her heaviest defeat in a Test series abroad. India was beaten 0-5. Only twice did the side score above 200 in the entire series. A.A. Baig was at the head of the batting averages with 41.25. Nine Englishmen bettered that in the course of five Tests!

Summer of '42

India versus England, Lord's 1974

Forty-two runs in 77 minutes might have been passed off for a decent limited-overs effort, not a team score. Considering that India's batting comprised Gavaskar, Engineer, Solkar, Vishwanath, Brijesh Patel, Ashok Mankad and Abid Ali at Lord's the tally was as disastrous as inexplicable. The joke in the wake of the batting collapse showed a lady berating her husband: "How many times have I told you to go to the toilet before coming to the match!" England, irony of ironies, had scored 629 in the first innings! The tour of England in 1974 went down as the Summer of '42!

Have ability, will travel

India fail to go the World Cup in 1950

India qualified for the Jules Rimet Cup in 1950 graduating from the Asian Zone By virtue of being better than Phillipines and Burma in Group 10 India won the chance to play in the World Cup being organised in Brazil To improve the standard of the players an English coach was imported for a period of four months Surprisingly India pulled out at the last minute Reasons? Fearing that our standard would be far below the international level, India's pullout was interpreted as one to save our side from disgrace Moreover the rumour went around that participation in the World Cup would clash with the amateur status of the country's footballers!

Players present, kit missing

India versus Australia Jamshedpur 1984

Losing cricket matches is no embarrassment when compared to the organisational foul up which can ruin a sporting contest The visiting Australian team was to play India in a one day international at Jamshedpur on 5 October 1985 No one was present to receive the two teams on their arrival at the Calcutta airport on the evening prior to the fixture

The players reached Jamshedpur only 60 minutes before scheduled start—without their kit bags The luggage had to be despatched by road as the aircraft carrying the players was not fit enough to burden the extra weight A highway search was made for the van carrying the kit bags while a packed stadium sat watching the Aussies, down to their T-shirt and shorts, slog it out at baseball Play began at 12 30 pm and after 5 2 overs rain pulled the curtain down on the farce



TOUR DE FRANCE, 1986

Greg Lemond alters history

Battling against millions of partisan French fans and the betrayal of his friend Bernard Hinault, American Greg Lemond became the first non-European to win the prestigious Tour de France

TOUR DE FRANCE A cyclist's dream and nightmare It is a war, it is an epic, it is indeed the triumph of will 23 days on a bicycle from Paris to Paris through the provinces, for the most coveted honour in cycling and one of the most glamorous crowns in European sports For the past 83 years, it has been the legacy and the monopoly of the Europeans Yet as one of the most gruelling Tours of France came to the end in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower on July 27 it was an American who donned the yellow jersey the symbol of the leader of the race Greg Lemond had survived the betrayal of his best friend to become the first non European in history to win the honour

It is a success story which is historic not because of an American's premature win It is the story of loyalty and betrayal from two top athletes of the world It is the saga of one of the most gruelling sporting events in history

Probably only a Frenchman can fully comprehend the significance of the Tour and its mystique It is the world's most famous richest and longest bicycle race It is also the hardest Imagine a course through Normandy Britany and the Pyrenees and the Alps Can one imagine a more picturesque route for a cyclist But 4,100 kilometers of ups and downs are hard to take even when they are wrapped in exotic beauty The Tour, divided into 23 stages of varying distances, is a test of will, stamina, skill and endurance 210 riders set out and only 132 finish. They came from 21 teams from France, Spain, Italy and Belgium The Netherlands Colombia and for the first time a team from the United States

The team effort is indispensable for individual success Greg Lemond belongs to Vie Claire from France so does Bernard Hinault, a five time winner of the Tour In fact only two others had won it five times A sixth win would make Hinault immortal in his home land But Hinault had made a promise at the end of last year's race to assist Lemond for his first ever win It was a token of gratitude for letting him win his fifth title

Greg Lemond, who had finished third in 1984 could have won last year's Tour Instead he made a great personal sacrifice to enable his mentor and friend to realize a dream The team effort involves tactics such as "drafting" in which teammates blaze the way for the leader by cutting wind resistance Hinault was in trouble in last year's race in the Pyrenees mountains While ascending Col de Tourmalet, one of the major climbs of the race, he was lagging behind Lemond whose strength lies in climbing forged ahead At this stage La Vie Claire coach Paul Koechli interfered He felt that a blazing Lemond might take along Ireland's Stephen Roche, who could endanger Hinault's overall lead He ordered Lemond to fall back and the American did If he had not, he could have won the 1985 Tour de France and bounced Hinault out of the record books



Hinault (left) congratulates Le Mond

At the conclusion of the race came Hinault's promise of returning the favour this year Lemond trusted his friend whom he had helped the year before too The team sponsors, coach and the French team members were secretly pulling for Hinault, while openly supporting Lemond Coach Koechli was wishy washy from the outset "Logically, this year is Greg's turn" he said a few days before the Tour began "But the first thing I have to look for is that the team wins I prefer Hinault to a rider from another team"

Members of other teams had openly stated that Hinault would not resist the temptation of a sixth title before his impending retirement on his 32nd birth-

day. Still, Greg Lemond believed in his loyalty and promise. And he was in for the biggest shock of his life.

On July 15, the Frenchman showed his true colours. In the 12th stage, he unexpectedly broke away from the pack in the Pyrenees mountains of Southwest France to build up a 5-minute lead. The man who had likened Lemond as his twin brother was clearly double crossing. Lemond was hurt and outraged. Hinault's game plan was suddenly clear to him. If Lemond won, Hinault would be the gracious loser who kept his word. If Hinault won, he would be a legend in cycling history.

"I came to this race expecting him to honour that promise," said Lemond referring to his friend's promise after the 1985 finish. "I thought he was sincere. I believed him. I realize now that everything he said was designed to take pressure off him. It put him in a no-lose situation."

Hinault's response was far from magnanimous. "What's the trouble, his legs hurting?" he asked. "May be it's just as well that he quits if he doesn't want to win the race anymore."

Lemond argued that had Hinault said at the beginning of the race that each one was for himself, he would ridden a different race. Still he hung in although Hinault's 5.25 minute lead looked unsurmountable. Hinault dug his own grave the following day as he decided to attack again at the hardest single stage of the Tour, racing against the clock. No one usually attacks two consecutive stages in a row. After 154 kilometres and just 30 kilometers from the finish of that stage, he ran out of gas. Lemond, Urs Zimmeran of Switzerland and fellow American Andy Hampsten the only other



Le Mond comes down the Champs Elysees

American on La Vie Claire's team, passed him. Eventually Zimmerman and Hampsten would finish third and fourth respectively.

In fact, Hampsten, who also won the award for the top-first year racer of the Tour, helped Lemond by attacking first and setting up Lemond's solo charge in the last five kilometers. "That's what won me the Tour de France. I have to really thank Andy for that," Lemond gratefully acknowledged later. By then it was clear Hinault's four French teammates were pulling for him. Lemond had Hampsten and Canadian Steve Bauer. In fact, Bernard Tapie, the owner of La Vie Claire, a health-food chain which sponsored the team, was also supporting the Frenchman in his heart. So were 55 million Frenchmen. Here was the lone American, cheered by his parents and wife Kathy.

Over the next few days, the rivalry between the once great friends became more and more bitter. On July 20, Lemond earned the yellow jersey during the 17th stage of the Tour as he raced down the awesome Col D'izoard descent with Zimmerman right on his tail. Hinault finished 13th in that stage and third overall.

Hinault seemed to work for the team at last. In fact, with Zimmerman in the second place at that stage, it was a clever move to make that kind of a promise and keep it. On day 21 of the Tour, their very last day in the Alps, they traded the lead several times before building up a 5:15 minute lead over Zimmerman. For the last 130 kilometers of that stage they raced like ideal teammates and finished it arm in arm. Lemond pushed his teammate to the finish line so that he could finish first.

It took only seconds for Lemond to realize that it was another dirty trick by the Frenchman who glorified their show of solidarity, but cautioned, "the Tour is not over. I have not offered Greg the Tour de France." Lemond could have built a bigger lead than the 2:45 edge on Hinault, had he pushed harder at the final climb. He had not done so under the impression that their personal feud was over. Once they had passed the mountains, Hinault was in a better position and he kept attacking. Lemond kept up with him and they finished with identical times.

Their last showdown occurred at the 58-kilometer individual time trial, a Hinault speciality. He promised that if he could not reclaim the leader's yellow jersey after that, he would not challenge Lemond. A fall and the change of the damaged bicycle a few kilometers later took away at least 30 seconds from Lemond. His rival won it by 25 seconds. The American was still the overall leader at 2:13. At this stage, Hinault made the formal announcement that the Tour was over and Lemond had won.

The Frenchman kept a straight face at the end of Tour after the remaining three stages. "I've really thrown everthing at Greg," he said. "I've pushed him as hard as I can and spared him nothing, not words, nor action. I've put him under maximum pressure. If he didn't buckle, that means he's a champion and deserves to win."

Before the individual time-trial Lemond had said, "I feel like I'm one rider against the whole of France." Indeed he was. Still he rode in absolute glory past the finish line on the Champs-Elysees in the heart of Paris. At 25, he had won the Tour, although finishing first in just one stage. Six years of professional racing had at last paid and the 1980 Olympic boycott victim was the emperor of France at least for one day.

Keep yourself above fatigue

PICKING up from where we stopped last week, the topic of contention is still fatigue Having already differentiated between physical fatigue and psychological fatigue, we can go back just enough to inform people who have just joined us

Physical fatigue is the type of fatigue that we feel when the limbs feel tired after a long and exhausting workout The exhaustion is something that is described by athletes as almost rewarding—for it is a sign that they have really pushed their body to the limit

Psychological fatigue, on the other hand affects you through the mind It does not necessarily have to accompany physical fatigue and can grip you even before you compete If you are the sort that gets affected by competition pressures you may find that your mouth gets unduly dry and your legs feel as if there is lead coursing through the veins

There are mainly three factors that lead to fatigue in sport The first of these is over training and over exertion' The second is heat stroke The last is environment

If you get the fatigue bug the best thing you can do is work out why you have been affected Check your daily workout schedule and see if you are over-training There is a very thin line between enough training and over training Once you have been able to notch up how much is enough and how much is overdoing it you can derive the maximum from your session on the field

Similarly if you are not into sport and just work out for the sole purpose of keeping fit then lessen the load that you are lifting and you find that you can get over the fatigue that you feel after every workout

The second in the list concerns the temperature that you train in If you train in very hot conditions the heat saps you of excess energy as you sweat during the workout The physical exertion is enough to tire you but when combined with the oppressive heat it can lead to severe fatigue

The last fact that leads to fatigue is environment Sticking to the same area of training can dull the mind and lessen the intensity with which you look forward to your training session Take for instance a person who lifts weights in a gym as his daily workout session If the gym is a dull place that holds no appeal for the person he will start complaining of psychological fatigue This could even affect his enthusiasm to visit the gym regularly But if you can train in a healthy environment you will unconsciously look forward to visiting the gym

Whatever the case, there has to be corresponding precautions and treatment In the same way, fatigue also has its precautionary measures that can be charted as follows

- The right person for the right sport It doesn't really make sense if you take a person who is very strongly built in the legs and try to make him into a thrower The legs do play a part in the thrower's act but the main emphasis is on the arms shoulders and upper body You have to look at yourself and choose the sport that you are best suited for If you are very short some of the sports you obviously won't go for are basketball and high jumping
- The right kind of training programmes You have to do the right kind of conditioning exercises that are suited to the sport you are interested in In an age where every sport has been broken up into different facets experts have devised suitable exercises that will condition and strengthen the parts of the body that will come into play during that particular sport
- Full acclimatisation to the local temperature It is advisable that an athlete get fully acclimatised to the area where he will be training and more importantly, competing If you suddenly start training in an extremely hot and humid locality even a trained athlete will find that he tires much earlier and feels much more washed out after his workout This because he loses much more body fluids through sweating and his body temperature rises way above what it is used to An athlete should spend at least two months getting used to extremes in climate before expecting his body to perform to full capacity without getting fatigued
- Close checks on the body in training An athlete who is training regularly should keep a close watch on his physical condition It is not enough to think that you are training regularly so your body is obviously in prime condition But what can happen is that your body will suffer from fluid loss or such dietary losses that have to be checked and supplemented

Apart from the reasons that we have outlined so far there are some other small things that have to be taken into consideration Fatigue can result from all that we have gone into, but it could also emerge from a personality problem Once you have been able to pinpoint the region from where your fatigue stems from you will have gone a long way in ensuring a virtually trouble free association with the world of sport

There are mainly three factors that lead to fatigue in sport. The first of these is 'over-training and over-exertion'. The second is 'heat stroke'. The last is 'environment'. If you get the fatigue bug, the best thing you can do is work out why you have been affected...whatever the case, there has to be corresponding precautions and treatment

30 July Diminutive Krishanu Dey turns on his magic to score a hattrick against Thailand and take India into the semi final of the Merdeka Cup soccer tournament at Kuala Lumpur

31 July Steve Cram of England churns out the year's fastest 800m run as he chests the tape at the Commonwealth Games in a time of 1 43 22 This timing however is well outside Sebastian Coe's world record of 1 41 73

Garri Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov adjourn their second game of the world chess championship revenge match at London after a total of 71 moves

1 August India bow out of the Merdeka Cup soccer tournament at Kuala Lumpur as they lose to Czechoslovakia by a solitary goal scored in extra time In the other semi final Malaysia get the better of Japan to meet Czechoslovakia in the final

Australia make a clean sweep of the marathon at the Commonwealth Games as Rob De Castella and Lisa Martin win the men's and women's categories respectively

John McEnroe weds Tatum O'Neal in a quiet ceremony attended only by members of the family and close friends at Oyster Bay in Long Island New York

2 August Enzo Bearzot manager of the Italian football team that won the World Cup four years ago in Spain pays for his team's failure at Mexico this year by losing his job Bearzot has been replaced by Azeglio Vicini the former Italian under 21 squad manager

3 August Malaysia keep the Merdeka Cup soccer trophy at home as they get the better of Czechoslovakia by three goals in the final at Kuala Lumpur

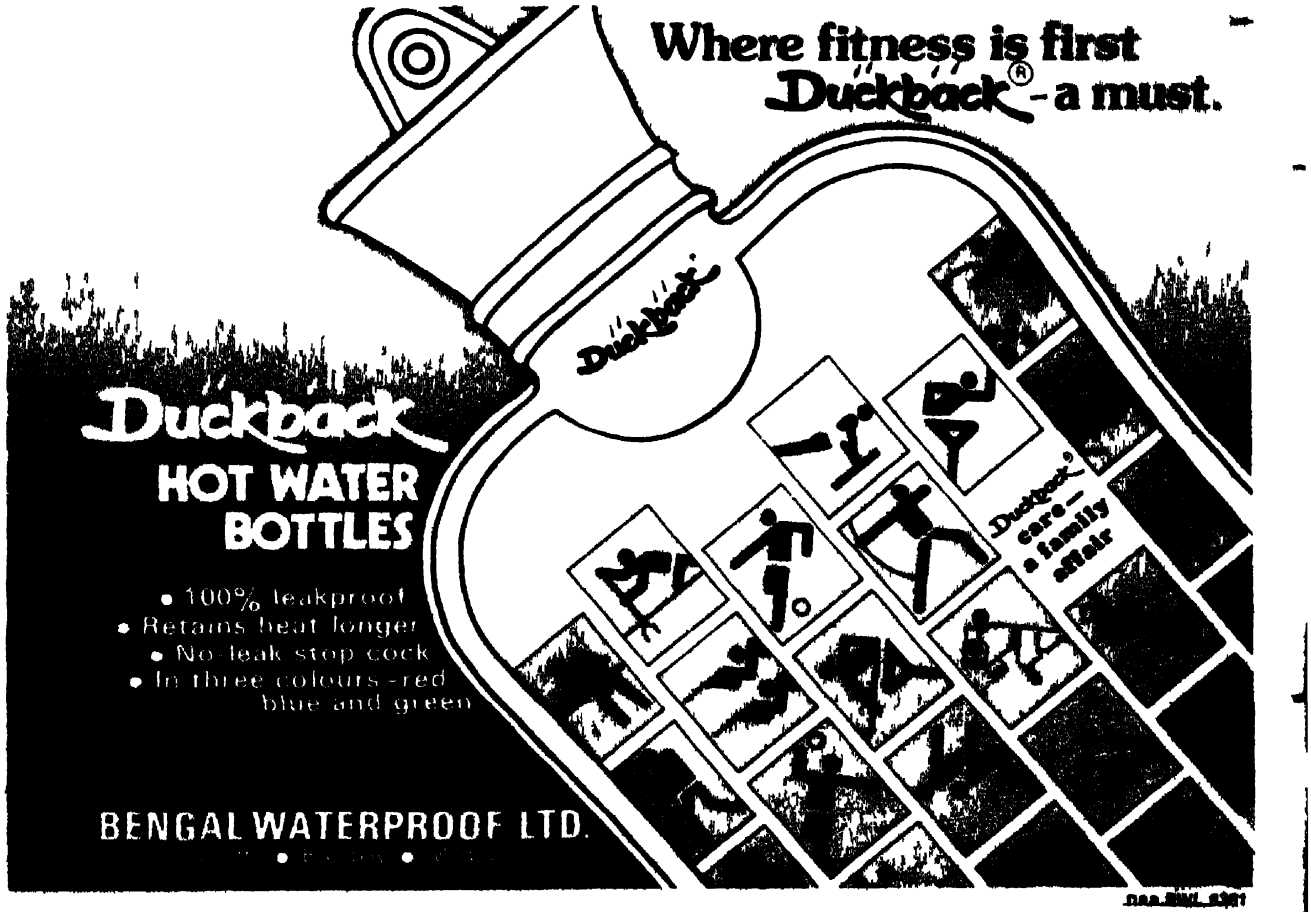
Sanjay Sawant survives a stiff fightback by Geet Sethi to win the Taj All India Invitation Snooker tournament at New Delhi

Tamara Costache of Romania cleaves through the water to set a new world record in the 50m freestyle for women on the first day of the Balkan swimming and diving championships at Vienna Costache improves her own record of 25 35 by shaving off 04 of a second

4 August Unseeded Karel Novacek of Czechoslovakia wins his first Grand Prix title as he crushes second seeded Thierry Tulasne of France in the first set and holds off a comeback attempt in the second to win the DC National Classic at Washington

5 August Indian athletes have a field day at the Playmakers international athletics meet at New Delhi as they win all but two of the 13 finals decided on the opening day

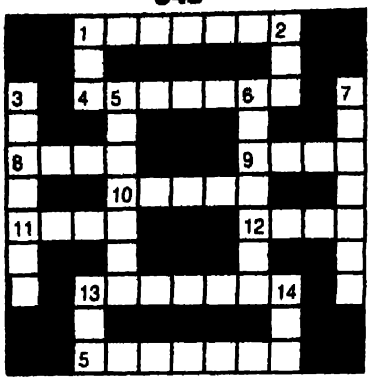
Garri Kasparov goes one up in the world chess championship revenge match as Anatoly Karpov resigns the fourth game before play can be started today



CROSSWORD

Mudar

343



ACROSS

1 They called him Snake in the last series between India and England (1 5)
4 Itinerant explorer may be mistaken for an Indian car (7)
8 American middle distance runner who first ran the mile in less than four minutes comprises a fork (4)
9 Only player to have played hockey for India and Pakistan in the Olympics may be confused for a wrestler (4)
10 Verb used for Muhammad Ali's finesse (5)
11 Former West Indian manager who might even be referred to as Senator returns (4)
12 What actor Rajesh Khanna and cricketer Ashok Mankad have in common returning (4)
13 A person responsive to jazz has something in common with Ian Botham (7)
15 Banned from soccer after he had accosted a referee this Australian went on to become one of the fastest bowlers of all time (7)

DOWN

1 The unkindest cricket stroke (3)
2 If you flight the ball you are said to be giving it more? (3)
3 Granular crystalline limestone could be confused for a Wimbledon lad es champion between the Wars (6 1)
5 Wimbledon great of the early days ends in an exclamation of disappointment (7)
6 You need a strong this to win in chess (3 4)
7 Racing venue in England may be mistaken for a Calcutta shopping centre (1 6)
13 Unit of scoring in tennis (3)
14 You have a home this in rugby (3)

Excellent 17-15, Good 14-13, Fair 12

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1 When did India hold the first inter national hockey tournament on its own soil?
2 What is Velocipede?
3 Who was the first man to win the Olympic 3 000 m steeplechase twice?
4 Who was India s vice captain in the 1948 Olympic hockey tournament?
5 Which countries figured in the first ever Olympic hockey match?
6 Of how many rounds does a bout comprise in amateur boxing?
7 Is there any specification for the water on which long distance races in canoeing take place?
8 What is Glaciarium ?
9 Which great English cricketer was known as the Master ?
10 For what sport is Boston Celtics famous?

ANSWERS

1 In 1962 at Ahmedabad
2 An earlier form of the bicycle
3 Volmari Iso hollo (Finland) —in 1932 and 1936
4 K D Singh (Babu)
5 Scotland and Germany However Germany was represented by a club side
6 Three
7 No It may take place on any type of river lake or open water
8 It is the first mechanically re-fr ger ated ic e skating rink of the world in Chelsea London
9 Sir John Berry Hobbs
10 Basketball

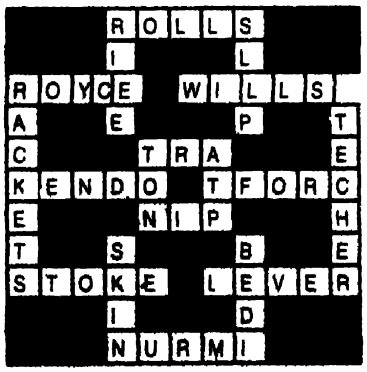
QUESTIONS

1 What is ISO?
2 What is Pie Selfert Open?
3 What is AUGUST 1 ?
4 What is Bocce ?
5 Which country won the highest number of medals in the first Winter Asian Games held this year ?
6 Who holds the Asian record for the men s 100m dash now and with what timing ?
7 What is the current Asian record for women s shot put and who holds it ?
8 What is understood by carry in table tennis ?
9 Which former internationally famous sportsman had Marcellus as middle name originally ?
10 What is a refusal in the equestrian event ?

ANSWERS

1 International Special Olympics under whose sponsorship special games for the mentally retarded are held in more than 50 countries every ye ar
2 Tennis tournament in South Bend Indiana
3 Top sports team of China run by the army
4 A bowling game of Italian origin
5 Japan (29 g 23 s 6 b)
6 Zheng Chen (China) 10 28 secs
7 18 93 m held by Cong Yuzhen (China)
8 A carry is executed with a relatively slow batswing applying only a little strength while exercising good control over the placement of the shot and i s trajectory
9 Muhammad Ali (Cassius Marcellus Clay)
10 If a horse goes around an obstacle instead of leaping over it that is termed refusal and the relevant competitor is penalised

SOLUTION 342



WILLS BOOK OF EXCELLENCE

FOOTBALL

In this extract, the author K. Bhaskaran dwells on two players, both strikers and schemers, who are arguably the finest ever to have graced the game of football. Diego Armando Maradona and Pele. The book is published by Orient Longman Limited and is priced at Rs 120

CRUYFF however could not break the club's jinx in the European Champions Cup Barcelona's mounting anxiety to secure the one trophy that had never adorned their showcase compounded by their failure for nearly a decade to qualify for the competition perhaps made them fork out a record transfer fee of £4.6 million for Diego Armando Maradona after the 1982 World Cup. In his two seasons despite showing glimpses of his breath taking skills and winning the Spanish Cup and League Cup the Argentine wonder boy did not deliver the goods. His transfer to Napoli for £6.4 million—Barcelona are said to have lost £18 million in Maradona's wages bonuses medical expenses and other perks came as a relief for all after his no holds barred war with club president Jose Luis Nunez.

At Napoli too he has not been a Messiah. The Italian club have not had even the consolation of a Cup success. But they found a cushion in the recovery of almost their entire outlay on the current record transfer fee through sale of season tickets. Besides seventy thousand turned up to see Maradona touch off the ball for a hastily arranged friendly between two local youth teams. Maradona T-shirts and wigs found many buyers.

Yet the discerning do not consider him a failure in his four seasons in Europe. They point to several extenuating factors. Principally he has lacked the supporting cast to consistently outwit opposition tougher than he had met in the five seasons he was the leading marksman and playmaker at home in Argentina. He also has had to contend with rivals who believe that any means that succeeds in stopping him is fair. The ankle injury that the Butcher of Bilbao Goicoechea inflicted on him in his first season in Spain threatened to end his career. But he was back after two months. Then when he saw a doctor for what he believed to be an injury that hampered his giving of his best he was told he had hepatitis and was advised to stay off the game for two months. In some games he took the field when he should not have. As in the European Cup winners Cup quarter final against Manchester United. Nine pain killing injections barely let him lift his leg.

The precocious Maradona had not been unfamiliar with the comforting attention of rivals and high expectations of his own clubs in Argentina. But they were not so intense. Neither had he been weighed down by pressures of the field in spite of the mind boggling price tags that had begun even before the 1982 World Cup. Argentinos Juniors who discovered this fifth of eight children of a railway worker on the wastelands of a Buenos Aires ghetto when he was just thirteen and backed him up with vitamins and injections were keen to cash in on the bids from Italian and Spanish clubs. The defence of the World Cup ruled out his transfer abroad and the Argentine government stepped in to help Boca Juniors secure him on a loan transfer for $2.8 million. Boca for whom Maradona won the Argentine championship in 1981 were neither able to pay Argentinos Juniors on schedule nor could they afford the player's high wages though they strove to raise the amount through innumerable friendlies. Thus his transfer to Barcelona was welcomed by Maradona and Argentinos who not only finally got their dues but also gained the money to build the side that won them their first ever Argentine championship in 1984.

The chunky Maradona who made his international bow at sixteen, just

The chunky Maradona, who had made his international bow at 16, just four months after his league debut, was expected to be one of Argentina's aces when they hosted the World Cup. But when he was excluded from the final squad of twenty-two, the dissappointed 17-year-old stormed out of the camp



four months after his League debut, was expected to be one of Argentina's aces when they hosted the World Cup But when he was excluded from the final squad of twenty two, the disappointed 17-year-old stormed out of the camp He calmed down soon enough and returned to breathe the atmosphere of the biggest soccer event at first hand and later, as one of the three reluctantly axed shared the reward of success with the squad members

Not unnaturally he was head and shoulders above the rest in the South American Youth Championship Uruguay beat Argentina in the final, but Montevideo's Centenario Stadium reverberated with the name of Maradona By the time he led Argentina to victory in the second FIFA World Youth Championship at Tokyo he had captured the imagination of the world of football The official report on the tournament acclaimed the Argentine skipper for bringing a new dimension to the game which he had given hints of on the tour of Europe with the senior Argentine team Particularly memorable was his display against Scotland at Hampden Park when for all the shackles that his rivals sought to put on him he got away like Houdini

THE robust superb goal scorer had developed into a fine tactician He now took the whole field into his vision comparable more to Di Stefano than Pele in his energetic and inventive play all over the pitch linking with his colleagues with quick one twos and dictating the trend and flow of play And he put the icing on the cake with spectacular goals The South American Footballer of 1979 had established himself as the lynchpin of the Argentine team for the defence of the World Cup in Spain And this in a team that was virtually the same as the one that won in 1978 Menotti reckoned that in the four intervening years the five foot five stocky Maradona had matured for the onerous role He was not unaware that Maradona would be shadowed and hounded But he was confident that the baby of his team at twenty one had the peripheral vision to spot the open spaces, the extrasensory quickness of thought movement and control to get away and mock at his rivals

Apart from the performance against Hungary (In Spain, 1982), which had all the watching critics and managers raving, Maradona gave only fleeting glimpses of his superlative skills

In the event however Maradona failed to fulfil the high expectations Belgium's defensive covering and Italian Claudio Gentile's uncomfotable breathing down his neck considerably reduced his effectiveness And his more seasoned colleagues except Ardiles could not take over from him Apart from the performance against Hungary which had all the watching critics and managers raving Maradona gave only fleeting glimpses of his superlative skills

Despite this overall below-par showing and his inability to inspire and

carry Barcelona and Napoli to the heights, the little boy who slept with his first football cradled in his arms is expected to come good in the 1986 World Cup. At twenty-five the mixture of Puskas and Pele, as Menotti calls him, should be reaching his peak. His growing sense of responsibility is reflected in his evaluation of situations, objectives, players and teams in interviews to the media. He feels that in Mexico, as generally in Latin America, the creative players will have protection from the referees and will be able to give full expression to their gifts. Michel Hidalgo, the former manager of France, affirms that Maradona is of the right build to cope with the increasing demands of top international football.

Maradona will have a sympathetic commentator in Pele as he leads Argentina's bid to regain the FIFA World Cup. The expectations of protection from referees had also been voiced by Pele when he went back on his decision not to play in the World Cup after being hacked down in the 1966 World Cup in England. But it wasn't all fair and clean, as Italy's Romeo Benetti, 'an artist in fouling a man without getting caught', tried to check him in the final by digging into the ribs, fisting in the stomach and kicking on the shins in close tackles and then adding insult to injury by drawing the attention of the referee to 'Cinema, Cinema' whenever Pele was down.

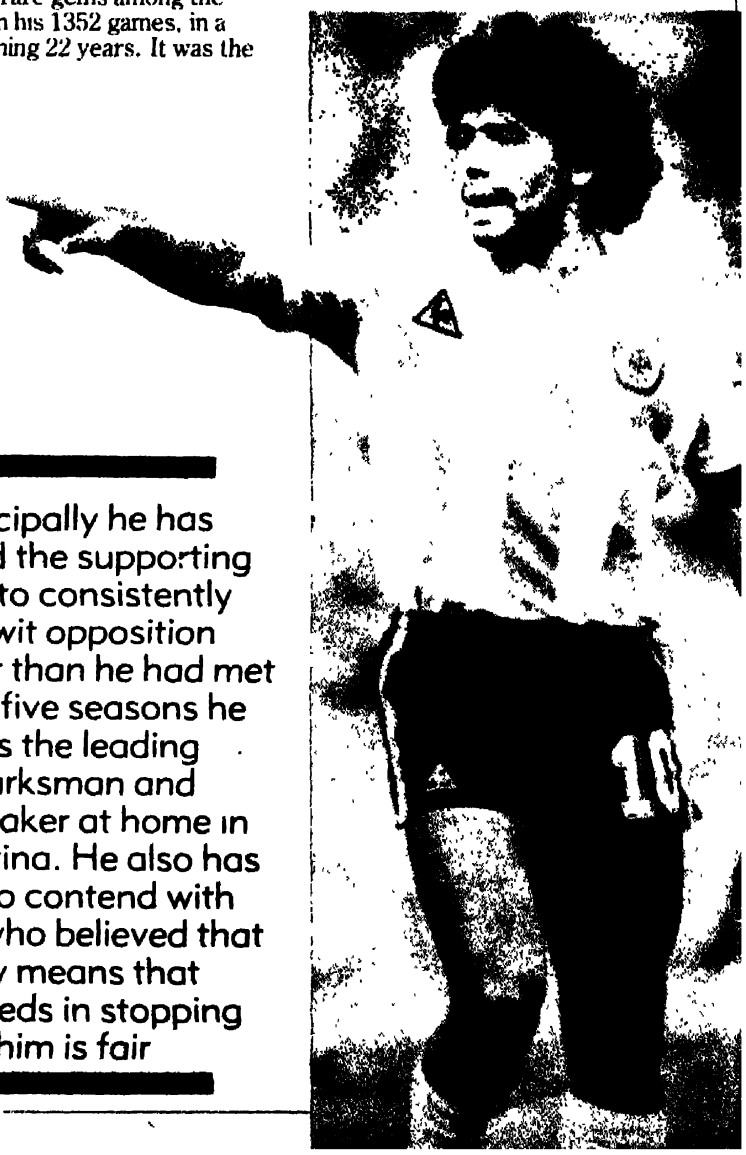
But even Benetti did not put him out as had Morais, the Portuguese back, with what Pele called a vicious double foul, first tripping him and then as he was stumbling, leaping at him feet first. And this in the match that Brazil had to win by a good margin to reach the quarterfinals. He was helped of the field by two team officials.

Besides the refereeing, the Black Pearl was swayed by the optimism that Brazil would be able to win and take permanent possession of the Jules Rimet Cup. And he would be the only one to have played on all three winning teams, though a muscle injury in the second match of the final rounds against Czechoslovakia ruled him out of the remaining games and sort of minimised his contribution to the retention of the trophy in 1962.

Four years earlier, in Sweden, it was the other way around. The 17-year-old prodigy who had made his debut in the two-legged Copa Roca against Argentina nearly didn't make the trip. Fortunately, he was taken along in the hope that treatment before the World Cup would make him fit. However, it was only the precarious situation of Brazil having to beat the Soviet Union that made team officials accede to the senior players' plea to include Garrincha and Pele for the match. Neither of them scored in the 2-0 win. But they more than justified their inclusion. The youngest to play in the final rounds till Northern Ireland's Norman Whiteside at 17 years and 41 days took that distincion from him in 1982, Pele showed confidence that more seasoned internationals would envy as he notched the only goal of the quarter-final against Wales, three in the semi-final against France and two in the final against Sweden.

His first goal against Sweden is one of the many rare gems among the 1277 goals in his 1352 games, in a career spanning 22 years. It was the first capsule of his inimitable genius. As Nilton Santos sent a high cross into the Swedish penalty area, Pele had his back to the goal and was surrounded by rivals. The boy wonder nonchalantly caught the ball on his thigh, hooked it over his head, turned round the defender in front of him and hit the dropping ball on the volley past a stunned goalkeeper.

His second goal in that final was no less remarkable. With moments to go for the final whistle, Zagalo lifted from the left a high centre, and Pele leapt above his taller rivals to head down into the net. Just past the quarter hour of the 1970 final, 'O Rei' gave Brazil the lead with another unstoppable header. Pele also made the play for two of the other three goals in the 4-1 triumph.



Principally he has lacked the supporting cast to consistently outwit opposition tougher than he had met in the five seasons he was the leading marksman and playmaker at home in Argentina. He also has had to contend with rivals who believed that any means that succeeds in stopping him is fair

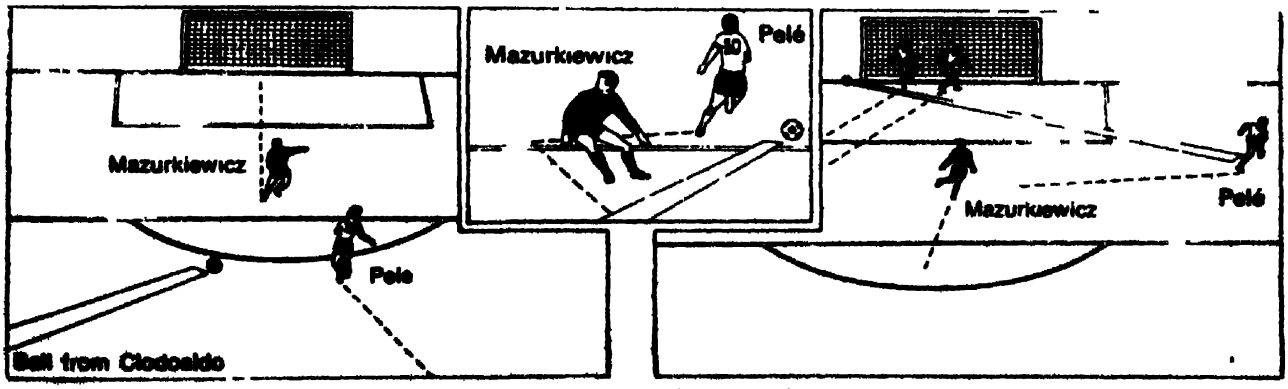
IN many respects, the 1970 World Cup saw Pele at the height of his powers In 1958, he was nursed and nurtured for greatness by experienced world class teammates like Didi, Djalma and Nilton Santos, Zito Zagalo and Gylmar In 1962, injury kept him on the bench most of the time In 1966 he was cruelly kicked out of the competition In 1970, despite Benetti and his ilk, he regaled spectators at the grounds and by their TV sets with his supreme artistry He was the catalyst who made Carlos Alberto Gerson Clodoaldo, Jairzinho, Tostao and Rivelinho into the champion combination He scored just four goals in the six games but made the play through his positioning to receive and deliver passes initiated moves that culminated in telling goals by his teammates Indeed the tournament saw him at his most inventive and imaginative

In the group match against Rumania he startled all by swiftly turning to intercept in his own half and volleying from 60 yards out The goalkeeper was aghast with disbelief but to his immense relief the ball went just over In the semi final he revealed his eye for noting down the characteristics of rivals that he could exploit Uruguay's Mazurkiewicz habitually played short passes to his colleagues near the



Pele's famous 'dummy' in the 1970 World Cup semi-final against Uruguay was one of the highlights of a marvellous tournament With Brazil coasting to a 3 1 victory, Clodoaldo hit a long, low diagonal ball from the left Pele raced towards it from the inside right position, with keeper Mazurkiewicz coming out fast to block his path (below) There didn't seem any way past the keeper —but Pele found one He sold the perfect dummy, haring past the keeper on one side while the ball sailed past him on the other (right) Then he put the 'brakes' on, swerved behind the keeper (below centre), and screwed the ball just wide of the goal (below right) as defenders were coming back to cover





halfway line. Pele lulled the goalkeeper into a false sense of safety as he strolled towards his own half. But the moment the ball left Mazurkiewicz, Pele whirled around and hit a volley that never rose more than four feet from the ground as it arrowed towards goal. Mazurkiewicz brought off an acrobatic, splendid save to retrieve the situation. Mazurkiewicz was exposed again when, with barely a minute to go for the final whistle, Pele moved from the right for a through ball of Clodoaldo, feinted to take the ball with him, but let the ball go by him, a superb dummy that the goalkeeper couldn't help buying, ran round Mazurkiewicz to collect the ball and hit a low shot towards the far corner even as two defenders were racing back to atone for Mazurkiewicz. The ball, to the relief of the amazed defenders, went just wide of the far post.

These out-of-the-world essays unfailingly demoralised the opposition and lifted up the spirits of colleagues. In the 1970 semi-final, little went right for Brazil, and Uruguay were playing with greater confidence and thrust. With a couple of touches, however, Pele could turn the tide. Even close marking defenders, like Benetti, have found this to their cost. Often a momentary easing of the vigil was enough for Pele to strike. West German Willi Schulz and goalkeeper Fahram would testify to this. In 1963, at Hamburg, Pele undid all the good work of the West Germans by seizing the moment when Schulz let him free and rammed the ball home from 20 yards. 'I didn't even see the ball leave his foot', said an astounded Fahrain.



Two years before that, in 1961, in a Rio de Janiero-Sao, Paulo Tournament, Fluminese were all over Santos. Pele won a tackle in his own box—an answer to those who doubted his defensive qualities—and went on a mazy dribble, like a skier on a slalom, past nine rivals, finally lodging the ball in the net even as goalkeeper Castilho dived. A plaque at the Maracana Stadium ccommemorates this Most Beautiful Goal Ever Seen.

Pele received a gold plaque and a golden ball weighing over four pounds and the Brazilian Post Office issued a stamp when he converted a penalty against Vasco da Gama for his 1,000th goal on November 19, 1969. As a matter of fact Rildo was to take the penalty when Pele was brought down. But his fans, aware of the milestone, demanded Pele take it. Ten years earlier he had scored a total of 126 goals in 103 games. Asked which was his best goal, Pele invariably replied: 'My next one'. That was but his third season and he was only 19. For most of the next 15 years he was to average about 75 games a year, which included internationals, league and cup ties and

The humility of the man who had the world at his feet was no facade. Like his honesty and sincerity, indeed like everything about him, it was genuine. He often repeated that he was trying to do with his best with the gifts that God had given him



innumerable friendlies that filled the coffers of Santos while bringing him the funds to set himself up for the future

The presence of Pele on the field was written into the terms for friendlies that Santos played for a fee of £10 000 each In a friendly in Peru in 1961 he slotted in four goals by half time thought he had done his bit and did not come out for the second half The spectators would not let play resume and invaded the pitch Finally the referee had to request Santos to bring back Pele to avert untoward incidents Play was held up till Pele came out of a warm bath kitted himself and came back

Yet another instance of his unmatched popularity —Queen Elizabeth II threw protocol out of the window when meeting him the Shah of Iran once waited three hours at the airport to receive him as did thousands of fans at Dum Dum airport and on the roads leading to it well past midnight when he came with Cosmos to play in Calcutta—was the suspension of referee Albino Zanterrai for 30 days Pele sought a personal hearing He had been sent off for retaliating after being fouled by Botafogo rivals in a match in 1965

The humility of the man who had the world at his feet was no facade Like his honesty and sincerity indeed like everything about him it was genuine He often repeated that he was trying to do his best with the gifts that God has given him Though occasionally he had been driven to frustration and hitting back as when he broke the nose of Argentina's Messiano he succeeded in keeping his cool and temper under the severest of provocations And all through his career he never lost the opportunity to express his gratitude to his poor but upright parents—his ex footballer father Dodinho and mother Dona Celeste who despised the very idea of her Dico as Pele is called in his family becoming a footballer coach Waldemer de Brito who guided Pele to form and develop the correct habits Prof Julio Mazzei who helped him to graduate in Physical Education and also persuaded him to sign on for Cosmos to clear off a debt and a fine he had unwittingly brought on himself and also to give the game in the US the shot in the arm that it needed But above all he was grateful to the million who had been transported to a seventh heaven by his sleight of foot effortless control lulling casualness of movement followed by explosive speed and action his subtlety and strength his grace and power And he expressed this in his last match for Santos when he suddenly froze the stands by catching the ball running to the centre placing the ball on the ground kneeling with knees on either side of the ball and bowing in one direction after another to the vast multitude who just as suddenly as they had frozen broke into a non stop thunderous ovation as their superstar spurted away to the isolation of the dressing room, and left a host of enduring ecstatic memories

but above all, he was grateful to the millions who had been transported to a seventh heaven by his sleight of foot, effortless control, lulling casualness of movement followed by explosive speed and action, his subtelty and strength, his grace and power

freewheeling

Kee arambho korecho? (What are you all up to?) The chief of our photo department like many others in the office found it difficult to figure out what we were doing. Would it be possible to dig up a photograph of Ann Lumsden. Why on earth did we want an action photograph of the India Pak tie in 1982. As said and (especially since we were drubbed 7-1 in that game). What was filmstar Mr Amitabh Bachchan doing in our pages?

But when we made up our mind that it was time to look back on all the great moments of Indian sport embarrassments the stars the most attractive the greatest shows the greatest disasters the most controversial there was no looking back. Our fingers were firmly on the rewind button.

But we soon realized that we just might have bitten off more than we could chew. Fifty eight pages were not going to be enough to cover the major happenings—good and bad and personalities since Independence. Concessions had to be made. Many had to be left out. And this page is dedicated to those also rans.

Some of them we remember some we don't. But they had one thing in common talent. Undeniable talent. But for some peculiar reason they failed to make it to this issue.

The first name that comes to mind is that of Henry Rebello. As he trained for his pet event the hop step and jump Rebello was not the only one who gave himself a chance of winning a medal (with luck a gold) at the 1948 Olympics. It was going to be India's first athletic medal. But fate had other ideas. Rebello injured himself during a practice session and India had to wait (and continues to do so) for her first athletic medal since Independence. And Henry Rebello missed out on immortality.

With 1229 runs and 162 wickets in 44 Tests how come Vinoo Mankad does not figure anywhere in the preceding pages? A very valid question. But then only ten could be included in the Best since Independence and some one had to be left out. If Mankad was included who would it be in place of? Gavaskar or Kapil Dev. A difficult decision don't you agree. There are yet others like Mankad who missed out.

Only one Indian has won an Olympic medal in an individual event since Independence. And yet how little we know about him. His name (ye there are some who do not even know that). Khashaba Jadav. After wrestling his way to sixth place in the 1948 Games Jadav switched to the heavier category. It worked. Four years later he won the bronze in the bantamweight. P T Usha and Milkha Singh have come close to equalling Jadav's feat but to date the wrestler stands alone.

Even having walked as many miles as Mihir Sen has swum would make you an avid walker. The English Channel the Palk Strait the Dardanelles the Straits of Bosphorus you name it he's swum it. He was also the third man and the first non American to swim through the Panama Canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The name of Leslie Claudius is synonymous with Indian hockey. With four Olympic appearances to his credit you cannot separate one from the other. He looked slow almost lackadaisical in his approach. But as one left wondered at his time put it. He was always there. His anticipation was pure genius. How can you leave a genius out of your ten list you might ask. Well there was only place for ten such.

Bachendri Pal Shri Ram Singh Keshav Dutt Wilson Jones Vijay Amritraj the list of those all or ran could go on. But this was not the only direction in which we had our problems. There were also rans in other categories too. The debonair Geet Sethi and the cute Sadanand Viswanath failed to make the most attractive grade. The greatest moments in Indian sport does not include P T Usha's incredible run in the Los Angeles Olympics. Nor does it include India's historic win in the West Indies in 1975-76 scoring over 400 in the second innings.

Even in the list of controversies there were some which had to be left out. Remember the heated debate on whether New Delhi was justified in hosting the 1982 Asian Games? Remember the hornets nest that was stirred when Kapil Dev was dropped for the Calcutta Test against England on the grounds of throwing away his wicket in the previous Test at Delhi?

Even the embarrassing moments were a problem to select. India's loss to Sri Lanka in the 1979 Prudential Cup the 0-5 drubbing at the hands of the West Indies in the one day Internationals after winning the Prudential Cup the atmosphere during the first one day game of that series at Sharjah all but made the list.

A detailed perusal of the issue will bring to light a few intriguing things. The only category where Vijay Amritraj gets a mention is in the best looking sportsmen. Funny isn't it? Sunil Gavaskar could very easily be nominated the Man of the issue. Whether it be the greatest the most attractive or the most controversial Sunny is there. A Little Master in more ways than one.

And after going through our various lists if you find that you do not agree and your opinions differ do not hesitate. Go ahead and make your own lists. Who said ours were right!

Barry O'Brien

Even having walked as many miles as Mihir Sen has swum, would make you an avid walker



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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor David McMahon
Editorial Staff Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O Brien Pradeep Paul

Correspondents Bombay Haresh Munwan
Madras Partab Ramchand

Staff Photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya

Art Director Bipul Guha
Staff Designers Santosh Dutta Ali Akbar Mirza
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dwarpara
Kalikrishna Public Library

Sport and apartheid

ONCE again SPORTSWORLD has taken the lead in discussing the boycott of the Commonwealth games in all its aspects What irks the viewer from the gallery is the fact that a discipline like sports which should have been the last word in creating bonds and cementing relations is so grossly misused It has become a recurring feature of international diplomatic tug of war to make sport the whipping boy for real or imaginary gaming of ground While morally one agreed with M J Akbar that in the need to bring down the last bastion of racial segregation a message has to be given to Britain that the Common wealth will not survive Britain s obstinacy one still feels sorry for the sportsmen whose ambitions and hard training count for nought in the murky twisted calculations of politicians

Take the case of India In 1981 Keith Fletcher s Englishmen nearly had their tour aborted due to the presence of players who had toured South Africa At the same time Vijay Amritraj and Ramesh Krishnan were playing against S Africans all around the world It thus follows that sports men can play with or against S Africans but to tour that country is the ultimate sin This twistd logic makes nonsense of Mr Sam Ramasmy s blacklist of individual sportsmen It was even more galling when we conceded the Davis Cup in 1974 when our final opponents were S Africa when the same set of players on both sides competed against each other outside the tournament At another level the diamond cutting industry in India has wide connections with the De Beers conglomerate in S Africa, while individual ghazal singers trying to earn a professional buck are banned by the official media for touring that country

As long as it doesn t hurt the pocket and only then most countries will lend whole hearted support to the fight against apartheid Symbols have perforce much utility in such a fight and sport becomes a casualty every time the name South Africa crops up Ultimately Tony Cozier s is the sanest view among extremes Once the coloured nations indulge in individual blackl sting or any other pretext for banning sportsmen from their countries or for boycotts it might lead to a polarization of sport into whites only and non whites only events That would be the ultimate tragedy Let us redefine the whole gamut of our sporting relations with countries or sports men having the Kruggerrand connection in clear terms from love all

SUNIL GARODIA
Calcutta

Interesting reading

YOUR Victory Special issue was indeed praise worthy and an issue to be preserved for collection

Indeed whenever India wins I am happy but it is even more thrilling to go through to your magazine which has some extremely well written articles

Truly speaking Sportsworld has reached dazzling heights through its well written articles good columns and superb way of presentation

Also a special word of thanks to Patrick Eagar and Nikhil Bhattacharya for their splendid work these days

SANDEEP KARWA
Dibrugarh

Thank you

I HANK you for publishing my previous letter I have already received a cash donation from Air Marshall Maurice Barker (Retd) towards cricket equipment for the inmates of our jail

The stature of the Editor of Sportsworld comes through in the quality of your magazine We readers know of your heritage of your cricket and what you are doing for Indian sport generally In fact we know a lot about you

But what about your associate editor David McMahon who has recently written three articles in the edition dated 16 22 July, all three being professional, warm and humorous, and pleasurable reading—the Fitting Finale, the Gin soaked Dodderers and Gabriela Sabatini

David McMahon has matured But who is this young or old man? What does he look like? Do you think David McMahon could write an article on David McMahon telling us something about him? Can we get thumb nail sketches about your other staff?

I know I am suggesting something unusual, but it brings us, your readers a little closer to Sportsworld

KENNETH H LARKINS
New Delhi

PERSECUTED?

Mohammedan Sporting and the **Indian Football Association**—rarely have the two got on like a house on fire. They have had their differences in the past---suspensions have been made, warnings given---but better sense has always prevailed.



But this time it is different. Things have come to a head. And even if the issue is settled, the scar that mars their relationship will be a permanent one. The club claims that it has been discriminated against. Persecuted. The IFA accuses Mohammedan Sporting of indiscipline and lack of co-operation. Neither side will budge. **Subhash Sarcar** and **Barry O'Brien** investigate







This is the last straw

The Football Secretary of Mohammedan Sporting Club, **Mir Mohammed Omar,** accuses the IFA of discrimination and bias against his club

SPORTSWORLD: Do you feel that the IFA is discriminating against Mohammedan Sporting?

MIR MOHD OMAR: Definitely. The IFA has been unfair in a lot of decisions. According to the IFA law when a team does not turn up for a match they fund the other party. But the IFA is specifically writing to punish the faulty party should have been rewarded. The punishment should not have been meted out to the Mohun Bagan East Bengal match. Mohun Bagan did not turn up. No penalty was slapped upon them. Recently in the game between these two sides some East Bengal players led by Bhaskar Ganguly hit the referee on the field. Thousands of people saw this clearly. Yet no action was taken. Whenever our officials cross the line run onto the field and argue to try and make our player keep their cool, agreed this is not correct and not permissible. It is immediately reported that Mohammedan Sporting officials trespassed the sideline and infiltrated the playing area. Officials of other clubs run onto the field too in the East Bengal Mohun Bagan match. East Bengal officials ran onto the ground and yet the matter was overlooked!

What is the reason for the discrimination?

I feel that the secretary of the IFA, Mr Prodyut Dutta has got a wrong idea of things and people are trying to cook up a disturbance of sorts between the IFA and Mohammedan Sporting.

Could you elaborate on this wrong idea but please?

Frankly I feel that he has taken the whole issue very personally. He feels that Mr Mollah, the general secretary of Mohammedan Sporting was rude to him and insulted him. And I feel he is taking this personal grievance out on the club. If the Assistant Secretary abused him then Mr Dutta should have asked for an apology and not penalised the club for this.

Do you and Mr Dutta get along well?

Mohammedan SC players led by Cheema (centre) and Shabbir Ali (right) make their way to the IFA office



Genesis of a stalemate

What happened and when

July 5—The crucial senior league match between Mohammedan Sporting and East Bengal at the Salt Lake Stadium is abandoned. Mohammedan SC refuse to continue the game because of "unplayable ground conditions due to heavy downpour" at the 17th minute of the second half when East Bengal are leading by a solitary goal.

August 2—As decided Mohammedan SC do not turn up for their match against East Bengal. Their reason "the fate of the July 5 abandoned match has not been decided yet". The IFA is to take a decision on the washed out match on August 4

August 4—The IFA governing body serves a show-cause notice on Mohammedan SC and asks the club to send a representative to attend a meeting on August 6. Several charges have been levelled against the club The meeting will ask the club to explain its stand or face disciplinary action. "The club may also be suspended," says the IFA secretary Prodyut Dutta The IFA also objects to the club secretary Mr Ibrahim Molla's issuing statments to the press in general "This is in gross violation of regulation 34(c) of the IFA

August 5—The club's assistant secretary Suleman Khurshed in a press conference says that "the IFA governing body's decision to serve us with a show cause is a biased, motivated and unfair decision Also it is not based on facts" He regrets that the club was forever getting embroiled with the IFA

August 6—The governing body of the IFA suspends Mohammedan SC till December 31 this year The 11 members present in the meeting agree unanimously to suspend the club. The Mohammedan representative



Players meet the IFA secretary

Khurshed puts forward his club's stand point by point but these were later refuted by the IFA secretary. Meanwhile to prevent Mohammedan SC from obtaining an ex parte interim order against the decision, the IFA moves court

August 7—Mohammedan SC in an emergent meeting decides to seek the assistance of the West Bengal chief minister Mr Jyoti Basu, to try and persuade the IFA to revoke the suspension

August 8—A section of the club members go to Writers Buildings to submit a memorandum to the chief minister Several supporters carry out a peaceful demonstration in front of the IFA building Also 31 players submit a signed memorandum to the IFA secretary to consider their case sympathetically The secretary promises to look after their interest

Oh yes We have a good relationship with him He is a learned and respectable person He is a good friend of ours I respect him a lot But we feel that if he has a personal grievance against Mr Mollah or myself we should sort it out among ourselves Bringing the club into this is wrong The sudden decision of the IFA to suspend it came as a great shock We are still stunned I did not expect this from him (Pradyut Dutta)

Are you blaming Pradyut Dutta alone?

No, it is not entirely his fault

What about the rest of the committee?

Well obviously the decision of the Committee but Mr Dutta has about twelve or thirteen clubs under his control There are invariably bound to be over by him They obviously supported him

There is an impression that you are blaming him entirely. You are directly pointing finger at him

No I blame the entire fault lies in the general secretary of the IFA he has got the backing of other clubs too

What attempts has been made on the part of the club to sort the matter out

We went to the Chief Minister with a memorandum listing the details of the happenings and the efforts of the IFA and requested him to intervene We requested him that when we were in wilful pursuit of the game why we were penalised by the IFA We thereby told him that in the event of non-compliance of our request by the IFA we would be forced to withdraw from the league

But you have not made an attempt to settle matter with the IFA?

We have left on what grounds we the decision was made There should have been a warning to the club We had calculated that we would lose five points The IFA should have deprived us of those five points and warned us that if we do not turn up for the next game or if the second behaviour did not improve the club would be expelled There should have been a warning given before expelling us

There are many who feel that the issue is being blown out of proportion Instead of restricting itself to the sport arena it is being given a political and communal twist

It is not true There is no Soumen Mitra There were no Congress (I) leader There were no CPI(M) leaders There were only club officials, players and of course supporters present in the pro



What will be the future of the players?

cession to protest the decision There was nothing political in it Only Islamic slogans were raised Do justice for the Muslims in Calcutta Muslims come together

Therefore you are making it a communal issue

No If we had made it a communal issue the two occasion on which Eghbalood the IFA would very easily have erupted and gone out of control But we kept it absolutely non communal

And non political too?

A Yes We have got many of our leaders who may be able to help us but we deliberately kept them out of this as we do not want to make this a political issue A sporting club after all is not a political base

If that is so why then were Islamic slogans Narae Takbeer raised

Why not? There is nothing wrong in shouting Bande Matram This is an Islamic club some of our supporters are illiterate so they raised Islamic slogans

What about the fact that women were present at the rallies? Are they supporters too? We've never seen them on the maidan?

Yes they are supporters They may not attend the matches but they are supporters who are concerned about the welfare of the club There are many Bengali women who are interested in football too and support a particular club without actually going to the maidan

Were the women there to evoke public sympathy

No The women who were there are whole heartedly soccer fans My wife was there and another official Mr Rais's wife she was there too They are interested in the club and it future which is why they were there

What if the suspension is not revoked?

We will do something go to court in all probability

Are efforts being made to keep the supporters informed and under control so that the matter does not go out of hand?

We are doing our best You will remember that in all the rallies and processions brought out not even a single stone was thrown We have requested the supporters to keep calm We have made them realise that if the issue takes on a political or communal twist Mohammedan Sporting will be the losers I feel that not even a single life should be lost for sport It's not worth it And as long as we are with Mohammedan Sporting we will ensure that sporting matter do not become communal ones We will always try and promote communal harmony

What about the players what is their reaction?

Obviously they feel that they have been ruined Football is their livelihood and future

Therefore as football secretary of the club what are you doing about them

We are trying to raise donations to look after them

What about their insecurity? Not only in this regard but also the fear that seems to have seeped into them perform well or else

It's upto them but I do not think there is any fear or sense of insecurity When we took out the procession they were right in the front

It's stated by Mohammedan officials that Mohun Bagan don't feel being at have more pull in the IFA What is your reply to that pull

There is no pull It's the have we pull They are more in touch or have a greater influence over the IFA But it doesn't they're strong

Stronger in what way financially

Of course Mr Dutta for example lives in a locality where there are quite a few East Bengal fans That is why he cannot like any harsh decisions against them

Have there been other instances of indiscrimination against Mohammedan SC?

They have always been unjust toward us though we have always cooperated with the IFA But this is the limit and definitely the last straw



We have done no wrong

The Secretary of the IFA, **Prodyut Dutta**, defends the Association's decision to suspend Mohammedan Sporting

SPORTSWORLD On what grounds have the IFA suspended Mohammedan Sporting?

PRODYUT DUTTA They are not cooperating with the Association That is whenever an exhibition match is on the cards the club uses it as an instrument of blackmail The present club bosses have been using the exhibition games as weapons to dictate terms But this has got to be stopped once and for all Last year we got fed up and still we went out of the way to hear their grievances when and where they desired a sitting—at Writers' Buildings, Rotanda, Chief Minister's office Sports Minister's office Mayor's room and Lalbazar

We conceded to all their complaints and managed to have all the exhibition matches at Salt Lake The regular practice of non cooperation has to end somewhere and the IFA cannot carry on like this

Why do you think they continue to do this?

It isn't difficult to guess Whenever they are sliding down the league table they begin their old tricks once again First to save face the officials point their fingers at us make false allegations and finally blackmail us by making all sorts of excuses of not playing the exhibition ties They do not feel it necessary to use the smaller matches to voice their protest There is a reason for this they do not want to inconvenience their supporters who turn up for these ties on their home ground

And when a big match is billed an issue is created out of this which by now everyone is aware of They start with improper security arrangements Or Salt Lake is a lonely place and so they are not eager to play there They want an alternative venue This practice cannot continue I had to think of a solution

So I wrote asking them to stop this non cooperation as this may jeopardise their participation in the ensuing all India tournaments like the Federation Cup Bordoloi and others I waited for an answer as to whether they were going to keep to the scheduled date of the match against East Bengal on August 2 Expectedly the reply was that their match be defer



August 2. East Bengal get a walkover and the controversy hots up



Players and officials lead a rally

red to serve other date but we were firm in our stand We requested them to continue playing their matches till 4 september before which a decision would have been reached But the club refused to budge They would not be playing the match against East Bengal until a decision was taken on their washed out match I further advised them via a letter that they should cooperate with us and if they failed to comply accordingly a tuff course of action will be taken I emphasised that their negative action would harm the club I never had any desire to take drastic steps against them But the club remained adamant we are not playing so please postpone the match

So I thought a quick action had to be taken since another big match between Mohun Bagan and East Bengal was around the corner And had the governing body not decided immediate action the tie would have been affected We have to think about everyone like the SSS members donot members regular members and those regular paying public Everyone is affected Everyone is inconvenienced Money is wasted on advertisements in the dailies when a big tie is billed and the ticket buyers find that the event is called off This obviously puts the IFA in an embarrassing spot for no rhyme or reason

They say that the action was too harsh How do you defend it

Decision harsh I dont think so In fact some of the governing body members in the meeting demanded a three year ban on the club others wanted it to be two years but I stuck my neck out for the club and managed to convince my colleagues that this will be too harsh a measure After giving it a serious thought the suspension was restricted to about six months

The allegation is that you were annoyed because of Mr Ibrahim Mollahs abusive language directed at you They feel that you have therefore taken it personally and manipulated the suspension

(*Smiles*) First things first It is not possible for one man (me or anybody else) to make or manipulate a decision The decision is made by a body collectively and I am sure Mr Mollah is aware of this Now coming to the first part of your question Yes of course I was hurt and obviously annoyed at Mr Mollahs rash statement and misbehaviour Wouldnt you be annoyed if someone abused you In fact all those present were shocked and angry But right through the proceedings I kept mum Therefore how can they say Ive taken the decision bringing in personal sentiments

With the suspension of the club the players will loose out a lot Have you thought about them?

I have given it a thought In fact, the players came and saw me They will be looked after by the IFA The practice sessions will be arranged They will be allowed to participate in various tournament under the IFA banner I think the players will derive more benefit because whatever is made from these tournaments it will be evenly distributed amongst them instead of the club taking a big chunk from the guns before doling out The IFA is not going to profit at the expense of these players Perhaps we may take in all about Rs 5000 from each tournament for the Players Benevolent Fund

What were your feelings when you saw some player taking active part in the rally

To be very frank I disliked it and was pained They should have not acted in this manner After all I had given their assurance Of course one cannot ignore the possibilty of them joining the procession on being pressurised as I was communicated of this by some one

The club says that they will go to court

Let them go I have nothing to say in this regard

Are you optimistic about the verdict?

As far as we know we have done no wrong

What if they come and apologise?

The decision will not be one made by me alone The decision is the governing bodys Lets wait and see

JUSTICE FOR ALL?

Who is right in this Calcutta Football League controversy? The IFA or Mohammedan Sporting? Lawyer **Surrendra Kapoor** examines the legal points

MOHAMMEDAN Sporting Clubs refusal to play at the Salt Lake Stadium in Calcutta far removed from the city centre and its consequential suspension by the Indian Football Association have as yet caused few ripples in the Calcutta Football League

But even though the League continues and the absence of MSC is not being felt away from the grounds the matter is being hotly debated A reference was made to the Chief Minister who attempted to resolve the controversy but left it to fester in club or even in court Perhaps the time is not inopportune to consider the puzzling suspension and reflect upon the rights or wrongs of the matter

Whatever its good or bad points the transfer of the venue led to MSC recently returning altogether to play at Salt Lake Various reasons have been ascribed for this refusal most of them of the shallow and pretentious variety For instance it is said that MSC supporters all live in Central Calcutta and therefore have lost the opportunity to nip into the fields for a quick cheer in between work shifts

But separating the grain from the chaff what ultimately surfaces is that MSC supporters feel a sense of insecurity whenever their team is playing at Salt Lake Therefore discretion has begun to outweigh devotion and MSC finds it unable to sell the tickets which it binds itself to lift from the IFA Mohammedan Sporting refused to continue the game against E Bengal on 5 July Following a further refusal to play the August 2 fixture the suspension order was enforced

MSC has reacted predictably with some heat to the suspension The show of anger one feels is not without justification There are too many curious aspects of the suspension which need public airing in

To begin at the beginning why has such a severe punishment been dealt out for what after all is merely a default in playing a match(es)? Last year Bagan strolled away against both L Railways and East Bengal That omission to play two vital matches did not even invite notice far less even formal censure from the IFA One wonders why in MSC's case the scales have not been held with the same indifference (or with equal impartiality) by the organising authorities What after all is special about MSC that it should be singled out for discriminatory suspension?

Then again one should remember that suspension as a form of punishment is virtually unknown in the League The vicious assault on Dilip Sen referee at the recent Bagan East Bengal match went totally unreprimanded

There is a story doing the rounds which needs to be nailed if it is without foundation It is being said that MSC is indebted to the League for substantial sums and it is because MSC's cheques have bounced and payments are long overdue that somebody has inspired the suspension to settle more than the obvious account Of course anything is possible in Calcutta's premier amateur sport but if this is the case here then the sooner the suspension is set aside the better it would be for the image of the game The order ought not to be a cover up job but should the chance be used to settle other scores

There are other interesting features of the suspension For instance how is it that the order has been issued by the IFA? Under the Rules the entire control and management of the League is vested in the CFI Sub Committee

> The rules very clearly provide that 'three points shall be awarded to a team whose opponent has failed to participate in a match, and also two points shall be deducted from the total points earned by the defaulting team after the completion of the League'

That being the IFA surely has no power to interfere and take drastic disciplinary action having delegated those duties to the CFI Sub Committee Yet here we have the IFA in a brief bald laconic order suspending one of the premier clubs from participation Isn't the order an infraction of the Rules?

Whilst on the Rules it is also fruitful to speculate that assuming the IFA had the power to make the order were elementary notions of sportsmanship and fairplay observed by asking MSC to explain its abstention Without affording a full opportunity to MSC to state its case could IFA make such an order

Hear a person adequately and condemn him after you know all relevant aspects This however does not seem to have struck the IFA at all and no such courtesy was extended to MSC although it is one of the prescribed duties that before taking any action the governing body shall give the party concerned an opportunity of being heard

And even if one completely avoids the legalistic approach it is entirely beyond comprehension as to how the suspension order could at all be made in the face of language of the Rules

The Rule very clearly provide that points shall be awarded to a team whose opponent has failed to participate in a match and also 2 points shall be deducted from the total points earned by the defaulting team after the completion of the League That is Rule 12

Very very significantly that rule was followed when Bagan did not play two matches last year Isn't it unnoticed that the rule has not been followed in the case of MSC? Is it legitimate to ask why not

Mohammedan Sporting

The darkest hours

HE stands a good six feet two in his socks. His legs are like little tree trunks and he weighs more than 180 pounds not less. He is a man of muscle strength power and all. And yet when you talk to him he seems to be on the defensive. He looks at you with a child like suspicion which could very easily be mistaken for a sense of fear. As if to say Who are you What is it you want?

He is Ousmane A Kenyan who has come to Calcutta to play football. He has been here a couple of month but hasn't played a game yet. He is one of the many Mohammedan Sporting players who are disillusioned and tense. When will they play again? Where will the motivation come from?

Their club like the Mess they live in is in darkness. As we go to press Mohammedan Sporting one of the top three footballing clubs in the country stands suspended till the end of this year. They are not permitted to take part in any AIFF recognised all India tournament till December 31 1986. The players seem lost. The officials angry. The spectators confused. And the club broke. It is without a doubt the most crucial and difficult period for the club in its long history. In short—its darkest hours.

And the strange and indeed sad part about it is that in this time of trouble and uncertainty when sensible leadership and initiative are most necessary four of the more important office bearers of the club are not to be found.

Where is the president Mr Erfan Randerian? All efforts to get in touch with him proved fruitless. Whether he is in Calcutta or outstation the fact remains that he prefers to stay aloof. The obvious question that follows is he doing his duty as president of the club? The answer is a very definite— No. A reliable source informs us that he has not attended a single meeting for the last year. What is surprising is the fact that a person who has always been a lover of sport and who has left no stone unturned to regain the club's past glory should be missing when needed most.



Majid, like his other colleagues, uncared for, unwanted



July 5 Mohammedan SC refuse to continue the match against East Bengal and the seeds of discontent are sown

On the missing list are other prominent officials like Tayab Ali (Cricket Secretary) Ghulam Mirza Murtaza and Arshad and Executive members. The audience may have been a great help for the club at this juncture. But till then president they are reluctant to enter.

When in the decision of the club today I came to all practical purposes we can have the helm of affairs. The secretary Ibrahim Mollah and the football secretary Mr Mehdi of Omar. While the former found it difficult to get their relatives cooperate with the decision but the latter decided to keep his ground fully to the people who are the players that is benched out of the club.

Mehdi Omar has in fact led a procession comprising players officials and spectators (which even included women in *burkhas*) to voice their protest against the IFA decision. He also edits a daily paper (*Helal*) part of which is devoted to keeping the people informed of the latest developments.

Both Mollah and Omar claim that the decision to suspend the club was too harsh. They refer to instances in the past when other clubs have failed to turn up for a match and have lost the specified points and no more. They accuse the secretary of the IFA Mr Prodyut Dutta of using the suspension to settle a personal score with club officials. They claim that the IFA being run by the other two big clubs.

What does the IFA say in its defence. The secretary of the Association clearly emphasises that giving a walk over to East Bengal was not the reason for the suspension. It was one of the reasons. He refers to repeated acts of misconduct on the part of the officials and a continuous policy of non cooperation on the part of the club which has embarrassed the IFA more than once as the primary reasons for the suspension of the club.

Complaints Mohammedan Sporting have many. But the question is: Are they going about it the right way?

Abdul Aziz the former President of the club when asked for his opinion replied with a firm No they are not going about it the right way. Though he feel that the IFA have been unfair and they (the IFA) have no chance in court he contends that the issue should be kept absolutely non communal. He also adds strongly there was no need to take the women out in the procession. It was totally uncalled for.



Ouma writes home—a sad tale to tell

As things stand the suspension of the club is the most haunting problem that it faces today. But there are many other nagging problems that have added up and together contributed to the sorry state of affairs in the Mohammedan Sporting ranks. The most important one being finance.

The coffers of the club are empty. The club is crippled by a deficit of several lakhs of rupees. The salary of the staff has allegedly not been paid for the last three months. The players are roughing it out in the Mohammedan Sporting Mess there is no power as electricity bills have not been cleared. Food bills too remain pending.

Though it is difficult to get the players to admit it their fees have not been paid in full But proof of the seriousness of the financial mismanagement fact that sheepishly Maidan Mark I agreed a resolution that in future they will not employ any footballing at Mohammedan Sporting Their request But has not been heeded and whenever the approach the authorities for payment they are humiliated

The club is still struggling to recover from the jolt it received when it had to pay 18,000 rupees in arrears to the IFA A spokesman for the IFA feels that in an attempt to get their own back on the Association they are resorting to police and co



Players kept in the dark



operation Productivity But added for exhibition matches they did not take a single of their quota of tickets to sell When I asked them about it they say that their supporters are not interested My question then is how come when their team scores a goal thousands of spectators go into ecstasy Obviously they are Mohammedan Sporting supporters But the club to spite the IFA refuses to help us in the sale of tickets

The root of the problem therefore is the lack of funds In order to cross other hurdles the club requires finance Then and only then will things get under control

But *who* is going to take things under control? Because of the huge financial liabilities both present as well as ex officials prefer to stay away from club affairs As one former official put it Who's going to come when the club is financially in such a mess?

This has resulted in a lack of capable leadership



Is this the right way of going about it?

Not only because there is a dearth of leaders but when you have a secretary who shoots his mouth off whenever and wherever possible it only goes to show that the club needs experienced and sensible leaders. Yes it is true that Mohammad Omar is doing his best to patch up the differences between the club and the IFA as well as keeping the supporters under control. But what about the other officials? They are either missing or doing things that are harming the club rather than helping it.

Mohammedan Sporting have also been accused of being the only club not willing to play matches at the Salt Lake Stadium. Their reason being inadequate security arrangements. But the club's football secretary categorically denies this saying "we are now always ready to play in Salt Lake." He goes on to say "Yes we were apprehensive in the beginning. But we have played there and we are more than satisfied with the security arrangements. And we have no objections to playing there in the future."

Right through this critical period the biggest sufferers have been the players. Some of them like the captain Premnath Philips have packed their bags and hurried home. Philips left for Kerala a rejected captain. The less fortunate ones have to sweat it out in the heat and gloom of the players' Mess—some of them having arrived only recently.

As they while away the hours playing carrom or reading they wait patiently for a decision. They wait to get back on to the field. They wait for their money. They wait to be cared for. They are the ones who matter the most. Football is their livelihood and they must have it. Both the club officials as well as the IFA must concern themselves about their future.

Yes we go to the club grounds for practice every morning but there seems to be a strong sense of insecurity. The guys just cannot motivate themselves" says a player who did not want to be named. Lying fast asleep in one corner of the room bathed in perspiration was Majid Baskar. Uncared for. Unwanted. He like his other colleagues is robbed of his profession for no fault of his own. They are in the dark not knowing what lies ahead.

What is the future of the club? Is there any hope. Qasim Khan a supporter of the club for over twenty years who did not eat a morsel of food for three days after his club was suspended admits. The situation is bad. But there is still hope.

Yes. There is hope for the club. It is time to forget all past difference. It is time for unity. Time to be tactful. To be patient. To be restrained. It is time to save this glorious institution. But something must be done. Now!

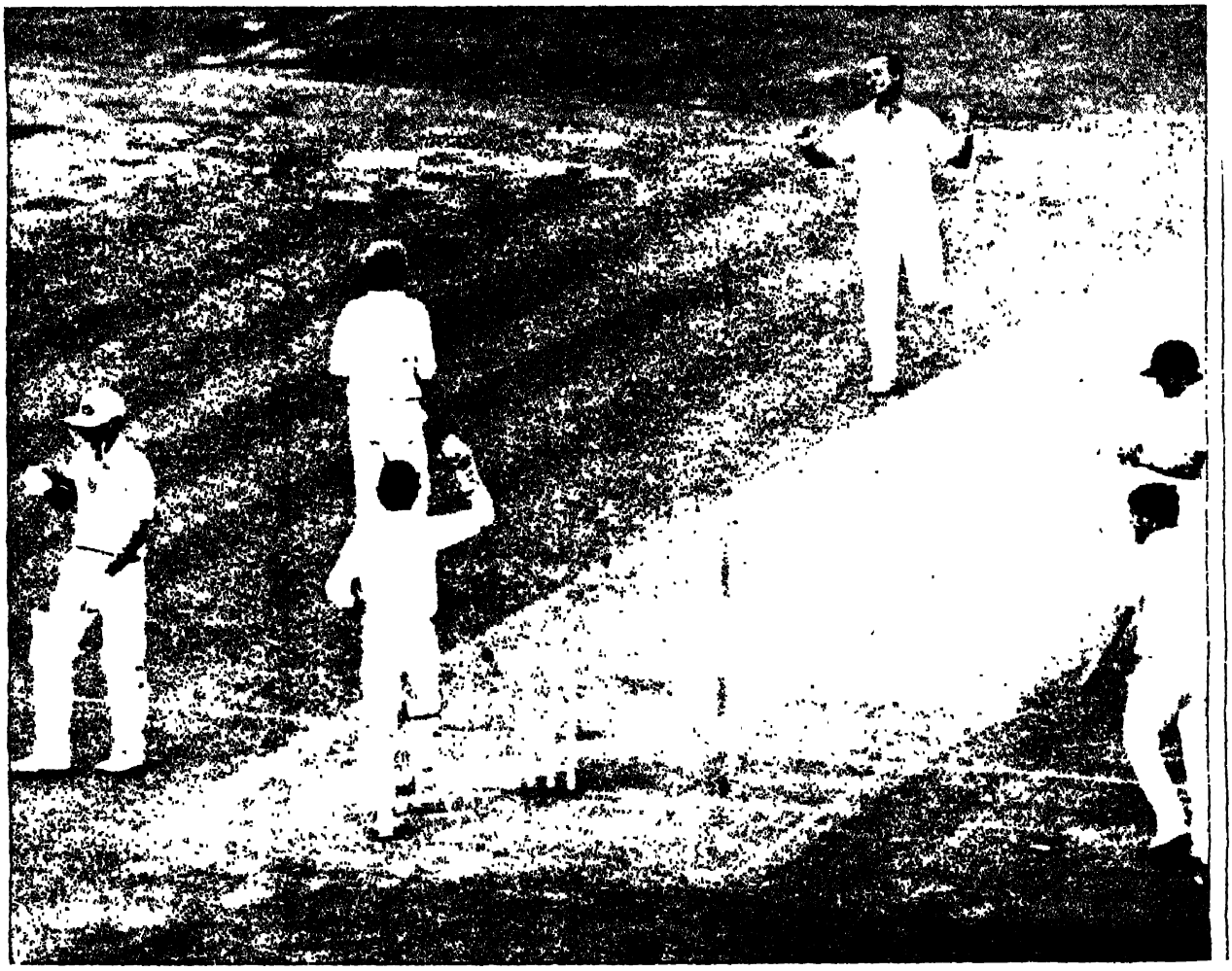
PEACE AT LORD'S

Patrick Eagar photographs the first Test between England and New Zealand at Lord's

Bowler Edmonds might be mistaken for a flannelled Ovett breasting the tape after an exacting miler. However the circumstances are greatly different. He has only bowled Hadlee for 17

Facing page, above: David Gower drives like, well, David Gower. He got 62 in the first innings

Facing page, below: Bruce French is at the centre of medical attention. Hadlee (third from left) got one to rise, French turned his head, took the ball at the back of his helmet, stuttered backwards before collapsing into the arms of wicket keeper Ian Smith The irony of it all was that Hadlee is French's Notts team mate!











This page:-
Top left: Athey hooks during his 44
Top right: Graham Gooch typically pulls during his unbeaten 162.
Right: Martyn Moxon deflects during his first innings 74

Facing page:
Top left: French takes Hadlee at the back of his helmet
Top right: Martin Crowe gets 106
Lower left: Hadlee exults on getting Moxon lbw
Lower right: Bob Taylor makes a surprise Test re-entry, taking over as reserve 'keeper from Bill Athey











Home is where the art is

After 11 years Martina Navratilova went back home to Prague to win back the Federation Cup and the hearts of her people

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA knew she was back home at last as the Czech military band played the national anthem. Where is my homeland at the opening of the Federation Cup tournament in Prague. And further the Czechs felt unnecessary blood on Ivan Mandlikova's wedding stunt could steal the limelight from the homecoming queen.

The world's best tennis player was going home after 11 years. Czechoslovakia's most famous defector was coming back. That in itself was sensational enough. How about the lady coming back to take home with her the Federation Cup which had stayed with the Czechs for three years?

It was a dramatic return. And Martina Navratilova was nervous and apprehensive. The rejection by the government and the media was in a sense imminent. She had accepted that 11 years ago when she defected to the United States. But she has been longing to go home to her people. Would they accept her?

Martina Navratilova, whose surname means she who returns, found out in less than a week after her arrival in Prague that she could indeed go home. It was an emotional homecoming for the richest tennis player in history. For a moment riches and records seemed immaterial to the homecoming queen. All she wanted was warmth and affection.

It was cold in the beginning. The Czech media made no mention of her homecoming. In the official programme of the tournament her name was listed as a US team member while large glossies of lower ranked players adorned it. The mob at the airport consisted mainly of the western media who had been tipped off by Martina's own family about her arrival time. The effort of the US team to keep it a secret was in vain. Martina warded off the pushing and shoving and drove away in her parents' car to their home at Revnice 30 miles away from Prague. She had mostly one word answers such as terrific and great to the press. She was overcome with emotion at that long awaited moment. She had expected only family and friends but unfortunately the sacredness of the occasion was taken away by the presence of the media.

Her next public appearance came at the opening ceremonies as she marched in the team uniform of white skirt and red jacket. The rhythmic clapping which had started as the 42 teams began marching in to the stadium intensified as the world's best female player passed by. The national anthem which she had learned as a child had new meaning for her.

The welcoming speeches were well prepared. The official neither mentioned

The US team with the Federation Cup. From left: Chris Lloyd, Pam Shriver, Marty Rissen, Zina Garrison and Navratilova



her name nor alluded to her presence in the stadium Only the unpredictable and cheeky Hana Mandlikova once her ballgirl had the nerve to do it She said how pleased she was to have Miss Navratilova in this years competition a the number one player in the world Hana gave it a touch of her own as she pronounced the name Navratilova in American accent in her English version of the speech and in its purity in the Czech version She made her speech while accepting the trophy for her teams 1985 victory Chris Evert Lloyd added her own touch by patting her friend on her back

On her way out of the stadium Martina was a little more comfortable She waved timidly to the crowd and then pumped her right arm in the air She knew she was finally here She had brought something home her team and the world media Ironically enough the Czech official who gave her a cold shoulder to the end should be grateful to her for bringing the nation in to major international competition to world attention But for her presence it would have been just another Federation Cup which Czechoslovakia could have won for the fourth time in a row

In the absence of Martina and Chris the US had lost the cup allowing the Czechs win it for three years In two of those finals the US second string had lost to Hana and company This years competition was a matter of national pride for the Czechs who were staging the single most important international sporting event since the Moscow and Sarajevo Olympiads in the Soviet block nation They built a brand new national tennis stadium and attracted some of the top commercial sponsors of the world such as Nike Coco Cola and NEC Tennis was coming to Prague in big way Even the Number One Hana had not played in the capital for the past eight years

If the Czech officials had their way Martina would not have come to the country But they had no choice as she entered as part of the US team Over the past three years Chris and Martina had not been on the team due to schedule conflicts But this year they were in full force With Martina came the best double team in the world herself and Pam Shriver Zina Garrison Federation Cup veteran completed the line-up And of course the world press The Czechs could not have asked for more

Defectors are hardly appreciated in Czechoslovakia Martina's first match against China was not played on the central court which gets television coverage It was the venue of the contest between the Soviet Union and Bulgaria The 800 capacity grand stand court was packed to watch Martina while only 20 per cent of the 7 500 seats of the central court were taken People hung from wherever they could to catch a glimpse of the worlds best player who was also one of their own Trams which passed by overlooking the stadium complex slowed down to let the commuters hang out to catch a bit of the action Someone from the crowd asked Martina in Czech to slow down I had to slow down on some points because they were still clapping for the previous point Martina recalled later Thus it was only fitting that she blew kiss to the stands as she left the court

The Czech newspapers published the bare minimum about her matches Often she was just a statistic in the score box Czech television kept most of the matches of the US team out of television Martina big chance on national television came in her finals against Hana A few weeks earlier the Wimbledon final was shown in late television and it was Martina first appearance on national television since her defection

The official indifference continued to the very end As Martina hit the winning shot for the US team the Czech Prime Minister walked out of the stadium without congratulating the winner Earlier the government had forbidden the Czech team from attending a reception given in Martina's honour by the US embassy

Martina moment came as she accepted the team trophy as the Number One player of the winning team Prior to the team selection she asked Mary Risser the captain to enter Chris as Number One as she had a better record on clay and had won the French open But at this particular moment she would have thanked Risser for listing her as the Number One as it gave her the chance to speak to her people After formal remarks she made her sentiments very obvious I hope it won't be 11 years before I come back again Those words brought the house down just as she had wanted

The US team cried as it accepted the trophy Chris made it even sweeter for Martina when she said On behalf of Zina Pam and myself I would like to say we all did this for Martina and we dedicated this Federation Cup to you (Martina)

The day she won her first US Open after obtaining US citizenship Martina had felt she was home at last She had to go back home and she did it the only way she knows the best way

George K George

Martina meets the press in Prague



The likelihood of me playing competitive sport remains dim

V. Chandrasekhar tells the story of his remarkable recovery and the aspirations he has

I HAVE searched deep into various dictionaries to find words to express gratitude to my fellow Indians throughout the length and breadth of this vast country for all their help extended to me during my bleak period. But I have not been able to find suitable words to express my gratitude. I am overwhelmed with joy and cry with pleasure when I think of the various gestures of goodwill extended to me. I hope it will suffice if I simply say I am overwhelmed.

I left Madras in the last week of February and the treatment by Dr Paul Cutler of Toronto began in the first week of March after the routine tests and examinations. I underwent 30 courses of the Chelation Treatment. This therapy consists mainly of feeding Procane, EDTA and amino acids mixed together in a solution and given in a drip lasting over four hours through the veins. The principle of this treatment is, while the amino acid is a brain tonic, the procane helps regeneration of damaged brain cells and tissues. The EDTA is a medicine which removes all the unnecessary toxins and minerals which had been of damaged brain cells and tissues. The EDTA is a medicine which have been accumulated in the body due to non usage of various muscles for a long period.

The whole treatment is painful though effective. For a start Dr Cutler gave me 30 treatments and then decided that I would need a break. The interval was for about two and a half months. He advised me to undergo physical therapy and occupational therapy at the Rusk Institute in New York.

After a few days of rest and relaxation with my uncle in Chicago I joined the Rusk Institute. Doctors examined me and felt that I needed a very high



I may be able to play table tennis for recreation



level of both physical therapy and occupational therapy I was there for three weeks and then was asked to continue therapy at the West Lake Community Hospital in Chicago

Improvement was rapid and I began to walk and balance better My vision started clearing up Reading newspapers seeing TV and moving on the road posed no problems The reaction time had improved dramatically Doctors felt that I had made unmistakable progress and will continue to improve rapidly but the likelihood of me playing competitive sport remains dim

After a long session of physical therapy and occupational therapy in Chicago I went back to Toronto for a further ten rounds of the Chelation Treatment My vision got so much better that I started living on my own I went out to eat at restaurants all alone as in the meantime the nurse who had accompanied me to Toronto went back to India I then came back to Chicago for three more weeks of therapy on my way back to India Dr Cutler wanted to review my condition after a six-month gap This is necessary as Chelation Therapy cannot be given over a certain limit at a given time Obviously impressed at the progress shown by me Dr Cutler said

I am overwhelmed with joy and cry with pleasure when I think of the various gestures of goodwill extended to me I hope it will suffice if I simply say, 'I am overwhelmed

in his final report V Chandrasekhar is being treated by me for neurological disturbances he had following surgery He has responded dramatically to intravenous therapy and is now far improved He will have to return in six months for continued therapy of about one month's duration

So then what is my condition now? My vision is normal for reading moving around watching TV and movies but I do have difficulty in the lower field Also when tracking a ball thrown a metre it is known as Spatial Relationship in medical terms —I tend to misjudge the speed and bounce It will take long hours of practice to become normal in this aspect Regarding coordination of limbs I am able to eat with a knife and fork normally There is no difficulty in brushing my teeth and soaping my body powdering and so on but coordination is still not enough for higher level of activity

I can walk bend and move around at a normal speed well enough However turning around at great speed and doing things very fast is still a problem I am able to walk without a limp and I do not drag my feet My speech is clear fast and almost normal

I will be going to Toronto again for further treatment around Jan Feb 1987 In the meantime I will be continuing very hard physiotherapy and coordination activities mainly relating to vision Regarding my coming back to table tennis doctors feel that although I may be able to play the game for recreation the prospect of my returning to it at the competitive level is unlikely though not entirely ruled out

Of course the first priority is to become a normal human being again The rest is now somewhat secondary

Wizards of a forgotten heritage

This is the story of two former Olympians, Joe Phillips and Babu Nimal, who won gold medals at Berlin in 1936 but today, are forgotten, living merely for memories. Rahul Chandawarkar met them

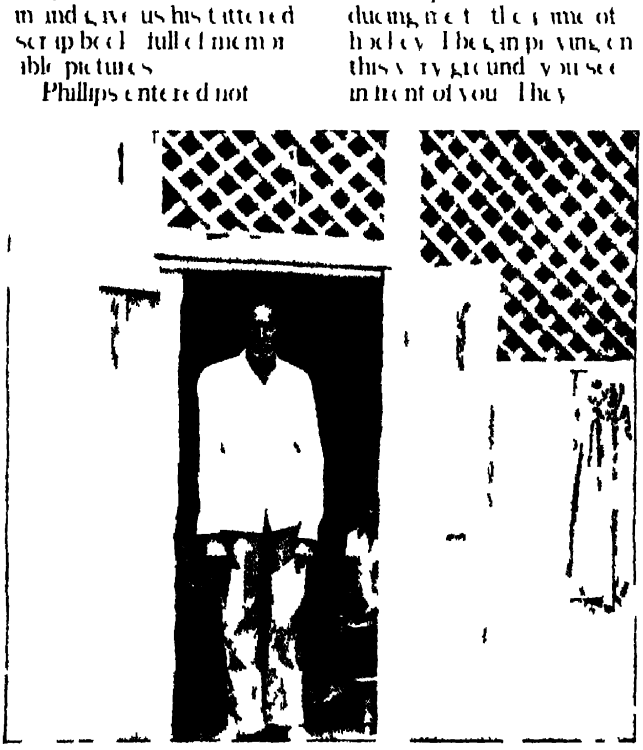
WHILE Dilip Vengsarkar our top cricketer was receiving 0 000 dollars at the hands of Abdul Rehman in Bukhatir at Sharjah I was face to face with two former hockey Olympians who live unnoticed for and unrecognised in Pune Seventy year old Joe Phillips and 82 year old Babu Nimal both members of the legendary Dhyan Chand's world famous 1936 Berlin Olympic hockey team received ovations in their home city well This is only because the cricket mania has so overpowered our Indian psyche that we tend to consider all other forms of sports as pedestrian in nature

I heard of these two sportsmen by accident while having chai with a hockey – loving friend of mine in an Irani cafe The subject of discussion was international hockey Names of hockey greats like Paul Litjens Samaul lah Chand Cornelius Govinda Ajitpal Singh Surjit Singh floated through the smoke filled room But can you imagine my surprise when my friend casually mentioned We have two 1936 Berlin Hockey Olympians staying at Khadki near Pune

My eyeballs nearly popped out of my head and the chai found its way down my wind pipe! Recovering from a long bout of incessant coughing and after my excited queries were met with confident answers I was off to Khadki where these sportsmen were supposed to be staying My photographer friend Milind Sathe and I were so excited that we zoomed oblivious to my moped's groans! Joe Phillips lives in a dilapidated two room tenement It was sad to see a former Olympian living in such abject poverty Phillips was not home but his daughter in law invited us in and gave us his tattered scrapbook full of memorable pictures

Phillips entered not much later with his hand folded in a namaste Introductions over he requested me to conduct the interview in Hindi Joe was born on March 21 1916 in the old Khadki bazaar area He was the third of seven brothers and never was able to go to school thereby remaining uneducated As he put it I was an absolute street urchin and vagabond in my early days

My elder brother John who was a good sportsman was responsible for introducing me to the game of hockey I began playing on this very ground you see in front of you They noticed my talent when I was 11 years old and included me in the Khadki United team the strongest team in Pune My next big break came when I was selected to play for the Bombay provinces in the National Provincial championship at Calcutta in 1936 My performance at Calcutta somehow made it into the Indian Olympic side under Dhyan Chand for the Berlin Olympics I was thrilled beyond words but the immediate spectre of the future threatened me I was at that time employed at the Ammunition Factory Khadki in the capacity of a helper at the daily wage rate of nine annas The Berlin tour expenses would have been beyond me but our Khadki United skipper Clint Taylor saved the day by collecting donations from British officers in Pune and conducting a film show etc



Joe Phillips stands at his doorway

The Indian team sailed from Bombay to France where their ship broke down and they took a train to Berlin The Indians played a total of 28 matches in Germany and neighbouring countries from July 17 to September 16 winning all their matches with the exception of one At the Olympics India thrashed hosts Germany in the finals 8 1

Joe Phillips who played exceptionally well as a right full back in all the encoun

Photographs Milind Sathe



The team after it returned victorious from Berlin (Sitting right to left) Ahsan Khan, P Fernandes Shahabuddin, Micrie, Babu Nimal (Standing right to left) Joe Phillips, Allen Roop Singh Tapsall, Dhayan Chand, Emmett, Pankaj Gupta, Hussain, Masood, Gallibardy, Ahmed Sher

ters was nicknamed the great Indian will by the German press. Then twenty years old Phillips was naturally on top of the world but he was cruelly brought down to earth on his return to India. His employers at the Ammunition factory at Khadki kept him at the helper position raising his daily wage rate marginally from the original nine annas.

Relating this tale with a faraway look in his eyes he said: Not only did they not promote me but the Bombay provinces selectors refused to take me back. They felt I was too old at the age of 20 having played one Olympics. Very queer logic this but I did not complain and continued playing spiritedly for my club the Khadki United club in local tournaments as well as the prestigious Aga Khan Hockey tournament in Bombay. I finally hung up my boots in the year 1956.

The Second World War also eliminated whatever chances Joe Phillips had of representing the country in subsequent Olympic tournaments. Joe married in 1941 but life was still a big struggle considering that the Ammunition factory never really increased his status and salary. It was a hand to mouth existence for Joe's family. 1946 saw Joe leave the Ammunition factory job in disgust and despair. He envisaged better prospects as an odd jobs man but he reached such a dead end that his poor wife had to start working as an ayah in a nearby hospital. In spite of all these setbacks his deep rooted hockey skill never failed him and he continued to shine for the Khadki United team in prestigious national tournaments such as the Aga Khan and others.

As Joe put it: I under took quite a few short term coaching stints for school and colleges in Pune like the Wadia College, Fergusson College and the National Model School. But somehow I never found peace of mind and I guess I went wayward.

While talking of the immortal Dhyan Chand tears welled up in Phillips eyes as he said: Dhyan Chand sahab was a truly great man. Nobody in the world of hockey will be able to equal his master stick work, ball control and first time passing. His dribbling was simply mystical. I remember the Germans formed a wall of defenders in the Berlin Olympic finals to thwart the great man. There were at least six defenders trying to stop his movement. But he gave them all the slip as he dribbled past to score time and again at will. With the likes of Dhyan Chand, his brother Roopsingh, P P Fernandes and others in the forward line there was no danger to our citadel."

When asked about himself he smiled and said: I was considered the penalty corner specialist. My strategy was simple. I used to take the hit and instruct

out forwards, to try and deflect the ball into the goal We scored heavily by application of this method In our days, we always passed first time and never played a selfish game Even such brilliant players like Dhyan Chand and other passed as soon as they got the ball Our players today are very very individualistic and selfish and that is the reason they don t score too many goal

Reminiscing about the days gone by Phillips said Hockey is nearly dead in Pune today and that makes me feel very sad because it used to flourish in our times The reason could be attributed to the presence of formidable military and civil hockey teams in Pune in those days The Britishers also were responsible for the encouragement given to the development of the sport in Pune Today cricket is all that a Punekite thinks of though Khadki ground is still the headquarters of Pune hockey That reminds me I also was a medium pace bowler for the Young Men Christian Association cricket team in Pune in my younger days

When I asked him why he didn t approach friends and relatives for financial help when in trouble he said proudly self respect was more important to me and hockey taught me to be courageous enough to face any challenge

Just as we were about to leave Phillips said You have asked me so many questions now I would like to ask you just one question Why are you writing about an old man like me When I replied saying Because you have done so much for the country on the national and international sports arena yet you have been forgotten He was so moved by this that he nodded in gratitude eyes filled with tears clasping my hand tightly



The gold medal Proud possession

FOLLOWING Joe Phillips neat directions we then proceeded towards his senior Berlin Olympics teammate Babu Nimal s house Babu Nimal who is 82 years old today stays at Aundh the neighbouring suburb of Khadki The door of his son s ground floor flat was slightly ajar and I noticed an old man dusting a cupboard full of cups and trophies with great care I knew it was Nimal He was casually attired in shorts and a banian as he greeted us with a smile on his face Nimal looked a lot fitter and healthier than the much younger Phillips we had just met

Speaking in clear Hindi the octogenarian said I started playing the game in 1920 with schoolboys from a neighbouring school After my father s retirement in 1926 we came to Khadki area once again where I graduated from the Khadki Sportsmen team to the Khadki United team which was in those days managed by one Sergeant Griffiths I went to the Calcutta 1936 All India Provincial hockey tournament wearing the Bombay province colours My game as the centre half must have been impressive to merit selection in Dhyan Chand s 1936 Berlin Olympics squad Just like Joe Phillips I too was a beneficiary of the funds collected by our energetic and dynamic Khadki United captain Chris Taylor I too was a helper like Joe in the Ammunition factory at Khadki

Babu despite his advancing age has a very vivid memory and it was a pleasure to hear him recount one interesting anecdotes on the memorable 1936 Berlin trip

We had reached Berlin about a fortnight before the commencement of Olympics We requested the German hockey association to give us a practice match the very next day We had clearly specified that the opponents should be an ordinary side as our intentions were just to loosen up The Germans instead played their full Olympic side It was raining rather heavily that day (17th of July 1936) and we did not possess studd shoes As a result all of us constantly kept slipping unable to get a firm footh old on slippery terrain The Germans were well equipped with studded boots and won the match 4 1 That was the only loss we suffered on the tour I remember, how agitated our manager Swami Jagganath was He immediately called an urgent meeting that night and shoe measurements of all players were taken The next morning, Swami with our skipper Dhyan Chand and secretary Pankaj Gupta in tow went to the Berlin sports market and purchased two pairs of studded boots for every player We never looked back after this

Our first Olympic match against Hungary is really worth mentioning The Hungarians overawed probably by our reputation adopted extreme defense strategies from the word go All their eleven players refused to leave the 25 yards region Nobody including their forwards ventured out to tackle us They thought this was the best method to draw the match But our skipper Dhyan Chand had an ace up his sleeve He instructed us to play amongst ourselves We did this for quite sometime The Hungarians were naturally embarrassed The massive crowd had also started jeering them They finally began normal play and we managed to record a 4 0 victory

The Olympic finals between Germany and us was also memorable not only because we won the gold medal but also won very convincingly (8 1) The first half score was one nil in our favour The Germans with the Fuhrer Adolf Hitler watching them played with tremendous energy and vigour Wherever the ball went there the Germans came and intercepted it

We could score only one goal because of this rather aggressive German strategy At the break Dhyan Chand told us not to worry as he was certain that the Germans would get exhausted in the second half That is what

happened The Germans were so tired that they hardly could keep up with Dhyan Chand's forays into their defence He scored 5 goals including a hat trick

Speaking of Dhyan Chand Babu Nimal said "Nobody in this century and even the next will be able to equal Dhyan Chand sahab's game He was simply poetry in motion The moment he got the ball he used to pass to a player in a more advantageous position He inculcated this passing combination game into all of us His greatness also stemmed from the fact that he never made us feel that he was the captain of the team and the world's greatest player He treated us like brothers on and off the playing field He used to encourage us and compliment us If we did wrong he would explain our flaws in such a gentle manner that we always gave out our best to him

Somy's strength was his stick work that people thought he had a magnet attached to his stick One day as we were relaxing on the lawns of the Olympic Village the American hockey team approached him and asked if his stick had some Indian magic Arming Dhyan Chand gave all his sticks to the Americans and he took their sticks in returns The next day we thrashed the Americans 7-0 in our second Olympic fixture

Talking about the discipline in the old days Nimal said We were extremely disciplined Swami Jagannath our team manager had given instructions prohibiting drinking and smoking in our quarters and we also had to be in bed by eight in the night We followed these instructions very diligently Our Anglo Indian players some of whom, were smokers



neither smoked nor drank at the Olympic Village quarters We were a very close knit team and excellent camaraderie prevailed Our team spirit was always high We were a badly off team Joe Nolan Joe was the veteran has had a life full of struggle while I was in a comparatively better off After our return from Berlin I was promoted to the supervisory post at the factory while poor Joe was given very shabby deal While Joe hadn't been to school at all I was lucky to at least complete my 5th standard at school I worked at the factory till the age of 58 and I still draw my pension I hung up my boots in 1965

Coming back once again to the Berlin trip Nimal said The Berlin trip was really great so much so



that Dhyan Chand who had already played in the earlier two Olympics at Amsterdam (1928) and Los Angeles (1932) said I never expected the tour to be such a success I am overjoyed by it outcome Some sports magazine many years back wrote about Dhyan Chand being Adolf Hitler's guest Nothing of that sort happened

In fact the closest we came to Hitler Nazis was when Hitler's right hand man Goobel had breakfast with us at the Olympic village And how can I forget the great athlete Jesse Owens We could never imagine that man could run so fast Jesse used to mix with our hockey players and we had a grand time together

Reminiscing about the past Nimal said Playing for the Khadki United side we had many happy moments and sad moments My youngest brother Krishan Nimal who played in the right in position was selected to represent the country in the 1948 Olympics But fate was cruel to him as he lost four fingers in a bomb explosion at the Ammunition factory This incident hurt me most in my life But Krishan in spite of this misfortune never missed a single hockey match as a spectator I really admired his spirit This was what sports had taught us

Thus was the story of two veteran Olympians who continue to go unnoticed in Pune The lesson one can learn from these men is how to face the ups and downs of life with a smile on your face Whenever the two spoke of Dhyan Chand their eyes were filled with tears It is quite the camaraderie team spirit and respect for a great captain all of which was so much a part of sport in the olden days

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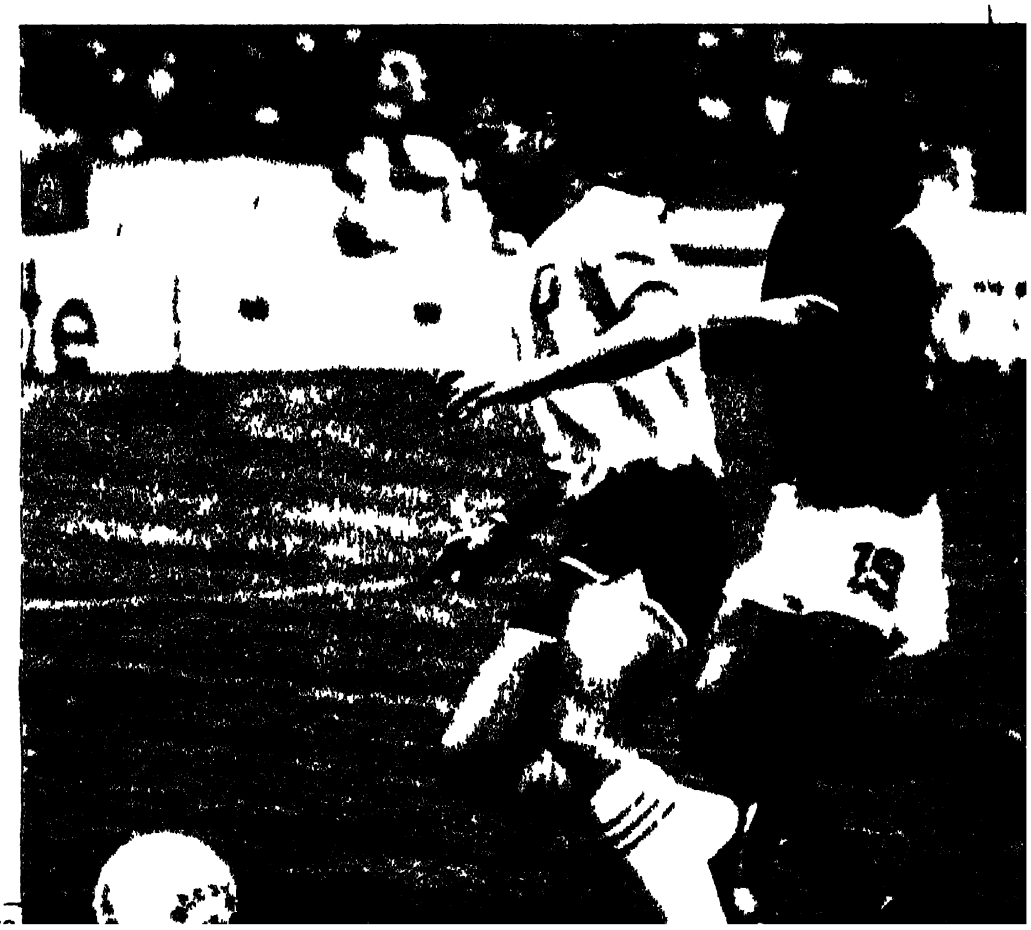


Valdano



Argentine fans

B



30





hed to discipline stic
errant play. Applaud
physical training wa
another weakness of
players. Local player
er gave them all to
tness and hard training

Most Argentine player
of fame have been born and
bred in the poor districts
and grassy wastelands
Young players from the
places lack tactical know
ledge and lack concentra
tion and hate being made to
perform physical exercises
(a common failing of
Asians, Africans and other
South Americans). That
Bilardo got them to see
football his way was
monumental achievement'

Unfortunately, Bilardo
was misunderstood.
Menotti was his severe cri
tic. So was his father.
Luckily, he was able to get
cooperation from the clubs
and the Argentine F.A. So,
the man whose *guru* was
Osvaldo Zubeldia (his team
coach at Estudiantes) si-
lenced all criticism and
abuse from the Argentine
media, and countrymen.
Bilardo's "wingless won-
ders" had won the World
Cup!

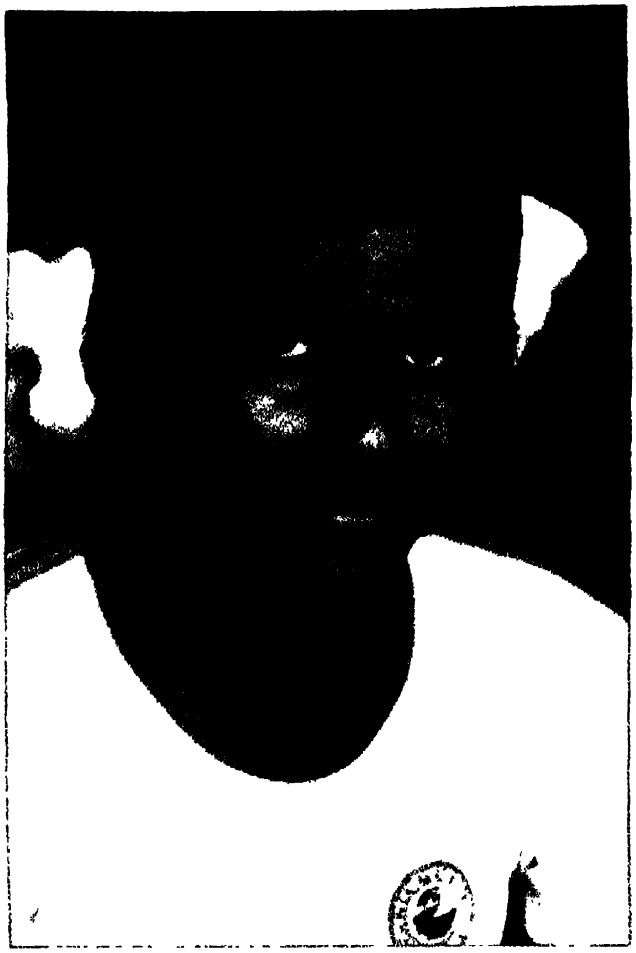
On the field Diego Mara-
dona was his trumpcard. It
was a strange irony that
while he failed in '82 Espa
na Mundial under Menotti,
he should flourish in the
Bilardo brand of football in
Mundial '86 at Mexico the
'scientific' and 'practical'
brand.

Maradona on his part
proved that genius cannot
be suppressed forever. His
wasted two years at Barce-
lona and Naples will now be
forgotten.

But it is now that Bilar
do's real problems begin.
To keep the world cham-
pions at the top will be an
unnerving task. But stable
political conditions and bet-
ter financial conditions will
lessen club bankruptcy and
lessen the perennial exodus
of Argentine players going
abroad.

Pallav Mahury

India's resurrection



Krishnendu Roy won spot

I WAS thousands of miles away from the capital city of Malaysia when Indian football were going something they had not done for years. They were winning in the Merdeka tournament. My father, a football fanatic, had not missed the Merdeka tournament since its inception in 1957. He had been following the team's progress in the newspapers and on the radio. He had been looking forward to the tournament for months. He had been looking forward to the tournament for months. He had been looking forward to the tournament for months



Sudip Chatterjee ide skipper



P. K. and Arun Ghosh

A Correspondent

TAJ ALL INDIA INVITATION SNOOKER

Cueing in a new era

With the two youngsters—Geet Sethi and Sanjay Sawant—facing off in the final, the time may just be right to surmise that our challenge at the World Amateur Snooker meet next year will be spearheaded by the youth. Pradeep Paul watched Sawant overcome Sethi's challenge

PAUSE. Visualise a snooker table about 12 feet by six feet. Imagine the spectators behind a rope. Recall the rule where you cannot touch the cue ball with your hand. Now introduce Yahya the tremendous reserve of patience to play a game of snooker. And have to be a certain presence to stand in front of players hungry for a white ball.

That is the appearance of Sanjay Sawant and Geet Sethi at the moment they turn on magic the game but you have displayed fun rewarded with one calculating play that in true form the entire outlook of the game. The delicate shee. The commanding stop ball. And the virtuoso pull back. All the effect of the game combine to give the game an almost magical quality. And suddenly you are on the edge of your seat. Watching with bated breath as Sethi touches chalk to cue ball to snatch a fortune as the red ball thuds into the pocket and the white digs itself into the black.



Sawant flashes his success smile

Snooker can't get more delicate. It is neither because they're playing for the players keep playing safe or play aimless snooker. But the moment players start running a ton break it becomes nail-biting stuff. The precise control displayed by top class players can keep you glued to your seat as one prowls the table in his quest for points.

In fact, have been bred on the belief that it is with the letter he would the game with centre break he famished in the shadow of other more famous. What else answer is that players as skilled with billiard table Wilson Jones Michael Ferreira OB Agarwal Geet Sethi. All of them have fought with the best in the world and come out victorious. And the rest of the players who were on display at the Taj All India Invitation Snooker meet held at the Taj Palace hotel in New Delhi merely raise the game to the standard that must be the world happens.

Although total of 16 participated to compete for the biggest ever prize money ever seen in the amateur. With two Pakistani players Latif Ahmed Yawar Ali included in number that did get the prize of the first to the field and the last to play one of the technical terms reserved for the table players as well as every player will be tested.

There might have been found to be pitted Geet Sethi running the string of fluent wins that gave him a clear passage to the semi-final tape. In the other group second seeded Sanjay Sawant was not having time enough to make sure of his place in the last four.

If the top seeds were having it easy the same could not be said about the rest of the guests in the fray. But was Michael Ferreira who displayed championship material one day it was the evergreen Arvind Savur that looked the champion the next day. Even the comparatively lesser known names like **Yusuf Mirza and Manoj**

Kothari looked unbeatable on certain days but failed to live up to the promise in later matches Latif Bux the Pakistani veteran also made his presence felt with a run of victories while his fellow countryman Tanveer Dada just could not live up to the reputation that preceded him

With even the experienced players struggling for form the rest of the newcomers like Kankan Shamsi Atul Agarwal and Yasin Merchant the junior national champion seemed a little overcome by the situation and surrendered matches that they should never have lost After getting off to impressive starts against the seniors they floundered in their nervousness and succumbed

The rest of the players turned in very mediocre performances Subhash Sood looked a very lacklustre player while Girish Parekh lost four straight matches before he pulled his game together to upset Subhash Agarwal That win seemed to give him the much needed drive and he redeemed some of his lost prestige by winning the rest of his matches in the round robin stage But that late effort was not enough to get him into contention for a place in the last four

In the other group Bunny Dalmia dazzled only to deceive as he raced away to early leads only to end up sitting on his hair as his opponents cleared the table Syed Habib the Tamil Nadu veteran was all seriousness during his matches (as opposed to the breaks in play during the semi finals and the finals when he had the entire hall full of spectators in splits with his impersonation of the other players) and started off well but could not 'ust in the momentum as he came croppers against Yusuf Mirza Savur Ferreira and Sawant to bow out of the fray Tanveer Dada who would look more at home on a rugby field started off with a thriller against Mirza which he won 5 4 But then he went on to crash pathetically against Habib and Sawant before pulling up his socks to beat even Michael Ferreira to set up a clash with Arvind Savur to decide who moves into the semi final stage

Finally after seven days of exhaustive snooker which saw the matches finishing way past dinnertime Geet Sethi and Sanjay Sawant made clean entries into the last four Latif Bux of Pakistan tied with Manoj Kothari on points for second spot in Group A but the former went through on his win



Rajesh Kumar

It did not matter that Geet Sethi did not live up to everyone s expectations What mattered was that snooker did itself proud

over the latter The fourth spot in the semi final line up was filled by Arvind Savur Playing Tanveer Dada in his last match in Group B Savur knew that the winner of their match was slotted for the last four and pulled some of his vintage best out to get past Dada

At this stage of the tournament there were some very obvious points that came to mind The younger players are very strong on their potting and tend to use this to make up for placing In fact they are so adept at their angles that one wonders what the standard of Indian snooker would be if only they could polish up their control on the cue ball This is even more highlighted when you watch some of the veterans doing their thing The ease with which they manoeuvre the white to a position from where the next shot is much simpler show that plenty of thought goes into their approach Another point which hits you in the face is the patience which abounds in the old hands Something that is of vital importance to the game patience is a hallmark of players like Michael Ferreira and Ginish Parekh They seem content to wait for their break and not chance their arm like the other A maturity that comes with age perhaps

The semi finals saw some very exciting play Arvind Savur almost brought off an upset over the top seed and Latif Bux gave the second seed a run for his money The Sethi Savur semi final was sheer excitement as both players touched peak form Sethi raced off to an early 61 lead only to find Savur coming back at 72 by clearing the table with a break of 92 in the fourth frame It was Sethi once again into the lead at 63 but Savur came back yet again with some positive snooker so typical of him to even things out at 66 In the deciding frame Sethi showed that he does possess a bit of gamesmanship and started to take his time about deciding which ball to play This tactic obviously upset Savur's rhythm and he left Sethi on to bow out of the competition

If the first semi final was a neck and neck affair the second semi final was almost a case of fluctuating fortunes Bux who plays with a very stiff style that refuses to let his chin kiss the cue had Sawant in all sorts of trouble as he rattled off the early frames race into a 11 lead The next frame saw Sawant applying himself manfully to the job and it paid off he won the next three frames to level at 4 4 Bux won the next frame to take the lead again but that was all there was for him Sawant then came back into the match with a vengeance as he wrapped up the match and set up a final clash against Sethi

At about this stage the organisers the Delhi Billiards and Snooker Association came out with an announcement that had most of the players grumbling about the tardiness The DBSA had managed to get sponsors to channel enough money to lure players into coming up with big breaks But even the lure of Rs 50 000 could not get any of them to produce the break of 147 For that matter even the sponsors offer of Rs 5 000 for any break over 100 stayed idle

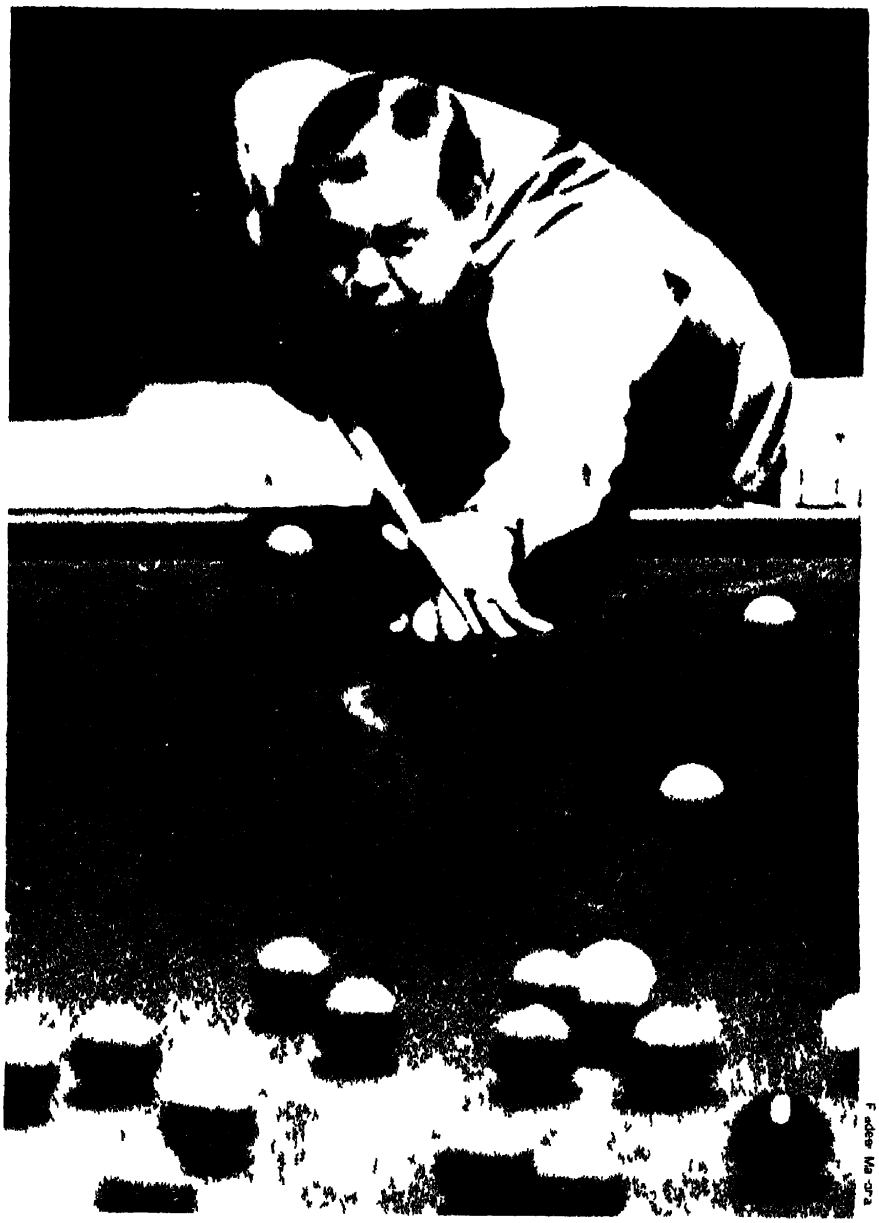
But it was heartening to see the number of winners displayed at the meet While there is no dearth of sponsors for sports with mass appeal snooker and other sports have been struggling for some form of assistance to make ends meet In spite of having so much talent probably the most world class talent that we can boast of in any sport snooker and billiards have been given a very raw deal so far

Our champions have been clamour



Ramesh Kumar

The unusual style of Latif Bux—chin way above cue



Arvind Savur pulled out some of his old magic but

ing for their due recognition our associations have been awaiting the rewards for having done our country proud but it is only now that our country has woken up to the cause of the snooker and billiard player

While there is much still to be done it must also be accepted that the standard of snooker is way below the standard of billiard in the country It certainly does not spell much for snooker when the billiards exponents are able to dominate snooker meets Where the fault lies it cannot be pinpointed But the fact that billiards players can hold their own among the snooker experts while the same can not be said for the snooker player does leave one with the distinct feeling that we are basically a billiard playing nation

Coming back to the final it was truly reflection of the year of the youth With the two oungest players in the draw with the exception of Yasin Merchant it was an encouraging sign to see that the country's challenge on the green baize has been in safe hands from the old guard to a pair of able shoulders Geet sethi and Sanjay Sawant have many more years ahead of them and if they continue to improve with the years India could boast of a complete stranglehold on the international arena in amateur level

Sawant set the tempo for the final by running off two 100 plus breaks in the first frame itself and following it up by wrapping up the second frame by clearing the table with a break of 53 That the break started with a fluke on the blue was of no consequence Then it was Sethi's turn Getting an early break he had Sawant looking for two snookers on the pink ball before sinking the pink himself He followed this up with a string of steady scores on almost every visit to the table in the fourth frame to have Sawant languishing at 6 to 8 Knowing that he had no real chance Sawant got in some potting practice as he cleared the table to allow sethi to level 2 2

The next four frame were traded by the players with both players notching up breaks the best of which was also the break of the tournament Geet Sethi's 94 in the seventh frame Left on by Sawant at 1 71 Sethi ran off the frame to end up 58 points short of his eighth hundred rupees

Going into the second session of play Sethi forced Sawant to concede the ninth frame on the green ball but Sawant retaliated by making Sethi do likewise with one red ball to go in the tenth He followed up his superb play in the 10th frame with an intelligent break of 90 to have Sethi giving up the frame in an identical position to the previous one The 12th frame had Sethi struggling in the early stage but he came back with a table clearance from yellow ball to every frame scores at 6 6

The next frame was Sawant at his best Playing controlled snooker he led by a huge margin of 5 points to have Sethi giving up the chase with one red still on the table Going into the 14th frame with Sethi fighting to stay in the reckoning Sawant seemed plagued by a case of nerve as he muffed duperly shots to trail 1 75 But he managed to pull his game together and converted 19 points to trail by a solitary point Then it was Sethi into the lead again as he sank the brown and the blue but Sawant managed to sink a difficult pink and a comparatively easy black to emerge the winner

It did not matter that Arvind Savur and Michael Ferreira did not feature in the final It did not even matter that Geet Sethi did not live up to everyone's expectation What mattered was that snooker did itself proud As proud as Sanjay Sawant

Amazing bravery of a broken-hearted sportsman

They put somebody else's heart in his body—but a mere transplant can't keep a Welshman off the rugby field

DEDICATED rugby player Mike Ward put his whole heart into his favourite game. The fact that the heart actually belong to somebody else does not seem to bother him at all. He actually lost his own heart 2½ years ago, when he got the ball in his own half and raced 90 years for a dramatic try in the Welsh Cup.

It was a hero's effort and his teammates knew it. Yet Mike still carries the mark of his bravery – a 12 inch (30cm) scar from his neck to his waist.

Five months after the crunching tackle that looked likely to foil that try, Mike was in a hospital at Harefield Hospital in Cambridgeshire for a heart transplant. A rib broken as he went for the score had punctured his heart, leaving him perilously close to death.

Today he is back playing amateur rugby with another man's heart—and his teammates reckon he's better than ever. The gutsy Welshman is living proof that courage can overcome a broken heart. He recently swept the board as a runner at the British Transplant Games and now he's training hard for the World Games in Los Angeles this summer.

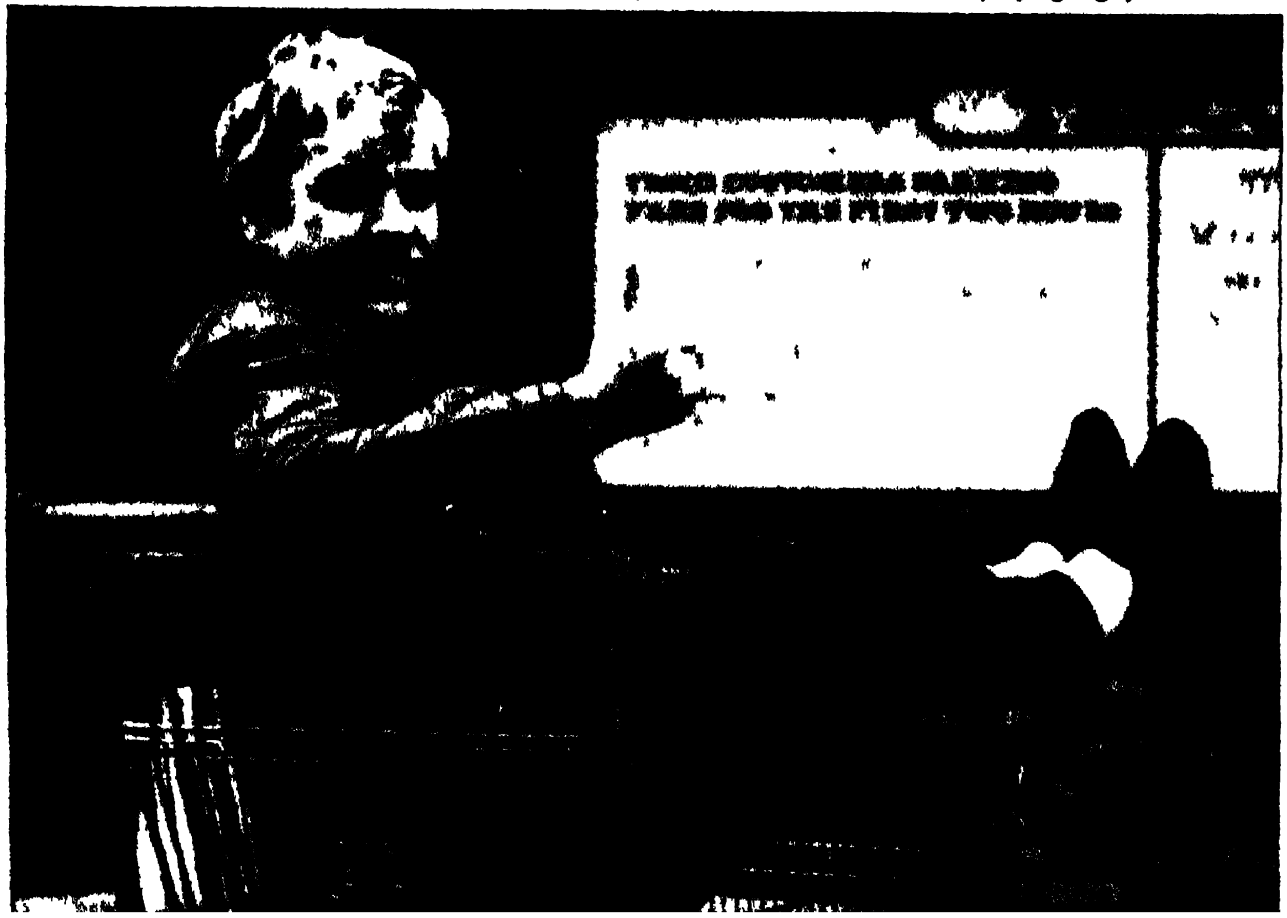
"I don't see why having a new heart should stop me doing things I want to do," he says in his lyrical Welsh drawl. "So what if I've got someone else's heart? It's mine now and I feel better than ever!"

To Mike, aged 29, a manager at Tesco's supermarket in Bridgend, rugby is a way of life. Even when he lay on the ground with his heart bleeding, his first reaction was to celebrate the try with the lads. He knew he was hurt but at that moment scoring was more important.

"It was a cup game and I was determined no one was going to stop me," he says. "I remember catching the ball on the wing and running as fast as I could. Then the opposition's No 8 caught me in the chest. I dived over for the try, but boy, did it hurt!"

It was just one of those things – a chance in a million. It wasn't any

Heart swap victim Mike Ward gives a good-as-new thumbs up and proves he's in good heart. Just two years ago he faced certain death after a rib punctured his own heart while playing rugby



body's fault

"I got to my feet and was helped off the field," he adds "But by the time I reached the changing rooms I passed out Everyone thought I was larking about—an elaborate spoof to avoid buying my round at the bar'

When he started being sick though his mates got worried They didn't know it then but he was only minutes from death One of the players went for an ambulance and, by complete chance, saw one coming down the road

Within seconds Mike was raced to the local hospital in Neath the ambulancemen keeping him alive with mouth to mouth resuscitation and heart massage

He says I was told all this later by a pal who was in the ambulance with me Apparently they nearly lost me At the hospital doctors couldn't find my blood pressure and rushed me with a police escort to Cardiff General Hospital where they had proper heart facilities

I was taken straight into coronary care, although I still had no idea how badly injured I was Then I heard the doctor calling my family and brother to the hospital You don't call a brother from London because of a bad cold He didn't even expect me to last the night

Not for the first time Mike proved the doctors wrong He regained consciousness but admits he was in so much pain he wanted to die They really thought I was finished he says I had pipes and machinery coming in and out of me from all directions

After a series of exhaustive tests Mike's family were told there was little chance he would pull through Within an hour he had a stroke and suffered breathing failure when a clot formed in his lung The doctors were marvelling at his strength Only his fitness and will to live kept him alive

Of course I don't remember much of what was happening' he says But there was this nurse who I really fancied I think she helped distract my attention Everyone knew I liked her because whenever she was on the ward she would spend more time with me than anyone else

Anyway, two days after the stroke, she came on duty and my heart started to beat faster and faster At first the other lads on the ward said it was because of her But by the time I had called her over it wasn't to give her a kiss My heart was on the verge of packing up



Busy Mike races through his paper work as he prepares for one of his four-times-a-week training sessions Next year he will be competing in *five* events at the World Transplant games

Once again Mike was plugged into life support and raced to the coronary care ward Now the angiogram he had refused earlier was performed without his consent

The process which releases an iodine compound into the blood casts a shadow on suspect arteries to be picked up by an X-ray photograph The results were worse than the doctors feared The heart was so badly damaged his only chance of survival was a complete heart transplant

I didn't know what to think Mike confesses I was scared very scared I hadn't even thought of the prospect until then Flashing through my mind were all those tragic stories of heart transplants that failed

By sheer determination I had managed to live with the heart injury Now to be told that without a transplant I would die hit me like a bombshell I asked for a week to think about it

The matter was taken out of Mike's hands Within two days he was at Harefield Hospital being treated for the clots And at 10 o'clock that night renowned heart surgeon Magdi Yacoub checked him for the operation

All he said was 'Well do you want it?' says Mike Then he just stood there waiting for a reply It was like something out of the movies I managed to blurt out 'Yes' after which he smiled said 'Great' and walked off He seemed so confident I actually began to think it could work'

After another two days Mike was told a heart had been found for me Three hours later my joy was shattered The heart did not match after all

Throughout the disappointment his family who were living in at Harefield encouraged him not to give up hope and two days later their prayers were answered when another perfectly matching heart became available

But Mike recalls the thought of a new life was soon replaced by fear I was absolutely terrified when they started to get me ready he says The same question kept sticking in my mind Would I be coming back? No matter how hard I tried I couldn't think about anything else

When he was placed on the trolley, ready to be wheeled in prepared however he says he knew he would be coming back It was as though someone was shouting it in my ear Don't ask me how I knew I just knew I would be returning Then I started to think about rugby again At last I might be able to get back on the field and start scoring some more tries

For the first five days after the transplant Mike was kept in a sterile air bubble to prevent infection although by the second day he was already pedalling a couple of minutes on an exercise bike It was more to forget the pain he adds I used to pedal for as long as I could so I would fall asleep with tiredness

By the sixth day he was walking around the ward and allowed to take his first steps outside The surgeon Magdi Yacoub was astonished It usually took up to three months to reach this stage yet Mike was strolling round the hospital grounds within seven days

He says I was feeling fine It never occurred to me that I had just had a heart transplant I wanted to go home and start playing rugby again I live for the game and as far as I was concerned there was no point in living if I couldn't play

On the eighth day Mike was moved to one of Harefield's recovery flats in Cambridge a mile from the hospital As usual he set himself a challenge—to walk there with his mother and father

He managed it in an hour his parents finding it harder than he did Back at the hospital blood tests showed there were no signs of Mike's body rejecting the new heart and he thought of going home The next day—the ninth—he told an amazed Magdi Yacoub he felt well enough to



Even though the game of rugby took him to the brink of death you can t keep Mike Ward—and his new heart—off the playing field

le ve the hospital for good

I don t think he could be lieve his ears Mike says He s id he w nted to see what I w s like the next day and carried on with his rounds

I didn t think I stood a chance but the following morning one of the nurses came up and told me Mr Y coub had said I could go

In 10 days I had accomplished what most transplant patients take five to six months to do I was out of hospital with a new heart

By the time most people would just have been le ving hospital Mike was already back at work A month after that he was playing football for Te co s five a side team

The surgeon said I was fit and I certainly felt fit enough he says So I thought why not? I took up badmin ton and gradually worked up to my first game of rugby Boy what a moment that was! Lacing up my boots and pulling on my shirt I felt like a teenager playing my first game

There w s no worry that I would injure myself The tackle that had caught me in the best w s a fluke two flukes in a lifetime are highly unlikely I just g t stuck in I think my team mates were more worried than I w s

Mike soon proved he w s back in his stride He be came involved in two brawls over d sputed decisions and made sure he gave better than he got in the exchange

To be honest I never think about the tr n plant unless someone re minds me There s no reason why I should he says It doesn t make the slightest difference to me

His competitive nature though wouldn t let him miss taking part in last year s British Transplant Games in Edinburgh He was the only heart patient there and although it was still only 15 months after his surgery he won the 100 metres sprint 110 metres hurdles three swimming events and the volleyball Not surpri singly he will now be representing Britain at the World Transplant Games in Los Angeles

It s a lifestyle that would leave most men gasping He keeps fit by running three times a week recently tackled two shoplifters at his Tesco s store after a 400 yard (365m) chase and now plans to get the all clear to play professional rugby again

Like all league players he was heavily insured and picked up £40 000 for his injuries But it also meant he was automatically barred from profes sional competition in future

I ve got a letter from the Hartfield surgeons who say I m fitter than ever he adds There s absolutely no reason why I shouldn t play Show me a touch line and give me a rugby ball and I ll score a try against anyone!

I feel as though I could run forever

How s that for sheer heart—no matter who it used to belong to!

Robert Hall (Asia Features)



Marvis Frazier (right) failed to follow, in his father Joe's (left) footsteps

HE is known as Kid Dynamite. And you have only got to see him fight to know why. Mike Tyson has just turned twenty and his ambition is to become the youngest heavyweight champion in boxing history. He is far and away the most exciting heavy weight prospect in the world and has a record to prove it. In the past 16 months since he turned pro, he has won all 24 fights, 22 of them inside the distance. Many of his opponents could be categorized in the 'Classic Con of the Month Club,' but he has been putting them away with regularity

His latest opponent however did not fall into the above category as he was Marvis Frazier, the son of the great Smokin' Joe. Marvis had a worthy record-16 wins including seven K. O. and one loss to an in-form Larry Holmes (it took just one round). But Tyson does not worry about his opponents, records—the fight with Frazier lasted just 30 seconds and before the echoes of the first bell had died down, Marvis Frazier was slumpped in his corner, absolutely shattered by a spectacular Tyson punch. It won't be very long before we see the emergence of the youngest heavyweight champion since Floyd Patterson.

DANCING BRAVE won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth at Ascot in the style of an outstanding colt. We know him to be and gained some consolation for what has now been proved, an unlucky second in the Derby. Ridden by Patedderry, as Greville Starkey had an injured back, he emphatically ridiculed the theory that he lacked the stamina to get a mile and a half in a true-run race. The time of 2 min 29.4 sec was slower than the last two runnings but faster than the previous seven and in ground that was described as the softer side of good.

In the paddock there looked like only one winner—Dancing Brave, as he looked absolute magnificent and totally relaxed whereas Shahrastani, though superbly fit, looked edgy and was beginning to sweat up. From the moment the stalls opened, the race was going to be a test of stamina as Paul Cook on Boldden and Brian Proeter on Vouchsafe went hell for leather in front and after about half a mile they were all of ten lenghts clear of Dihistan, Shardari, and Shahrastani (all three of the Aga Khan's).

With two furlongs to go, the Aga Khan's trio were still in front with Shardari taking over from Dihistan and Shahrastani trying to throw down a challenge, but Swinburn had his whip out and there was nothing left in the locker. Stave Cauthen on Shardari set sail for home with Shahrastani clearly beaten. As Eddery switched Dancing Brave off the rails past the fading Petoski and the supporters of the Guineas winner voiced their feelings in stereo.

Dancing Brave's acceleration was phenomenal and from being two lengths down, he was two lengths ahead in the matter of twenty strides. Eddery moved the Brave over to the rails and like all clever horses, thought he had done enough. But Shardari was still looming up on the outside. The whip was brought out and Dancing Brave had to driven out to hold Shardari by three-quarters of a length with Triptych four lengths away, third, and Shahrastani another five lenghts were in fourth. Dancing Brave will probably bid for the Arc De Trimphe in Paris on October 5, but it will all depend on the state of the turf which normally comes up soft, which would not suit Dancing Brave at all.

Michael King, London

Playmakers Four-nation Athletics Meet

'AAFI, please may we have some more....'

DURING the Four nation Playmakers (sponsored) International Athletic Meet at the Nehru stadium New Delhi on August 5 and 6 the President of the Amateur Athletic Federation of India (AAFI) Jaideep Singh Bura announced that in future all selection trials would be in the form of international or national meets This is welcome change, for the competitiveness of a meet will not only be a spur to the athletes trying to qualify but also provide competitive experience so essential to our athletes For too long Indian athletics has floundered due to the anachronistic notions of camps of long duration and running jumping and throwing against the clock or measuring tape instead of against human beings which is the very essence of all sport

The need for more international exposure and competition was amply revealed in the two day international meet, sponsored by Playmakers Many of India's promising athletes seemed to freeze during competition and did not perform up to expectations A notable example was in the men's discus throw Prior to this event, former national coach J S Saini told *Sportsworld* we have many promising youngsters in the discus throw like young national champion Kanwal Preet Singh Manjit Singh and Sarjit Singh and at least two should better the Asiad qualifying mark of 53 34 metres Our discus throwers have shown a lot of improvement during their training stint at GDR and have recorded several throws of over 56 metres

However, between the conception and the act falls the shadow None of the 'promising discus throwers qualified for the Asiad National champion at the age of 19 Kanwal Preet Singh won the event hurling the discus to 52 93 metres, well below his personal best The nerves of competition got the better of young Kanwal Preet, son of former Railways and national discus thrower Baldev Singh Even the more experienced Manjit Singh and Sarjit Singh threw a little over 52 metres and could not give off their best

As more competition is the need of the hour for Indian athletics the pioneering role of Playmaker in sponsoring the four nation meet is laudable The beginning was humble Foreign entries were restricted to 5 athletes to USSR, 6 athletes from Mauritius and just 2 athletes from Kenya (five athletes were scheduled from Kenya but confusion about the timing of their departure flight from Nairobi decimated the squad) However the concept is worthy of emulation and can only further improve Indian athletics

Playmakers sponsored the four nation international meet and the Open athletic championship for rupees 5 lakhs 1 or the international meet the best team India got the Playmakers trophy and the 10 athletes in the team shared a cash award of Rs 10 000 The best man and best woman athlete got cash awards of Rs 1 000 each Soviet athletes Sergieo Kulibaba who pole vaulted to a soaring 5 50 metres and woman's discus thrower Dmitrieva Trina got the individual awards The rest of the money, given by the sponsors was used for expenses There is no doubt that expenses are considerable but it is surprising that athletes got only rupees 12,000 of the 5 lakhs given as sponsor money Is the rest of the money in the coffers of the AAFI claiming numerous expenses?

Some of India's leading athletes were quite disgruntled at this miserly treatment and felt they deserved more Many established international athletes who preferred to remain annonymous stated that 'cash prizes should have been awarded as incentives to those who came first or those who set new national marks or achieved qualifying standards Keeping the sponsors money just to cover expenses is not the way to encourage athletes The AAFI should do some re thinking on this matter Instead of taking umbrage the AAFI should

Russian shot putters Dmitriova and Lesovaya



think of means to reward the athletes suitably in future sponsored meets. After all, at the conclusion of this meet, the secretaty of the AAFI, Mr. V.K. Verma did announce that, "next year on September 12 and 13, the AAFI have taken the permission of the international body to stage a big prize money (in dollars) athletic meet in which many foreign athletes will participate." With the AAFI intending to introduce sponsorship in a big way, it is time Indian athletes got a greater slice of the cake. Obtaining a certain amount of prize money will not upset the amateur status of the Indian athletes, for Mr. Verma himself admitted that, "a four figured sum could be given as diet money or travel allowance."

The Playmakers are relatively new to sponsorship of sport in India. The name does not reveal their identity. They are the sports promotion section of Gulliver Travels owned by Sundeep Dayal. Their inaugural venture into sport sponsorship was the Charles Cornelius benefit hockey match between India and Pakistan earlier this year. Mr. Sundeep Dayal, a keen sports fan is looking for further promotional ventures in sport and does not want to remain confined to Delhi.

Coming to the meet itself, the results revealed that in certain events like the jumps, sprints and hurdles (for men) India's standards are very stagnant. The decline in long jump is particularly sad. This was an event in which India had great tradition. T.C. Yohannan and Suresh Babu won gold medals in the long jump in the 1974 and 1978 Asiads respectively. Yohannan's leap was an Asian record of 8.07 metres. Now India's best is H.K. Patel of Orissa who managed only 7.42 metres, as against the Asiad qualifying standards of 7.87 metres.

Another event in which Indian athletes are making little headway are the sprints. For a year, N. Rami Reddy, the new sprint king of India, had shown great potential. However at Delhi, his lack of experience was revealing. He lost both the 100 and 200 metres to the crew-cut Mauritian, Daniel Kisnorbo with the Yul Bryner, looks. Rami Reddy's timing in the 100 metres was a modest 10.6 seconds and in the 200 metres 21.5 seconds, both below his best.

In both the sprints his start was shaky. In contrast, the powerful Mauritian improved his national mark in both the events.

Since the halycon days of Gurbachan Singh Randhawa (fifth in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics), India's performance in the 110 metres hurdles has been mediocre. The talented Sikh's national mark of 14.0 secs. (set in 1964) is still unbroken. Even Praveen Jolly, bronze medallist in this event in the 1982 Delhi Asiad, could not come near Gurbachan's mark. Jolly is now out of action with an ankle injury and the winner of the 110 metres hurdles at the four-nation meet, Benny John of the Services clocked just 14.5 secs, below the Asiad qualifying timing of 14.23 secs.

As has been the trend in Indian athletics in the recent years the women outshone the men. Only Balwinder Singh and Iqbal Singh (shot-put) both of whom qualified for the Seoul Asiad, S. Pitchiah in the 3,000 metres steeplechase and Budhwa Oraon in the 800 metres were the male athletes from India to excel. Balwinder Singh's throw of 18.71 metres eclipsed the Asian mark of compatriot Bahadur Singh, who competed in spite of age and a streak of white in his flowing beard. Budhwa Oraon in a remarkable display of front running won the 800 metres in a life's best of 1:49.9 but missed the Asiad qualifying mark by two seconds. The lanky Pitchiah was even more unlucky in the 3,000 metres steeplechase, missing the qualifying mark by a fraction of a second as he clocked 8:48.3.

The women were as expected outstanding. P.T. Usha, India's athletic queen, was majestic in her one-sided victories in the 400 metres hurdles and 400 metres. In the former event she clocked 56 secs., her best timing since the Olympics. A sad feature in this event was the total eclipse of 1982 Asian Games gold medallist M.D. Valsamma who finished a poor second with a timing of 60.2 secs, below the qualifying mark. Valsamma seems slightly over the hill.

In the 400 metres P.T. Usha and Shiny Abraham clocked their best ever timing on Indian soil. Shiny, showing a lot of reserves and strength, made a late surge to qualify for the 800 metres. Suman Rawat has taken over the mantle of Geeta Zutshi, as the long distance queen. She won both the gruelling 1,500 and 3000 metres, making the qualifying mark in the former. In both races she displayed good stamina and tactics to outclass Soviet rival S. Valientina.

Amongst the foreign athletes on view the cynosure of all attention was the Kenyan Boniface Onwambo Marende who with little sleep the night before, ran effortlessly and with a relaxed arm action esily won the 5,000 metres and 3,000 metres steeplechase. Soviet pole vaulter S. Kulibaba vaulted to 5.50 metres, the best ever on Indian soil. The well built Dmitrieva Trina of USSR hurled the discus to a record 61.42m. and won the shot put. Equally outstanding was the Soviet high jumper Sergei Zasimovitch who with his long, curving run-up and effortless fosbury flop style had the spectators clapping in admiration. Zasimovitch, once again exposed the limitations of N. Annavi considered the high jump hope two years ago. He has stagnated and could only leap 2.09 metres below his personal best of 2.12 metres.

Navy Kapadia, New Delhi



Suman Rawat: Just missed the qualifying mark

Photographs: Indian Cricket

A Brave show at Ascot

NOBODY who saw the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes at Ascot will claim that it lived up to its billing as the 'Race of the Century,' but most of the 32 000 crowd left Ascot convinced that in Dancing Brave they had seen the horse of the decade Trainer Guy Harwood had thus exacted sweet revenge on his Derby vanquisher Sharastani who also ran in this race but finished a fair away fourth Jockey Greville Starkey was deprived of the ride thanks to injury and it was Pat Eddery who deputised for him and made no mistake to win England's premier Weight for age race

In fact Pat Eddery who has ridden a fair share of champions in his time paid Dancing Brave the ultimate compliment when he went on the record as saying that Dancing Brave was the best he had ever ridden and that included horses like Grundy El Gran Senor Golden Fleece and Pebbles One waits to see whether the colt will live up to his reputation but whether he will or not will certainly not digress from his syndicated value is a stallion which stands at a mind boggling fourteen million pounds So as Bird out stripped them all in the Sixties Nijinsky and then Mill Reef stood head and shoulders above the rest in the Seventies and now Dancing Brave must surely be the horse of the eighties

Since 1970 the Year of Nijinsky no horse has captured the 2000 Guineas and the King George in the same season until Dancing Brave came along sixteen years later It was probably just ill fate that prevented him from winning the Derby where he suffered what will remain as one of his most controversial defeats ever at the hands of Sharastani It was his only defeat in 7 starts and whether it was just bad riding or the fact that he did not like a left handed track with ups and downs will always be talked about But on that last Saturday in July he silenced his critics once and for all with a victory that would have warmed the hearts of one and all who saw him set about it

By Lyphard out of a mare named Navajo Princess the pundits had initially labelled Dancing Brave as a top miler with grave doubts as to his ability to get the mile and a half Starkey and trainer Guy Harwood always maintained otherwise and this victory in the King George has proved without any doubt whatsoever that Dancing Brave will get a trip against top class opposition His sensational speed and his superb temperament makes him the champion he is and the champion that he will remain

As for Sharastani the dual Derby winner things did not go quite as the way they should have right from the start of his build up to the King George Perhaps the 90 degree temperature in which he had won the Irish Derby was beginning to take its toll He did not work as well as he ought to have in his final gallop

On the day of the race itself Sharastani who normally looked so placid in the parade ring was very much on top of himself this time and he had worked up quite a sweat too The fact that he looked a trifle on the light side did nothing to promote his chances and he was extremely restive and edgy at the start

When the stalls opened Paul Cook astride Boldden a pace maker for the Dick Hern challenger Petoski took off like a scalded cat hotly chased by yet another pacemaker Vouchsafe and together they set a blistering gallop which was promptly ignored by the rest of the runners They followed almost 100 yards behind with Dihistan the pacemaker for Sharastani and Shardari heading what looked to be quite another race altogether so far had the two pacemakers gone into the lead and were sensibly being ignored by the others

Eddery always had Sharastani and Walter Swinburn well within his sights and his only moment of anxiety came when the two front runners Boldden and Vouchsafe packed up like punctured tyres nearing the half mile pole The inevitable traffic congestion led to Carson on Petoski tightening up Dancing Brave on the rails but Eddery was alive to any such gamesmanship In a trice he had Dancing Brave clear of trouble and back on the bridle

Dihistan led the field into the straight soon being passed by Shardari his stable companion whilst things were beginning to look more than just difficult in the Sharastani camp Walter Swinburn had pulled out all stops and the Derby winner was not showing any response whatsoever It was at this juncture that Eddery set Dancing Brave alight The effect was incredible Dancing Brave went surging past Shardari in just ten strides With 300 metres yet to run and Eddery never really let him off the bit A quick peep over his shoulder with a furlong to run left his supporters delirious with joy and most were already working out their winnings

Once in front however Dancing Brave felt that he had done enough but his burst of speed had left the opposition struggling in his wake Although Cauthen galvanised a second run out of Shardari he was flatterd by the eventual three quarter length verdict

Dancing Brave's time of 2min 29 49sec was a trifle slower than either Teenoso or Petoski winners in 1984 and 1985 but that was due to the fact that the ground was still drying and had a bit of give The time was still good enough to give his proud owner Khaled Abdulla the sum of £1 52,498 as the winners purse

Adil Dewar

Eddery takes Dancing Brave to the front



MADRAS

Gallant Efforts

LIKE their bretheren in so many other Indian sports, Indian cyclists, despite their gallant efforts, are way behind international standards and may be even Asian standards. This, chiefly because of the twin evils that continue to plague Indian sport-sub-standard equipment and poor facilities. This was very evident during the National Junior Cycling Championships held at Madras. In spite of not enjoying the best of conditions, the top junior cyclists in the country, both boys and girls, gave a heart warming display with a lot of new marks being set. Perhaps all this was possible because there was an incentive. Selection to the Asian Games squad was the bait.

The first and last days of the meet were reserved for road races but there was plenty of action, and some controversy, during the three days of the track events held at the Southern Railway Stadium. On the first day, two new marks were set in dconditions, not wholly conducive to competitive cycling and this brought out in full measure the enterprise and efficiency of the youngsters. In the 1600 metres team time trial the Manipur under-16 girl's squad clocked two minutes, 51.46 seconds while coasting to victory. Delhi placed second and both teams erased the old mark of two minutes, 58.30 seconds set up by Kerala in 1984. The boy's (under—18) went one better in the same event. Andhra, Delhi and Rajasthan finished in that order and all three teams bettered the old mark of two minutes, 29.2 seconds set up by Rajasthan. The winning team's timing was a smart two minutes, 24.10 seconds.

Not to be outdone, the girls (under-18) emulated this feat the next day in the 2000 metres team pursuit event. Kerala, Manipur and Delhi finished in that order and all three teams bettered the old mark of three minutes, 46.6 seconds set by Manipur. The new record of the Kerala quartet (three minutes, 18.46 seconds) was the best recorded on any surface, including the bank track, (curved track similar to a velodrome) in the country.

Actually the impetus to go out and try for new records had been given by Rajasthan on the opening day itself. In the first event of the meet, the 70 km road race (team trial), Rajasthan retained the title with a new mark of one hour, 51 minutes, 17.99 seconds. Thus bettered their own old mark of one hour, 52 minutes. Karnataka were second and Andhra third. That cyclists from the south rule the roost in the long distance events was confirmed on the final day when both boys and girls individual events were won by cyclists from the south. L.B. Mali, a 174 year-old field worker from the district of Bijapur in Karnataka won the gold in 80 kilometre event for boys clocking two hours, 21 mintues and 26.99 seconds. Delhi's star cyclist Trilochan Singh finished second but among the top eight, there were three from Karnataka, two from AP and one from Tamil Nadu.

In the girl's event, run over 20 Km, Kerala's Girija Kumari who performed well in the track events, showed her all round capability by winning the longer event with a timing of 27 minutes 15.65 seconds. Incidentally, both the winners were competing in the gruelling road races at the national level for the first time.

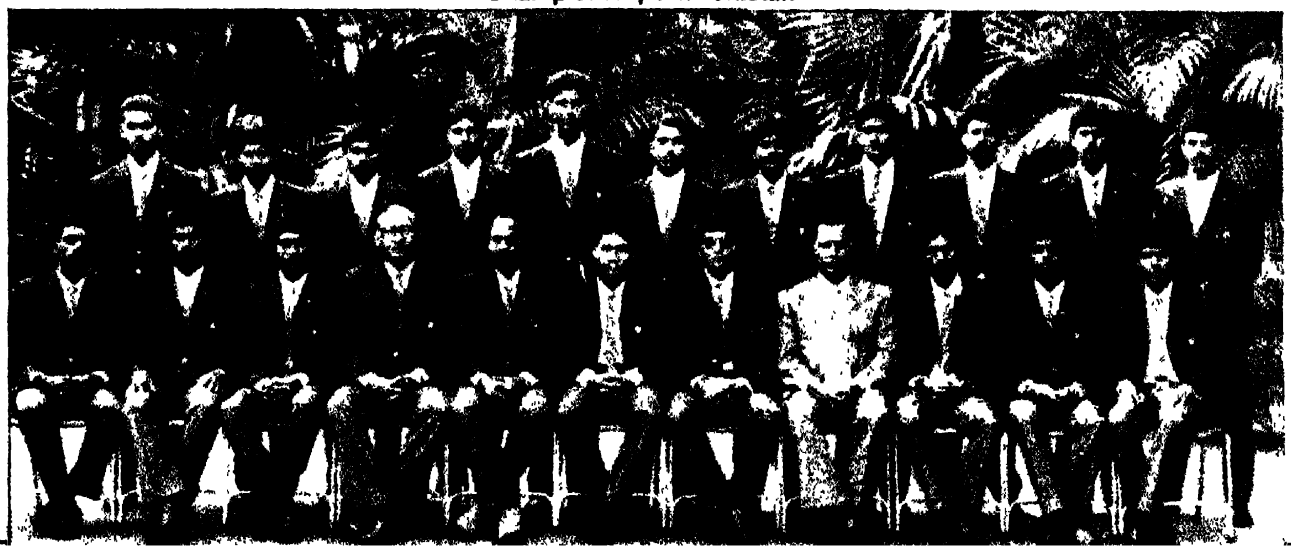
When it was all over Delhi had claimed the overall team championship followed by Kerala and Andhra. In the various categories Delhi came out on top in both the boys under-18 and under-16 events while Kerala won the girls under-18 team title and Manipur lamed the girls under-16 team title.

With all the encouraging performances and the many new records set up by the young hopefuls the meet was not without its seamy side. There was confusion and controversy involving a few events leading to reversals of some decisions, which in turn led to protests. The low point of this aspect of the national was a row between the assistant Secretary of the Cycling Federation of India, Dharam Chand and the Chief Commissioner of the meet J.D. Patel. Whatever the merits and demerits of the case, and the debate, it was one thing that the nationals could have done without.

Over 150 cyclists from nine units—Haryana, Delhi, Manipur, Rajasthan, Karnataka, Andhra, Bihar, Kerala and Tamil Nadu—participated in the meet. A notable absentee was Maharashtra who withdrew because the best juniors, including star Jasmin Arethna, were in the preparatory camp for the Asian Games.

Partab Ramchand

A group photograph of the Indian youth football team that topped Group V in the Second Asian Youth Football Championships in Pakistan



PRESS CLIPPINGS

Whose to blame?

ANITA SOOD finds herself in the midst of a controversy She has failed to find a place in the Indian squad recommended by the Swimming Federation of India (SFI) for the Seoul Asian Games Press reports said that she was dropped in spite of finishing ahead of those selected during the second trials after finishing third in the first trial

Speaking on behalf of the SFI the vice president Mr M S Shastri denied these press reports Mr Shastri said that the individual trials were held on the first day where Anita clocked 1 04 9 to finish third behind Bula Chaudhury and Pallavi Shetty Lorraine Verghese came fourth

The selectors decided to hold another trial the next day but this time for the 4+100m free style relay squad The first four finishers from the previous day took part but clocked 4 18 9 which was way behind the sixth place timing of the Delhi Asiad

Mr Shastri made it clear that no individual timings were recorded during the relay trials and expressed surprise at the timings that were reported in the press placing Anita (1 02 8) ahead of Bula (1 04 0) and Pallavi (1 05 0)

Putting it right

THE winner of the 1936 Olympic marathon—exactly 50 years ago—went to California last week from Korea for a ceremony to put the record straight

Changing the name on a plaque Keith Son of Japan to Kee Chung Sohn of Korea

In 1936 Korea was under Japanese occupation Sohn was allowed to compete in the Berlin Games but was forced to do so under the Japanese flag and with a Japanese name

"I ran the race for myself yes and there was no pride in that but no one who has not lost their country can understand how I felt then" Sohn said

An avid mountain climber, who still runs for recreation Sohn 74 said the ceremony was like being reborn

Sohn said his anger over Japan's conquest of his homeland drove him to a personal best time of 29 minutes and 19 seconds

Burning Passion

EVEN superstar Diego Maradona might shy away from playing soccer in West Java where in one village they kick a burning coconut with bare feet

The coconut is soaked in kerosene for two weeks and the game played at night usually in a dry rice field shortly after student graduation

Spectators provide light with burning torches

The students follow this tradition to show their strength and immunity to injury

Football is also a dominent force in the central Javanese capital of Jogakarta where students at one junior school are shown a yellow card, like offenders on a soccer field, if they arrive late or do not finish their home work

Gay times

GAY GAMES II, a sports festival for homosexual athletes opened last weekend with a procession of nearly 3,500 competitors from around the world and about 10,000 spectators

Athletes have come from 37 US States and 16 foreign countries including England France Italy Japan Australia and New Zealand

The Games will remind the world that gay people still have much to celebrate said a spokesman The Games began in 1982 under the banner of the Gay Olympics The US Olympic Committee won a court order barring the promoter from using the word Olympics

Double trouble

ENGLISH football's hope of a quick return to European competition received another massive blow last week when Plymouth police arrested 25 fans after yet another trouble

The fight broke out after a friendly match between Third Division's Plymouth and First Division's Chelsea Several hundred fans stopped cars and attacked police with bottles

English clubs have been banned from playing competitive matches in Europe since the Brussels disaster. That ban was modified last October to allow friendly matches to take place and until last week there had been almost no trouble.

Anita Sood: Not good enough?



Science hotline

Eating to keep fit

WHO'D believe that the speed at which you eat can affect your body? But it's true. For those of us who have the habit of gulping down a meal, here's something more to chew on.

There are several advantages to eating slower. One, you chew your food more thoroughly, promoting better digestion. Two, you don't swallow air with your food. If you weren't aware of it yet, swallowing air as you eat can cause stomach distention. This will leave you feeling fat and obese even though you haven't eaten all that much.



But there is definite proof that you eat less if you eat slowly. When you're eating, there's a lapse of a few minutes between the time you've had enough and when the hunger signals shut off. Obviously if you eat very quickly, you're likely to consume more food than necessary to satisfy your hunger. In other words, you're likely to overrun your appetite.

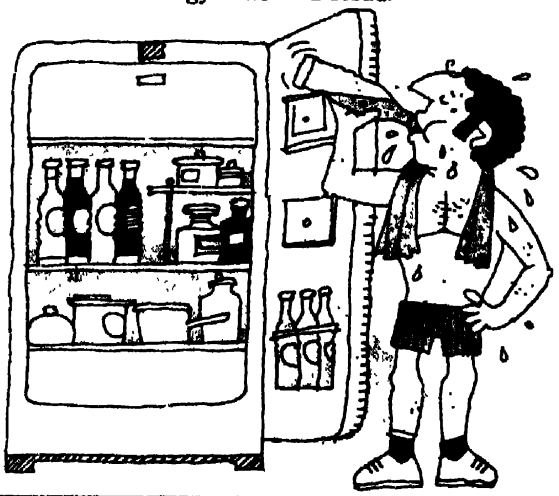
If you don't believe all that is written above, why don't you try it out for yourself? The result may be a slimmer, trimmer you.

Sweet-energy

HOW many times have you reached into the refrigerator for a chilled soft drink after a hot workout? Whether it is a cola or just lemonade, that soft drink is not exactly the best thing for your body after you have spent all that time toning up your body. Maybe the facts that you are going to read below will make you think twice about doing so again.

The sugar content in any of these soft drinks accounts for about 150 calories of nutritionally bereft food energy. The second point is more frightening; starved of water after a hot workout, you need to replenish your body with some fluids and the sugar content in the soft drink inhibits that absorbtion of water by your system. The last point is that the sugar plays havoc with your blood sugar level, causing your body to release large amounts of insulin, resulting in a feeling of heavy fatigue.

So if you are really hooked on your cold drink after working out, try a sugar-free variety instead.



Illustrations: Debashis Deb

Running into problems

[illegible] a fitness [illegible] that jogging [illegible] doing [illegible] more [illegible] than good, you'll [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



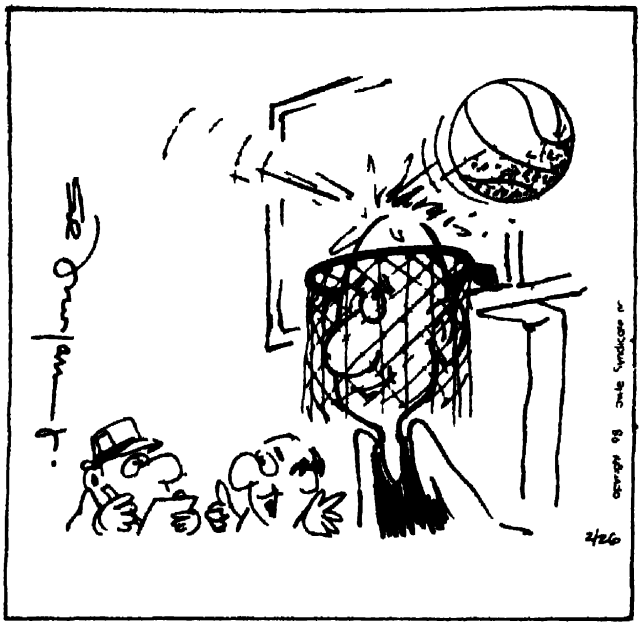




The Commonwealth Games: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh (top) do the traditional lap of honour; Steve Cram (right) wins the 800m with nonchalant ease, while his countrymen (left) throw triple gold medallist Steven Redgrave into the water. Adrian Moorhouse (top left) is ecstatic on winning the 200m breaststroke and athletes (top far left) end the Games with a joyful farewell

All photographs by Associated Press

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"Write that he's a real blockhead, but I mean that in the nicest way!"



"The best part is, if I throw it at someone and miss, it always returns to me!"



PRIDE OF
ALL FUNCTIONS

RATNA
BRAND

Zafrani Patti

No 13 20, 30, 64, 150, 200, 300, 450

SUPERB TASTE
& FLAVOUR

UNDER ISI
MARK

THE PRODUCTS OF
PRABHAT ZARDA

Padded Out

Googlies

CRICKET is holding its own on the continent The Italian national team are presently involved in an eleven match tour of England

Italian cricket teams are most intriguing bowled translates as elimina zione *al wicket* which is quite neat but lbw is *eliminazione per imputta della palla con la gamba del battitore davanti al wicket* which is not

Wonder what an Italian scoresheet looks like?

Mind you it could be worse There could be a German side going over to England soon A new book by Fritz Spiegl called The Joy of Words explains how the Germans express cricket terminology

I bew is *aus sein weil des Schlag manne s Beine von einem wurf getrof fen warden* Silly mid on the author suggests is best translated dummkoph in mittelpunku

It would be interesting to hear a German or Italian bowler appeal to the umpire in their language

Lofted

High flying

WHILE banned from cricket Ian Botham took to fishing

Now that his suspension is over Botham will be spending more time on the cricket field than the river bank In the past 18 months he hooked 21 salmon—all of which got away

However he believes he has set a record in another sphere by gaining his helicopter pilots license from scratch in a mere 16 days He now plans to fly himself to matches

The joke doing the rounds is he ll still be high anyway



Botham. taking off

Mother Moxon

Blessed Lord

A FIRST Test innings is a potential execution is it is a great moment too Mrs Audrey Moxon worked hard to hide her nerves as she arrived at the Grace Gates and hastened to her seat to see her son Martyn play his first Test for England (against New Zealand)

It was her first visit to Lord s to see cricket though two years ago she had been due to make the journey when Martyn was selected for the Lord s Test against the West Indies only to withdraw with a rib injury

That journey would have been made with her husband Derek a great man of cricket in the Barnsley area and the mentor of young Martyn —even when illness caused Derek to lose his sight at the age of 60

Mrs Moxon provided commentary when they went to see their son play for Yorkshire I d say where the ball went I d tell mother Moxon and if I got the field positions wrong he would correct me He could tell by the sound of the bat And he always wanted to be behind the bowler s arm Whatever he did he did right

Sadly Derek Moxon was not to achieve his great wish to See Martyn play for England He died when his son was in India at the start of the 1984 85 tour in which Martyn did not gain a Test cap That had to wait till last month

When Martyn took ground at Lord s against Middlesex emotion was running deep in the Moxon family Middlesex didn t know what he was up against Even he cannot guarantee to dismiss a whole Yorkshire family

Stoical

Declared

HAMPSTEAD CRICKET CLUB in England just celebrated one of the game s most bizarre centenaries Its match on August 4 commemorated an encounter in which Hampstead batsman A E Stoddart later to play 16 times for England scored 485 of his side s total of 813

As for Stoics they simply did not bat It was a match which Hampstead claims went some way towards the new rule permitting captains to declare an innings

6 August The IFA governing body decide to suspend Mohammedan Sporting from any competition in the country till 31 December. This is in addition to asking them to reply to the charges brought against them.

Meda McKenzie successfully completes her 28-mile swim across Lake Erie when she steps onto the Canadian shore near Port Colborne 22 hours after entering the water in Dunkirk, USA.

John McEnroe makes his return to competitive tennis by downing Marko Ostoja of Yugoslavia 7-5, 6-3 in the first round of the $315,000 Volvo International Tournament at Stratton Mountain.

7 August England reel punch-drunk as Richard Hadlee runs amok with six wickets for 74 in the English first innings of the second Test at Nottingham. England end the day at 240 for nine when bad light curtails the last 20 minutes of playing time.

Anatoly Karpov evens things out in his revenge match against the world chess champion Garri Kasparov as he wins the fifth game at London. After one win apiece and three draws, both players have 2½ points each.

8 August The nemesis of Richard Hadlee continues to haunt English cricket as he follows up his sterling bowling performance in the first innings with an unbeaten 53 in the New Zealand first innings. New Zealand, after getting England all out for 256, are 211 for five at draw of stumps on the second day of the second Test at Nottingham.

Renaldo Nehemiah of the USA returns to the track after serving his four-year ban for playing professional football with a win in the 110 metres hurdles at an athletics meet in Italy.

9 August John Bracewell 110 takes New Zealand to 413 in their first innings on the third day of the second Test at Nottingham. This gives New Zealand a 157-run lead over England in the first innings.

The Stratton Mountain Volvo International tennis meet moves into the semi-final stages as Ivan Lendl beats Brad Gilbert of USA 6-2, 3-6, 6-2 to make the last four along with Boris Becker, John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors.

10 August Ivan Lendl gets past Jimmy Connors in three sets to enter the final of the Stratton Mountain Volvo International tennis meet while Boris Becker scrapes past John McEnroe in an exciting semi-final match to meet Lendl in the final.

Australia draw their last match against New Zealand to emerge winners of a three-nation hockey meet at Wellington.

11 August The Stratton Mountain Volvo International tennis title goes to Ivan Lendl as he hands Boris Becker a straight set drubning in the final.

Ian Botham reminds the English selectors of their folly as he slams 13 sixes on his way to compiling a quicksilver 175 n.o. in his county, Somerset's, match against Nothamptonshire.

Inclement weather frustrates the New Zealanders as they are halted in the quest for victory in the second Test against England at Nottingham.

12 August Richard Hadlee destroys England with another four wickets in the second innings to get them all out for 230. Set to score 74 to win, the New Zealanders cruise home with eight wickets to spare and win the second Test at Nottingham.

'Look ma, one hand only'... As if it wasn't tough enough with both hands! Phillipe Petit performs his death-defying wire walking act on a wire suspended at the height of 250 feet and no safety net to bring attention to a fund-raising drive by the Stanford Boys' Club in USA

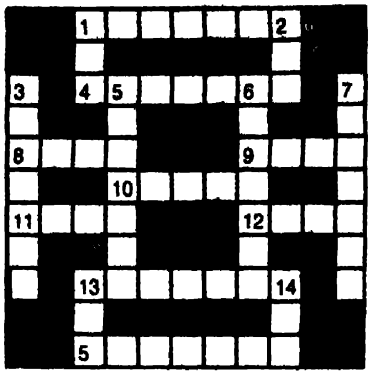


Associated Press

CROSSWORD

Muder

344



ACROSS

1 Indian woman golfer may be mistaken for a Dilip Kumar patriotic film (7)
4 On top of the world on 29 May 1953 (6 1)
8 Television sports compere for a sea resort in India (4)
9 Form of wrestling (4)
10 Game set and? (5)
11 Mascot for the 1982 Delhi Asiad (4)
12 Woman table tennis player who has won the most national titles in India (4)
13 Winner of the British Grand Prix this year has a maternal start (7)
15 Hat trickster of England who is not a cricket player (7)

DOWN

1 Indian who swam the English Channel Palk Strait and the Bosphorus Strait (3)
2 A runless delivery is a this ball (3)
3 Woman jockey from Pune may be mistaken for Kapil Dev (7)
5 Japanese table tennis player of the Sixties begins with a circle (7)
6 Russian goalkeeper by now legendary comprises a greeting (6 1)
7 Wimbledon is formally known as the All England Lawn Tennis and this Club (7)
13 and
14 Goal scorer in the World Cup soccer final in 1974 stutters towards the end (6)

Excellent 16-15, Good 14-13, Fair 12

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

Fill in the blanks

1 Johann Cruyff played for two clubs in Europe———Ajax of Amsterdam and———
2 In England F W A means———
3 In 1963 ———became the youngest ever footballer to be appointed England captain
4 ———Morelon is a famous French cyclist
5 ——— is the first British lawn tennis player to win a Wimbledon singles title after the second World War
6 The real name of Bobby Moore is———Moore
7 In India s 24 1 victory against the USA in the 1932 Olympic hockey Dhyan Chand and Rup Singh be tween them scored———goals
8 Babe Ruth was a famous——— player of the U S A
9 Bradman s — — —in Sheffield Shield cricket is an Australian record
10 Sheila———is a famous British aviator with about 100 records

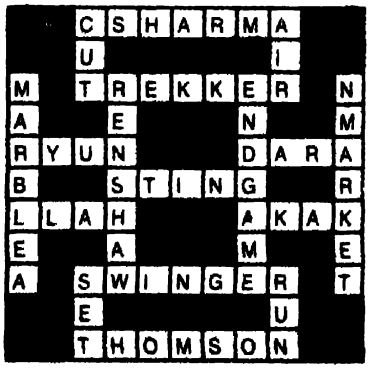
ANSWERS

1 Barcelona
2 Football Writers Association .
3 Bobby Moore (He was 22 then)
4 Daniel
5 Angela Mortimer
6 Robert Frederick
7 18
8 Baseball
9 452 n o
10 Scott

QUESTIONS

1 In which year was the AFC (Asian Football Confederation) inaugu rated?
2 How many countries are members of the AFC?
3 Who is Tan Seri Datuk Hamzah?
4 One of the four vice presidents of the AFC is an Indian Who is he?
4 What is USFL?
6 Where is Bislett Stadium?
7 Who is the first man to run the mile under 3 50?
8 Who is the first man to throw the javelin for 300 ft?
9 Which two famous athletes (female) of yesteryears have Natanovna as their middle names?
10 A second world record in athletics was broken on the day on which Bob Beamon jumped 8 90 m and like Beamon s record it is still un broken What is it?

SOLUTION 343



ANSWERS

1 1954
2 33
3 First Vice President of the Olympic Council of Asia and President of the Asian Football Confederation
4 K Ziauddin
5 United States Football League
6 Oslo (Norway)
7 John Walker (New Zealand) who ran the mile at 3 m 49 4 secs on August 12 1975
8 Terje Pedersen (Norway) on September 2 1964
9 The Press sisters Irina and Tamara
10 43 86 secs for 400 m by Lee Evans (USA)

WILLS BOOK OF EXCELLENCE

FOOTBALL

The flow and character of the game depends on the skill and ingenuity of the playmakers. In this extract, the author K. Bhaskaran dwells on the abilities of some of the world's foremost playmakers: Zico, Socrates, Ardiles, Platini....all men of genius. The book is published by Orient Longman Limited and priced at Rs 120

MORE versatile than Beckenbauer who revolutionised the libero's role was Gerhardt Hanappi Eight times the Austrian Footballer of the Year including seven times in a row from 1954 to 1960 he played for his country in every position except in goal and on the left wing He was happiest at right half He was adept at giving the slip to his shadows and at creating spaces for his teammates These and his distribution of the ball would have won him more than ninety six caps had he not resolved to call it a day after he was barracked when Austria lost 0 6 to Czechoslovakia He chose to concentrate on his highly profitable practice as an architect

While Hanappi at left back, considerably reduced the threat of Stanley Matthews in the draw between a FIFA XI and England at Wembley in 1953 an equally famous Austrian, Ernst Ocwirk prompted the FIFA attack from wing half Nicknamed Clockwork for it was he who made the Austrians tick he could with a single touch tame the ball whatever the force or the height or from whichever direction it came

Ocwirk was more fortunate in his environment than Danny Blanchflower The outspoken Irishman was ahead of his time and it was only manager Bill Nicholson at Tottenham Hotspur and Peter Doherty manager of the Northern Ireland team in the 1958 World Cup who showed appreciation of Blanchflower's perception in sizing up situations and adjusting tactics during a match

Blanchflower was one of the outstanding wing halves in Sweden His best however came in the next few years With Dave Mackay to lend the power and weight of his tackle the Spurs skipper was free to join hands with John White and fashion the team which in 1961 became the first in this century to achieve the double of the Football League and FA Cup championships He played in all the forty two League and seven Cup games The feat largely accounted for his second Footballer of the year award the first being gained in 1958 He also led Spurs to victory in the 1963 European Cup winners Cup Forced by injuries to retire soon after he turned to journalism



Gerson orchestrated the individually brilliant Brazilians into a fluent rollicking samba of victory

The first European Footballer of the Year (1962) from behind the Iron Curtain Josef Masopust nearly did not make it to the World Cup in which he crowned brilliant displays with the opening goal of the final Czechoslovakia whose resolute fight was given the lie by Brazil's margin of victory (3 1) had felt Masopust's style based on the short pass was outdated and left him out But as a substitute against Austria before the World Cup he forced a reappraisal with a mazy dribble round six or seven rivals and a superb goal

The Dukla Prague left half caught the eye with his close control and dribbling and the opposition napping with a swift one two with a colleague He could also penetrate with the sudden long pass hit through the narrowest of gaps In all he scored eleven goals in sixtythree internationals

A flop of the 1966 World Cup Gerson de Oliveira Nunes was a key man as Brazil took permanent possession of the Jules Rimet Cup in 1970 Young Clodoaldo Tavares de Santana and he mocked at Uruguay in the semi final and Italy in the final Uru



guay feared Gerson's domination of the midfield and tried to cramp him Gerson cleverly took his shadow up the garden path and opened up acres of space for Clodoaldo Perhaps deterred by Gerson subdued performance in the semi final Italy were lax in marking him in the final Gerson let his rivals pat themselves till the interval Then in the second half Gerson rocked them into disillusionment and the Italians were too baffled to make adjustments

Gerson orchestrated the individually brilliant Brazilians into a fluent rollicking samba of victory It was a role he had fulfilled for Botafogo who signed him from Flamengo to revive their fortunes With Jairzinho Rildo and Roberto Gerson guided Botafogo to the Rio league title in 1967 and 1968 before being surprisingly sold to Sao Paulo because he was thought to be past his peak

Noted for the precision of his 40 to 50 yard passes to either wing Wolfgang Overath learnt much from 1954 World Cup left winger Hans Schaefer at 1st FC Koln Old Fox Herberger capped him a day before his twentieth birthday Less than three years later in England he emerged as one of the stars of the World Cup Besides the control of the pace and the direction of

To watch him(Ardiles) play is a lesson of how to make the best use of open spaces and to understand the importance of passing and then running behind the play

play his elegant dribbling and releasing of the ball at the most opportune moment made him a schemer of the highest class He was a mainstay of West Germany four years later in 1962 in Mexico and scored the only goal against Uruguay in the match for the third place

A hernia operation sidelined him for the 1972 European Nations Cup which West Germany won handsomely His comeback then was cut short by injury But he fought his way back into the team that triumphed in the 1974 World Cup A fitting reward for the modest unassuming sportsman who kicked the ball away from near the Offenbach Kickers goal in a vital League tie because an opponent was writhing on the ground and needed immediate attention

Though Mario Kempes was voted the player of the 1978 World Cup the architect of Argentina's success was Osvaldo Ardiles A qualified lawyer like his father he was the best midfielder in the tournament Manager Menotti never tired of singing his praises in particular pointing out this busybee's average of around hundred ball contacts a match and the talent conception and hard work behind the moves he initiated To watch him play is a lesson of how to make the best use of open spaces and to understand the importance of passing and then running behind the play

With Maradona and Ardiles Argentina were expected to acquit themselves with credit four years later in Spain But the former was unable to justify the tag of the world's best player and Argentina consequently suffered Still many thought the FIFA World Cup would remain in South America thanks to Brazil coming up with a team as exciting as that of 1958 This optimism was based on the midfield of world class men in Socrates Falcao and Zico

The yougest of the three Socrates Brasileiro Sampaio de Sousa Ferreira Oleveira is the least demonstrative



to interestingly when the Corinthian President advised him to display some emotion after a goal the lad who had got his first pair of boots at fifteen on entered to do so if he would be paid 'bonus' Tele Santana noted the leadership qualities and gave him the captain's armband for the 1981 Little World Cup in Montevideo Zico who was put through injury decisions tested his patience with Santana by expecting his gentleness to play under the bearded doctor of medicine hated by one of the world's six top players in 1979 by former Brazilian manager Joao Saldanha the long haired Socrates liked to learn back to study the play of the field before thrusting home

His (Falcao) exceptional skill and remarkable football brain would have made him stand out even in the fifties when Italian football was at its best

Cup squad But he had to wait for two more years for his cup he scored the winner in that match against Uruguay with a free kick that was to become his specialty

But the man dubbed a the White Pele much to his dislike did not come good in vital matches though it must be said that early in the 1978 World Cup against Poland he was grievously hurt He lost form due to the pressure of too many games for club and country Enforced rest and the Brazilian Federation limit to seventy official games helped Zico back to his best in the 1982 World Cup especially in the match that Brazil lost to champion Italy

Falcao's omission from the 1978 World Cup was incomprehensible For he was then the Brazilian Footballer for the second year running and had also steered International to the Rio Grande do Sul championship for eight years in a row (1969 to 1976) and the Brazilian championship in 1975 and 1976 Two years before the World Cup in Spain he was transferred to AS Roma and he lifted the club to second place in his first season and to third place the next before making them Italian champions in 1983 and European Champions Cup runners up on penalties in 1984

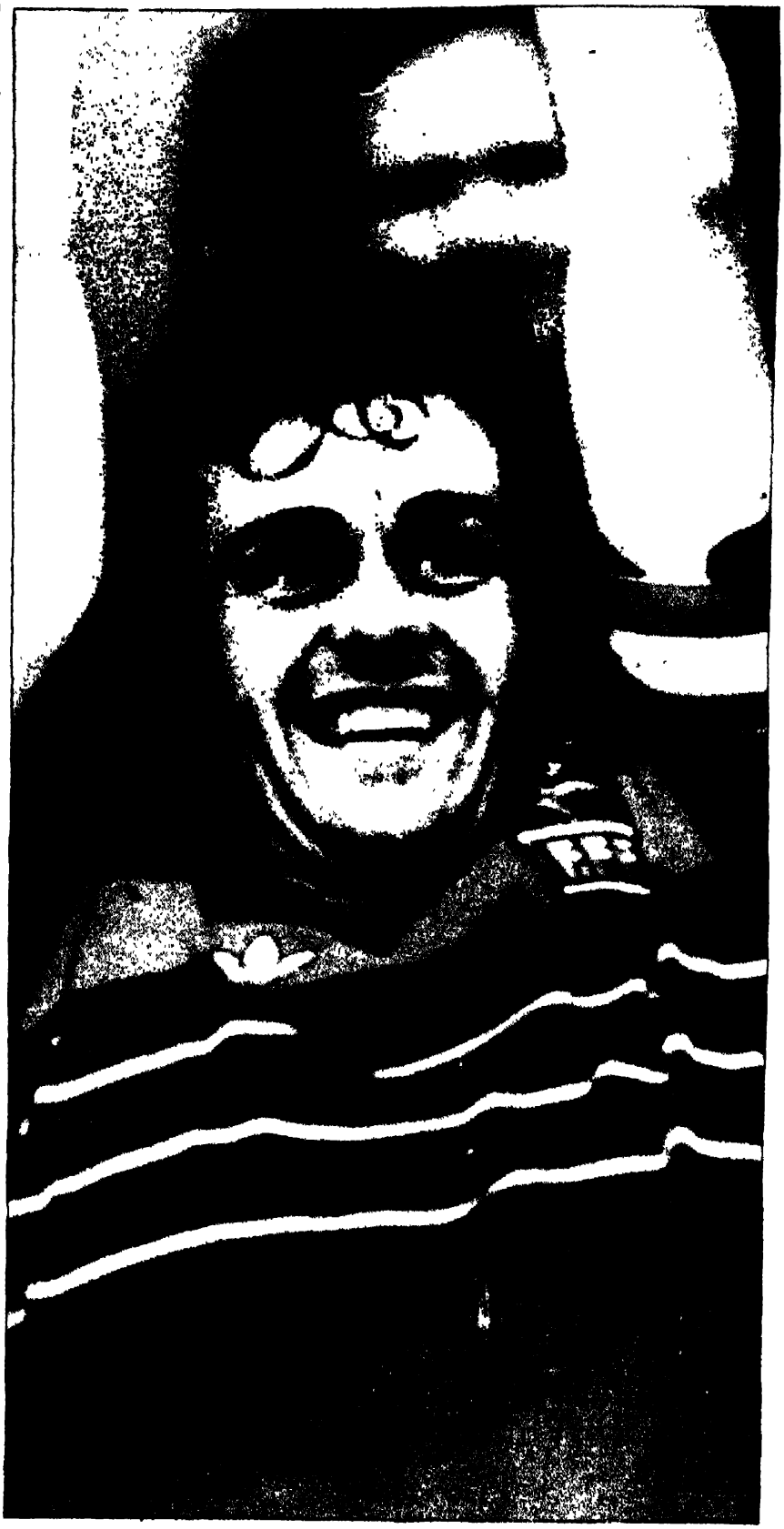
Falcao's long curling passes that tantalised and beat rival defences and dropped in the path of a colleague was the most effective weapon of the linkman who made a success of coal Nils Liedholm's zone defence a roving centrehalf of old to beat down the catenaccio system His exceptional skill and remarkable football brain and the captain of the 1958 Swedish team would have made him stand out even in the fifties when Italian football was at its best

AUSTRIAN Ernst Happel mooted the idea of a five man midfield as a sweeper and four defenders were an unnecessary luxury to contain two strikers No team substantiated this better than France when winning the 1984 European Nations Cup Ball winner Luis Fernandez Jean Tigana Alain Giresse Michel Platini and Bernard Genghini made for an effective net and for fluid play in midfield with sweeper Maxime Bossis providing reassuring safety against rival bursting through

France's midfield was rated as the next best to that of Brazil in the World Cup in Spain though Platini was not at his best in one of the early games But Alain Giresse whose superb substitution against Holland in 1981 in the absence of injured Platini secured his place in the team seven years after his debut never faltered Enthusiastic and always on hand to receive the ball from hard pressed teammate the Bordeaux ace was the hub of the team with his ceaseless mobility and distribution

The one club man who turned down offers from Italy and Spain after the World Cup is according to manager Hidalgo a little man who is always making the game bigger and better

Unlike more experienced and more renowned players the small made Gigi is he is called by his teammates feels no pressure before a match Maybe because the glare of the spotlight is not on him Neither is it on Bordeaux colleague Jean Tigana The midfielder from Mali with the deceptive body swerve and fine balance often set up Platini and others for



cracks at goal, as in the European Championship semi-final against Portugal and the final against Spain for crucial goals.

Splendid though Giresse, Tigana and Genghini, who usually substitutes for one of them, are, they could only play second fiddle to Michel Platini. Some had held that France perform better in the absence of their skipper. But every time Platini returns to the side, he makes them eat their words. As against Northern Ireland in the second stage when he was irresistible and against West Germany in the semi-final of the 1982 World Cup when he gave the lie to the opinion that he flops in matches of consequence.

From the time he asked roommate and skipper Henri Michel to step aside and curled the free kick from the top of the penalty area past Czech goalkeeper Viktor on his debut in 1976, Platini has been the mainspring of France. And by the time he held aloft the European Nations Cup, Platini had become the highest scorer for his country. Two hat-tricks and nine goals in the tournament took hi tally to thirty-five goals, five more than that of just Fontaine, whose thirteen in the 1958 World Cup remains a record.

With Juventus, the Frenchman of Italian ancestry, who had a leg and an ankle broken early in his career, has known little a part from success: the Italian Cup, the Italian League title, the European Cup-winners' Cup, the European Champions Cup-winners' the European Champions Cup, World Club Cup, top marksman in Italy, the European Footballer of 1984 and 1985, the World Footballer of 1985. But making goals for others is as vital a part of the replay of this inventive midfielder who has won caps at the youth, under-21 and Olympic level too. Helenio Herrera believes Platini has the all-encompassing skills to take command of a match like a Cryuff or a Pele.

Platini himself has said: 'I see fast and I see accurately. I analyse the whole situation. I have the chance most often of choosing the right solution and having the skill to apply it.'

And finally Hidalgo, who is credited with the emergence of France as an elite soccer power: 'When you have a Platini in your side, everything seems simpler. With him I become a spectator and he makes me live magical moments. He seems to play with remote control. Even his feet are intelligent.'

freewheeling

UNFORTUNATELY the oft referred to *Handbook For Amateur Photographers* does not have a chapter on etiquette. Plenty of wordage on exposure, film speed, lighting conditions, flash photography, shutter cure, tripods and even such interesting sections as nude photography. But as I was telling you, nothing on etiquette.

So what do you say to the guy who has just dropped your trusty Nikon on the hard concrete of an Amsterdam pavement? The first thing that flashes through your mind is absolutely unprintable, especially since you can see that various parts of your favourite camera are now scattered in a three foot radius around the point of unpact. So you take a deep breath, count to ten and tell him not to worry.

A reporter on assignment is almost always accompanied by photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya who has been around long enough to act as tour guide, adviser, player, liason officer and general godfather. But it's not unusual for our staffers to carry their own cameras as well. Some of them are fairly proficient, a couple are still indignant when their efforts with Instamatics are the subject of ridicule.

Andy O'Brien who was once mistaken for an Australian photographer was highly amused when he related the incident to us. His good humour evaporated instantly when the rest of the staff pointed out, with no great tact, that he neither resembled an Australian nor did he have anything in common with a photographer.

On the verge of a ten week tour of Europe last summer he spent several hours in reference with the rest of the *Sportsworld* staff discussing the merits of various cameras. Having discarded the idea of buying a Nikon, Olympus, Yashica or Canon he decided that his limited ability would be better suited to a Hot Shot. He bought one, gave it to his mother for her birthday – and then promptly borrowed it to take abroad.

Three days before he caught the Air India flight to Frankfurt he ran into the office perspiring and in obvious panic. What was the problem we asked him? Flustered to the point of stammering, he explained that he wanted to take a *colour* camera on his trip. After we had recovered from the gales of laughter that erupted in the room we told the intrepid traveller that photographs were determined by the nature of the film and not the camera.

In O'Brien's defence it must be said that his academic qualifications topped his university where he graduated in History do not match his technical talent. It must also be added that his photographs taken in Europe were of a fairly high standard but his photographic ability has been the subject of much humour among those who work here.

But in all fairness I must add that his photography has come such a long way that we even carried one of his pictures last month. Having interviewed Mushtaq Ali in Indore he used dictaphone and camera with equal proficiency and when the stories went to press the photograph on the opening page bore the unmistakable stamp of a man who knows everything there is to know about cameras.

Much of his knowledge has been gleaned from his friend and mentor Subhash Sarcar. The latter's father was an accomplished photographer and despite assertion by the genial Subhash that he has inherited his father's art he has not been able to convince us entirely that his pictures will be snapped up by the editors of Time Life Publications. A couple of his shots have been used in this magazine, one of them in colour but to date not one of us has actually seen him handle a camera.

In his defence it must be added that his photographs taken in Europe were of a fairly high standard



Andy O'Brien

Mudar Patherya, no slouch with a typewriter is by far the most accomplished cameraman among us. Of his numerous photographs published on our pages the most memorable were those taken on his 1982 tour of Pakistan. Zaheer Abbas running in at Rawalpindi after his 99th first class century was not swift enough to elude the camera toting Patherya. He was also alert enough to catch General Zia shaking hands with Fatehsingh Rao Gaekwad at an official function industrious enough to get Sunil Gavaskar and Noor Jehan to pose together, opportunistic enough to take a poignant picture of refugee Afghan children playing an impromptu game of cricket at the last border town before the Khyber Pass.

The arty photographer among us is Suprakash Ghoshal who hoots such stupendous sights as mountain sunrises and beach sunsets but occasionally condescends to point his lens in the direction of his irreverent colleagues. Pradeep Paul more at home on a Honda Turbo is proficient enough with a camera to have done the photography for a 1984 feature on the G V Raja Sports School in Kerala but he almost came a cropper when he tried unloading the camera and almost ruined the undeveloped film.

I suppose I'd better not say too much or they'll tell you how I shot 36 photographs in Goa last summer only to realise too late that there was no film in my camera. And talking of which I'm now looking for a new model to replace the Nikon that shattered in Holland and I must remember to take Andy O'Brien with me.

After all it's a colour camera I need.

David McMahon

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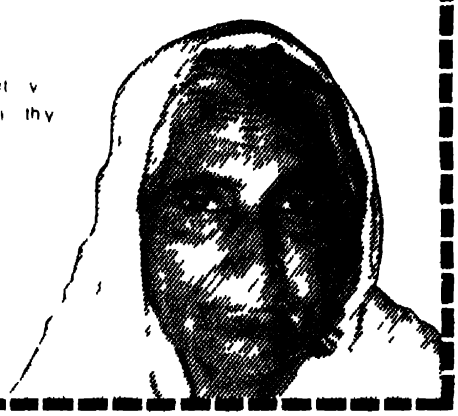
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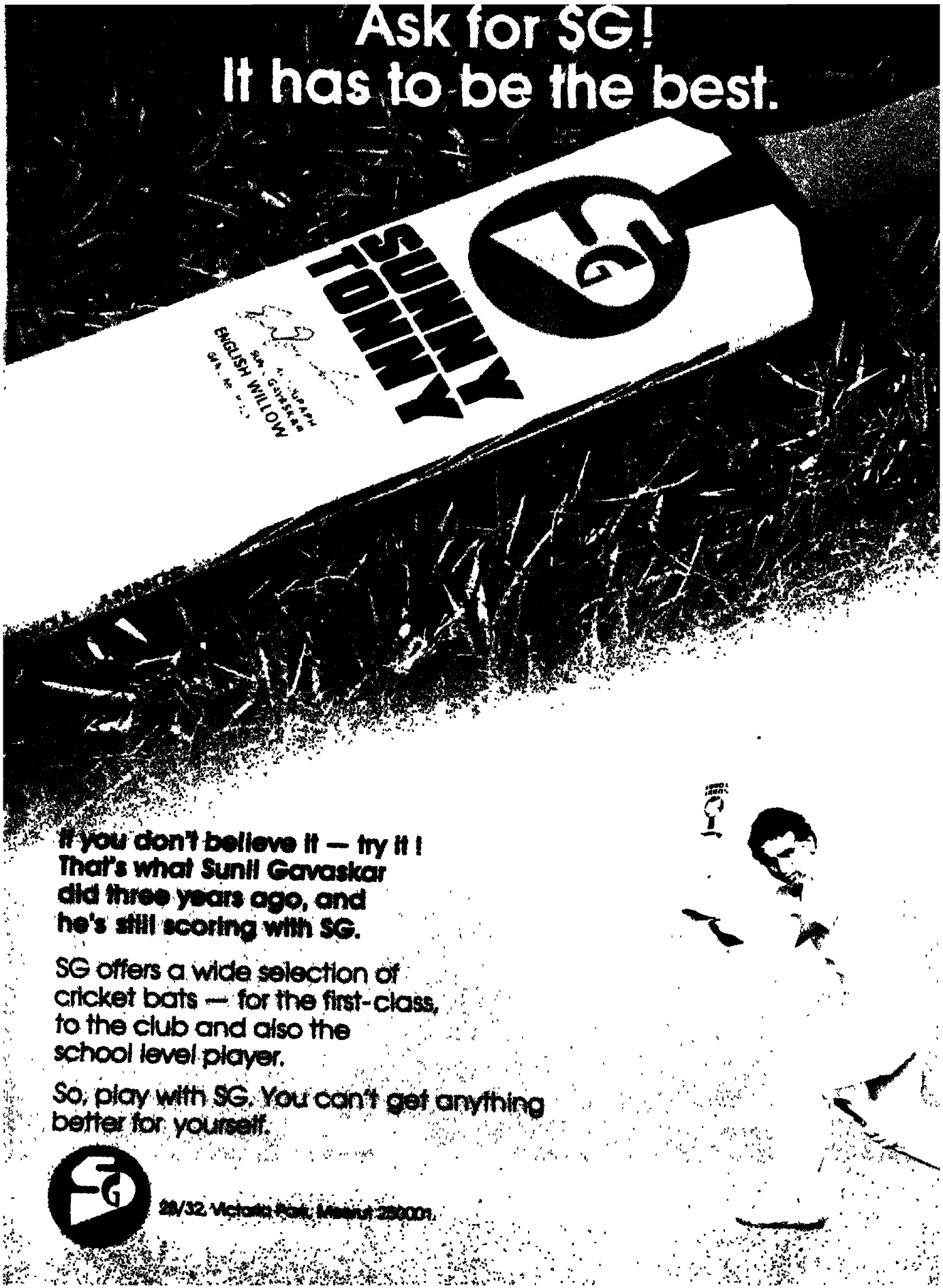
Should Usha base herself in the USA?

Sportstar



Gavaskar's 33rd hundred is literally a gem of an innings

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Sportsworld

VOLUME VIII ISSUE 1 *AN ANANDA BAZAR PATRIKA PUBLICATION* Rs 4 00
29 OCT-4 NOV 1986

People call me the Little Monster

Sunil Gavaskar talks to Lokesh Sharma about his relationship with Kapil Dev Srikkanth s effect on his batting his attitude to the game and what the press should and should not write about



Dear Usha

Pradeep Paul writes a letter straight from the heart to P T Usha asking her if she is thinking of moving to the United States to train in her bid to win an Olympic medal for her country



The storm blows over

Sandeep Patil speaks to Rahul Chardawarkar about his sudden retirement and about some of the more famous practical jokes he played on his teammates



Cover photograph by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Editor Ma rAl Kh n Pataud

Associate Editor Dav d McMa o **Editorial Staff** Ha p k t Ch ra M dı Pathe ya (I ve An I wOH e F ker
Cor espondent Madras F a ab Ba cha d
Staff Photographer N k I Bha tha hary
Art Director Bp G h **Staff Designers** Sartos Dutta Al Akba Mrza



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Congrats Sunny

MY heartiest congratulations to Sunil Gavaskar for his invaluable 33rd century in the recent Bombay Test. And who says that he chases records? If at all he wanted to chase records he would have got bogged down and scored a century in Madras at a time when India needed quick runs to force a win. But he sacrificed a century which if he had achieved would have been a unique record as Gavaskar would have been the only person to score a century in his 100th consecutive Test. As is evident Gavaskar sacrificed his wicket and tried to force the pace after tea on the fifth day. Congrats Little master for proving the critics wrong, and I wish you keep serving India for a long time to come.

A. BEHRAM
Bombay

It's cricket, gentlemen

WHILE I agree that the tied result of the Madras Test was a fitting end considering the sporting spirit exhibited by both captains after recalling that the historic event was marred by such downright unsporting and petty behaviour by the Australian and by its own novice Chetan Sharma.

The villains of the piece were undoubtedly the mercurial Greg Matthews and rookie keeper Ian Zoehrer who did everything on the field that would better have been done in some slum side street game back home.

The self confessed pure Matthews would have done well to restrict himself to bowling the accurate spin and dummy good wicket but the cats whispers that he must think he is made him resort to all kind of gimmicks and actions on the field which may have certainly won him some female fans but went down badly with any cricket loving knowledgable. His action of jumping and pointing towards the pavilion every batsman who got out was in particularly bad taste and spirit.

Zoehrer and Sharma got into a cheap display of gamesmanship which should certainly call for a serious reprimand from their respective Boards.

Finally how is it that every incident of bad behaviour on the field usually involves an Australian and a player from one of the other cricketing nations?

ABHIJIT ROY
New Delhi

To hell with mediocrity

WE are not happy with the Indian victory by a margin of 3-2 in the recently concluded one day International series against the visiting Australians. We believe India had the potential to clinch the series at least 4-1. But experiments with unworthy probables and unnecessary shuffling in the team not only reduced the margin of victory but also shattered the hopes of enthusiasts. Undoubtedly the selectors and Board of Cricket Control lack foresightedness. As none can deny that one dayers are what future cricket is all about.

Nowadays we read a lot about professionalism in cricket and see how the greats try hard to maintain peak form. But in the search for substitutes selectors often include new faces reshuffle the line up sidelining the aces imbalance the teams strength. This is sheer injustice to the national heroes and national prestige too. Mediocres like R.P. Singh and Rajinder Singh Ghai completely failed to impress.

After the Asiad debacle enquiry commissions will be formed and tons of paper will be wasted. But nothing will improve unless evils like nepotism and favourism are completely uprooted from the sports arena.

PRADYUT BANERJEE
JOYDEV TIWARI
LAKSHMIKANTHAN
SARITA KUDVA
Guwahati

Congrats to the Indian umpires

ONCE again Indian umpires proved that they are the best umpires in the world of cricket. They proved that they are far better umpires than Australian umpires. They have done a good job in the present Test series and one day international matches between Australia and India. My congratulations to the Indian umpires.

DEBANJAN DEB
Jabalpur

World XI

MY World XI in one day international cricket would be as follows:

1 Sunil Gavaskar
2 Gordon Greenidge
3 David Gower
4 Vivian Richards
5 Allan Border
6 Ian Botham
7 Kapil Dev
8 Imran Khan
9 Richard Hadlee
10 Malcolm Marshall
11 Jeffrey Dujon
12th man Martin Crowe

It would be a good idea to make two World XIs and make them play a series of matches. It would be a feast of good cricket and big money too!

A. RIAZUDDIN
New Delhi

Positively, not positive

THE deliberate and ungamely use of delaying tactics while bowling first in one day Internationals is sportsmanship at its worst. If only 47 overs were bowled in Jaipur, Srinagar and Hyderabad Kapil made sure that only 45 overs were bowled in Delhi. Perhaps Mr Kapil Dev would be kind enough to tell us what exactly he means by POSITIVE CRICKET about which he so often talks about. We cricket lovers are deprived of possible cricket and it is really annoying to watch the deliberately slowed proceedings which quell the very spirit of the game. Lets hope for positive cricket from now on at least after all we can only hope.

N.A. SHASHIKIRAN
Coimbatore

"Contradiction"

REGARDING the number of spectators in the stadium on the first day of the 3rd cricket Test match played in Bombay is remaining, but confusing to me and perhaps to many like me.

According to one of the commentators the attendance on the first hour of the match was around 4 to 5 thousand but during the second hour the figure stood around 10 thousand. But according to another person in the commentators' base the number was estimated to be around 20 thousand. When someone else told us that the people watching the game were scattered and that is why the figure appears inflated. But again it was contradicted and the final figure remained 20 thousand.

Now from this type of comment from the commentator base it makes it clear that either the person concerned are biased or incapable of assessing the approximate number of attendance.

D.K. CHOUDHURY
BOMBAY

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Akshara H·360 APT

Gossip Wallah

THE Press boycotted the BCCI dinner on 18 October in honour of Sunil Gavaskar and Dilip Vengsarkar. The invitation cards were handed out selectively. The press took offence and stayed away.

When the BCCI president was intimated of this slip up, he is believed to have retorted: Well we can't invite everyone, can we? Things reached boiling point when *Mid day* carried a news item concerning the lapse. Following this, the BCCI secretary Ranbir Singh and K. Rungta were seen doing the Press Box rounds with their apologies. *Dubara aisi galti nahi hogi*, the latter said.

But the Press stayed away as decided. Witnesses later testified how the BCCI members had hawked the dinner cards for Rs 50 each. Confusion mounted at the dinner, the most embarrassing aspect of a memorable evening being a large number of guests who went on chatting, oblivious of the speaker's speech.

Gavaskar was presented with a diamond studded 32 inch plate in commemoration of his centuries. "Well, I have now put the Board in a quandary by getting my 33rd," he said with an impish smile after having scored 103.

THAT night, Gavaskar made a short speech. It is a great honour to be felicitated by the Board," he said. "The only problem now is that I will not be able to keep this award at home, but in a bank," he remarked.

THE diamond studded salver valued at Rs 1,50,000 was prepared in Madras. It was flown down personally by S. Sriraman, Board president. In Bombay the award was deposited with a bank. The day it was supposed to be presented to Gavaskar, it was kept in the Bombay Cricket Association office under armed vigilance. It is understood that the Board took back the memento to affix the 33rd Wankhede inspired diamond. The award will be flown back to the Madras based jeweller who will affix yet another gem without upsetting the overall design.

THE Madras Test between India and Australia sparked off quite a few umpiring controversies. When it was revealed that one of the umpires for the Ahmedabad one day international, Mukul Gopal Mukherjee is a judge of the Calcutta High Court, one Indian player remarked: "I am God. If we don't agree with him in any decision we will be able to file a case at the ground itself."

THERE were quite a few banners at the Wankhede Stadium during the Test match. The best were: "Kangaroos on the hop and India wins it will remain world champion." Did you notice others which I missed?

WAS Border in charge of the Australians or was Boon? In Ahmedabad Boon was the first to run up to the umpire and confront him after Madan Lal had been recalled to the crease. Someone went as far as to ask Bobby Simpson about this. At first he refused to comment. Later he said: "Boon is a great patriot. I suppose that partly explains why he is at the centre of trouble in no time."

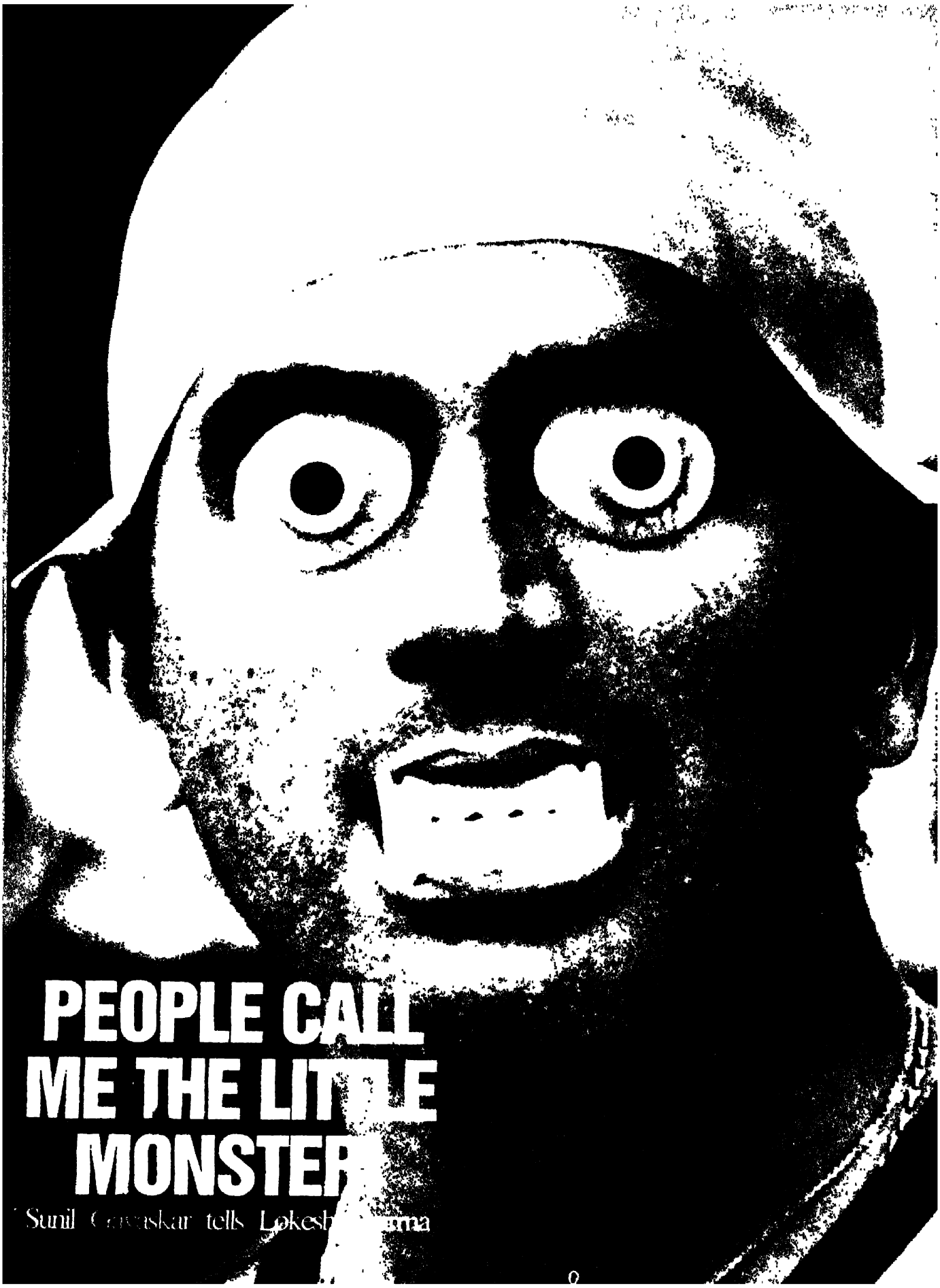
KAPIL Dev bowled probably his fewest overs for an international series. What is the reason for this. Various theories have been attempted. One: that he is suffering from a serious knee bad injury which is not allowing him to go flat out. The selectors are of the common that Kapil Dev is extremely tired. One of them made a point: Kapil only bowled six overs on the first day. He ought to have told the selectors that he was unfit. It could have given us the chance to test Shastri as skipper in Kapil's absence. I think we will have to speak to him about it.

27 September was the last day in office of the selection committee under Chandu Borde. The meeting in Madras, meanwhile the Delhi was being played, replaced Hyde with Himmat Singh as the new chairman. On 28 September as news of the newly formed selection committee filtered in, a senior Board official approached Chandu Borde and asked him to vacate his hotel room. Borde did not waste a minute, he checked out and took the first flight to Pune. I wonder what the same official was doing when three Indian reserves were unfit and yet not given matching orders before the Bombay Test.

KAPIL DEV's second and updated auto biography is ready for release. *Captain Crusader* which was to have been released by *The Hindu* the deal fell through is now to be published by Allied Publishers. As many as nine chapters it is rumoured have been candidly written on the Gavaskar Kapil relationship. The inner circle feel that it is going to be more hard hitting than *By God's Decree*. The things one cricketers do.

THE knighthood may have eluded Gavaskar, no citizen of the republic can be called Sir, but the master batsman has been approached by the University of Annamalai Madras wanting to confer on him an honorary doctorate degree. Gavaskar it is believed has agreed to accept. Here's address me as Dr. Sunil Gavaskar in your next letter," he jokingly told me. Indian press summoned by Acomplete day later in Andhra Pradesh University abled him with the same request asking if they could confer the *Kala Prapurna* on him.

Fly on the wall



PEOPLE CALL ME THE LITTLE MONSTER

Sunil Gavaskar tells Lokesh Sharma



SPORTSWORLD You have been playing Test cricket for 15 years What has been the major motivation—money fame record or some kind of an internal satisfaction?

GAVASKAR Believe it or not the single major motivation has been the honour of representing the country Like every youngster when I was in school I dreamt of representing the country I think everything, else records money or anything else comes later First of all you want to represent your country In fact you will give anything to achieve that You would perhaps even spend out of your pocket before you become a recognised player

Believe it or not, the single major motivation has been the honour of representing the country (and not money, fame, records or some internal satisfaction)

Even when you are booed out of the field?

Yes! You are still lucky to be in the 12 from amongst millions and millions of your countrymen And why should you not be booed when you have let down people? If you expect applause from people then you should also be man enough to take the booing But you definitely react badly Nobody likes to be booed

What when you are pelted with stones and rotten fruit? (Gavaskar and his wife Marshneil were pelted with rotten fruit in the Eden Gardens Test against the West Indies in 1983)

You react badly to that Being pelted with stones and rotten fruit is not correct Let's face it the crowds have paid to watch cricket They have not paid anything to invade the dignity of another person I am not only speaking on behalf of the players You can find people from the upper tiers throwing things at the crowd below Those who cannot enjoy watching cricket should do something else and not make life miserable for those who enjoy it

Even when you were unceremoniously sacked (and then reinstated) for no justifiable reason just before the start of the series against Australia it didn't bother you Even now you think representing the country is the main motivation for you

Absolutely Representing the country is the greatest thing, Look what else can I do? What am I supposed to do Cricket is the only thing I know I am not a doctor if I don't get a patient then I switch over to another patient

Agreed cricket is everything for you But there surely must be other ways of deriving satisfaction For instance by perfecting your technique

That is what everybody tries to do If you cannot perfect your game then you can at least try to get

better There is always room for perfection In cricket nobody can turn around and say that he is a master

You can claim to be the Little Master

Well I [illegible] then on [illegible] all me the [illegible] ter You a [illegible] master it t[illegible] You are al[illegible] w[illegible] t do better N[illegible] Sir Garry Sobers [illegible] nversally acknow[illegible] I is the greatest ter we considered a [illegible] ter

You have played 116 Tests Does the milestone of 10 000 runs hold any special meaning for you

No I am too far away from that at the moment When I get closer to it may be 100 runs away then it starts playing on your mind At the moment it is one 600 runs away I may tell myself that I can get Certain target then than I continue merely pressurising myself When you suddenly become aware of another record one half of your mind is shouting Don't play that shot' Don't play that shot As a result your reaction to a suitable delivery is not as positive as it should be

I once broke my knee and could never play football again with the same thrust Have you ever felt that something that you could do before years ago is now requires a greater effort

I like everything to be a challenge There are lapses in concentration and certain faults in technique that have crept in over the years Maybe I have also become lazier I suppose the challenge to this become greater now At the end of the day a case of distraction creeps in whether you have made runs against the West Indians or a school boy attack you know that a 100 is a 100

For example the shot you got out to in the first innings at Madras caught and bowled Matthews would you have played it a few years ago

I doubt it A few years ago I didn't have Srikkanth as my partner He has this electrifying effect on me when you see him playing him so freely it gets your adrenalin going Another reason was that since the field was in I plotted shot was on It hit the bottom of my bat and I lofted back to Matthews Maybe if it had hit the bat three inches higher I would have got runs off it

It must have been frustrating

Yes till I removed my leg guards You feel you have let yourself the team and the spectators down



Srikkanth has this electrifying effect on me; when you see him playing so freely, it gets your adrenalin going

So you have no regrets failing to score a hundred at what people call the Mecca of Cricket?

I think perhaps, the only thing which will bother me when I hang to my boots is that I have not scored a century in Sri Lanka I have scored a century against them but not in Sri Lanka I have scored a century in every country That is what I may regret and not missing a hundred at Lords

You have played 116 Tests and broken numerous records Does 10 000 runs still have some meaning for you? Or has your appetite been whetted by the countless records?

Not at the moment I think it is too far away at the moment When you get closer to it when you are hundred odd runs away then it could begin to mean something But at the moment it is still 600 700 runs away and I can't see myself saying well that is a target Having targets except say telling your self to score a century is putting more pressure on yourself Because in trying to reach the target one part of your mind limits your actions Your mind keeps telling you don't play this shot don't play this stroke

Fifteen years ago it could have been a matter of just four Tests?

(Laughs) Well if one can have a good series then again it could be a matter of just few Tests You average 100 runs a Test not necessarily 100 runs an innings and you get through

I was coming to a related issue Does the fact that the things which you could do so effortlessly a couple of years ago have become difficult now bother you?

I take it as a challenge Now all these factors are coming in There are lapses in concentration sometimes there are flaws in techniques and also I am sure the reflexes must have slowed down These are all factors which make the challenge greater The challenge is to try and overcome these factors

Is it as satisfying?

Yes at the end of the day I'll tell you one thing whether you score runs against the West Indies or against a school side a century is a century It is very satisfying

As you said that at times there is a lapse in your concentration do you think you would have played the shot which you did today (at Mohali in the first innings) a few years ago?

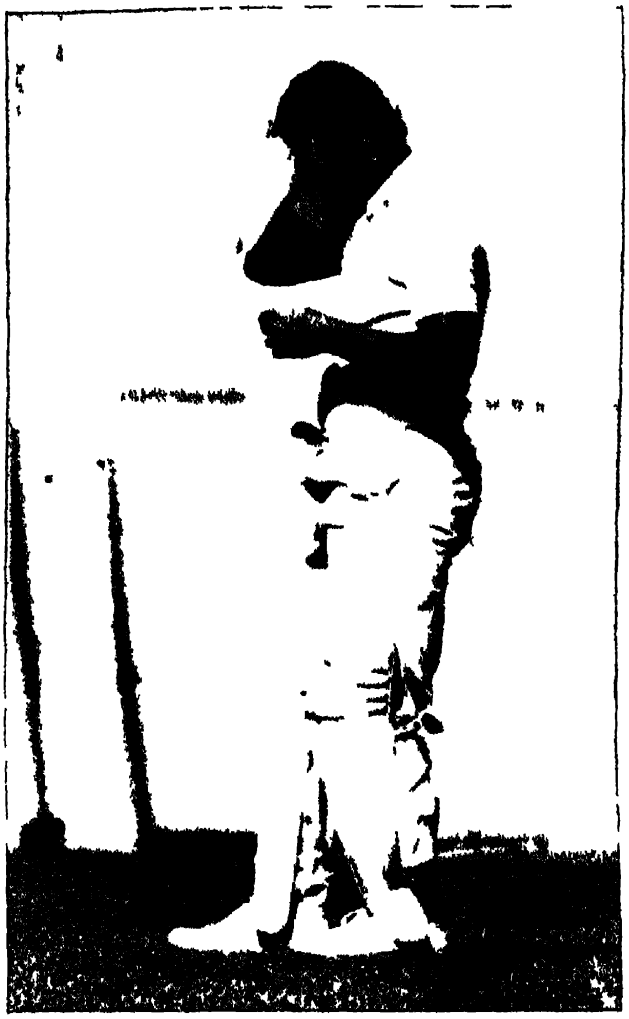
(Smiling) I doubt it Mind you a few years ago I did not have Sukkhi with me as my partner He has had this electrifying effect on me When you see him playing so freely it does affect you It gets your adrenalin flowing and you also try to play attacking strokes Matching him stroke for stroke would not be possible

Coming to the long season ahead (Australia Sri Lanka and Pakistan tour) do you think it will be beneficial for the side More so when you have the toughest series at the end

Well so far as things stand the series against Australia is finishing by 20 October Thereafter there is going to be a break till January when we play Pakistan

But there is the series against Sri Lanka in between and also a tournament in Sharjah

The Sri Lanka series has not yet been cleared Even if we play them in December it will leave us with two months



Creating targets other than a century is merely pressuring yourself

Do you think this rushed playing conditions affected the performance of bowlers like Irfan Pathan and Munaf Patel

Where I think our spinners have really suffered is one day cricket We have played a lot of it and you don't really give the ball much air You try to bowl tight The idea is not take wickets but to cut down on runs That's why people like Sivy who had a natural loop and Munaf suffered Munaf's just about getting back They have become restrictive rather than destructive bowlers

Don't you think domestic cricket also suffers because of so much international cricket This means that while the people at the top level get all the attention the others literally have to beg for it

I couldn't agree more with you There should be a break from international cricket for one season where there is total concentration on domestic cricket That way you will have your top players participating in local tournaments and giving an opportunity for the juniors to learn It raises the level of the competition and suddenly you have a more realistic assessment of performances Otherwise when the Test players are away others score a lot of runs or take many wickets That perhaps does not indicate a realistic performance I feel the Board should have an off season when only domestic cricket is played

I suppose it creates two levels of competition

Yes in a way it does The concentration required for domestic games is not the same as for international matches Rather it is not always there

You were accused of skipping a Ranji game last season How much does domestic cricket mean to you?

I had made my intention clear that I didn't like the idea of blocking place Domestic games are the ideal occasion to try out promising youngsters If I am going through a poor phase then and only then does it become essential for me to make it for domestic games As for the particular game that you are referring to the Board had changed the dates for that game and since I had to keep my word for an international commitment which I had made previously I thought it right to keep word and therefore miss the match

Is getting riled a matter of great pride with you



tion or a sense of power

I don't think it gives you a sense of power. You're dropped, you're dropped.

Then you're recalled with folded hand.

It is a fulfilment of a dream. Playing for India is a continuous dream. The circumstances if you start thinking about them will affect your performances.

But can you become so mechanical that each time you pad up and go out you leave behind your emotions.

Yes. I think I do.

You can get so mechanical.

Absolutely. Not really mechanical but it becomes a matter of habit. You forget about everything else and just bat as it is ball against the bat. That's my specialty, batting. Perhaps I would be under greater pressure if I was a bowler. Then I will have to bowl as well as bat.

If you cannot perfect your game then you can at least try to get better. There is always room for perfection. In cricket nobody can turn around and say that he is a master.

Do you really regret failing to score a hundred at Lord's?

I don't think so. I never really vibed with Lord's. The first time on the tour of England in 1971 everybody was saying Lord's, Lord's, Lord's. I was really looking forward to seeing Lord's. What I saw was disappointing. Maybe it was grey that day. Whatever. The ground was sloping from one end to another, there were a lot of people at the gates and at the pavilion entrance. Everybody was tense, nobody. I just didn't vibe with it. I like an atmosphere where there is a lot of life.

You have been a captain for a number of tests. How would you describe the techniques, playing, under someone else.

It is very easy. It's not as if I started my cricket career as a captain. I had played under people. So very good and play under someone else.

But it always is easier to be a leader than a follower.

Yes, in a way. But in the sense what really happens is that you are not with it the responsibility factor. You are, but you are used to it without them. To give you a simple example, if it is a question of practice in the morning, and if the weather is uncertain, it is the manager and captain who sit at the ground to see if the wicket is in good shape. The others just lounge around. If there is an official reception the captain has to go even if he is dead tired.

Seeing captaincy against the backdrop of these responsibilities and pressures, don't you think Kapil Dev got it a little too early?

I think he got it against the wrong team. I don't think he got it early. You have the example of Tiger Pataudi.

But he himself said that he wasn't keen on captaincy at that time.

Pataudi captained when he was 20 or 21. He went on to captain for 10 odd Test matches. Age is not all. I suppose it is how mature a cricketer you are.

What is your opinion on cricketers writing books and columns. You have been in the forefront of it all.

I have written four. So you can say that I have been in the forefront.

But doesn't this create misunderstanding? Should peo



ple write on subjects which are not directly related to teammates or would they be doing an injustice to themselves and the game if they just touched on the subject superficially

Frankly speaking, it depends on each individual how he tackle that particular responsibility of writing. I think there is some merit in not letting a player report on a current match in Madras. There were heated exchanges on the field. You would if any player was reporting today game for a newspaper his view on that subject at 5.30 p.m. are going to be angry. If he has the whole night to think about it and write it could be different as he could have cooled down. His view could be different if he was to write a day later. I think there is also some merit in the Board not letting the players writing?

What about books?

The books come out at the end of a season. I have written two books on occasions previous. They have been released the following season by which time the things that have happened are old hat and don't really bother you.

But enough to revive the bad feeling.

Yes but then you see it is a person's view. If he is going to beat around the bush then he is not doing justice to himself.

Why should you not be booed if you have let down people? If you expect applause from people, then you should also be man enough to take the booing

Even you flared up when Kapil Dev's book said some things about you not played for the side.

Well I had not flared up in that sense. I did not even see a copy of the book. In fact I came to know about it from a lot of other people who kept ringing up to say 'Keep your cool.' And I said 'I keep my cool about what?' Then they said that such and such thing has happened. I just wanted to know what had happened. And then I was told that it was not what Kapil had written. It was his co-author who had ghosted the stuff about me. Kapil and he was taking him to court. So there was no question of me reacting to it. These reports about me flaring up was a bit of nonsense.

Don't you think a lot has been made of your supposed differences with Kapil?

Absolutely. I think differences exist in every family. Why pick on a cricket team which has people coming from different areas and different backgrounds. There are bound to be differences.

With whom really does the fault lie?

The fault lies with everybody. You can't say that it lies with me or Kapil or the media. The fault lies with everybody, even all the people who read it. Why should one report such things? One should just report what is happening on the field instead of looking into nooks and corners and investigating whether A is speaking to B or B is speaking to C. We are a country which has diverse cultures. There will always be problems.

It is very natural of writers reporting activities of players off the field. Cricketers are not just playing cricket. They are also modelling, writing and are above all celebrities.

I understand the public curiosity. I appreciate it. But I would prefer if people would still restrict themselves to the game, leave the dressing room intrigues alone.

Contd

GENIUS, WOULD YOU SAY?

BOMBAY is a great place to report a Test match. A zippy 80 mph along Marine Drive at 9.30 am bumping into someone who you later realise is a veteran ... relaxed walk for a Chinese buffet lunch at 12.05 pm and ... party or the theatre in the evening. Having ... watched Gavaskar ... his 33rd ... and Shastri hit more than any Indian in ... you can take your ... home. Imagine that perf... it would not have been ... and all the ... lunch ... after all.

But, much as I have always felt that it ... travesty of the game that even after watching five days of cricket two teams can still fail to emerge with a result. Fancy being a witness to an ... 200 runs a ... after hour when ... highlights are for ... defensive —when a ... later you can turn ... watch a limited overs ... where 500 runs are ... in a single day.

Yet the more enlightened scribes hurr... greying while I am only 23 ... to get the picture clear ... maintain that Test cricket is the *real thing*.

Real thing. As if implying that limited overs cricket has been the greatest tactical blunder perpetrated on the game. The Test match cult in India on the other hand appears to be gradually dying. The red signals were seen immediately after the Third Test in Madras. Ticket sales on the graph in Delhi even before the meteorologists report had predicted the deluge would have plotted a steep incline.

In Bombay two fixtures— India versus West Indies limited overs game on 9 October and India versus Australia Test match 15-19 October— highlighted the shift in public taste. The Wankhede Stadium recorded a capacity crowd for the first match spectators who had overflowed in one stand had to be escorted to another for an equitable distrubution. For the Test match starting less than a week away there were hardly 5,000 spectators at the start.

YES but what has that got to do with the Bombay Test you may ask. Apart from the fact that one of the senior journalists sitting beside me went to sleep each day during the Test another missed an entire session on the last day— I saw it on the TV —another who kept training his binoculars at the Vijay Merchant Stand and yours sincerely who missed the last hour's play



Bat aloft, the 'Nike' headband conspicuous, Gavaskar acknowledges the century cheers.



Non-striker Vengsarkar looking for a UFO? Well, merely following four of Shastri s sixes

to get to Santa Cruz in time A W O I you could say But Test cricket these days is permitting us folks the facility of taking liberties—and getting away with it

But can I be accused of an overreaction Accused of underplaying the value of Test cricket? Accused of consigning the Bombay Test to the garbage bin of history? Perhaps

The Bombay Test wasn t as much of a kill joy as you might have got the impression If more than six wickets had fallen on the last day before the start of the mandatory overs and Australia still behind the sum total required to make India bat again the bookies would have had different calculations on hand After Madras everyone expected something happen on that final day Almost as if out of habit after having been fed on a diet of limited overs matches Having set up great expectations of a thrilling finish a reasonable end was viewed as a time draw A the cliche goes

Gavaskar s 33rd Test century at the Wankhede Stadium was more like a papal address at the Vatican A hundred at his home ground did have a special meaning for him I was more determined than usual he admitted in a television interview Kishore Bhimani of *The Statesman* sitting close by in the press box said *Century puccha* when Gavaskar was middling them in the 20s

The 103 was one of the better innings that Gavaskar has played At no stage did he look like losing control When Matthews had reduced the Indians on the third day into indolent submission Gavaskar started with a square drive past point for four Next ball he took a *chasse* down the wicket and lifted Matthews over mid on for four The third ball ditto The ball swirled in the air before it

DRAWN OR ABANDONED?

THE way the Bombay Test came to an end at Wankhede Stadium earned Allan Border and Kapil Dev no friends After the conclusion of the fourth of the 20 mandatory overs the spectators saw the strange sight of the players walking back to the pavilion Despite repeated requests by the umpires the players declined to continue with the match!

The 1980 Code of Cricket Laws is very clear on this issue The emphasis is on the word mandatory Teams have to play a minimum of 20 overs in the last hour of a first-class match unless of course the fitness of ground conditions change between innings and similar other statutory obligations crop up

It was quite inconceivable that men like Border and Kapil would take the Laws into their own hands It is indeed strange that these are the same captains who only a few days ago were sermonising about the players' duty to the paying spectators As it is the crowds have stopped coming to Test matches, now if the performers of an entertainment industry are to hold the crowds to ransom, one can well imagine the effect that it will have on the youngsters who wish to emulate their cricket heroes

There appears to be a widespread misconception that a match can be called off at the end of the 10th mandatory over Far from it No such rule exists It is only a convention that began in English county cricket, where captains mutually agree along with the umpires to stop the game after the 10th over since they need to travel to other county grounds for the next day's match Since only a handful come to watch county cricket this practice has proved successful in England

If a proper interpretation is made of the Laws the Test match at Bombay should be considered to be abandoned

What would make it unique is that this is for the first time a Test match was abandoned with the players refusing to play Board vice president Sunil Dev rightly maintained, "The crowd should not have been treated this way"

Rajiv Mukherjee

O MANAGER!

THE Press in Bombay seemed peeved at the way manager EAS Prasanna went about his duties during the series against Australia. A few of them registered their complaints.

DICKY RUTNAGUR, *Amrita Bazar Patrika*: "Prasanna did a poor job during the series against Australia. It was abysmal even during the series in Australia when Venkat was the manager. The main complaint against Prasanna is that he seldom came to the Press box. In this connexion, I must mention that Hanumant Singh did a very good managerial job in the West Indies in 1982-83, he was very cooperative and trustworthy."

KISHORE BHIMANI, *The Statesman*: "Among the duties of the manager is overseeing the welfare of the team on and off the field, acting as the liaison man and the spokesman of the team when in contact with the local associations, and most importantly his establishing a working relationship with the Press. As a result, the captain is allowed to concentrate on cricketing and strategic issues. Let me say that Test match management for the series against Australia was practically nonexistent. There was no communication between the manager and the media. As a result, TV viewers, radio listeners and the readers were deprived of necessary information at times. There was no intimation in the case of injuries or last-minute withdrawals. For example, Kapil's continued absence was not clarified till late on the second afternoon. Chetan Sharma's and Binny's withdrawals were met with evasive answers even though the players had been known to have withdrawn. I think the best cricket manager we have had has been Raj Singh. At Lord's even on the coldest of days he would make several trips to the Press and commentary boxes.

L P SAHI, *The Telegraph*: "The manager is there to look after the comfort of the players in general. But I feel that he should also be around to keep the media supplied with the latest information required in order to scotch all speculation. At Delhi when Chetan Sharma limped off the field, I went to Prasanna to seek a clarification on whether it was a muscle pull. 'Back problem hai na?' he asked me. I mean he didn't know! There were cases of doubtful fitness in Bombay too, but there was no word till late from Prasanna about it at all. In this connection, Raj Singh did an excellent job in Pakistan in 1981. Venkat was fairly competent in Sharjah last year too. A manager should compulsorily be in the Press box 15 minutes after the close of each day's play. But it seems that managers for home series are more concerned about players' complimentary tickets and distributing them! Raj Singh is easily the best of the managers we have in India."

Gavaskar couldn't be bothered by mere decibel power



bounced once, then disappeared beyond the playing area. From 11 to 55 in three balls. Jim Zoehrer and Geoff Marsh, short leg, watched the high priest in quiet admiration.

I wonder what they thought of him when they stood there on the afternoon of 1 October, all eyes turned in him as Gavaskar took off his cap, fixed it on top of his bat, already aloft and turned to wend the pavilion. Meanwhile the tadum thundered.

Shastri turned plodder at the bulges. He slowed down before getting to his fifty and appeared to be conscious of his century as he neared it. I hadn't got one for almost two years. That is what bogged me down, he confessed. One of Shastri's fifties will remain in memory. Reid over the wicket, dropped it a little outside the leg stump. Shastri turned to face the bowler, chest on, went down on his knee and heaved. The ball hit the D in the Mercy advertisement banner on the topmost tier of the Wankhede Stadium, over long-on's shoulder. He went on to hit six in all.

There was the Vengsarkar century. I am sorry I have exhausted the superlatives and the Marsh hundred. But something else made an impression on me during the Test. There was this particular ball from Reid, 6 ft 8½ in, to Gavaskar, 5 ft 4½ in. Bowled short. It rose. Gavaskar made contact above his head. Marsh at short leg waited expectantly. The ball dropped but did not go beyond the box of the crease. It lay motionless within two feet of Gavaskar. Genius would you say?

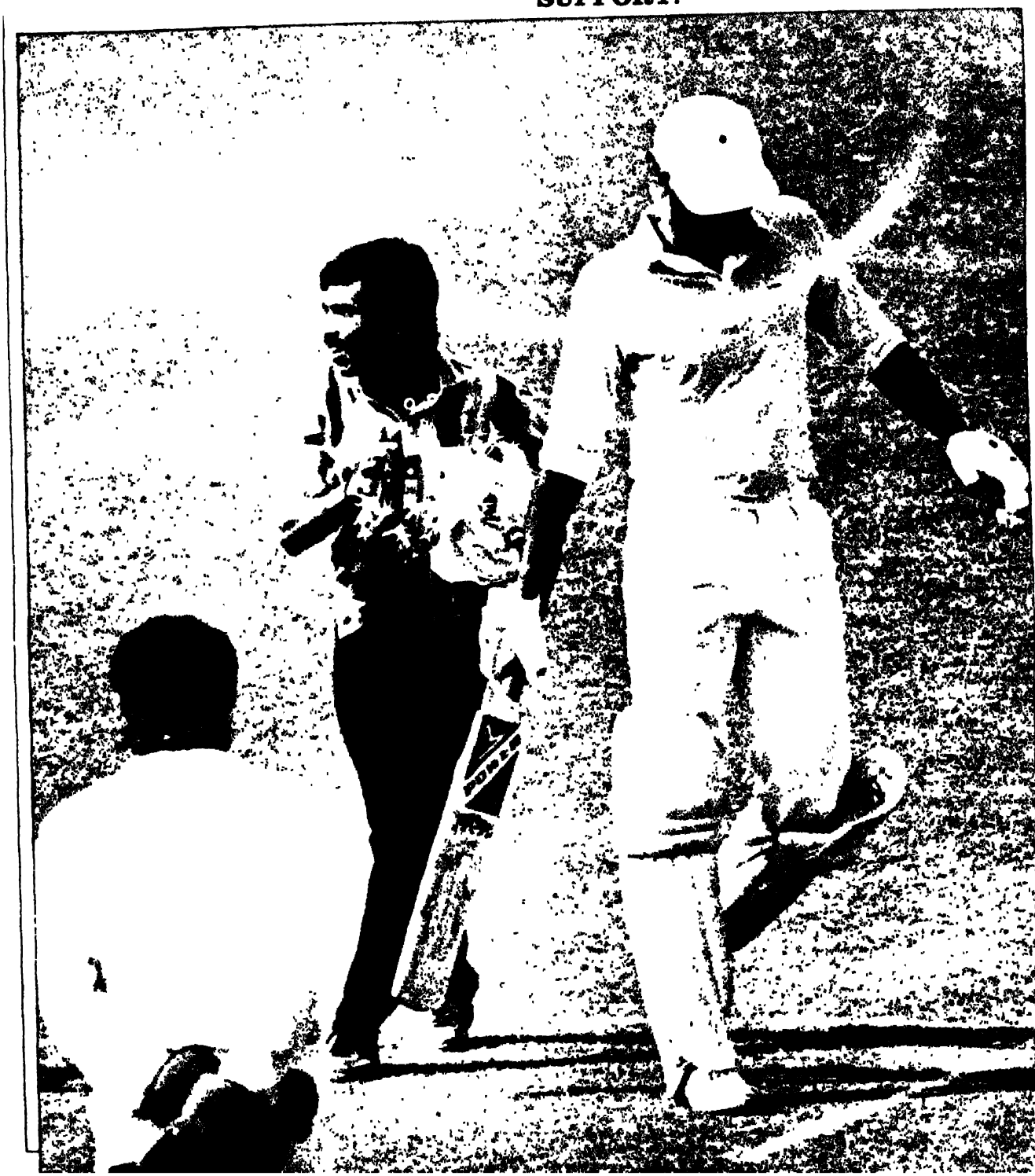
Mudar Patherya, Bombay

BOMBAYMAN'S TEST!

All pictures of the Bombay Test by

Nikhil Bhattacharya

SHASTRI REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE GARLAND FROM AN ENTHUSIAST. SHASTRI RUNS A LEG BYE AND REMAINS ON 98. THE REJECTED INTRUDER APPEARS TO LOOKING TOWARDS THE SQUARE-LEG UMPIRE FOR MORAL SUPPORT!

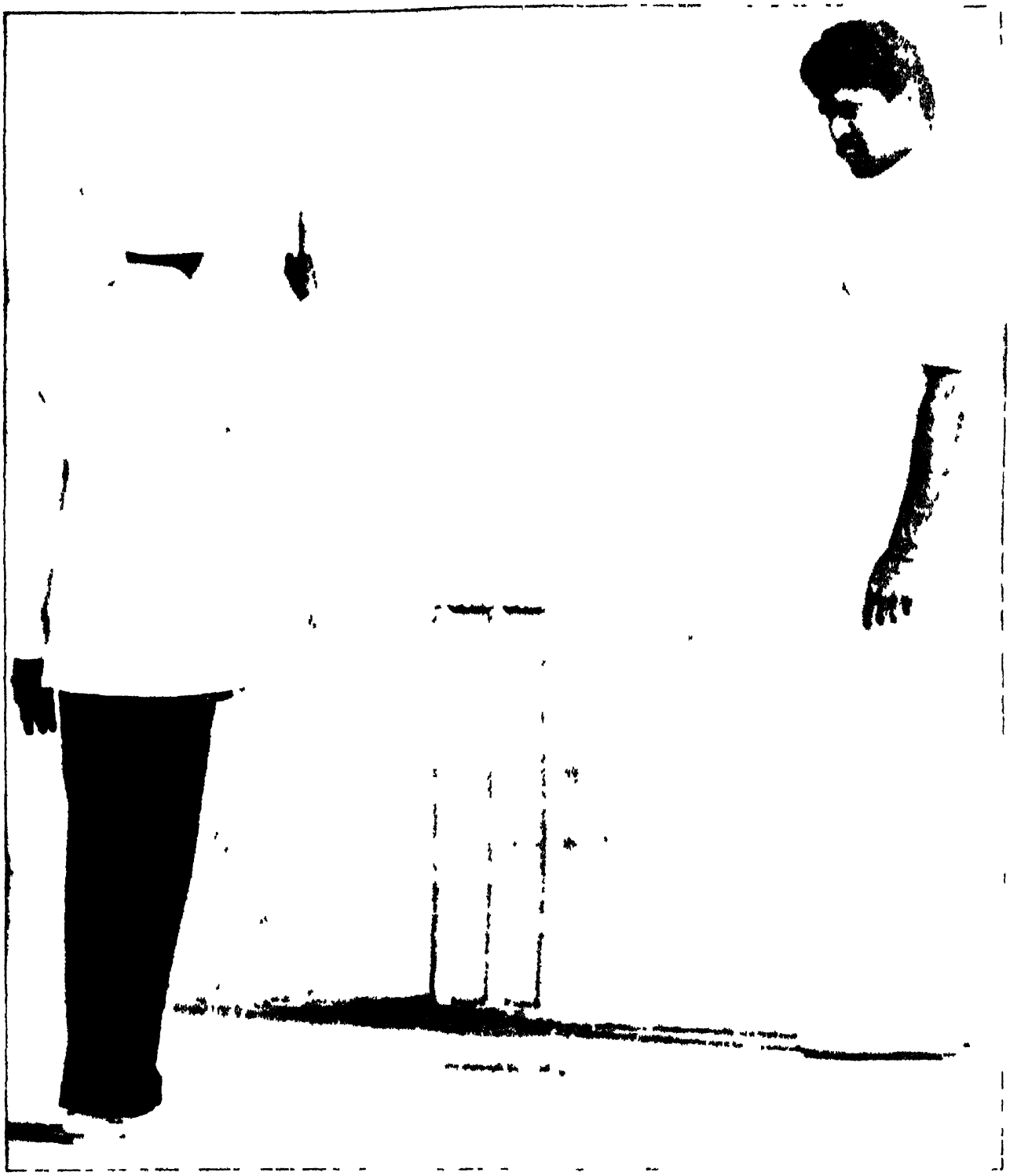




A RARE SIGHT AT TEST GROUNDS THESE DAYS. BY THE LAST DAY THE PITCH WAS TAKING REASONABLE TURN. MUCH OF THE LAST INNINGS OF THE MATCH REVOLVED AROUND THE INDIAN SPINNERS AND THE AUSTRALIAN BATSMEN. IN THE ABOVE PICTURE, JONES PREPARES A DEAD BAT.

ON A SLOW TURNER YOU ARE BOUND TO HAVE CLOSE BAT-PAD DECISIONS. SOON YOU COULD HAVE AN UMPIRING CONTROVERSY ON YOUR HANDS WITH TEMPERS FRAYING. TAKE THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW FOR EXAMPLE. IT'S A FAIRLY CONFIDENT APPEAL AGAINST JONES FOR A CATCH BEHIND OFF MANINDER SINGH.





IS THE UMPIRE GIVING KAPIL DEV OUT? OR IS HE MERELY REQUESTING HIM TO TAKE AT LEAST ONE WICKET IN THE SERIES? CRITICS SUGGESTED THAT KAPIL DEV COULD HAVE BEEN COVERING UP AN INJURY DURING THE SERIES. HE WALKED OFF DURING TE FIRST INNINGS OF THE BOMBAY TEST ON THE GROUNDS OF A STIFF BACK EARLY ON. ONE OF THE SELECTORS POINTED OUT THAT KAPIL OUGHT TO HAVE SOUNDED THEM OUT ABOUT HIS POSSIBLE LACK OF FITNESS.



THE STORM BLOWS OVER

Sandeep Patil announced his retirement from first-class cricket a couple of months ago. **Rahul Chandawarkar** dropped in at his residence and was treated to a regaling conversation

"CAN you come tomorrow at eight in the morning? It is Ananth Chaturdashi (immersion ceremony of Lord Ganesh) and since there is going to be quite a rush in the evening, I won't be able to give you too much time," said Sandeep Patil on the phone. I had met him once before in Pune in early February '86. That was just before he was recalled for the England tour this summer. Now I was going to meet him after he had announced his retirement from Test and first class cricket.

Relaxed in his white kurta pyjama outfit he ushered me in with a smile. *Boot chal til* in Marathi (Don't bother about your shoes, you can come in).

Before I could ask my first question he smiled knowingly. With the smile slowly disappearing from his expressive face he said: "It (the retirement) was by no means an overnight decision. I was thinking about it for the last two years. Look, when you have been playing cricket for the last 10 or 15 years you just cannot decide on one fine day that you want to hang your boots. It takes time to make such a big decision. There were certain reasons of course which I will come to later. In fact everybody knows these reasons by now.

After they had dropped me from the Delhi Test against Gower's team it was clearly indicated that they were not happy with me. All the rules applied only to me, not to the other members of the team. I was always an average fielder. I used to win matches on the strength of my batting ability, not fielding. But they always nagged me about my fielding. Before our tour of England this summer and after the Bangalore fitness camp they told me that if they went by coach Gurcharan Singh's report I wasn't fit to go to England. The reason being—my poor throw!

If you noticed in the first two one day games against the Aussies at Jaipur and Srinagar, two runs were comfortably being taken off very good fielders too because this does happen in one day games. But they used to get the knives out only when I was fielding.

I had enough of this nonsense and decided to quit. I had discussed the problem with my parents, my wife Deepa and even with Sunil Gavaskar and close friend Milind Rege. So en route to Gwalior to play the three day fixture against the tourists I had already made up my mind. I knew the Gwalior match

was going to be my last first-class game. As the wicket was great, I decided to hit a hundred before lunch, merely to please myself and nobody in particular. I got 64 instead and later announced my retirement.

"I do not blame the selectors nor my captain about my retirement. I thoroughly enjoyed my 29 Test match career. In fact, I am lucky to have played these many Tests. Some young and talented players don't even get a single Test to prove themselves! On an afterthought I am really very happy to have retired on a satisfactory note.

"I would have been much happier, but *pratek kachya nashibat kahina kahi thar lela asta* (everybody's fate is pre-determined) and I accept mine. Basically I am not a fighter, like Madan Lal or Jimmy Amarnath, who have made repeated comebacks. It speaks for their grit and determination. After I was dropped in the Delhi Test and there was this long two year gap in my international career, I almost gave up until they chose me for the English tour. *Maja swabhavach tasa nahi aahe* (I just don't have that kind of a determined resolution.) I am basically a happy-go-lucky guy.

"I have had a very lucky 30 years so far. I have acted in a film, made a music cassette, modelled regularly, am running a small business, enjoy my work at Nirlons, edit a sports magazine etc. I am among those who believe that man shouldn't restrict himself to any one field and that he should try his hand at all the varied fields possible. I just finished 30 years on August 18 this year, so I am still young by cricketing standards. But age alone shouldn't be the criterion. Mentally if you are not up to it, the sportsman should quit.

MY FASTEST FIVE BOWLERS

1. Jeff Thomson.
2. Malcolm Marshall.
3. Rodney Hogg.
4. Len Pascoe.
5. Imran Khan.

MY FIVE BEST FAST BOWLERS

1. Dennis Lillee.
2. Richard Hadlee.
3. Ian Botham.
4. Kapil Dev
5. Imran Khan.

MY FIVE BEST SPINNERS

1. Bishen Bedi.
2. Maninder Singh.
3. S. Venkataraghavan.
4. P. Shivalkar
5. J. Emburey

MY FIVE BEST BATSMEN

1. Gavaskar
2. G. Vishwanath
3. M. Amarnath.
4. D. Vengsarkar.
5. Greg Chappell

MY FIVE MOST RESPECTED PLAYERS

1. A. Mankad.
2. S. Gavaskar.
3. G.R. Vishwanath.
4. Madan Lal.
5. M. Amarnath and Ajit Wadekar.

MY FIVE BEST FIELDERS

1. Ekky Solkar.
2. Derek Randall.
3. David Gower.
4. M. Azharuddin.
5. Tiger Pataudi.

MY FIVE GREATEST INNINGS

1. 100 against Karnataka at Bangalore in 1982-83, when Bombay lost to the home team 'on the worst possible track'.
2. 174 versus Australia at Adelaide, 1980-81.
3. 129 not out against England at Old Trafford in 1982.
4. 100 against Tamil Nadu in the Ranji quarter final at Wankhede Stadium in 1984.
5. 51 versus Pakistan in a one-day game at Jaipur in 1983-84.

MY FIVE GREATEST MATCHES

1. World Cup, 1983.
2. 1979 Wills Trophy final, Bombay versus Delhi at Bombay.
3. Bombay versus Haryana, 1984, semi-finals, Ranji Trophy. We were down on the first innings and eventually won by 8 wickets.
4. Asia Cup final this year:*('Mia ki daad se sharma gaye').*
5. Adelaide Test in Australia, when I scored 174. We saved that match in the last 20 mandatory overs, with one wicket to go!

FIVE GREATEST INNINGS SEEN

"I don't usually watch too many cricket matches to be very frank"

1) Kapil Dev's 175 not out against Zimbabwe in the 1983 World Cup.
2) Gavaskar's 100 at Delhi against the West Indies in 1983.
3) G. Vishwanath's century at Melbourne in 1981.
4) Vengsarkar's second ton at Leeds this summer.
5) Greg Chappell's 200 in the first Test at Sydney in 1981 against India

"I am extremely loyal to the game, my team and my country. I did not want to keep playing just because there were many Tests coming up. People felt or still feel—that I ought to have stayed my retirement. That way I would have been doing grave injustice to the game. I just wasn't feeling satisfied up here (points to his head), so where was the point of persisting?

"Sportsmanship manje kay? (What is sportsmanship?) You must be able to accept defeat with a smile. I have always done so, whenever I was down or out. Retirement is also a part of this; I am not at all bitter about it.

"Injustice is meted out against everybody in every walk of life. Whether you are standing at the bus stop or in the ticket queue for a movie, at the college or at the office but this doesn't mean that a man should get discouraged. The best way would be to forget about it and go ahead with a smile."

PATIL has always been one for jokes, wisecracks and practical pranks. In fact, he has built up quite a reputation in cricketing circles. I asked him to narrate a few of these incidents. He smiled made a big fuss, then said, 'Mala the ata lagech athwat nahit' (I cannot remember them at this instance, as they are so many of them). In fact, they are so many of them that I could write a book easily!"

He eventually conceded to my needling requests. He said, "My favourite targets for pranks were Dilip Doshi, Yashpal Sharma, and Balwinder Sandhu. We were on an Indian Airlines flight to some place. Yashpal was sitting way ahead. I was at the back. Yashpal is a strict vegetarian. I called the air-hostess and told her to go up to

Yashpal and tell him that there was no vegetarian diet on board and that he would have to eat non vegetarian food Yashpal is a hot headed man so you can imagine his anger at being told that there was no food for him on the flight He fired the hostess and charged into the skipper's cockpit burst in with rage! I apologised [illegible]

Another guy I loved to tease was Dilip Doshi Dilip was very sporting to travel over sea with only one bat! On the tour of Australia and New Zealand in 1980-81 we were playing Tasmania at Hobart and bats were being autographed by us Indians I picked up Dilip's bat and we all signed on it' "Dilip (Doshi) was not aware of this and when his turn came to go in he left with his bat It was only as he was taking guard from the umpire that he saw all those signatures emblazoned across his bat He was wild and created quite a row at the wicket itself much to the amusement of the umpires and Tasmanian fielders' Later in the day he scraped all the signatures off the bat I pinched his bat once again and we all signed across it He was so angry this time that he made an official complaint!

On these foreign tours Sunil and myself used to wear horrifying masks that Sunil had got hold of He used to knock at the doors of journalists at midnight

'I remember another incident involving Yashpal Sharma in Pakistan He had been eagerly awaiting his wife's visit from India After Mrs Sharma had joined the touring party I instructed the telephone operator at the hotel to keep ringing Yashpal's room for two hours each night Mr and Mrs Yashpal Sharma did not think much of this prank of mine!

Another incident involved Jasdev Singh the



They always nagged me about my fielding. Before our tour of England this summer and after the Bangalore fitness camp, they told me that if they went by coach Gurcharan Singh's report, I wasn't fit to go to England!

MY FIVE GREATEST MOMENTS

1 My first Test cap in 1979
2 My first Test century in 1981 (174 against the Aussies, 'Down Under')
3 My first Test wicket—the victim was Dennis Lillee in 1981
4 The World Cup victory in 1983
5 The Lords victory in 1986

MY FIVE MOST AGONISING MOMENTS

1 The Bombay-Delhi match at the Wankhede Stadium in 1979, where we lost by 18 runs due to my horrible shot after having made 145
2 The 1980-81 head injury in Sydney, 1980-81
3 The shoulder injury in Pakistan in 1982
4. On being dropped after the Delhi Test against David Gower's side, 1984-85
5. Not selected for two Australia tours, one Sri Lanka tour and the Asia Cup in 1984

radio commentator He had come on this tour with his wife I thought of sending up a lady masseur to Jasdev's room Visualise the scene for yourself Jasdev Singh relaxing with his wife and a lady masseur coming in asking him if he wanted a massage!

'It's great fun teasing young players on tour Youngsters get carried away by the fan following especially if it is from girls' I used to ask some girls to ring up boys like Siva and others and watch the fun The youngsters used to dress up and come racing down into the hotel lobby Only to find nobody waiting for them! I used to ask the girls to ring up again These youngsters would come racing down but find nobody there Later when the entire team would get together I would announce this prank much to the amusement of everyone except of course the embarrassed youngster!

It was Siva's first Pakistan tour in 1982-83 I rang up saying that our manager Fatehsingh Rao Gaekwad wanted to see him urgently in his room Siva ran up to the manager room only to be scolded for having disturbed him!

The Ghulam Parkar incident is even funnier We had beaten South Zone at Jamshedpur and were going to proceed to Cuttack for the Duleep final against North Zone the next day It was 2 am and everybody was asleep I rang up Ghulam Parkar and in our manager Kaka Desai's voice said in Gujarati Listen Ghulam I am leaving for Jamshedpur early in the morning so could you please come to my room and collect your allowance money Ghulam raced up to Kaka Desai's room rang the bell only to be severely scolded for disturbing his (Desai's) sleep in the middle of the night' related Patil

He was born 80 years too late

Raju Mukherji pays tribute to Sandeep Patil

SOME cricketers are remembered more for their rare failures than for their glorious performances Sandeep Patil much to my consternation is one such How fickle is our memory! Was he not the Spartacus who liberated us from the throes of Lillee and Pascoe at Perth? Did he not make mincemeat of Bob Willis? And when he launched his square attack on Imran Khan was there anybody who questioned his ability and attitude?

Actually Patil was born eighty years too late His is the refreshing bearing of a bygone age In dress manner and speech he is suave sophisticated cultured When he speaks or writes he does so with remarkable candour and has the courage to stand by his opinions No rancour No grievance No petty backbiting

Such a frame of mind is the goal of every Karma yogi but unfortunately in the present sports environment it is thought to signify a lack of ambition Because he never swore it was said that he lacked killer instinct Because he would not stoop to cheat it was felt that he was a misfit in the modern era of cricket gamesmanship

Thankfully till the end of his cricket career he made not the slightest effort to change his personality in order to please others While men of lesser quality were politicking he held his head high When people were at his feet he refrained from acting the star

If anything, he was the Che Guevara of Indian cricket His life too represented a perpetual struggle for causes He flashed for a brief while but that was enough to cause a flutter among the men and events around him He was all action No excuses No false bravado In him the youth saw the brilliance of manhood the elderly the flamboyance of youth The fusion of the two led to a life full of variety Those who tried to turn him into a celluloid hero realised that he was there only to burn his nervous energy Those who asked him to model found that it was merely a diversion for him



He never swore They said he lacked the killer instinct This was primarily because he would not stoop to cheat It was felt that he was a misfit in the modern era of cricket gamesmanship And, thankfully, till the end of his career, he never made the slightest effort to change his personality to please others

He belonged to cricket ever since he learnt the rudiment at the feet of those honoured men of Shivaji Park Gymkhana And to cricket his service was as devoted as it was selfless Was he not the person who financed foreign trips for talented young cricketers? Was he not the person who instituted a coaching clinic? Was he not among the first to organise benefit matches for needy players?

It is indeed ironical that a man whose approach never suggested a bias for statistics should have as respectable an average as 35 plus with 5 centuries

As the years unfolded so did his brilliance Neither crude force nor arrogance marked his execution His power came from the aesthetic quality of timing A languid elegance gave him a style his very own Unfortunately he was the target of jealousy among the minnows who hid behind the guise of players officials and critics

He retired without regrets at a time when playing cricket meant a substantial purse He left after an innings which confirmed that he was still as brilliant as any Not often do we find a man sacrificing fame and fortune More important he bade farewell when people asked 'Why' Instead of Why not?

If I were Botham

E. J. Brack welcomes back the great allrounder with some sound advice



Pa ck Eagar

THESE are the thoughts of a hopelessly incurable Bothamaholic on the eve of the great man's return to cricketing action They represent the feelings of someone who will once more peruse with pleasurable anticipation the sports pages of the newspapers but who will not be able to stop himself also casting an apprehensive eye on the news pages in case there are yet more Bothamesque extracurricular activities of a disreputable nature to be reported

A great career is fairly and squarely on the line This is what I would do if I were Ian Botham

If I were Ian Botham I would realise that I had a God given gift for playing cricket a talent so monumental as to be accorded to a very fortunate few

If I were Ian Botham I would also realise that I was making a very good job of squandering my precious ability and that I was showing scant regard for the English cricketing public who in total contrast to the cricketing establishment had always stood firmly by me

If I were Ian Botham I would stop buying newspapers stop reading newspapers stop talking to newspapers stop writing for newspapers stop giving newspapers cheap copy to cricket's detriment and stop displaying every sign of having a persecution complex about the media

If I were Ian Botham I would forget drugs totally utterly and completely

If I were Ian Botham, I would take a good look at Viv Richards and his West Indians whom I profess to admire so much and weigh carefully how much their consistent success owes to natural ability and how much it owes to dedication discipline and sheer hard work

If I were Ian Botham I would think of the cricketer who staged a one man takeover of the Jubilee Test in Bombay in 1980 and compare him with the media fall guy who has spent two months of 1986 on the sidelines

If I were Ian Botham I would be grateful that at 30 years of age I was still young enough given some self discipline and a decent attitude to recapture all my former glories

If I were Ian Botham, I would aim to

lose a stone in weight become a swing bowler again eliminate the long hop as my stock ball dominate the coming series against Australia score future centuries against West Indies and be the first man to take 500 Test wickets and score 10 000 Test runs

But of course I am not Ian Botham I am only a mere mortal who would gladly give 10 years of my life to possess just a fraction of the great allrounders awesome natural talent

Come to think of it I would willingly sacrifice these self same 10 years just to know that the advice offered in this article would be accepted and acted upon

Cricket as they say is a funny old game It has also been a boring old game these last two Bothamless months His absence has only served to illustrate how sinfully we took him for granted before In short cricket without Botham is a bit like life without cricket

Heroes like Ian Botham come along only once in a lifetime Too often they play fast and loose with their inborn skills and end up departing their scenes of triumph tragically prematurely leaving in their wake disappointed supporters who can only think wistfully of what was and what might have been

Botham's recent escapades suggest that he has his finger in the self destruct button with only the merest of pushes required to obliterate glittering cricket career Don't it Ian! Cricket needs you and in your heart of hearts you must know that you need cricket just as much

If I were Ian Botham I would come to the conclusion that I had a lot to prove and that it was time to start proving it

I would decide that life in cricket begins at 30 and in the immutable parlance of our transatlantic cousins I would 'Go for it!'

'Laid- back' Man of Action

Katie Sheward questions a hackneyed adjective

I HAVE been told that I never turn a hair don't know how to hurry and that it is necessary to drop a bomb behind me to start me off All this was news to me at the time though it must be at least partly true No one however has ever called me laid back Had anyone done so I would have been very cross indeed This makes me wonder how David Gower feels about the label which seems to be permanently attached to him Perhaps he doesn't mind Even if he does there is very little he can do about it

Some new words like microchip or autofocus are acceptable at once but others are apt to be imprecise and unreliable I thought I would attempt to find out what the writers who use laid back were saying to me Laid belongs of course to the extraordinary verb to lay One can lay so many things from an egg to information One can lay down lay off lay out lay into or about (nasty that) but not back (I admit my dictionary is getting old) One can *lie* back but to lie is a different verb altogether and has no connection with laid Some batsmen regrettably are laid back by a bouncer but how can anyone be laid back by himself on a cricket field—or anywhere else for that matter not temporarily but all the time? David Gower can it seems yet no one has faced West Indian bowling more courageously than he

Are the journalists who use the description uncertain what laid back means? Can it be they are a little frightened of saying what they think? What are they trying to tell me about Gower? Is he imperturbable? Nothing wrong with that as it would enable him to go in to bat at 0 for 2 and quietly set about making runs Uncommitted uninvolved unearing? All a little dangerous So much better to stay with laid back After all everybody knows he has been laid back for years even when striking sixes and fours It is all done so nonchalantly very laid back

One brave soul suggested quite simply that he was too nice to be a good captain Unsporting perhaps There have been days when his batting has been the most inspiring thing to watch his strokeplay a joy Unspectacular I doubt whether there are many people who do not give him a second glance as he leads his men out languid Ah perhaps so As with the honours list which they all proudly wear on their sweaters there are long spells with no sign of strength speed or the ability to rule (If he adopted the trumpet and they all came on in white kit to the sound of bagpipes they might frighten the Australians but I don't think so)

There are those who believe he is just too well to get the best out of his player and command their loyalty It is true that after some exhilarating victories he and his crew and other before them were sunk in the Caribbean then hauled 70 fathoms down as he said himself However they all escaped and returned to team united and prepared to fight again During the war men who were shot down or shipwrecked and went on fighting were held in high esteem This was a great mercy for without them England would never have survived to play cricket again The Nazis did not play cricket

I am still not sure what is meant by laid back and I shall have to settle for the good old fashioned English expression cry going

Gower is still in his twenties just Personally I would have thought there were easier ways of going through life



Gower still in his twenties—just



Despite the medal shining in your living room, the obvious question is: can you place an Olympic medal next to it in two years' time?

Dear Usha

First of all, let me congratulate you on your tremendous performance in Seoul. Even though you couldn't manage six gold medals out of six, your performance was the only face-saver for India. And me? I'm just proud that I was there in person to watch you stride to glory.

Now that it's all over and the festivities at home are also receding, I suppose you're sitting down to some serious thinking about the future. After all, in just two years' time at the Olympics you'll be lining up against the world's best runners at the same stadium. And as you'll be the first to admit, things are going to be a whole lot tougher than last month.

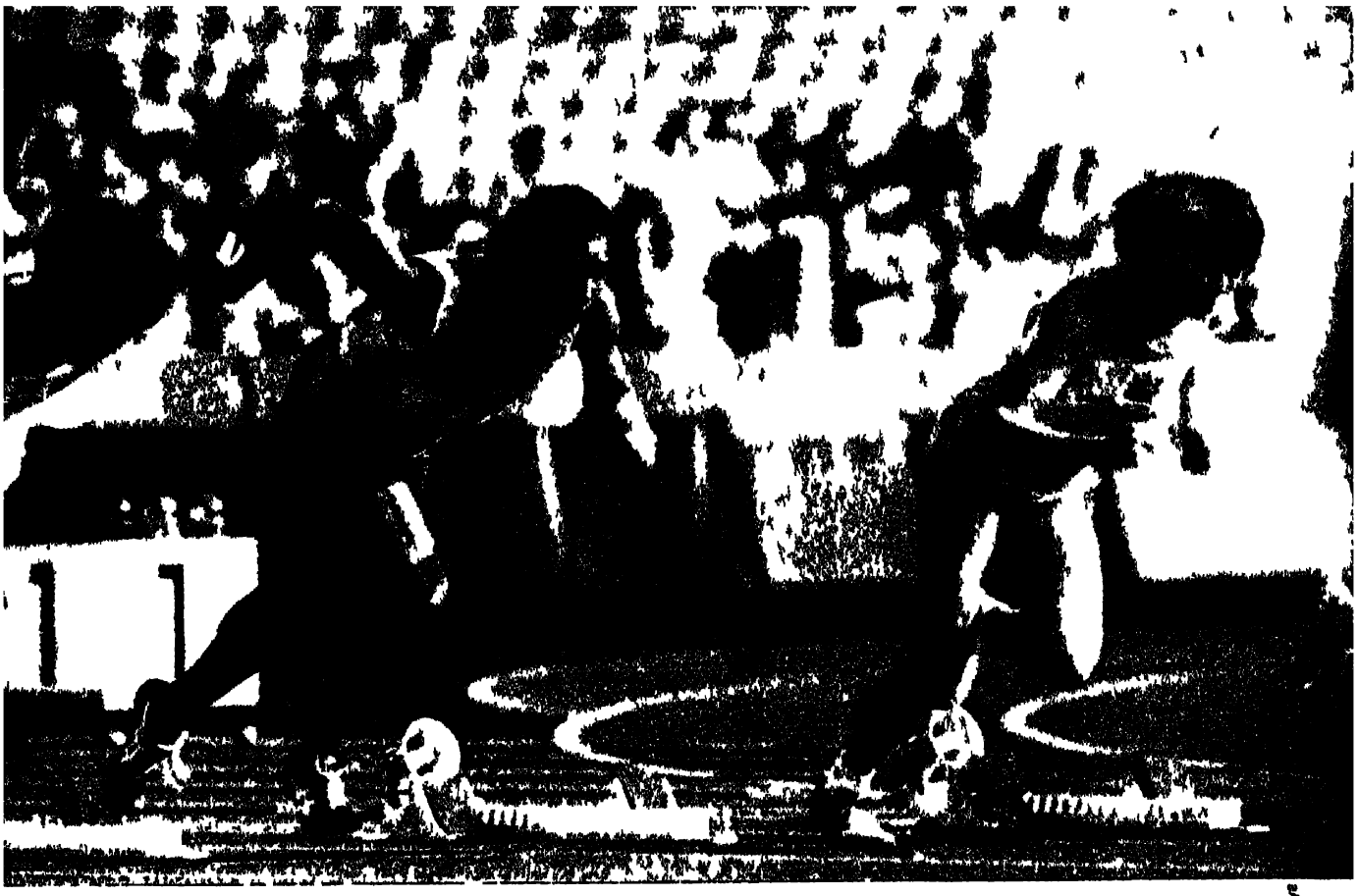
It is with this very thought embedded in my mind that I've sat down to pen my thoughts to you. It's a liberty which I dare take only because of the friendship we share. My only request is: don't take anything amiss. If you do, please put it down to my journalistic quirks.

To begin with, I'd like to know how you plan on preparing for the 1988 Olympic Games. After all, that is what you've been aspiring for all these years. Admitted, the Asian Games was a major point in your athletics career, but even as you went to Seoul, you were confident that there would be hardly any competition in your pet event, the 400m hurdles. Now that the race is run and the medal is shining in your living room, the obvious question on your mind is whether you can place an Olympic medal next to it in two years' time. Well, maybe it would interest you to know that a lot of Indians, me foremost, are thinking on the same lines.

I know you plan, along with your coach O M Nambiar (who I'm sure would be happier if referred to him as "Saar"), to concentrate solely on the 400m hurdles from now on. It is admirable that you selflessly exerted yourself to run so many races for the sole purpose of boosting the Indian medal tally, but now the time for all that is over.

It's now time to get down to some serious thinking about whether you can return from Seoul in 1988 with the medal that the whole country is waiting for.

The first thing you have to accept is that you'll be facing much tougher competition this time around. After all, the event was included in the Olympic programme for the first time at Los Angeles. Also, you were running the race competitively for the first time. Well, almost. You've improved your time considerably, but I'm sure the rest of the world has also done the same. And if the



Nair Bhattacharya

East Bloc overcome their political hangups it's going to be even tougher to win

Usha I personally feel (and I know I speak for a lot of my countrymen) that it's time you decided on how you are going to approach this Olympic medal It's all very well to say that you are a home bred champion but is that enough to put you on the highest step of the winners podium? Do you truly feel that you are going to beat the best if you continue training the way you always have so far? And most important how much do you think you can improve between now and 1988?

You have to accept that there is no competition for you here in India How can you hope to improve by running against the clock all the time? I'm sure a world class athlete like you would be the first one to admit that running against competition and running against a stopwatch are poles apart The only way you can run against equals is if you train abroad

I know this point has been thrown at you pretty often but at this stage of your career it assumes prime importance It may just be the right time for you to accept the scholarship offer from the United States of America and spend the better part of the next two years preparing for the Seoul Olympics That way you'll get to train with some of the best runners in the world you'll also benefit from the latest training methods

I'm pretty sure Nambiar saar won't mind me saying that he has taught you all that he can And done so very well if I may add Now it's time for you to hone your own God given talent to an even sharper edge under the guidance of some of the best computer aided coaching that is available in the US

This is a decision that you and you alone have to make If you feel that what you have here is more precious and sufficient to win that medal you can stay in India But if you accept that you have to improve even further before 1988 then start making plans It all depends on how serious you are about that medal

I know how indebted you feel to Nambiar saar for having made you what you are but don't you think it's time you started thinking about yourself? Going to the United States for training does not mean that you're turning your back on someone who has guided you and nurtured your talent Instead you should look at it as the final polish to what he created Something that will bring him as much glory and happiness as it will you



As for the fear of not fitting into the maelstrom of Western culture I think that s all beh nd you nou You ve been to almost every part of the u orld so there should be no diffu ulty in adjusting your lifestyle slightly if it means that you are going to show a definite improvement There are a lot of Indian girls just like you u ho have gone braved the hustle and come out winners Look at Soma Dutta She s as much of a home grown lady as you are yet she adjusted perfectly to life in the US of A What I m trying to tell you is that you are nou mature enough to decide on u hat you want

I understand your feelings Absolutely I know you feel this step is like turning your back on someone who has done so much for you Much as I respect the bond that has developed between the two of you I feel it would be better for sport if you showed a little more professionalism and thought about furthering your career What you have to understand is that you are not severing your links u ith Nambiar saar, you are merely taking u hat he has given you so selflessly and preparing yourself for the final showdown The Olympics is going to be the Broadway opening The others u ere just sideshows along the trail The Olympics is where you ll discover whether the toil of the last four years has been u orth it

Once again don t throu it all au ay just for some sentimental reason You are an athlete You have a commitment to yourself Hopefully a commitment that u ill boil to a climax u hen you kneel dou n and brush your hair back one sunny October afternoon in Seoul 1988

Think about it Usha And u hen you ve decided you an u rite back to me Maybe tell me u hat you think of this brash letter

Yet regardless of what you decide I u ish you the very best What is most important is your satisfaction What you ve already ach ieved is enough for the rest of India to cheer about

Yours most sincerely

Pradeep Paul

On The Freeway To Perfection

IT S embarrassing I mean enough is enough Such indulgence is perverse Yet try as you might, you just can t keep him out Of your life and this magazine

We ve criticised him eulogised him written his tennis epitaph slandered him as a human being were amused by his romance and observed him as a father But it seems that still ain t enough

His personality talent being are unstoppable And we re obliged to sit and watch ind emote and welcome you to John Patrick McEnroe the new era A serial in many despairingly convincing ts

Act I Scene I Stratton Mountain He deceives us with an unsubstantial comeback role Leaden footed a teenage Becker whizzes past and you feel he stalling for something

Scene II US Open Refusing to oblige in front of a home audience he stalls miserably as Paul Annacone humbles him And the kids begin the routine refrain You ain t good enough Mac

But he s a performer and just when you re about to exit he begins his evocative monologue

Act II Scene I Volvo Open He demolishes a rising Edberg The glimpses of magic are more than sporadic The goose pimples start

Scene II Trans American Open Turning on the touch machine he cruises past Connors and Edberg again The cynics are confused I told you guys

Scene III Scotts lale Open And it s a return to genius as offender Kevin Curren pays for his sins at Wimbledon Mac s back In style

Three Grand Prix tournaments in a row He s risen with grace from number 24 to number 10 in the Grand Prix points standing The fans are delirious

The cynics are re evaluating He s fast On a fitness regime Renewing his genius

Like I said you can t keep him out

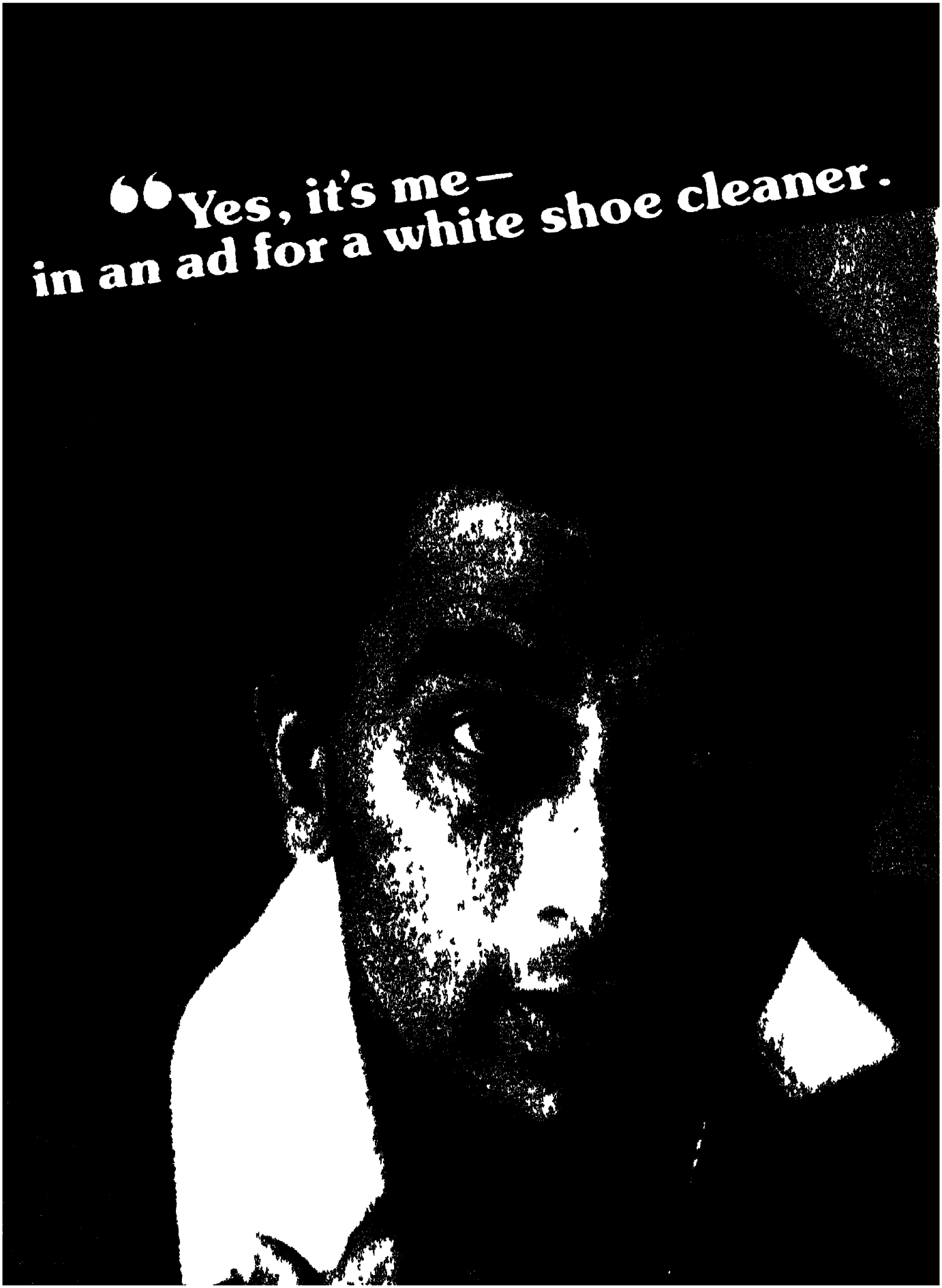
The comeback is in overdrive The man is on the freeway to perfection again

(Any odds on his appearance in this magazine in the next three weeks?)

Rohit Brijnath



oker pot


"Yes, it's me—
in an ad for a white shoe cleaner.

Now, ask me why!"

"19 years ago, I was sent off the field for turning up in dirty white shoes. I learnt my lesson that day – you must first look like a sportsman before you can call yourself a sportsman!

Okay, so maybe there are people who think it isn't important to look like a sportsman. But ask any dedicated sportsman and he'll never tell you that! Because he's as particular about his kit and dress as he is about his game.

That's why, to my mind, if you care for the game, you'll always care about the way you dress for it – down to the last detail.

So, tell me then, can your kit really be complete without a white shoe cleaner? Go on, ask a sportsman!



Be a sportsman... down to your feet!"

CHERRY WHITE CLEANER

"Aap Hindustani hain?"

Pradeep Paul is confronted by a shy Hindi speaking Korean girl and is at an embarrassed loss for words

THE Koreans are a fiercely proud people. It is reflected in the clothes they wear and the cars they drive. Everything is Korean. Starting from the Pro Spex sportswear to Inkel electronic gadgetry to Daewoo automobiles. And they take pride in the fact that they are capable of being self sufficient. It was in the middle of trying to figure this out that I was jolted out of my reverie by a demure Korean girl asking me if I was from India. Almost mechanically I answered that I was and then did a double take. She had spoken to me in Hindi. '*Aap Hindustani hain?*' A simple phrase all right but when it comes from a Korean in Seoul you find it a little difficult to believe.

I immediately asked her to sit down and 15 minutes and a Coke later I was even wiser about the Korean way of life. There are plenty of youngsters at the main press centre who are able to converse in languages other than their mother tongue. There are people who walk about wearing tags that proclaim I speak English or I speak Arabic but this was the first time I had seen a tag that said I speak Hindi.

Sun Kyeong Chang is 21 years old and is a volunteer to the SAGOC for the Asian Games. Born into a middle class family in Seoul she has an elder brother and two younger sisters. She is a third year student at the Hankuk University of Foreign Studies in Seoul. And she knows Hindi. That was enough to make her a big favourite among the Indian press contingent. For a while she chatted with us in Hindi replying in Hindi even if we asked her a question in English. It was a conversation that had me and a few of colleagues from the non Hindi speaking belt searching for the right words, our faces red with embarrassment.

But how was it that she who comes from a people who are so proud of their own decided to deviate from the beaten track and explore a dimension that is entirely alien? It was the result of a history lesson which revealed to her that in ancient Korean life the queen was an Indian woman as well as repeated comments that she looked very Indian. The combination of this led Sun Kyeong to develop an affection for India that has matured into an all consuming bond. While deciding her course for further studies after finishing school she decided on a four year course in Hindi at the University of Foreign Studies. A decision that she has never regretted to date.

While there was no real objection from her parents to her devoting four years to a language that could well see her unemployed for the rest of her life in Korea they are not too keen on her idea of going to India for a further course in Hindi. As she put it *Mere Pitaji aur mataji humko Bharat bhejne ke liye tyar nahi hain*. Further probing of this came up with her shyly admitting that her parents wanted her to get married after she completed her course and they felt that going to India might leave her too old when she return.

A light hearted comment that she could think of marrying an Indian since she knows the language brought a thoughtful expression to her face. The answer was even more surprising.

Maybe I never thought of that. Knowing a country's language and its history without ever having seen it can be tricky situation. When asked about her expectations of India Sun Kyeong said she would love to come to my country and see the various historical landmarks that she has read about. Singling out the Taj Mahal she was very interested whether it was all that it was made out to be. As for what she likes about the country she is very rigid. The unity of various cultures and religions is what she admires India most for. And then it was time for good byes. Deciding to try out some of my newly memorised Korean I stood up and said *Jahl Gah* but Sun Kyeong was one step ahead. She placed her palms together and said in perfect hindi *Hum phir milenge*. *Namaste*.



Sun-Kyeong in her volunteer uniform

A matter of opinion

Even as the performers for the closing ceremony were going through their last-minute rehearsals, Andy O'Brien and Pradeep Paul wandered through the streets of Seoul finding out how the Koreans themselves had reacted to the Games The answers they got were very revealing—even to the extent that some of the people questioned didn t want their names published even in faraway India As a matter of fact, two journalists and an university student said they would give different answers if printing names were mandatory The reason for the poll was not just to determine how Koreans had reacted to the Asiad After all, in just two years, the world returns to Seoul for the Olympic Games

THE QUESTIONS

Has the Asian Games been a success from the Korean point of view?

Do you think it was worth all the financial and other resources that were channelled into it?

What do you feel is the most lasting impression that a Korean will have about these Games?

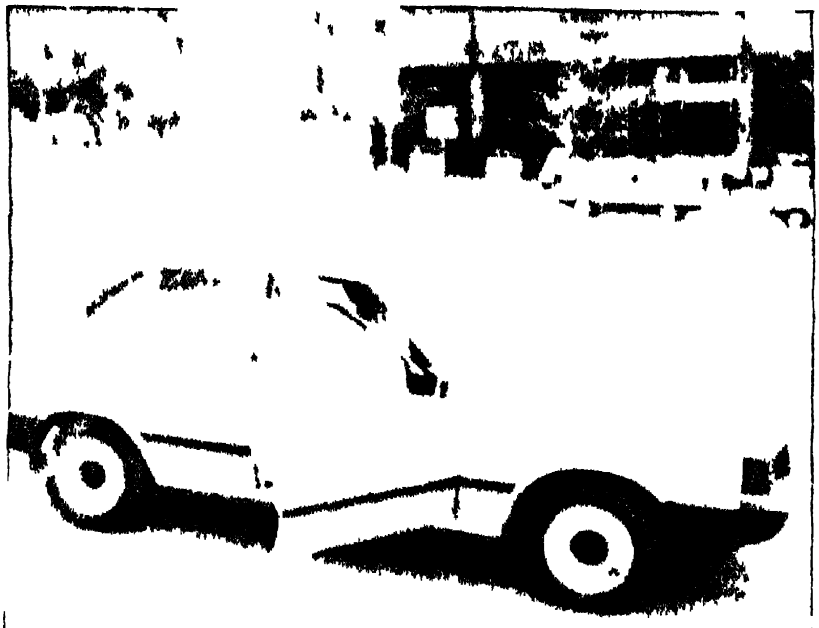
Who are the people who benefited most from this entire venture ? The athletes the man on the street or the politicians?

Are you looking forward to your country hosting the 1988 Olympic Games?



HAN SHIK SHIN Se ur ty ude

1) Yes I feel t hi bee a re it success for the K re in
2) Cert inly The m ney that h g ne into the G mes h s ls give n t better ity The H rriver hi been devel ped and we n w h ve s many sports ne is to use
3) Every Kore n will be able to hold his or he he d high and know th t his country h s m ved one gr de higher in all fields
4) I fe l every K re n h s is benefited from these G mes It is not just one bunch of pe ple who h s derived benefit but the entire country
5) Yes Very much The 1988 Olympi Games will be even be ter than these Asian G mes

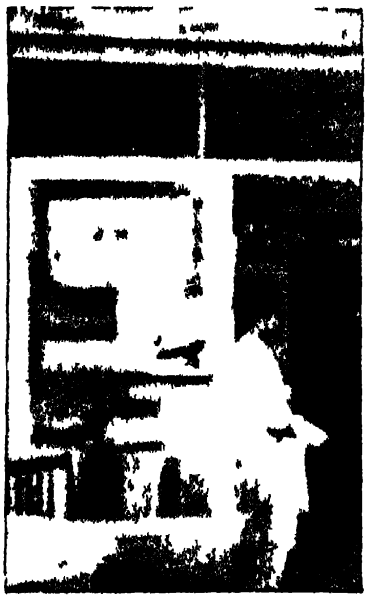


SUNG BYFONG Taxi driver

1) Yes At least from a taxi driver's point of view the Games has been a success We've had more fares!
2) I'm not much of an accountant but I do know a huge sum of money has gone into getting all the stadia and other facilities ready for these Games While some of these are permanent fixtures which can be used by the Koreans later some of the things are non accountable for after these Games are over
3) The friendliness of all the people who visited Korea All the people athletes or others—have given us a chance to see what people in other parts of the world are like
4) The athletes surely They have been able to prove to the world that they can be at the best in Asia But it has been good for me too More people in the city More fares Business has been excellent
5) Yes certainly It will be a matter of great pride for us to host the Olympic Games As for myself I'll try to learn some more English in the next two years That will help me to understand where passengers want to go

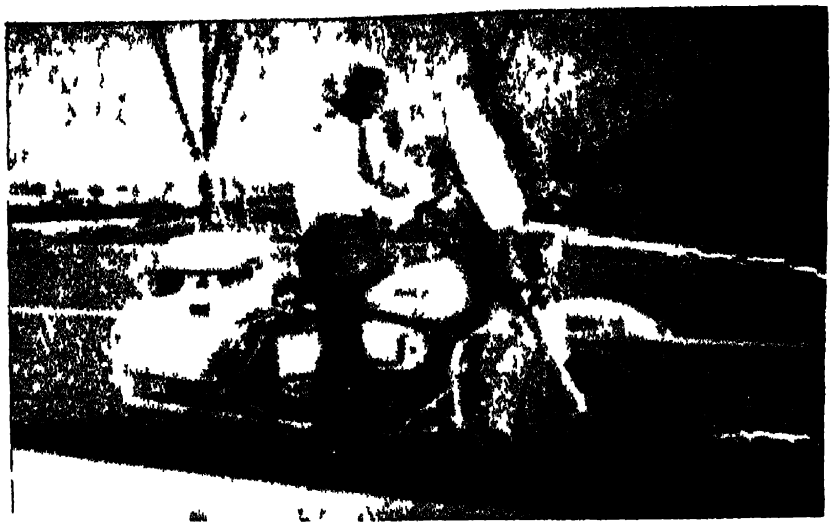
SUNDUK shopkeeper

1) Yes the Asian Games has been a great success for what it is worth
2) Well all the people had a nice time but I feel that too much money has been spent on the Games For the amount of money that has gone into it there has not been adequate returns
3) I'm sure all my countrymen enjoyed themselves for the last two weeks It has been a fantastic experience
4) While the athletes have had a chance to display their talents the politicians have boosted their image by hosting an extravagant meet The man in the street the person who has had to bear the brunt of the expenses Oh once a thing a meet of this standard brings about plenty of security problems Just look at what happened at Kimpo International Airport a few days before the opening ceremony That we could do without
5) Yes in spite of all our complaints every Korean is looking forward to the Olympics



STUDENT University of Seoul

1) The Games properly has been a success But now the Koreans will be left to face the music There is bound to be a crippling inflation in the wake of all the extravagant expenditure
2) It is all too luxurious A ridiculous amount of money has been spent which I don't think can ever be recovered
3) Most of us Koreans have realised that these Games are more than just sport meets It is a kind of business I agree every country hopes to earn money from hosting the Games but it will be very difficult for Korea to recover the amount that has been channelled into these Games
4) It obviously is not as normal citizen We have to pay much more money now to counter inflation This obviously means we have to work much harder
5) No I don't want my country to host the Olympics I know it will not make a difference what I feel but there are a lot of us who don't want it



PARK POSHIK Police

1) Yes
2) Too much money has been spent Besides there are lot of hardships and experiences that we policemen have faced this time Providing security to so many people especially VIP s almost impossible We have to be careful not to harrass the very people we are supposed to be protecting
3) Organisational problems But we are lucky to have the Asian Games as a base for the 1988 Games
4) Everyone has benefited in their own way But the man on the street will find things a little tough now
5) Yes as long as I am ordered to do duty I cannot refuse But I wouldn t like to make a comment

JOURNALIST Yonghap News Agency Korea

1) Yes The Asian Games gave an opportunity to other countries to understand Korea I believe
2) I hope so But the Korean government has invested too much money in the Asian Games and the coming 88 Olympics and this sometimes can give rise to domestic problems
3) Korea s showing of the potential ability of their people
4) The present government
5) Frankly speaking we are not prepared economically and politically to hold the Olympiad However if the whole people of Korea want to have it then it won t be a problem



JOURNALIST Yonghap News Agency (Korea)

1) Yes I think the Seoul Asian Games was a success except for some problems concerning the procedures (controlled by the Seoul Asian Games Organising Committee)
2) Frankly speaking I think Korea paid too much for the 16 day sports festival
3) Korea s unexpected wins over mainland China in table tennis
4) I hope the Seoul Games did benefit all Koreans including the politicians
5) I think it is not the time to talk about the 1988 Summer Olympics since we have as long as two years left

KIM UN YONG Export Executive Goldstar Electronics Korea

1) No A host nation cannot cheat in sport and then hope to call their Games a success
2) A lot of money was spent but it had to be done for the prestige of the nation
3) So many people learnt about our country
4) All of them benefited Each in their own way
5) Now that we have taken it on we have to do our best I hope we are very successful

JAE WANG LEE Bar tender at the Main Press Centre s cafeteria

1) It s been very successful Many foreigners have got an opportunity to learn about our country
2) Korea spent a lot of money no doubt but it has all been worth it
3) The fact that people have gone back with a good impression of the Korean people
4) The common people It will contribute to our overall development
5) Yes I m looking forward to a successful Olympics

KIM JUNH SHIN Junior in the Hankuk University of Foreign Studies

1) Though on the surface it seems a success I don t think it s been extremely successful
2) Too much money was spent though a lot of it can be looked at as investments
3) Through these Games others from various countries have come to know about South Korea
4) The Government the athletes and the common people in that order
5) Yes We are determined to make it a success

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A new breed

Colorsport captures the action and emotion at Willesden Stadium, London, venue of the Sixth World Cup Hockey tournament





Below: Indian defenders prepare for a penalty corner. From left: Pargat Singh, Joaquim Carvalho, Rawat, Somayya and Subramani
Right: Hosts England had plenty to cheer about in the tournament. Here their star forward Sean Kerly says it all









Left: Australia's Peter Haselhurst seems to be going for the ball with his hands, to the surprise of West Germany's vice captain Ekkard-Schimdt and Ric Charlesworth
Bottom left: Spain's Maigosa gets entangled between India's Hardeep Singh, Balwinder Singh and Subramani
Right: England's captain Richard Dodds celebrates his team's entry into the semifinal
Bottom: This is what modern hockey is all about. Holland's keeper Leistra takes New Zealand's Gallen off his feet





Top Ram Prakash Singh, who did a competent job on the right wing takes on West Germany s Stefan Blocher
Bottom England s Stephen Batchelor has Pakistan s goalkeeper Moinuddin at his mercy but the umpire does not think so





In the only match in which the Indians impressed, left winger Tholba Singh is challenged

Norman's stunner!

GREG NORMAN won the Suntory World Matchplay golf championship and then stormed I won't be back

Sour faced Norman slammed the loud mouthed supporters who jeered and mocked him during his 2 and 1 triumph over Britain's Sandy Lyle at Wentworth

And before he stepped on a jet plane en route for his native Australia British Open champion Norman vowed not to defend his third world matchplay title

I am very disappointed by the attitude of the people out there growled the burly Aussie There is absolutely no need to make noises in the middle of my backswing or clip when I hit a poor shot

I just had to win it after that but it's a pity I have to go out on a bad note I just don't feel I've won a golf tournament because of what happened I've just won a battle that's all I'll be back to Britain but not at Wentworth

Ninety per cent of the people were bad and ten per cent good I have played plenty of English and Scots before but it has never been as bad as this one

People were banging metal on one hole when I was about to play and then moved around After eight holes I said to my caddie I just hope I win this one because I won't be coming back!

This is the first time it has happened to me in Britain and not that long ago I just lived down the road It really has taken the edge off my victory

When I played Jack Nicklaus there was more support for him but that's understandable This was just blatant and although I'm not saying they were hooligans I think Howard Clark had a point when he had a go at the behaviour of some followers the other day

But there was no backing for the champion from the runner up When you have eight or nine thousand people you are always going to get a few idiots said Sandy Lyle Now beaten in three matchplay finals but with a £ 25 000 cheque and some brilliant golf including a championship record of 15 under par for consolation

Lyle was six down after only eleven of the scheduled 36 holes and never happy with his driver off the tee But he staged a remarkable recovery and clawed back to just one behind with two to play

But his driver again let him down on the 17th and when he went out of bounds the match was as good as over

Norman's triumph means that he has now won £ 275 000 in Britain this season through his Open European Open Dunhill Cup and now Suntory successes—an average of £800 for every hole played

Jack Nicklaus ended his first visit to the championship for fifteen years in third place beating Australia's Roger Davis 2 and 1 over 18 holes

Martin Hardy



Greg Norman celebrates his Suntory World Matchplay victory with daughter Morgan Leigh and baby Gregory

Inside Track

Pressure on Man-sell

IF you were not a racing person or you had no interest in racing as a sport then you would probably find a fair proportion of stories in this column not worth spending time over but hopefully I could get some of you to change your views after reading this. Last weekend was in my memory the most spectacular two minutes of the year's sport and inevitably it came in a horse race the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.

It was interesting reading Monday morning going through the various reports on the race. But when correspondents who are not prone to using superlatives at the drop of a hat really came into their own over the race these were words worth treasuring the best piece was from Simon Barnes in his general sports column in *The Times*. His vivid description of the race deserves to be quoted at some length as a reminder of how racing socially frowned upon in some spheres can still provide the most intense experience in sport.

Here is Mr Barnes piece. It really was a fest day a day of joy and celebration for all those who love the finest things in sports. It was the day on which a horse race was run the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. And it was without question the finest day of sport I have seen this year in reality or on television. It was better than the World Cup or the European Athletic Championships.

The greatest sight in racing is that moment when as all horses are going flat out another cruises by as if the rest were standing still. Such magic is what racing is all about. This is what happened. A horse went past that tidal wave of horse as if it were stationary. That was Bering, the top French horse and what a fine horse too he found that extra gear that almost mythical quality the ability to quicken and then quicken again which the men in the know call turn of foot. It was a marvellous performance.

But even as he stormed past there came yet another horse a horse that possessed unbelievably impossibly yet another gear. The Arc Of Triumphs was itself triumphed by a power outside the rules it seemed of both physics and biology. A marvel was topped by a still greater marvel as Dancing Brave sped like an arrow to victory. It lifted the heart it left you limp it filled you with joy and I didn't have a centime on the race either.

Anything to add to that would be an anticlimax except to say that I am going to watch the replay of the race for the umpteenth time.

The complicated scoring system of the World Drivers Championship means that Nigel Mansell must wait till the final race of the season in Adelaide Australia to find out if he is to become the first Briton since James Hunt in 1976 to be crowned world champion. The Grand Prix rules state that although there are seventeen races only the best eleven results count in determining the world championship and the other results are discarded.

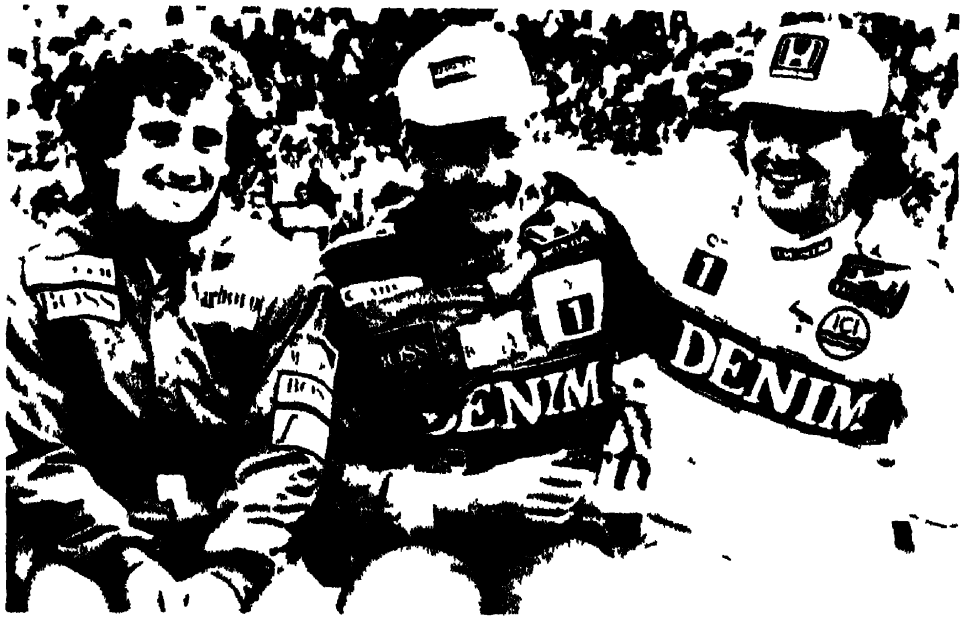
Mansell had to finish in fourth place or higher to discard points unfortunately that did not happen. In the Mexican Grand Prix the first held in Mexico for 11 years Mansell was in third place on the fifteenth grid. When the light changed to green Mansell's car stalled and it was only before sixteen started again. He had given away an enormous advantage as hard as he did he could not improve beyond fifth place.

The race was won by the up and coming Austrian driver Gerhard Berger who relied on hard ribbed tyres to last throughout the race and his gamble paid off.

Most of the other drivers including Piquet and Prost had gone for the soft tyres and while they had to make the customary pit stops for tyre changes Berger was driving to his first Grand Prix victory. Prost finished in second place Ayrton Senna in third and Piquet who had to stop three times for tyres in fourth. This all boils down to Mansell's lead being cut to six points and he now has to finish in third place in Adelaide to assure himself of the title whereas Prost and Piquet both have to win to have any chance of snatching it from Mansell.

Michael King, London

Prost, Mansell and Piquet Fierce competition between friends



CHEATING THE CHAMP



PEOPLE who lose are the ones who usually have all the excuses. Very rarely does the winner revert to making excuses. He's the one who has won after all.

When you're Garry Kasparov however there seems to be some point. He's the type who wants to win but wants to win convincingly. Even when his opponent is a former world champion.

After managing to come through a close title rematch Kasparov blamed one of his aides for revealing some of his defences to his rival Anatoly Karpov. He claimed that after the 19th game it became apparent that Yevgeni Vladimirov had copied all my moves.

Even experts watching the Leningrad phase of the match were convinced that Kasparov's secret defences had been sold to the Karpov camp. Whether this is true or not we will never know. But we do know is that the champion sailed to victory after Vladimirov lost his job. He drew the 20th and 21st games and won the 22nd. Merely a coincidence? Who knows.



SWEETLY TIMED

DILIP Vengsarkar timed it right once again. During the Bombay Test he was to be felicitated for having scored three hundreds at Lords. In keeping with the occasion Vengsarkar came up with a fine century. While Gavaskar was presented with a silver plate encrusted with 32 diamond studs Vengsarkar got a salver in recognition of his feat. Since the Press had boycotted the function that evening, Vengsarkar turned up at the ground the next day salver in hand and posed for this photograph. And if the gentleman concerned looks pleased as punch we all know why. don't we. Helmets off to the champ!

NO DOMESTIC PROBLEMS

WHEN you talk of cricketers who were truly magnificent at the domestic level but failed to make it at the highest level of the game (for some strange reason) the names of Ashok Mankad and Brijesh Patel come to mind. An appropriate addition to this list would be the name of Arun Lal the Bengal and East Zone captain.

Just when cricket lovers must have been writing him off for good Lal has come up with another masterly innings. And this time it's



really big. Coming in at number three the former Test opener scored a career best 214 for East Zone against West Zone in their Duleep Trophy quarter final match at Pune. Batting for over eight and a half hours Lal lambasted the Central attack for 30 fours and a six. This definitely proves that the man still has class. But whether the selectors will give the veteran another chance is very doubtful. And one can't really blame them.







TROUBLESOME THREESOME

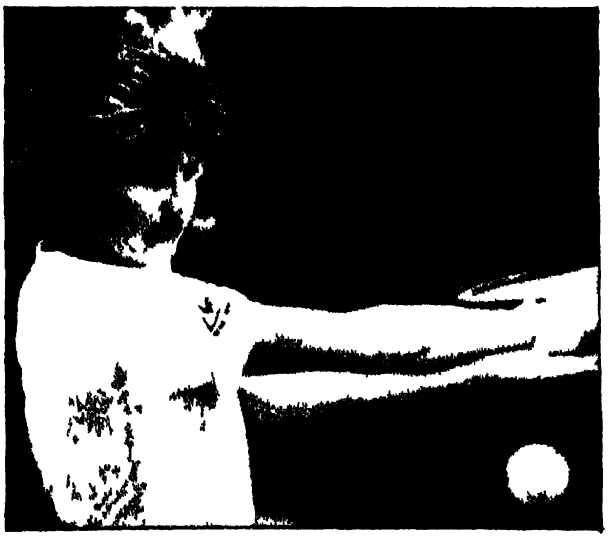
THOUGH the Australians were in India for barely four weeks this was perhaps one of their more important cricket tours India had just beaten the English in England And very convincingly too The Australians were aware that this was going to be their final dress rehearsal before the Ashes went Down Under Only a few of their players were sure of a place in the side to play for the Ashes The majority knew that this tour was all important

The tour is over The English have arrived And Allan Border feels that most of his boys have made it to the side After the Bombay Test he was all praise for his young and inexperienced side saying they would form the nucleus of the team in the home series coming up He singled out three of the fifteen who were here in India Dean Jones— the find of the tour Greg Matthews— has come of age as an off spinner and Steve Waugh— is developing into a fine cricketer

Border knows his cricket so watch for the three in Aussie England series

VIRGINIA THE EVERGREEN

ONE really doesn't know whether the British are celebrating Virginia Wade may have retired from top class tennis but she has been included in the team for the 22nd consecutive time for the annual match between Britain and the United States for the Wightman Cup Is it a good sign for British tennis? Decide for yourself Incidentally she is 41 going on 42



SEE YOU, MARY LOU

SHE didn't have the poise of Olga Korbut Nor did she have the class of Nadia Commaneci But what she did have (and in great abundance too) was an undeniable charm

Like most champion female gymnasts she was in her early teens when at her peak Like most of her breed she had a charming personality But what set her apart was her truly lovable smile Though the little American has recently retired from the gym it will be some years before the world forgets most talked about smile in contemporary sport

SILLY DILLEY

THE West Indians they say have the greatest problem as far as no balls are concerned Understandable since they have the fastest bowlers in the game But Graham Dilley is threatening to give Gunner and company a good fight in the race for the title of the no ball king

The English seamer overstepped the line as many as 16 times in the tourists opening game against Queensland County This was the only thing out of step in the tourists first game of the Ashes tour

But this may easily become a serious obstacle for the Englishmen Hopefully Dilley will set it right and keep in step with the rest of his teammates

VOICES



…atter fregret that … granted Brtsh … pe dr g the rest of hs … ly tv ded Cuyana ght … ll pomance f r help … t cy r … t that wa pre … r ket

Robin Marlar in the Sunday Times



It looked rathe k th Brt h getting ther ball ba k for f eld hockey … gnally orr f the pursu t wh ch was … publ sc … pastme exper ed by the Brt h wth m t punishng s c … ce

Rob Hughes on England s improved performances in World Cup hockey



Peter May ar l hs fellow England … sclect r were rot n rccd f alcoho … l tr slat on as they left the dres … g rc m … r after t … mble thrc ugh th … g R om wre thed n … s …

Michael Calvin in the Daily Telegraph



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Clive Lloyd



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Viv Richards



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Golfer Greg Norman



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Peter Smith in the Daily Mail



Wh … c write … your scr p t

Graham Gooch to Ian Botham

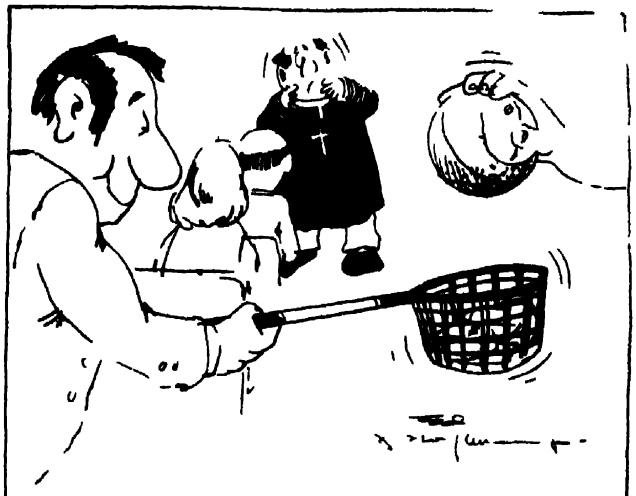


We believe that Athey s a very co … t player wh … a had two bad dism ssal dec sions n Test ths sum mer We think hc needs a b t of luck

Test selection chairman Peter May



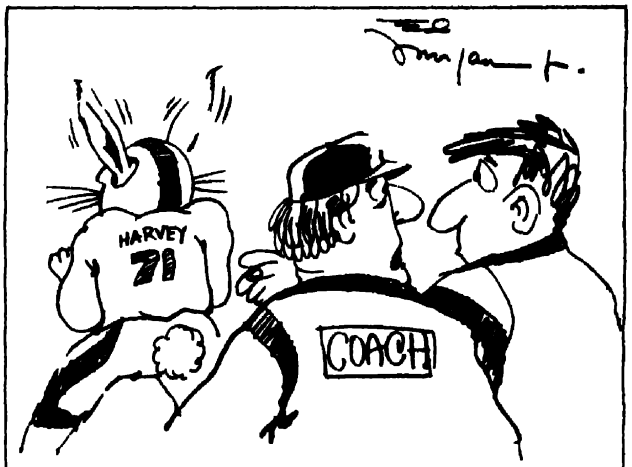
"Who says ironing can't be fun?"



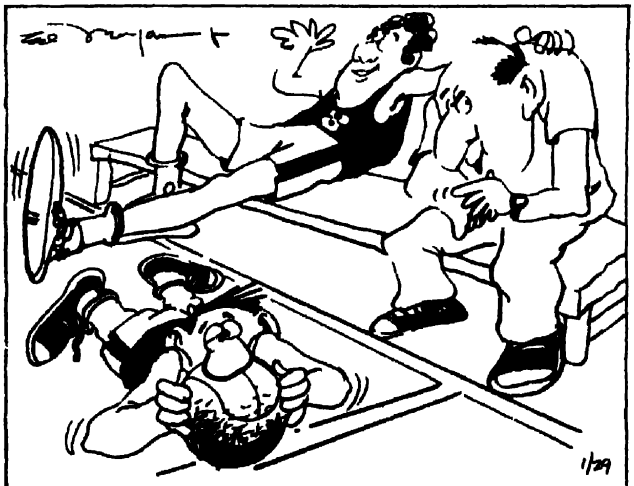
"PASSING THE BASKET!"



"Talk about pressure!"



"You're looking at a lot of raw talent, but he has the tendency to jump offsides."



"And people wonder why I keep a 7-footer on the bench. It's called turnovers."



"The new and improved NHL official's uniform!"

Unsporting

Robbing the thief

BRIBERY and corruption in Soviet sport is no major surprise. But a bizarre twist entered on the story of soccer club Stroitel Cherepovets expulsion from the third division.

The players turned in their own manager Gennady Grigorinsky to the appropriate authorities because they suspected that he was pocketing the money they paid him bribe referees.

First glass team

High prices

WIMBLEDON soccer team's aerial power is not only breaking First division opponents but also windows of houses around their Plough Lane ground. This has been causing just a few worries for estate agents.

Every home match sees at least four or five balls fly out of the small ground, some of them menacing neighbouring houses. The effect of this on house prices is already evident.

Last month a three bedroomed terrace went for £90,950 Sterling, modest for London but booming price. In neighbouring Wimbledon the same house would be worth £75,000 to £80,000 Sterling, said one estate agent.

Houses in Plough Lane take a little longer to sell than elsewhere in the area and the waiting period has lengthened since they arrived in the First Division.

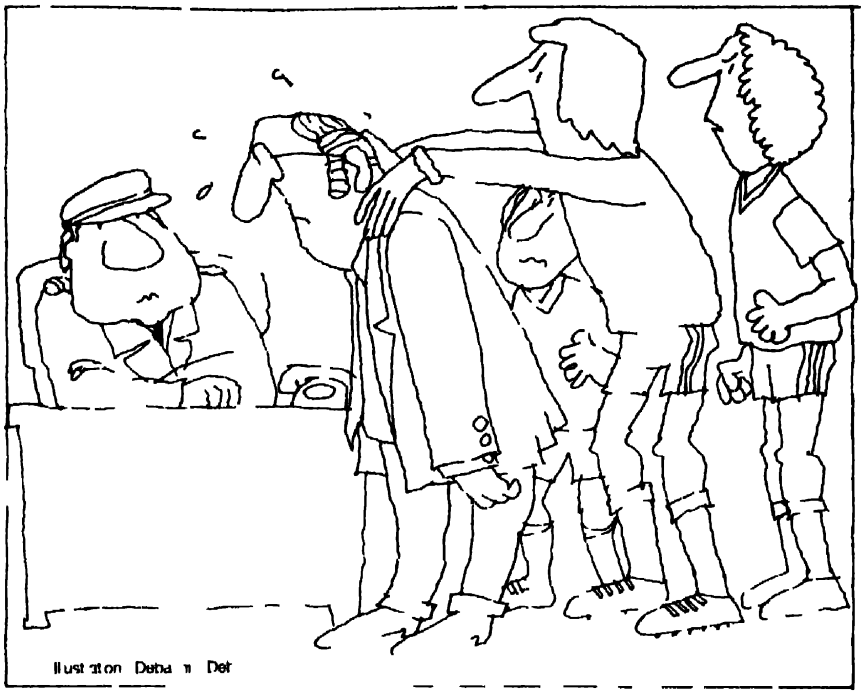


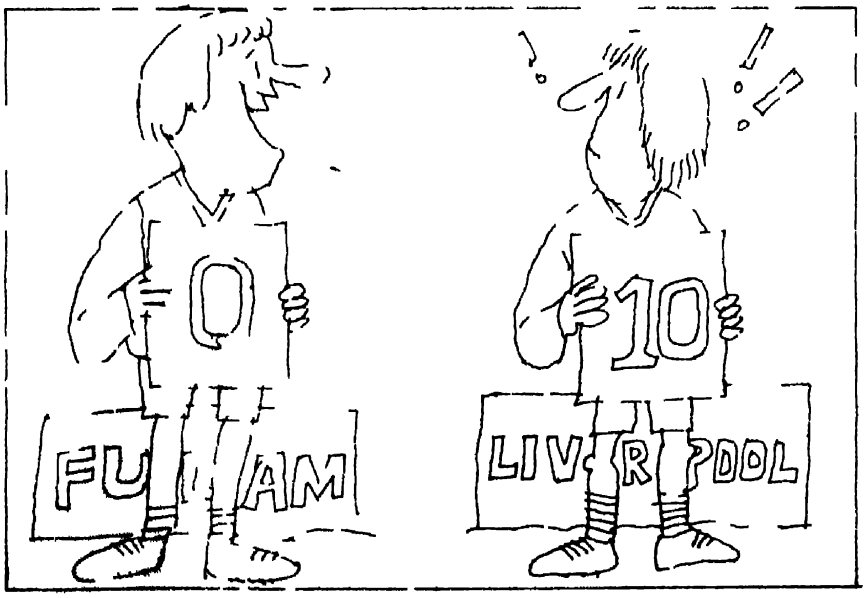
Illustration Debbie Del

Hope Ful

Zero no value

SOME people never give up. Fulham lost 10-0 in the first leg of their Littlewoods Cup tie against Liverpool. But that didn't dampen their hopes at all.

An editorial in the Fulham programme predicted of the rematch: should the aggregate score be level at the end of ninety minutes extra time will be played.



Miles of Tales

Faction

"DO not let facts get in the way of a good story," is Old advice which can come in use. Keith Miles believes in the first novel about Roger Bannister becoming the first man to run a mile under four minutes. *No Particular Place* takes faction to a new level.

For a start the novel from a screenplay about a television serial that is yet to be filmed (the Australian producers have run into financial problems). Also the principal participants themselves don't seem very interested about the whole thing.

Sir Roger himself is horrified and refused help as did his pacemaker on the day he broke the record. Chris Brasher, John Landy the Australian who bettered Bannister's record a month later did talk but confesses Miles was not overjoyed to see me.

Undeterred Miles has woven a novel of 312 pages though lack of help probably explains why he doesn't refer to Bannister's feat till page 225 after descriptions of the 1948 and 1952 Olympics.

SOCCER NEWS SOCCER NEWS SOCCER NEWS SOCCER NEWS

Lineker bests Maradona

A few weeks ago Bobby Robson inadvertently left out Gary Lineker from his squad against Sweden and the English couldn't score. So when it recalled Lineker casually scored twice in England's 3-0 European Championship qualifying game against Northern Ireland he began to wax eloquent.

Presenting an award Robson said Lineker was the best striker in the world and posed the question Diego Maradona has better dribbling ability but does he score more goals.

One can understand patriotism. One can empathise with Robson's need to encourage his star. But there is never an excuse for indulgence.

Lineker is good though undoubtedly limited. Maradona cannot be described merely as a striker. His role assumes much greater and wider proportions during a game. And his contribution to a game cannot be computed by even two Lineker goals.

So take it easy Bobby.

A new sponsor

WITH attendance at a limited the standard declining and violence omnipresent Canon the official sponsors of the English Football League made a quiet departure. And the League were relieved to find a new sponsor in the form of the TODAY newspaper group.

Though officials indulged in the usual hush-hush about the deal they did reveal that it would be in excess of four million pounds over two years with one year option.

One important factor concerning TODAY's plans to clean up the image of the game. Not surprising since eight of the potential sponsors dropped out because of the prevalent hooliganism.

Government deadline

THE violence is not abetting. And the British government has decided on a new step. It has asked all the 92 affiliated clubs to introduce membership schemes with six weeks to report on how it is to be carried out.

A Sports Ministry spokesman said: We want every club to have 50% of the ground covered by membership schemes with them working towards 100%.

All this because of the ongoing, bitter debate regarding the clubs and the government. The clubs claim that the government earning millions of pounds through football is not channeling the money positively back into the game. And the government feels that the clubs are not putting sufficient pressure on their supporters regarding hooliganism.

But at least someone is taking the initiative.

Radiation fears

CHERNOBYL. Remember. Where the nuclear disaster took place. Well it's even having an effect on football. Celtic the doughty Scottish team due to play Dynamo Kiev in a European Cup tie were unsettled by the ground's proximity (60 miles) to the accident site. The fears primarily concerning the radiation levels in that area. So expert were summoned to test the area and club Chairman Jack McGinn announced that they were assured that there is no danger.

Well maybe not from radiation but certainly from the immensely talented Russian team.

Sandro's back

ALESSANDRO ALTOBELLI is back in the news. The lanky Italian striker a very good one too announced after Mexico 1986 that he would never play for Italy again. A reflection of his disdain for his country's performance.

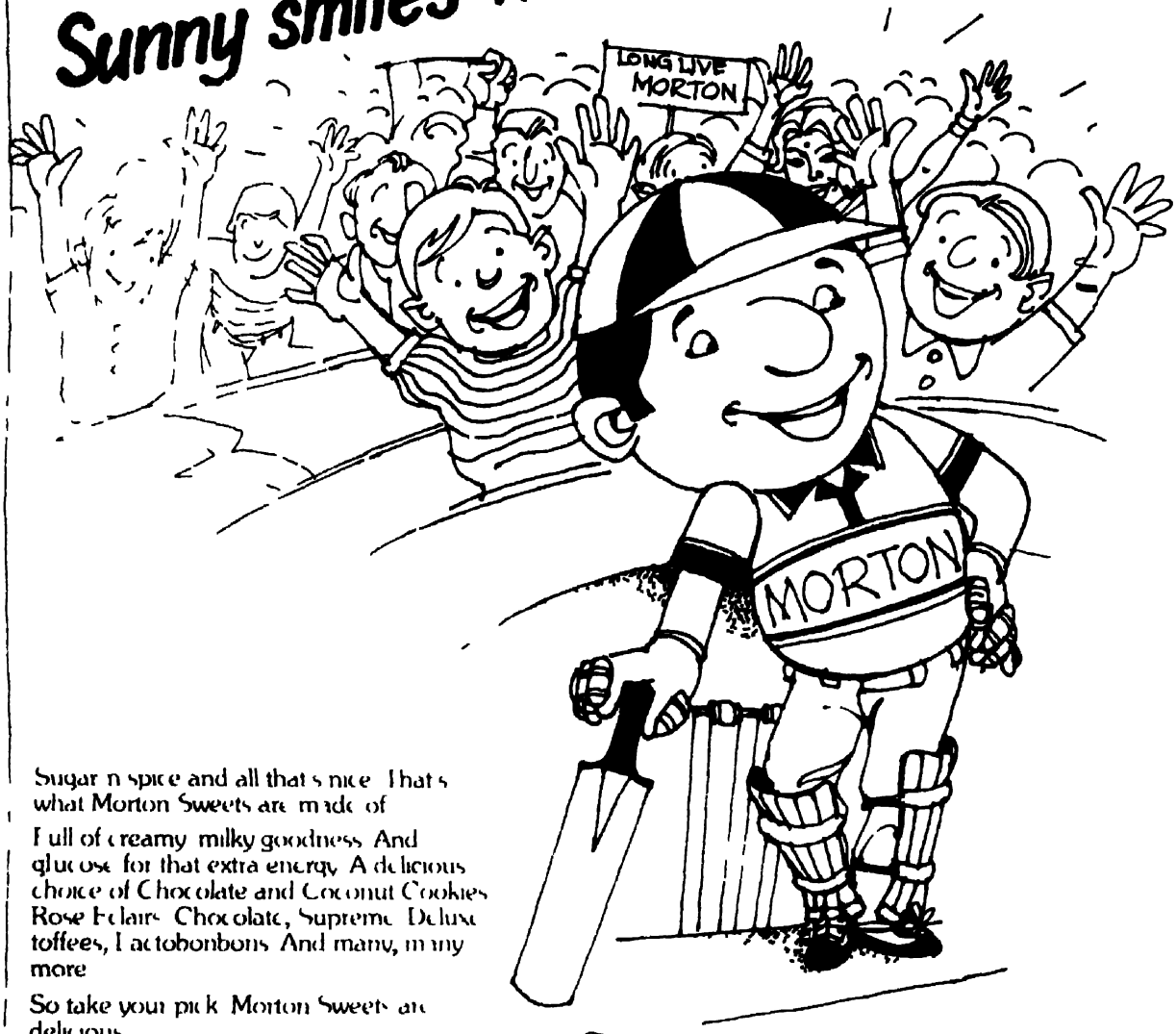
But after scoring three marvellous goals for his club Inter Milan he is a little reluctantly back in a new look Italian squad.

An encouraging sign because the 31 year old still has enough sparkle left.

Bobby Robson with his team prior to the Northern Ireland match



Sunny smiles-with Mortons

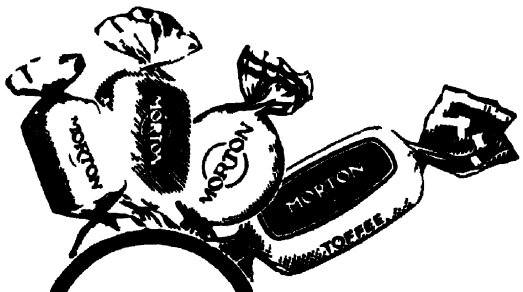


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The reverse sit-up

HOW many times have you unconsciously patted your slightly bulging tum in almost reverential fashion? And as soon as you have done so look around furtively to see if anyone has noticed even as you draw it all into your ribcage. I often wonder if people are actually ashamed of their paunches. Is it that they are actually bothered about their bulge or that they are bothered about what other people think about it?

Think about it. Most people you will agree are more conscious about how they look because of the rest of the people around them. Very few are actually doing it for themselves. That is where the difference lies. If you are going to do something for your body you have to be doing it for yourself. That way you will do it till you are satisfied. But on the other hand if you are doing it for the masses a time will come when you will try to cover your failings with a loose shirt.

However if you fall into the first category here's something that will interest you. Keeping the bulge in control is a topic that has been discussed at length ever since man started enjoying the luxuries of modern amenities.

Diets low cal food and the daily half hour in shorts. All these have played their part in the battle of the bulge. But for the absolutely dedicated nothing but exercise will suffice. There is nothing that can quite match the feeling of pushing your body to its extreme and feeling the exhaustion run off your body in drops. The pain of your 23rd push up is almost welcome and you keep going in the quest for the perfect body.

When working out to stay trim the first part of the body that has to be attended to is the stomach. Living well has made sure that most people resort to sit ups with a regularity that only matches their reaching for a second helping of pudding. And with sit ups tending to get a mite monotonous it was only natural that people start looking for an alternative exercise. After a series of experiments crunches have hit the scene in a big way. More exciting to do they also give the abdominal muscles a thorough workout while making sure that definition is also thrown in as a added bonus.

One of the most common form of crunches is the reverse sit up. Also termed as the knee up and the pelvic roll reverse sit ups have proved to be the best exercise for the lower abdominal wall. The muscles that come into action with the reverse sit up are the rectus abdominis and the internal and external obliques. While both these sets of muscles get a work out the rest of the body also benefits from the toning and exertion.

A longish slender muscle that runs vertically across the abdominal wall from the crest of the pubis bone to the cartilages of the fifth sixth and seventh ribs the rectus abdominis is divided into two halves. The halves are split by a tendinous [illegible] at one inch wide called the linea alba. Above the navel abdominal muscle in the body the muscle has slight curvature as it goes under the inner muscles to attach to the pubis bone.

The other muscles that come into use with the reverse sit up—the internal and external obliques cover the front and the sides of the abdomen. The external oblique is attached to the lower eight ribs at the upper end and the front half of the ilium crest of the pubis and the linea alba at the lower end. The fibres run diagonally upward and sideward from the lower attachment on both sides of the abdomen and form the letter V.

The internal oblique is located directly underneath the external oblique. It fibres run nearly at right angles to the external oblique fibres in the middle and upper portion of the abdominal wall and form an inverted V. In the lower abdomen however the internal oblique muscle runs from the lumbar fascia interior crest of the ilium and the outer half of the inguinal ligament in the lower abdomen and attaches to the cartilages of the eighth ninth and tenth ribs and linea alba.

Now that all the technical jargon has been completed we can get down to more understandable aspects of the reverse sit up. The basic action is the opposite of what happens in the normal sit up where the upper body is rotated up and forward toward your pelvic girdle. In this case it is the pelvic girdle that is rotated up and forward while the upper trunk. Both these actions can be termed spinal flexions but they have differing effect on the musculature of the abdomen.

(To be continued)

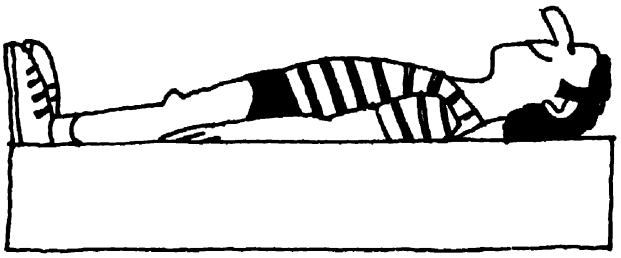




Illustration Debasis Deb

Caught Short of the Boundary
and other tall stories

In this extract the author Henry Blofeld recounts another two hilarious stories in his own unassumingly witty style. The first is his marvellous encounter with cricket's bad boy, Ian Botham. The second is very simply as his title says, 'A load of bull'. The book is published by Stanley Paul & Co. Ltd and is priced at £6.95

From Botham With Love

I HAVE always been amused by the ease with which we journalists are able to score runs and take wickets from the safety of the press box. I find I can still score runs all round the wicket from the other side of the boundary. But once, in India in 1963-64, I came within an hour or so of actually donning white flannel trousers and going out and trying to put it into practice in the middle as an England player.

I was twenty-four and on my first tour as a journalist. It looked as if England would only have ten fit players for the Second Test match in Bombay. During the First Test in Madras a virulent tummy bug had swept through the side and none of those affected had recovered in time for Bombay.

It looked as if it was going to be a matter of coercing a convenient Englishman to make up numbers. At a press conference the day before the match started, the manager of the side, David Clark, revealed the sorry state of affairs and the necessity of having a willing helper to call upon. He went on to say that the last two members of the supporting cast to have played first-class cricket were himself and me. He had captained Kent but had retired early in the 1950s while the memory of my extremely lucky Blue at Cambridge in 1959 was a little more recent and perhaps I was still young enough to be fit.

It was decided then and there that I was to be first reserve. Having announced this to the assembled company of scribes, he suggested firmly but politely that I should try going to bed before midnight. With insufferable arrogance and I hope a smile, I replied that I would certainly play if needed, but that if I scored 30 or upwards in either innings I was damned if I would stand down for the Third Test match in Calcutta. I suspect that David's reply was unprintable.

I went to bed early but didn't sleep very much for I was full of nerves and excitement as it dawned on me that what in my pre-accident days had been my life's ambition might even now be realized in the most unlikely way.

It did not happen though. Mickey Stewart, the England 2nd XI captain, had heard the desperate news on his radio in hospital on the morning of the match. He immediately jumped out of bed and got dressed. He poked a pale face round the door of the England dressing room about an hour before the start and my dreams of sudden fame were shattered. England lost the toss and fielded in great heat and humidity, and Stewart was back in his hospital bed with a raging temperature by lunchtime.

My most embarrassing moment occurred in the in-transit lounge at Bermuda Airport in April 1980. England had had an extremely unsuccessful tour of the West Indies under the enigmatic captaincy of Ian Botham, who had turned out not to be the

I have always been amused by the ease with which we journalists are able to score runs and take wickets from the safety of the press box. I find I can still score runs all round the wicket from the other side of the boundary

captain the selectors had hoped for Since taking on the job his own game had deteriorated alarmingly

After the First Test match in Port of Spain I had written in strongly outspoken terms in the London *Sunday Express* about Botham's lack of ability as a captain Someone had sent him a copy of the piece and he had stuffed it in his blazer pocket For the rest of the tour our relationship was distant to say the least

The next time he wore his blazer was on the aeroplane returning home from Jamaica Soon after getting on board Botham delved in his pockets and found the offending piece It clearly upset him

We landed in Bermuda for a refuelling stop Blissfully unaware of all the chat my article had provoked half a dozen rows in front of me I got out to stretch my legs Not long after we had got into the transit lounge I went to the loo When I came out Botham was immediately outside the door and said something which I did not hear although I then heard Bernard Thomas the team's physiotherapist cautioning him

In the main lounge Thomas then instigated an impromptu physical jerks session which he later told me he had done in order to keep Botham occupied The exercises stopped a few minutes before the reboarding call I was standing with some other journalists in a corner of the room Suddenly I looked up and saw Botham approaching me saying that he wanted a word with me He suggested that I accompany him to another part of the lounge

Realising exactly what was going to happen I declined the invitation reckoning that if I stood my ground with everyone around me it might deter him from violence I said that I thought the present geographical situation was as good as any other Seeing the size of him I was decided scared As I would not move he began to express himself in extremely forthright terms about the article I had written about his captaincy Then he became more general but no more complimentary



While he was talking he began to prod me forcibly in the chest with his right index finger Gradually, the finger began to curl and I expected something more solid

While he was talking he began to prod me forcibly in the chest with his right index finger Gradually the finger began to curl and I expected something more solid

While the transfer exchanges had been taking place quite a gallery had gathered Then just as the situation became a trifle critical Bernard Thomas and Dudley Doust (who was writing a book with Botham) appeared behind him and led him reluctantly away But he soon returned and resumed his verbal attack Backing away I fell into one of the chairs against the wall and stayed down while Bernard and Dudley came back to persuade Botham it was time to reboard I was still shaking when the time came to reboard the aircraft

On the final leg of the flight I was in an aisle seat and the seat on my left the middle seat was empty When I returned I found that it was now occupied by a blonde of ample proportions I was sure after a quick glance that her bosom measurement would have set some sort of record

No sooner had I sat down and fastened my seat belt than I heard an angry noise in the gangway behind me and I saw Botham approaching with his arm raised The storm signals went up I took off my glasses and surreptitiously passed them under cover of my left arm in the direction of my new neighbour for I did not want them broken

My assailant arrived with a few more well chosen epithets and stood over me I continued to pass my glasses sideways and encountered soft resistance I continued to push and only fully appreciated the full extent of her chest measurements when she rocketed about eighteen inches into the air expressing her displeasure as she went with a loud Do you mind! With enemies on both sides of me I was in a difficult situation Mercifully a steward arrived and steered England's captain away from me and back to his seat I then explained my actions to the irate blonde who was still not entirely convinced

During the flight to London masses of journalistic conferences took place

We all agreed not to write anything about the incident We arrived at Heathrow on a Saturday morning The following Sunday week I was at my house in Norfolk and before breakfast I was glancing through the newspaper headlines when I saw Botham's name in large letters on the front page of one of them There was also something about an argument with a journalist so I grabbed the paper To my horror I saw my own name in the second paragraph The story had been well and truly leaked although it was never admitted Probably one of

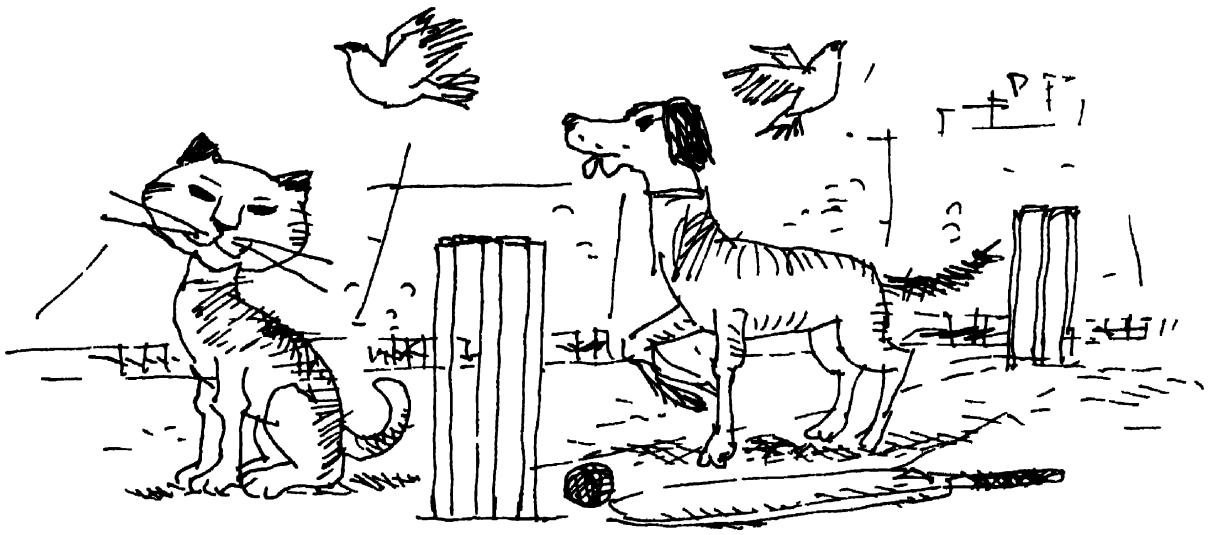
the journalists on the ...ere plane had spoke n ...ndis ...rectly in a Fleet Street pub

My tele phone r...ng all day and from is far away is Australia The author ...ties at Lord ...wante ...t hear my version ...nd ...t did Alan Smith th ...Englan ...n answer en ...that ...t w... ...hind ...ved ...b ...f ...m the ...en ...l ...t ...p ... while ... ...y ... ...r ...h ...tun ...w ... ...d ...t ...ventu ...l ... ...f ... ...nd ... ...q ... ...h ... ...wel ... ...h ... ...hud ...n the ... ...t ...thampton ... ...t th ...stur ...f the ... ...me enjoy ...critic ...m ...nd ...fter ...long ...nd di ...ppointing tour Both ...ns ...e ...ction were quite under ...tandable Whether they were ju ...tifiable is my ...e at friend and *Guardian* colle ...gue Frank Keating ...wrote in ...b ...l I am not ...ure

A Load Of Bull

W... have all he...rd of ...cricket matche ...being topped by dog running onto the field ...ets have ...ccasionally stopped play ...and se ...have over-curious se...gulls ...nd pige...ons although more rarely I dare say that in the outback of Australia some more re...mote games of cricket may have been held up by kan...garoos But I had the luck although it did not look like that at the time to be present on what must surely be the only occasion a county match has been held up by a bull

I was nine or ten in the late 1940s when Norfolk were busily engaged at Norwich in a minor county match against Kent Second XI I shall remember the names of the members of that Norfolk side long after more famous cricketers names have been forgotten They were never to get here and when I got there they were ...ll ... ...nty ... ...



minutes had been lost and to my horror I found that it was generally thought to have been hysterically funny

Can you imagine? The game had been held up at a thrilling stage the pitch might have been damaged and the batsmen concentration irrevocably upset As it turned out by the end of the day my happiness was complete for Norfolk passed 400 I did not reached 170 not out and I was able to forget all about that wretched bull although I had to talk severely to my parents about all that laughter

Probably the most amusing press box story at which I was a spectator involved two famous old Australian cricketers Jack Fingleton and Bill O Reilly Australia played the Fourth Test match against the West Indies at the Adelaide Oval at the end of January 1969 In the final innings Australia made a wonderful start when chasing a target getting on for 500

The West Indians were beginning to panic and Charlie Griffith was bowling to Ian Chappell with Ian Rodpath at the non striker's end The Australians needed every run they could get and there had been some near suicidal short singles Griffith ran into bowl and then stopped

We have all heard of cricket matches being stopped by dogs running onto the field, cats have occasionally stopped play and so have overcurious seagulls and pigeons although more rarely I daresay that in the outback of Australia some more remote games of cricket have been held up by kangaroos

in his delivery stride and saw that Redpath was already three yards down the wicket backing up

The time honoured procedure on these occasions is for the bowler to warn the batsman the first time and to run him out the second But Griffith promptly took the bails off the first time appealed and Redpath was quite correctly given out

When things happens it always causes unpleasantness In the next morning's papers Griffith was roundly condemned for his actions Only two writers took Griffith's side and they were Bill O Reilly and Keith Miller neither of whom would have dreamed of trying to get a batsman out in this way

In the press box the following morning Jack Fingleton took Bill O Reilly to task telling him that he would never have done the same thing himself in a million years O Reilly who was sitting in the row in front of Fingleton half turned round and said in a loud voice When I was bowling I never met anyone that keen to get up the other end

Game set and match to O Reilly

I was lucky enough to play in Keith Miller's last game of first class cricket In 1959 when I lurched into that Cambridge side we played against Nottinghamshire at Trent Bridge Nottinghamshire's captain Reg Simpson had persuaded Keith to turn out as a guest star

There was a good crowd on the Saturday when I dropped Keith from a skier in front of the ladies stand at deep mid wicket Sitting in the ladies stand that day was Beverley Leitz who was a former Miss Australia She went on to marry Jack Hilton I was almost certainly concentrating more on her than the cricket

Keith made 60 or 70 in the first innings and 100 in the second and on the last day Cambridge were asked to make an impossibly huge score to win I went in first and by a great piece of luck was still in at lunch We had lost a wicket or two during the morning and although I had managed to stay there I only got about 20 in two hours as I scratched about When ever I hit the ball in the middle of the bat it went unerringly to a fielder

At lunch I sat next to Keith and complained bitterly about the way I was playing Keith listened and then asked me if I thought I was better than the bowler of whom he was one I told him that of course I was not

Right of course you're not he replied And you've done well to stay there If you'd been better than the bowlers you'd have had 70 on the board and you wouldn't be complaining

It was a marvellous piece of horse sense of anyone starting in any game

freewheeling

TIME. Hailed as the greatest healer it also doubles as the most potent form of amnesia. Time can work its invisible magic on anything. Weaving into our minds with its indeterminable worth it ensures that memories are either retained or forever erased.

Sport also falls prey to the ravages of time. Each passage of years leaves bewildering hiatuses in its wake but more often than not it is the effect it has on the heroes of the day.

Heroes are vital to sport. Sport is time itself. Heroes epitomise the very essence of sport. The more heroes a sport produces the greater the sport. Tennis gave us Borg, McEnroe, Connors, Lendl, Becker. In some mysterious process akin to a chain reaction more people aspire to become tennis players. More people aspire to hit double handed backhands like Borg. More people aspire to emulate the total tennis of Becker.

But the moment time weaves its spell on your memory everything changes. Heroes change. And with them your aspirations. How many of you put Maradona on a hallowed pedestal during the Mexico World Cup. He was the very identity of sport. People copied his hairstyle. People changed their names in his honour. And it was impossible by very definition for youngsters tried to play like him.

Weeks later he was but a fading memory. As faded is the now dusty poster that you pinned to your bedroom wall. A new hero had emerged. Boris Becker. Diving around like a man possessed Becker rekindled his fan following by beating Lendl in the Wimbledon final.

That feat in isolation was not important. What was important was that tennis had taken the top spot in our minds. Now like Becker amateurs began wearing their wristbands while playing. (No one paid *them* endorsement fees though!)

Tennis didn't last long either. Soon it was the turn of cricket as Kapil Dev and the touring Indians won the series against England. Grass courts were forgotten. Now all conversation centred on pitches. The man of the moment was Kapil Dev. All over the country people measured their run up to match his.

The hero cult thrives fed and fuelled by the nourishing diet of media attention and most specifically the focus of television certain men and women are linked to our consciousness. The process of selection is cruelly discriminatory but those who make the grade are destined never to be forgotten. Not entirely that is.

Were heroes ever on such a pedestal before the advent of live television? Doubtful. A black and white photograph tucked away in the sports page of a daily newspaper could never have the same impact as a colour sequence of a sprinter hitting the tape in an Olympic final.

Come to think of it some events attract more attention than other. You know who won the women's 100m title at the Seoul Asiad. Of course you do but do you know who won the men's marathon. Or the women's 3000m. You know that Martina Navratilova won the ladies singles at Wimbledon this year but can you tell me who won the men's doubles?

During the Packer era (only the stiff and stuffy refer to it as a rebellion) Channel Nine turned cricketers into kings. Producers ordered close ups of sweating bowlers walking back to the markers of batsmen between deliveries. Ratings improved overnight and more significantly more and more women were switching on the television set to watch cricket. Later of course Channel Nine were to become synonymous with excellence in sports coverage. They derived their own unique mileage out of turning exiled cricketers into superstars.

The phenomenon of changing heroes is almost unnerving. One week, a man can be second only to God, the next week reduced to a distant memory in the fickle minds of a million sports lovers. Remember Carl Lewis? Hailed as the ultimate sportsman of his time Lewis rode the popularity crest till the wave suddenly cruelly broke under him. He crashed back to reality only to find that he was mortal again. No longer was he the sought after athlete of the Los Angeles Olympics.

A few however survived the ravages of time. These men made an indelible mark on the world of sport. These men will never be forgotten. These men were and are synonymous with their respective sports.

Think of tennis and Borg, name comes immediately to mind. Human khanis almost immediately connected with dashing cricket although one is not sure whether this is because of his talent or his looks. Boxing is epitomised by Muhammad Ali. Daley Thompson is the personification of the decathlon.

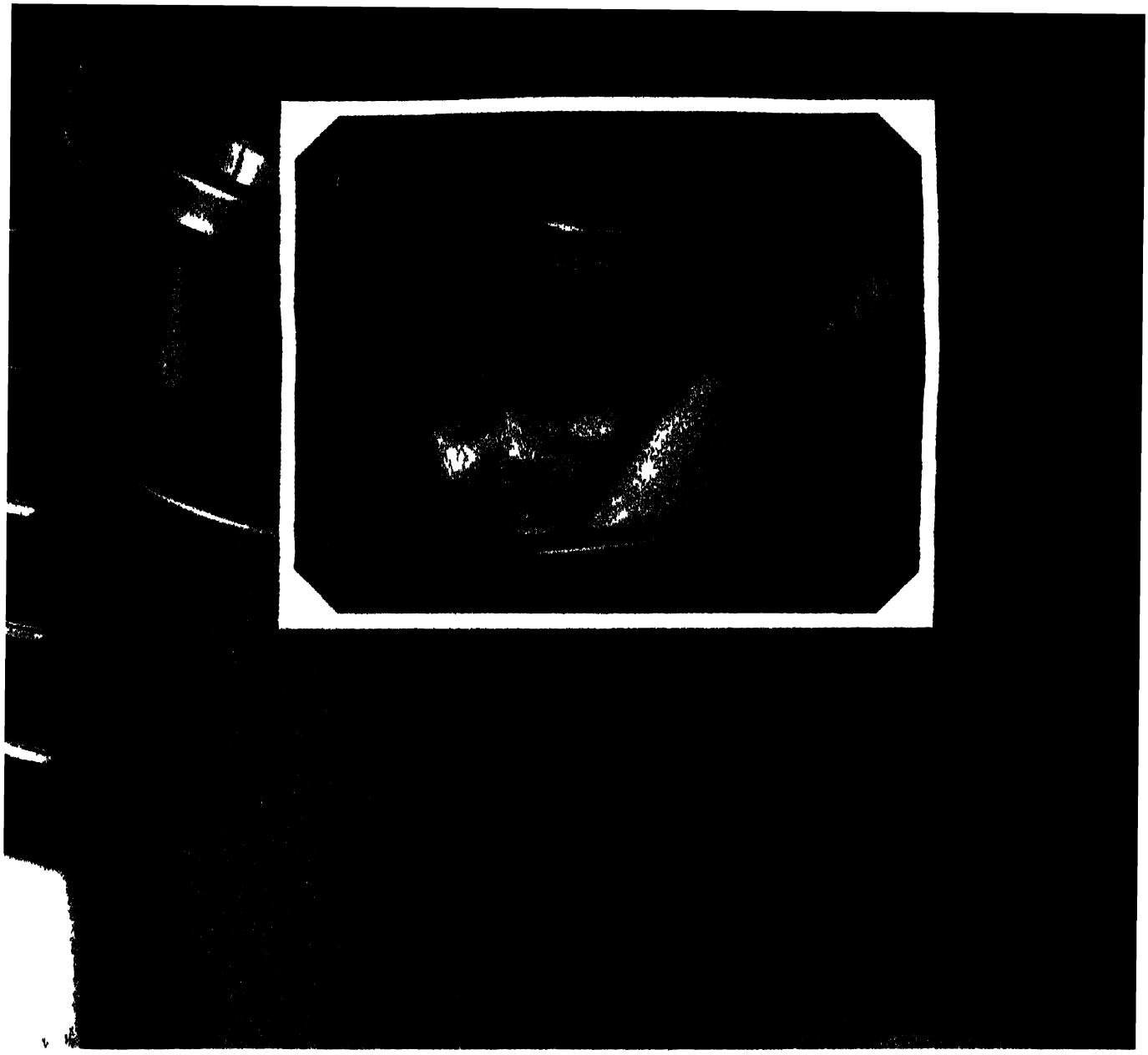
How did this process evolve? Were these athletes a super breed? Was their elevation the effect of media hype? Why don't others fit into this exclusive slot? I'm not sure I know the answer to that one.

What I *do* know is that the perennial search for a hero never ends. They come. They go. Today's hero will be tomorrow's memory. A new sporting event. A new hero.

Pradeep Paul

Remember Carl Lewis? He rode the popularity crest till the wave—suddenly, cruelly—broke under him





And I looked high and low for you...

Toddle you may But you find me, make I get ... ht ... ght ... ry ... ght ...
Heeting moment Get them on Agfa ... ra Mate ... ey ... u
picture ju ... t ... you ... w ... ther ... ... te ... te ... Hir ... y ... n u ... t have
fu ... with ... e ... a ... te ... ... ve ... ... d ... me

Available in var ... u ... le ... le ... w ... th Agfa ... h ... er

Agfa

Snapper

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Age Year	Amount* R	Age Years	Amount* (Rs)
At birth	1 000	8	2 600
1	1 00	9	? 900
	1 300	10	3 300
3	1 500	11	3 700
4	1 700	1	4 100
	1 800	13	4 700
6	2 100	14	5 200
	2 300	15	5 900

*Amount t be invested r unit fft the nearest R 100

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Cover photograph by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi

Associate Editor David McMahon **Editorial Staff** Subhash Sarcar Suprakash Ghoshal Mudar Patherya Clive Andrew O Br en Pradeep Paul
Correspondent Madras Partab Ramchand
Staff Photographer Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director Bipul Guha **Staff Designers** Santosh Dutta Ali Akbar Mirza

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Ripped off

I AM most upset about an experience which occurred to me on the last day of the Delhi Test match between Australia and India. After the one point out that I am a visiting Indian or [illegible]

After getting my [illegible] driver wh[illegible] ticket to the [illegible] meter I arrived [illegible] approximately 2.00 p[illegible] I was none too pleased to find a [illegible] waiting in queue for a ticket for [illegible] that person who was [illegible] to sell the tickets was not to arrive till 2.30 p.m. I eventually about 2.50 p.m. I entered the ground after paying 15 rupees for the ticket.

Then to my amazement the umpires (and players) called stumps at about 3.10 p.m. Therefore I had paid 5 rupees for 20 minutes of cricket.

This to me typifies the whole Indian tradition of efficiency. To the Indian cricket official I ask: (A) Why was there no one to sell tickets for a Test match while the match was in progress? (B) Why should you have to pay to enter the ground when the last session of the match was all but impossible? What corruption!

KIRIT DOSHI
Somewhere in transit

Too many team games

NOW that the curtain has rung down on the splendour and spectacle of the 10th Asian Olympics at Seoul, I just want to express through your column that it is neither fair nor right to include team games in the Asiad or even in the World Olympics.

Olympics were started by the ancient Greeks in the 7th Century B.C. to test the speed, strength and stamina of *individuals* and it continued till the time of the Roman Emperor Theodosius in 393 A.D.

Baron Coubertin of France resurrected the Olympics in 1896 and since then we are continuing it every four years. The Asiad or Asian Olympics is conducted in between midway so to say, between two world Olympics. If the ancient Greeks would like to have had in the Olympics should have been in sports and games consisting *only individuals* fighting it out among themselves like in running, jumping or throwing, or swimming and what not!

Why the hell do they did bring team games like volleyball, basketball, football, hockey, water polo, tennis, badminton, table tennis to be included in the Olympics? How can individual excellence be bracketed with team (collective) performance? How can five or eleven players of a winning team claim individual credit (medals)? Medals earned through team work are not strictly *Olympics earned* and it is not fair on or for the competing individual performers. In winning football and hockey no individual Korean has earned laurels nor China in winning badminton and table tennis or volleyball and basketball.

So please allow me to plead for the deletion of all team games and sports from the Olympics if it is to maintain its pristine glory, that of testing the individual speed, strength and stamina.

After all all team games and sports have their own World cup tournaments! Why then the Olympics?

K. N. NINAN
Bombay

Boycott to blame

AS you sow, so shall you reap —the Seoul Asian Games prove this in ample measure. The disastrous performance at Seoul is not unrelated to the boycotting of the Commonwealth Games. A squad which was in readiness for Edinburgh was denied international exposure through political manoeuvrings. Consider the anguish they went through. The feeling of being denied the opportunity of testing their goals in the face of international standards. That betrayal and the resultant frustration is more responsible for slipped standards at Seoul than anything else.

SUNIL GARODIA
Calcutta

Commentators, please

THE TV coverage of the third and final Test match between India and Australia played at Bombay can be long remembered for two things: unimaginative camera work and irritating commentary. Actually the commentators played more cricket than the players.

Fredoom DeMitre is usually a level headed and fluent commentator but he was completely dominated and eclipsed by the Hindi commentator Raj Bhargav and the expert C.T. Sarwate. We expect the commentators to stick to the game in question and sum up with some special points. But Raj Bhargav and C.T. Sarwate took upon themselves the task of explaining the game for hours on end and that too in Hindi which none of the viewers in South could understand or care to listen. Dr. Puri, Ravi Chathurvedi and Tiger made such a fine combination at the Delhi Test that it was a pleasure to listen to them and it was educative too. M.L. Jaisimha is another good commentator who does not bore the viewers to death.

In view of the forthcoming World Cup may we hope for at least good commentators with good command over English and who do not think they are the founders or historians of cricket? Let us not become the laughing stock of commentators like Richie Benaud and Tony Greig.

A.V. KESHAVA MURTI
Madras

Ignored

IT is unfortunate that Miss Soma Dutta who brought one silver and one bronze Medal for the Country has practically been neglected by our State Sports Council when Kerala and Punjab did a lot for their participants in the Asiad. Even the Olympic Association of Bengal took no interest in this regard for reasons not known. We are proud of Soma but we have made no initiative to honour her.

Nirjhar Das Gupta
Calcutta

What about the rest?

WITH a population of around eight million it is a disgrace that we could only win five golds at the Asian Games. And what is worse four of them were won by one person. Our Golden Girl P.T. Usha. No amount of praise is sufficient for this face saving performance from Asia's most prized possession on the track.

Three other Indians made their contribution in bringing a smile to the lips of the huge contingent. Veteran Kartar Singh set a good example for his younger teammates by winning his second Asian gold medal having won a gold at the Bangkok Asiad eight years ago. Khazan Singh with a silver in the 200 butterfly proved that he is the only Indian swimmer who is of international class. Little Soma Dutta, won two medals and promises to win many more for her country in the future. If these three could perform at their best, how is it that no others could?

JAYANTA NANDI ROY
Guwahati

Gossip Wallah

POLLY UMRIGAR was one who had maintained that it would be very difficult to beat the Australians even before the series had started At the end of the last Test he conceded that the visitors were slightly immature in some cases but were more serious than us On being prodded as to why India could not drive home the advantage in the Bombay Test he appeared intrigued about why Kulkarni had hardly been given a bowl on the last day

SOMEONE had the temerity to ask Gavaskar to compare himself with P T Usha How can I be compared to her? he shot back Man that girl has won five golds for the country after sweating it out Don't be stupid enough to compare her with me!

A SENIOR Board official requested Gavaskar for the bat with which he scored the century if he intended to part with it at all This was almost on the lines of Dujon's request at Madras 1983 84 Spare a thought for the man behind you Dujon had said At the end of his innings Gavaskar had given his bat away This time round Gavaskar said But which one? I batted with three during my innings using a heavy bat at the start to get set with a medium heavy after I had got set and a lighter one later on Am I to cut my bat into pieces and give them away?

A NEWSPAPERMAN presented Greg Matthews at Bombay with his action pictures of the tied Test Matthews was moved he vigorously shook the scribe's hands and said What do you want in return? Is there anything I can do for you? Is there any souvenir that I can possibly give you? Jeez this is more exciting than winning a Test match!

PETTY provincialism within the Board Well listen to this one During the Jaipur one day match after Chandrakant Pandit had missed a couple of chances one of the South India based reporters remarked He's more a goalkeeper than a wicket keeper This irked a reporter from the Western part of the country After Pandit had been given the nod for the Delhi Test shortened a little over a day the issue cropped up again Words were exchanged The last word came in by the former Ranji Trophy cricketer and *Amrit Bazar Patrika* correspondent Raju Mukherjee Let us be Indians first gentlemen

BISHEN BEDI's observation in *The Sunday Mail* about his old teammate Gavaskar raised a few eyebrows Bedi wrote I have never known an Indian sportsman so conscious of his own greatness whose arrogant self confidence would reach every nook and corner of the opposition camp

Is there anything objectionable in the above statement? Is it wrong to be arrogantly self confident? Moreover when it reaches in the words of the author every nook and corner of the opposition camp and not one's own? And conscious of his own greatness it would be ridiculous if Gavaskar were not aware of his stature within the Indian context where he cannot as much as take a step without signing an autograph

THE East Zone elector Ambar Roy leant of his replacement from the selection committee through the newspapers By reverting to Pankaj Roy—he was the East Zone representative before Ambar Roy—the appointees established a point Even though Pankaj Roy is the seniormost selector in the committee today he is not the chairman Thanks to the new in now out policy of the Board

A COUPLE of journalists had a laugh when they interviewed Gavaskar the other day *Arre Gavaskar dent to* he told one of the scribes *Gavaskar dent?* What is SMG talking about wondered the ones in the know Smile asked Gavaskar I am talking about the bottle opener Opener Get it? And Gavaskar proceeded to uncork a soft drink

"WHAT is your next target someone asked Gavaskar Is it ten thousand Test runs?

Arre yaar 10 is very far away The ball I am not batting well I am failing outside the off stump There is a reason for this When I was a day old I was mixed up for a fisherwoman's child in the maternity ward For 21 hours I stayed with the fisherwoman until the error was detected So you see I have inherited this trait of fishing outside the stump *Delhi door hai yaar* he concluded

GAVASKAR makes good copy The other day he was at a party in Calcutta and the host uncorked a bottle of champagne This is in honour of Gavaskar's 33rd he announced to the small group that had been invited A young lady sitting next to Gavaskar quite innocently dropped a bombshell with Your 33rd what?

From the ensuing conversation it transpired that Gavaskar had a stand at the Wankhede Stadium named after him Did you give them a donation? she asked Sort of replied the impish Gavaskar I paid for my stand he shot back unable to resist that one

BUT wait before you roll over with laughter Here's the classic one from SMG After the controversial last day in Madras the air was quite thick with four letter epithets—everyone had begun talking about standards of decency When the Indian team was invited to dinner by the Australian High Commissioner in Delhi during the second Test Gavaskar was introduced to his host Mr Peakes He told him Yes sir I have heard so much about you The Australian players keep referring to your name on the field Only they mispronounce it slightly!

RAMBO!

***SPORTSWORLD** You have played a couple of months of international cricket Suddenly you have become a star cricketer What is the perceptable change that you have noticed around you'*

RAMAN LAMBA When you do well people do tart changing their attitude towards you people ten recognise you and what you have done There are quite a few reason for this One is because the cam are being shown on TV the other is that are recognised and by all they go by like you by the look or one thing like that

You mentioned 'being recognised Has there been any such instance'

It's very simple Once you play for India and do well you are accepted in circle where you might not otherwise

For example, after you had scored 60-plus in Jaipur, was there any instance of public acceptance, like being mobbed'

It was unbelievable It was a hero's welcome

What has been your fan mail like of late'

The thing is that I have not been home since the series started I have got letters on tour but I am looking forward to getting home and checking the mail

You mentioned something about girls

It's human nature When they think you are good enough you get more letters, more people peeping in or ringing you up

When exactly did you notice the change around you' When you came back from Sharjah, from England or after Jaipur'



ALMOST DROPPED FROM THE DELHI SIDE LAST SEASON. MAN OF THE SERIES AGAINST AUSTRALIA IN THE ONE-DAY SERIES THIS SEASON

Raman Lamba speaks to **Mudar Patherya** on the remarkable transformation



Tarapada Banerjee

You've got to do well for over a period of time. Public reaction builds up gradually. So the Jaipur match could have been the end result of a process in which the other games have also played a part. But on the overall, it does make you feel great especially since this has come after 6-7 years of domestic cricket. Now everybody tends to give you more attention. I suppose it is normal human behaviour.

Before the Jaipur match you had been drawn into a controversy of sorts. Let me explain. Gavaskar had been dropped. Dropped in place of Lamba, as some newspapers carried the line. Did this put any undue pressure on you? Fancy, Lamba replacing Gavaskar ! How did you feel? Especially as you were yet to make your international debut.

Not quite. If I am chosen my job is to go and play in the middle. As simple as that. It's not got anything to do with whether I am replacing Gavaskar or someone else. Incidentally, I am Sunnybhai's fervent admirer.

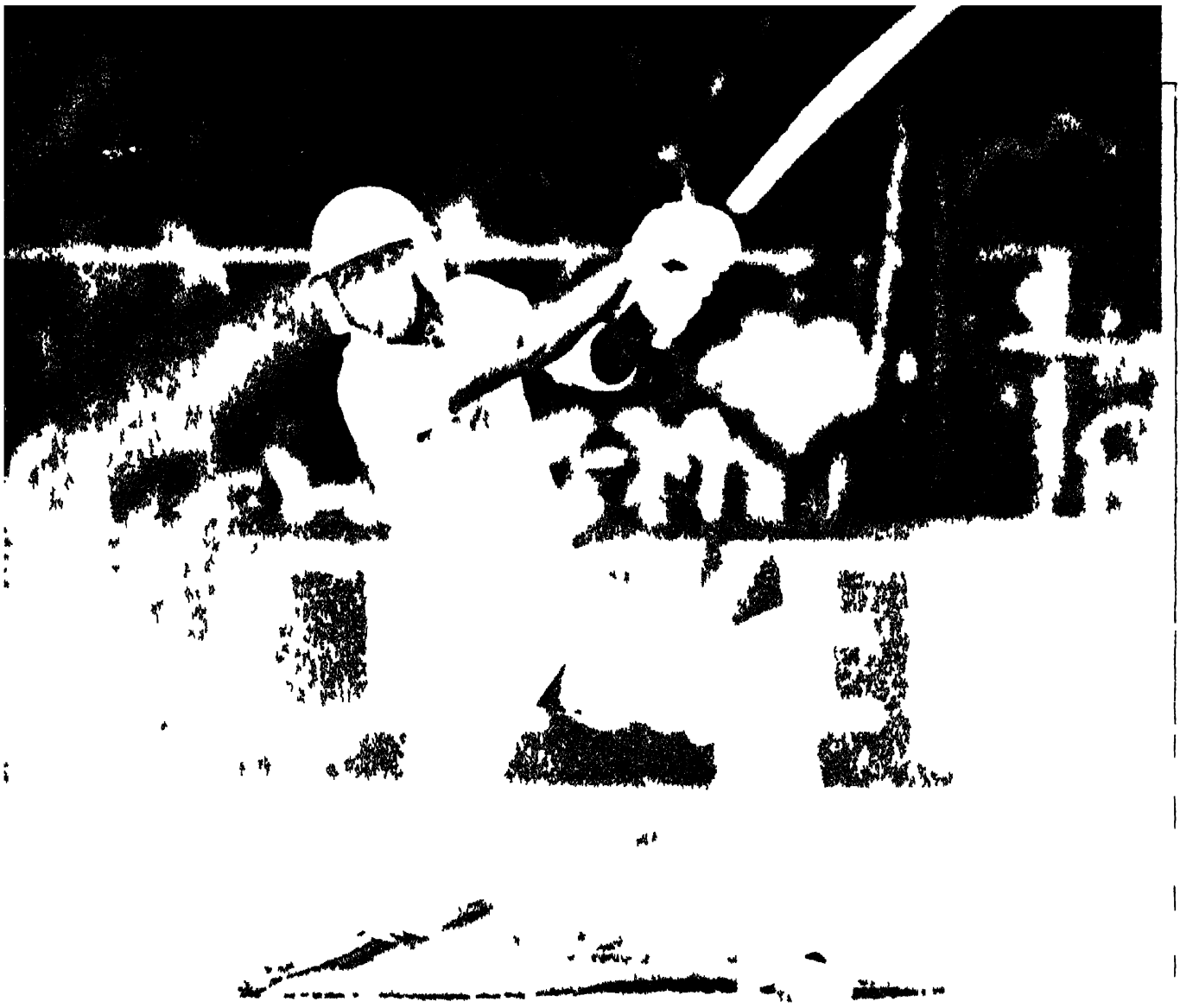
When I went in, Sunnybhai was batting at the other end. I was confident. I told myself that I would do well and was prepared for the Australians.

But wouldn't you have preferred being in the side without the Gavaskar controversy at all?

But how does that concern me? It was only among people who started the controversy. How do I get involved?

Because the newspapers said: 'Gavaskar replaced by Lamba'. That's why.

They write so many things. I don't believe everything.



NIKHIL BHARADWAJ

M t the me when I laying ruthlid r e r ead th jap r

Why not?

Be th at v ntury might j t iff t my n ertr tur

So you do get affected by newspaper reports?

I nd ntally I h ver t ever w t h d th vide tapes t the r ring that I plived this s mb r ise l d r t w nt t fe n what the co m ert t r me sayng

Did you expect to be chosen for the Jaipur match?

I s s keeping my fingers r ed They announced the team half an hour be

The longer you wait in the dressing room, the funnier thoughts keep crossing your mind. When I was getting ready to walk in, my captain told me: "Go and enjoy yourself."

fore the match Our manager Mr Bhaskaran came in so I asked him what the team was like He said You are playing

What was the first thought to cross your mind?

It was a shot from the blue Since Sunnybhai and Shri (Srikkanth) were there I knew that it was going to be difficult getting into the team It was very thoughtful of them to make me bat at number three

What was uppermost in your mind when you walked out to bat in Jaipur? Tension? Nervousness? Or waiting to get after the Aussies?

I didn't want to wait too long in the dressing room The longer you wait the funnier ideas keep crossing your mind In a way it was good that when I went in I had a target ahead of me When I was getting ready to walk in my captain told me Go and enjoy yourself

Enjoy yourself Did he say that No guidelines?

No not at all That was the best help I could have needed at a time like that An over just to finish the job That's how it should be It took a lot of pressure off me

Srikkanth was batting at the other end Did he say anything?

When I walked in he came over and said Come on Kapil Good luck His being there made a big difference to my confidence When you find your partner batting the ball naturally makes things easier for you You tend to



Nikhil Bhattacharya

feel that since he is hitting the ball around the bowler is not bowling well That's when you start thinking that perhaps you can do the same

When you had reached 50, what was your first reaction?

At that stage we had to get runs at 5½ runs an over That was the only target in my mind not a personal 50 or 100 Incidentally I was quite annoyed with myself for getting out at 64 believe me I was batting well at that stage the asking rate was 4½ an over and I felt that there was no reason why I could not have stayed right till the end

But didn't you feel at the start that Ki aaj pachaas kar lenge to sab theek ho jaaeyga?

Not quite There was no figure in mind at all I felt once I had been settled that I should bat till the end This feeling was especially predominant when I had got my 50

You scored 64 in that innings It could be the equivalent of scoring a century on Test debut What was the reaction in the dressing room?

I can't remember who first came up to me but they were very happy about the innings It was the proudest moment of my entire career

Srikkanth's being a partner made a big difference to my confidence. When you find your partner belting the ball, he naturally makes things easier for you.

At Srinagar you dashed out in a hurry and were out without scoring Success and failure, you had experienced both in your first two international innings

Basically I am an aggressive player If I had muddled that ball from Simon Davis it might have gone for six rather than as an edge to the wicket keeper! The dressing room was silent now I suppose that is how you learn In a way it was good that I came across this important lesson rather fast in my career

Did that experience prepare you in any way for the Rajkot match?

Certainly I was told at the team meeting that if I could get into the seventies (out at 73) there was no reason why I shouldn't have got a century After all you don't often get into the 70s either The team was very encouraging Go in and do it they kept saying

Charminar Challenge invites you to discover the best in yourself.

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NAME

Forms will be accepted at Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium Office between 6.30 pm to 8.30 pm from 25th Oct '86

Note: The birth date certificate must along with the entry form to enable verification of age group

Date 23rd November 1986

Venue Jawaharlal Nehru stadium

Time 3 pm

CHARMINAR CHALLENGE

PUNE INTERNATIONAL MARATHON

Ad T110/86

Does having a young side to play for make a difference in this case?

When you are on the younger side that keenness and aggressive edge is always there

The Australians must have been taken by surprise. They can't have expected three 50-plus innings in four matches from a newcomer

During the Rajkot match I remember Simon Davis came running from the other end of the field after I had been dismissed and said well done. We are good friends now

Critics whisper that you are not a Test cricketer. While you have succeeded at the one day level the purists are aghast at the unconventional methods that you have employed

A cricketer is a cricketer. What do they mean by that I am not a Test cricketer. Just look at the West Indians if the rule were to be applied to them they would never play Test cricket at all! After all most of them are strokemakers. If you can hit the ball and more importantly choose which ball to hit why should there be a problem.

But you will agree that the application required for a five day match and a one day game is different

Well a five day match is no different from a three day or a one day match. You are merely playing different players. If you can get runs in one you can get runs in the other too.

But don't you agree that to play in a Test match you need a bit of defence too?

I do not deny it. I have got eight first class centuries including a double hundred last season. That wouldn't have been possible without a defence. You agree.

Moreover you employ different tactics for different situations. Maybe I would not have batted aggressively had the match at Rajkot been a Test. For example at Delhi we were in a fairly tight position as a couple of wickets had fallen. I went in and took it easy for 7-8 overs. It is everybody says I am a one day cricketer I should have gone in and started hitting right away. So the critics are entitled to their own opinion.



Nikhil Bhattacharya

What do the critics mean by that I am 'not a Test cricketer'? Just look at the West Indians; if the rule were to be applied to them, they would never play Test cricket at all! After all, most of them are strokemakers

Who has influenced you the most?

I have been greatly influenced by my parents. Last season I had been dropped by Delhi. I worked hard. Sincere training for more than three hours a day. And was now totally disappointed. I said I was finished. There was no point in carrying on. I told myself. At that stage my parents kept reassuring me that I would make it.

Secondly Madan Lal and Surinder Khanna made sure that I was not dropped from the Delhi squad. I had been dropped from the eleven but they made sure that I was retained in the 15. There was a possibility of my being *permanently* dropped from the Delhi 15.

mind you I would not let it happen.

Which innings turned the wheel?

The innings against Maharashtra at Pune when I scored 231 after getting 61 in the earlier innings.

That kept you in the side for some time you mean

Kept me in the side! Why things were working the other way now. Within four weeks of that innings shew (whistles). I was in the Indian squad for Sharjah! In the interim period I had got a hundred against Punjab and another hundred against Rajasthan at Kota. In the last mentioned innings 92 of my runs were from boundaries.

Your best innings was

Obviously against Rajasthan at Kota. It was on an underprepared track the ball was turning yards and the bounce was uneven.

Your hundred against Yorkshire in England and the innings at Harrogate against Pakistan in the limited-overs match have been written about

That Yorkshire century was an important one for me. Imran must have been surprised after he had been hit about at Harrogate. One six of mine off Imran's bowling went right out of the ground. There was quite a hold up as they tried to recover the ball.

When this Indian season began what is the success you had reasonably anticipated? Chile Bhateena match khelenge to theek rahega. ***Did you feel that way at all at the start?***

Not quite. Nobody has been successful at predicting cricket. Not me either. Even about myself!

Black Balled

The Rise And Fall Of Latif Fluss

by Michael Mewshaw



Illustration Anup Roy



Flushing Meadow! The name carries no magic for me Flushing! Never was a place more aptly named. I spent a week with the roar of the toilet and the name of Jimmy Connors ringing my brainpan

This biting and sometimes outrageous satire of the pro tennis tour is the story of Latif Huss a fictional bedouin from the Sahara who took up tennis from lepers ailments stationed in his country Under the shady tutelage of Eddie Brown manager who discovered him at an obscure religious college he becomes the first black to capture the Grand Slam But that night the two tell a tale which lands Eddie and Brown in civil litigation years later when Huss is released by writers package it with unflattering some of the manuscript's colors, what to try and Net it at the first Huss Inc writers try In the following excerpts from Latif's new novel by Michael Mewshaw how to be published his full by Atheneum In years about this sort one of the tapes he talk into the describe their reunion with Eddie

Civil litigation is still in my blood you like to name is Eddie Brown and Latif Huss was my first partner I mid wife birth I brokered his first breath air in the sight of I watched him enter the world witnessed every step of his comeback Start to finish I saw it all

Not from the front row for every scene not even from the box seats for some I confess I kept my distance during his trial by tabloid and conviction in the court of public opinion And up front I'll admit I never visited him in prison I had my own legal problems cops corporate bounty hunters IRS agents and process servers were clinging like blood suckers to both cheeks of my ass

But I was there for the rest of it stage managing the fame that grew with his talent and fed on unprintable rumors pandemonium at press conferences fist fights at discos freak outs in luxury suites prosecutable obscenity on talk shows stumbling on stage appearance with rock stars and snapshots of girls in G strings announcing in newspapers they were carrying Latif's baby

Carrying it where I always wanted to ask?

We're talking here you probably guessed already about pro tennis the fastest sport People had been slinging shit at it for years There'd been exposes about doped up players millions of bucks kicked back under the table cooked figures in every accounting book tanked matches matches orchestrated for TV phony winner take all events in Las Vegas Whenever investigative reporters got sick of digging up dirt the agents and Pro Council officers who controlled the game took to pissing on each other They filed lawsuits charging restraint of trade monopolistic practices anti trust violations and conspiracy to commit fraud They even trotted out the RICO Act a federal crime statute and accused one another of racketeering

But none of this crud stuck Not till it hit Latif and me

(Brown clicks on one of the cassette tapes from Latif)

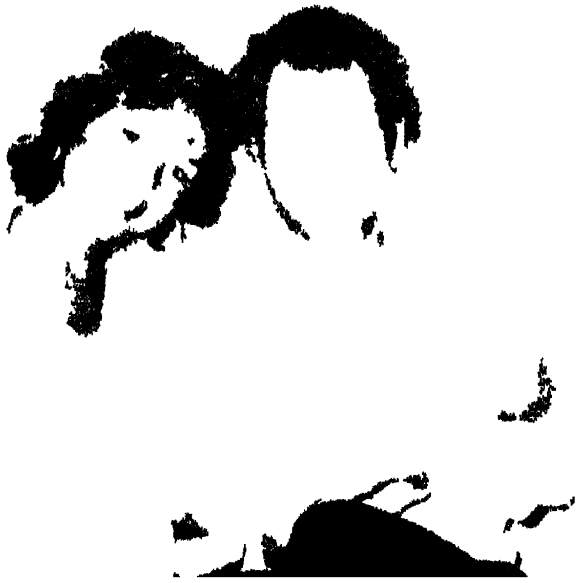
Remember how it was at the beginning Eddie? I played you schemed and wrote my script I greeted difficulty with it raising the level of my game It was getting me to memorize my lines then delivering them on camera You won my reluctance to a primitive dread of having my soul sucked away by photographers But that was only part of the problem We Turkey warriors are taught to be dignified reserved

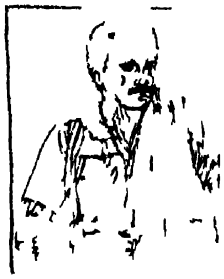
But Eddie you undermined every value that had been drummed into me as a child You trained me to project to exaggerate anger in defeat and my joy in victory to taunt other players and bait referees A month after we met you had me burning my fist shooting the finger at linesmen wiggling my fanny in front of thousands of fans

You claimed you had compiled profiles of the great players for the past two decades and anybody who wanted to be number one was allowed in the meritocracy had to decide whether to be a white hat or a black hat whether to emulate Stan Smith or the Netface Arthur Ashe or Jimmy Connors Bjorn Borg or John McEnroe A player who lacked a definite identity was bound to lose millions of dollar endorsements

What more he was likely to lose at the next tournament director took steps to ensure that follows with the right images made it to the final There was a self fulfilling prophecy a classic circle jerk on called it Player become stars when they win major titles But once they were bankable they continued

'McEnroe browbeat anybody who hinted he knocked up Tatum O'Neil before he announced in the newspapers that he had'





The greate[illegible]fficulty was getting me to memorise my lines, the[illegible] deliver them on camera. You saw my reluctance[illegible] a primitive dread of having my soul sucked away by photographers

winning titles *bee[illegible]* he were stars bec[illegible] were to import[illegible] allowed t[illegible]

With [illegible] fluential figur[illegible] was foolish t[illegible] thoughtful [illegible] blue And [illegible] Nigger filled t[illegible] ble African it wa[illegible] pick[illegible] me as a pale im[illegible] use an inky carbon copy

You want to mix your potential you said you h[illegible] first bad nigger [illegible] Lot of people [illegible] ing to take one look [illegible] red figure you're some[illegible] thing that swung down from a tree So play the part Play it big Go out there and gorilla the other guys

On your orders I studied tapes of sonny Liston Thomas (Hollywood Henderson Marvin (Bad News) Barnes Idi Amin Mr T and Muhammad Ali The trick [illegible] told me was to push my act to the limit then shove on through to the other side Be so abrasive so offensive that reporters found me funny as well as frightening Come on as such a weird menace spectator wondered whether I was kidding For every threat I had to throw in a joke Every obscenity had to be offset by a grace note You groomed me to be the player half the public loves to hate and the other half hates to love—and these halves flipflopped from week to week

My first tournament win a late summer warm up for the U S Open took place at a club that had been bulldozed out of hundreds of acres of corn next to a Federal Reform School for Boys The exit sign on the interstate read EZ OFF EZ ON But some delinquent had changed this to HARD OFF HARD ON

For me nothing was hard

'On your orders I studied tapes of Muhammad Ali to push my act to the limit be abrasive offensive"





Don't get me wrong. I like John (McEnroe). And t e's no denying his box office. He puts asses in those seats from ringside all the way up to the rafters...they see him as crazy

that week I stampeded through my early round matches without losing a set Then in the final I eked past Stefan Edberg who was less bothered by me than by the heat The Swede seized up with cramps and had to be carted off court like a gigged frog

My joy was shortlived Surrounded by TV crews and commentators I laboured to remember the lines we had rehearsed I wasn't convinced I could say them not to John Newcombe Tony Trabert and Ian Richards But you had programmed me well Eddie

Newcombe *Because of his jaunty moustache and dazzling teeth he always seems to be smiling But up close I thought he might be grimacing*) Welcome to the big time Gritty Wimbledon

Me (*Glaring*) The name's Latif better get it right You'll be hearing it a lot from now on

Trabert (*He had the typical look of the game jock commentator a little boy's face poised atop a mud slide His hair was dyed his wrinkled sunburnt skin caked with make up*) You put a lot of pressure on your self today going for aces and winners Was that your game plan?

Me (*Still glaring*) My plan was to kick his butt Get him down and kick him again You saw what happened They had to haul that no talent turkey out of here on a stretcher

Richards (*He was wearing eye liner lip gloss and tan makeup*) A lot of fans don't know you Latif Tell us a bit about your background

Me No background I'm all foreground I'm up front in your face I'm big I'm blue and I'm beautiful I'm lean and I'm mean

Richards You also sound remarkably like the old Muhammad Ali

Me Right! I'm the greatest I'm Number One

Richards In point of fact just so our viewers won't be confused you're Number 425 You had to qualify for this tournament

Me (*Thrusting an index finger at the camera*) I am the uncrowned champion The Third World Avenger You tell Lendl you tell Connors Becker and McEnroe I'm coming after them I'm going to whip them like they're babies

Trabert (*Chuckling looking around for someone with a net*) Well you'll get your chance at the US Open That's played on Deco Turf A lot faster than the Hat Tru here What your favourite surface?

Me A Mattress

Then I sprinted to the locker room bolted myself in a toilet and was stricken with diarrhoea for the rest of the day

Next week during the qualifying rounds for the US Open I still wasn't ranked high enough to get straight into the main draw I tried to avoid the press but you Eddie wouldn't permit that At every opportunity you shoved me in front of a camera or hoisted me off on a reporter scratching for a story during the slow days before the start of the tournament

I am huge I repeated to everybody I play huge I live huge I love huge Other players hate me because I refuse to humble down I hope Jimmy Connors has the juice to reach the second round Because I'll be there waiting for him Anybody who like the old man better come and watch because when I'm finished there won't be anything left of him but a gooey white puddle

Flushing Meadow! The name carries no magic for me Instead it recalls those days of intestinal distress when my nerves were tight my bowels loose Flushing! Never was a place more aptly named I spent a week with the roar of the toilet and the name of Jimmy Connors ringing my brainpan

Then in his late thirties Jimbo was still beating younger players demolishing them with stark

(Like) Idi Amin, I came on as such a weird menace, spectators wondered whether I was kidding"





He made a career—and tens of millions of bucks—giving people grief, slinging sawdust in their faces, daring them to fight, pushing reporters around hotel lobbies, spitting on them

power His backhand had lost little of it ting rushing the net against his return of ever was like running down the barrel of a bazooka He was the seasoned champ who had made his reputation as a scrapper How could I expect to survive after insulting him?

The common strategy was to work to his forehand with low off speed shots But I did you didn't care to discuss tennis tactics You promised Jimbo could be beaten before he stepped on court if I did exactly as you instructed

The day of the match the locker room was quiet tense heavy with humidity from the showers and from hundreds of sweaty socks and jocks Yet Connors appeared cool and supremely confident as he strutted by with a towel wrapped around his waist

A curious touch that towel Other players walked around naked Jimbo never did Not ever You wondered why So did I

I stood up and started toward him advancing slowly careful not to alarm him Then when I was next to him I shot out a hand grabbed his towel and spun Jimmy like a turnstile flouncing his bings stripping him bare Following your script to the syllable I laughed

I expected him to lunge at me arms and legs whirling Or pick up a racquet and brain me But he crouched and covered his crotch His scrubbed chipmunk cheeks blushed as he grappled for the towel

Put on your diaper little man I said and get ready for an ass whipping

He didn't stomp his feet or shake his fist in my face he didn't shoot me the finger or grab his gear and pretend to jack off on me like I'd seen him do to hundreds of linesmen and umpires Small and sad and suddenly ancient he shuffled off dragging his toes

Minutes later he strode onto the stadium court like a bantam cock But he was never in the match He had no rhythm no timing and no stomach for hanging tough and treating the New York crowd to another afternoon of his famous gut spilling He cratered in straight sets

I almost felt sorry of him, almost regretted what I had done But that didn't keep me from inflicting a final insult When he trotted to the net to shake hands I rumpled his greying locks and patted his fanny like he was the callow rookie and I was the condescending old pro

I force fed a cruel dose of his own medicine Connors never presented the slightest problem for me By the time he retired shortly after his fortieth birthday I had shellacked him twenty matches in a row

I was slated to meet Ivan Lendl in the quarterfinals and I didn't give myself a chance Earlier in his career he had had a reputation as a choker a guy who crumbled in Grand Slam finals But the flaw had been in his technique not his head Lendl couldn't change pace couldn't play inside the service line Now he had much greater variety to his game and wasn't afraid to rush the net

Forget that technical crap you told me We're going to hit that Commie with the complete Eddie Brown treatment

Have you seen his inside out forehand? I can't handle it

You won't have to He'll give up before the first game

Another towel trick?

Relax kid Study the script I'll take care of the rest

That evening, you arranged a press confer

By the time Connors retired, I had shellacked him twenty matches in a row





I'll take exhibitions over tournaments anytime, and not just because of the money. They give a guy like me a chance to get involved, get creative. I ran the fog machine that made the court resemble the Scottish moors

ence where reporters asked my prediction for the Lendl match

'I'll win easy Ivan's robot He's got a mechanical brain and one gear Every point, I know what he's going to do'

"Because you scouted him? Have you spotted a pattern?

I always know what every opponent's going to do Besides being the best player and baddest mother on the tour I have psychic powers Lendl he's such a simple study I take one glance and get a clear picture of his game plan his love life his financial posture

Whether because they thought I was colourful or crazy reporters broke out laughing

'You don't believe me? I'll prove it'

Lowering my eyelids to half mast I mimed deep meditation and delivered the lines you had drilled into me Eddie

Looking into Lendl's mind the first thing I see is dollar signs on a sheet of paper Seems to be yes it's his bank statement Anybody who doubts my powers here's Ivan Lendl's numbered Swiss account

I rattled off the digits you supplied I don't say where you dug them up or whether they were accurate But the press turned serious and sent out stories

Next day Lendl got serious too—seriously sick according to his agent He withdrew from the US Open giving me a walkover and flew to Zurich for emergency medical treatment

I've owned him ever since Maybe Ivan's afraid I'll tell reporters what Eddie found out about his financial dealings with the Hunt family in Dallas

That left John McEnroe as the last barrier on my headlong leap to the US Open final and he popped my bubble in three easy sets He read my game the way I claimed to read Lendl's mind Over the next nine months he had so little trouble trouncing me I was close to conceding he was Number One and I was forever doomed to be a distant runner up when Eddie you concocted a strategy so awful I am ashamed to

I clicked the stop button cutting Until Off I'm not a damn bit ashamed of what we did to McEnroe which is what somebody should have done decade before

Don't get me wrong I like John And there's no denying he's box office He put asses in those seats from ringside all the way up to the rafters

I know the reason people disagree and don't see John first and foremost as a drawing card they see him as crazy One year there was a story in the London *Sunday Times* not the racier scandal sheet innuendo that quoted a family friend saying Junior has severe personality problems and needs psychiatric treatment

But I don't feature Junior as a rubber room candidate You notice he's not shooting up his own fur coat My opinion he's a hustler hands down bar none the greatest con artist I ever met

To be continued next week

"Ivan's got a mechanical brain and one gear"



When Losers Become Winners

Should the format of the Masters be reviewed once more? **Paul Fein** examines the question

It is true that you may fool all the people some of the time you can even fool some of the people all the time but you can't fool all of the people all the time Abraham Lincoln

TOURNAMENT formats are like parts umpires and referees with the greatest you don't even notice they are there because the *athletes* command all your attention

That of course is the way it should be although the Masters was plagued with controversy from 1970 to 1982 because its multiple elimination eight player round robin format was terribly flawed Its most obvious but far from its only failure resulted when players linked or deliberately lost matches to determine their semifinal opponent

The Masters sensibly adopted a single elimination format from 1983 to 1985 but with twelve players That format was also criticized once the top four seeds drew first round byes Last January the field was increased to sixteen and equality and fairness had seemingly arrived at last

But the Mens International Professional Tennis Council just couldn't stand prosperity With rare (ironic?) unanimity the nine MIPTC members decided that the 16 man draw was no longer the elite field the original Masters intended to present

So when the 1986 Masters returns (December 3 8) we find ourselves back to the original problem filled round robin format with an important change The new old Masters format has two groups of four players each with the four players with the best records advancing to the semifinals The infamous Friday Fiddle (tanking a match in order to be paired against a desired semifinal opponent) has been removed by only awarding prize money for matches won and by flipping a coin for semifinal matches

What is so bad about the round robin format anyway? Plenty! So let's analyse it When four players face each other and thus play three round robin matches (see Code) the four possible won lost results are 3 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 0 2 1 1 2 0 3 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 3 and 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2

What this means is that assuming all players are equal—and they never are— there is a 20 3125 per cent probability that one or more players with a losing 1 2 record—that's *two* losses already— will advance to the semifinals and have a chance to win the whole tournament

Since tennis is a sport with superstars who nearly always dominate the premier tournaments it is entirely reasonable to examine those eight scenarios where superstars go unbeaten 3 0 (see Figure I)

Holder Lendl with the '85 trophy



Those scenarios are as follows A F A J A G A H B F B F B G and B H

When this happens the chances of at least one player reaching the semifinals with a 1 2 record jumps to a dangerous 13 75 per cent if there is one superstar (3 0) in each half If there is just one superstar (3 0) in the entire tournament the probability is 31 25 per cent

A few years ago Dick Lehrfeld a longtime Forest Hills resident and fan summed up a common reaction I didn't have the enthusiasm People don't like to see losers People like to follow a winner to the top Sports is winning You don't want to see a team that lost four in a fifth game All sports are like that

The second fatal flaw is the high frequency of ties we can expect Assuming all players are equal and they are not ten of the sixteen possible scenarios result in ties (four way five way or six way) with the collective probability of 10 625 per cent (see Figure II)

Again let's look at the scenarios where we have two unbeaten (3 0) superstars When this happens there is a tie among at least four players 43 75 per cent of the time!

No formulae using such criteria as head to head match results total sets or games won or anything else (except for another play off match which isn't feasible) are at all suited to breaking ties in tennis (Cynics may even argue that a set could be purposely lost to help a friend

FIGURE I

Group No 1 A	Group No 2 E
3-0	3-0
1-2	1-2
1-2	1-2
1-2	1-2

Here two players with 1-2 records advance to the semifinals

Group No 1 A	Group No 2 F
3-0	3-0
1-2	2-1
1-2	1-2
1-2	0-3

Here one player with a 1-2 record advances to the semifinals There is a total of four scenarios where one player with a 1-2 record advances to the semifinals They are A-F, A-H, B-E and D-H

Group No 1 B	Group No 2 F
3-0	3-0
2-1	2-1
1-2	1-2
0-3	0-3

Here no player with a 1-2 record advances to the semifinals There is a total of 11 scenarios where no player with a 1-2 record advances to the semifinals They are A-G B-F, B-G, B-H C-E, C-F, C-G, C-H, D-F D-G and D-H

FIGURE II
Reviewing the scenarios shown in FIGURE I, we see that scenario A-E produces a six-way tie that must be broken to select two semifinalists Scenario A-F produces a four-way tie that must be broken to select one semifinalist Scenario B-F does not produce a tie

Mathematical research by Professor Gerald Root, chairman math department American International College

CODE All possible won-lost results in a four-player round-robin A and E	B and F	C and G	D and H
3-0	3-0	2-1	2-1
1-2	2-1	2 1	2-1
1-2	1-2	2 1	1-2
1-2	0-3	0 3	1-2

Group No 1—Scenarios A B C D
Group No 2—Scenarios E F G H

advance)

The third defect has to do with inconclusiveness, and all sports competitions should have unmistakably clear verdicts This is especially true for a season ending climax such as the Masters that purportedly will decide the world's Number One player in some down to the wire years

However some critics don t like the idea of one player facing the same opponent twice in the same tournament—even if the semifinals and final count more (in the strict single-elimination sense) than the round robin prelim—especially when each player wins one match

Eight years ago Masters champion Jimmy Connors sarcastically remarked "Well, Borg beat Vilas, Vilas beat me and I beat Borg I guess we'll have to play this thing (the Masters) all over again "

Since the foremost object of a tournament is to arrive at a clearcut verdict, produce a bonafide winner and champion, the outspoken and honest Connors did have an unassailable point

Every tennis fan wants the Masters to succeed,

Borg posed a problem in 1978!



even flourish It can too, in every sense, if only it abandons its doomed round-robin double-elimination format once and for all With round robins losers (single and even double) can become champions, the runner up could wind up with three losses, ties that can't be fairly broken abound, and confusing inconclusiveness further mars what should be entertaining competition

Unless it wants diversionary chaos and controversy the Masters must become single elimination again As in many sports depth and near parity mark men's pro tennis much more than was the case in 1970 The so called 'elite' are often upset and sometimes decisively, by the near great

Connors and Jimmy Mayotte, among others favour a sixteen player, single elimination draw "Look at all the good players who would have missed out if it were only twelve or eight," pointed out Connors

The single elimination format is time tested, fair, understandable and conclusive I couldn't ask for anything more, and you shouldn't settle for anything less



New venture from Leh

WHEN 11 year old Dolma Tsering was informed that she was among the twenty young people from Ladakh chosen to travel to Delhi she was almost in daze. The Leh based schoolgirl had just earned her first ever trip down to the plains by virtue of her performance in a series of endurance races organised as part of the scheme to tap athletic talent in special areas.

Inspired by a report of medical experts who had worked on the Defence services personnel in high altitude areas and who believed that it would be worthwhile to look for distance running talent in the Ladakh region the Department of sports through the Sports Authority of India recently launched a pilot project to encourage running there.

Nine girls and eleven boys between the ages of 15 and 18 were selected after a series of races over distances varying from 3 to 6 kilometres and invited to Delhi partly for medical observation and partly for guidance as potential athletic trainees.

For little Dolma (she really looks quite tiny) and junior male star Tashi Dhondup and their friends it was like a dream come true. The children and one can easily call them that —had never been out of Ladakh. The flight to Delhi followed by a three week stay at the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium happened all too suddenly and overwhelmed them.

In purely athletic terms their appearance in the capital as novice runners came as something of a revelation. They took part in three major road races against leading runners in their age groups and showed remarkable potential for excellence.

Another experience was added to their Delhi visit when they were presented to President Gyani Zail Singh after the UNICEF run with other Delhi children to commemorate United Nations World Peace Day. The great moment for Dolma came when she was asked to present a bouquet of flowers to the President. This she did in the same uninhibited manner that has been evident in her participation in running. The carefree approach combined with their extraordinary physiological attributes makes her and her friends very unusual people.

Of the older ones Dorjee Phuntsok Wangchuk Skalzang and Jigmet Gyalson are very new to the realm of competitive running, but one has reason to believe that their kind of talent if carefully nurtured and monitored might well provide Indian sport with some spectacular performers.

All the youngsters hail from schools in and around Leh and while some of them have played the usual informal games none have been involved in athletics. When they returned home they told their parents and village folk about their visit to the plains.

Like Dolma 13 year old Rinchin Chesdol admitted that she was nervous about coming away from home on such a long trip but appeared to have enjoyed herself and was keen to take up running in a big way.

Coach Mutup Namgyal a Physical Education teacher who has accompanied the young athletes is optimistic about the Ladakh project. When they come to Delhi next December he says with a smile you will see real athletes. Asked as to what she thought about the whole thing little Dolma covered her face and sheepishly mumbled something.

Ranjit Bhatia

Sand surfing in Texas

It takes a real cool cowboy to hang on to his mount in this new Texan rough riding rodeo

HERE's the toughest, roughest, tumble-down sport you ever doggone saw. Sand surfing the latest craze from cowboy land, is catching on like wild fire. It isn't a sport for bronzed beach bums—this is a game for REAL men.

The surfer skims along the sand on a plywood board tied behind a horse. As the bronco reaches full gallop, it's definitely hold-on-to-your-hat time.

Main attraction for spectators seems to be jeering as rugged Texans take bone-jarring, skin-scraping slides across the arena on their backsides.

Beginners usually sit down and cling tight for the first couple of rides. More skilled surfers stand and some of the ace surf-board cowboys can even manage a few tricks before biting the dust.

The course is laidout on sandy rodeo ground with a starting line at one end and a barrel at the half-way mark. Horse and rider, dragging surfer and surf-board behind, stand behind the starting line and when the rope goes taut and would-be buckaroo is all set for his wild and wooly escapade.

Even if he survives that first, neck-jarring lunge, the worst is yet to come. As the rider rounds the barrel and heads for home, centrifugal force plus the bumpy ground sends all but experienced "astronauts" flying.

Although most competitors bite the dust they sure as heck walk like bow-legged cowboys afterwards.

With the amount of dirt and horse fertiliser involved in the arena, this is a sport that's guaranteed to grow.

Herm Nathan,
Grand Prairie (Texas)



As the cowgirl kicks her horse into full gallop, the sand surfer hits the deck

Soul Mates!

When pro chess player Keith Arkell met pro chess player Sue Walker, he just couldn't help asking her to be his queen. Now the newly-weds' home is their castle...paid for by them making all the right moves

AS newly-weds, Keith and Sue Arkell stepped out of the church on their big day they said a very special "thank you"—to chess. The game not only brought them together, it has also allowed them to travel all over the world and has even paid for their new home. For the chess champions are the world's only professional married chess couple.

And as soon as they've won a few more top tournaments they have decided to put a check on their careers—so they can start a family. Every day, after a morning workout to keep fit for their "sport", Keith and Sue spend hours playing against each other and learning new moves.

"We really do spend all our time involved with chess," admits Sue. "There aren't many chess romances on the professional circuit because the players are so competitive. We play to win all the time but we always have a kiss and cuddle afterwards.

"In fact, being married makes it easy for us. While Keith thinks about his next move, I can make us some lunch or start the hoovering. Then, when it's my turn to make a move, he can carry on with the domestic work."

Even though they are both International Masters, one off the top grade of Grand Master, Sue and Keith still can't afford a car. They travel to tournaments by bus and train and often arrive with an unpaid gas bill in their pockets.

But Sue says they couldn't be happier. "Knowing that you have to win a tournament to pay the bill does put a little extra pressure on us. But we think that's good. We are used to living on our wits and it certainly seems to put a winning edge on our games!" she adds. "The most important thing is we're happy. We knew it would be hard but we wouldn't dream of doing anything else."

Keith took up the game when he was 14 and admits he was instantly hooked. "As soon as I had learned the rules, I just couldn't play enough," he recalls. "I bought loads of chess books and magazines, learned all the old Master's favourite moves and, within six months, I was pretty good."

"I virtually forgot about my school work—all I wanted to do was play chess. I played for my school, then in the County Championships and, by the time I was 15, I had entered national competitions.

"When I started winning some of the bigger tournaments, I suddenly realised I was picking up about £50 in prize money. That's what made me think I might be able to make a living from the game. The better I got, the more money I could earn."

As soon as Keith left school he decided to turn professional. "I didn't care about everyone telling me to get a proper job," he adds. "I wanted to play chess. My parents agreed to support me as I moved up the rankings and, for the next five years, that's just what I did."

"I never had a penny to my name, never took a holiday and was permanently in debt—but at least I was playing. In the beginning I had to ask my Dad to pay my entrance fees *and* give me the train fare to the tournaments, providing I promised to pay him back out of my winnings.

"Most of the time he was happy to help but, when I lost a few competitions on the trot and the debts mounted up, it could get very worrying. He once refused to pick me up from the station unless I had won and could pay him back the money. Fortunately, I had.

There was one occasion I *did* try doing an ordinary job. I worked as a wages clerk in a big office, but I jacked it in within two days. After that I was even more determined to become a



chess champion."

Sue's rise to the top was equally meteoric. She began playing when she was 12 and, by the age of 13, she was already competing in national championships.

Sue, from Droitwich, near Birmingham, says: "I've never been as dedicated as Keith. The reason I played at school was because it meant I could miss a few maths lessons. But I was soon beating all the boys and, within six months, I was Surrey County Champion." Yet if it hadn't been for a letter, inviting her to represent Britain, she would probably have given the game up.

Now ranked second in the UK, Sue adds: "I was seriously thinking about quitting the game. I was playing badly and not enjoying it at all. But, when that invitation arrived, I could hardly say no. I played in the tournament and won all eight games—after that I decided I really could make it and entered every competition I could find."

It was at one of those competitions in Mendon, France, where Sue met Keith. They were staying at the same country farmhouse and were expected to help out with the housework. "The farmyard was so mucky that our shoes got absolutely filthy every time we went out," says Sue. "So I did a deal with Keith that I would do all the washing up if he cleaned my shoes."

"After that we seemed to bump into each other at tournaments all round the world and, gradually, we started going out." Their love flourished when Sue reached the World Championship finals in Cuba in 1985. As part of the trip, she was allowed to appoint her own coach—so she chose Keith.

"I didn't really know how good Keith was, but he persuaded me to let him go. We both had a fantastic time. With his help, I managed to win most of my games and finished fourteenth. And, because we were both being paid expenses by the British Chess Association, we had enough money to enjoy ourselves."

Sue had planned to go to university when she got back to Britain—but with her new success she decided to take a year off and devote herself full-time to chess. She recalls: "I worked in a shop for a couple of months to save enough money to enter as many tournaments as I could with Keith. I didn't realise how much time I was spending with him until one or two of the other girls started giving me knowing little winks."

"In the end it was obvious I wouldn't be going to university. Keith was nagging me to become a professional chess player like him and I knew my mother had asked him whether he would be able to support me. In other words, she reckoned it was time we got married."

A few months later, Keith became an International Master. Not only would he be picking up prize money, he could now also ask for appearance money. He said: "It meant I could pay my fare to the tournaments with my appearance money and then anything else I won was clear profit. As far as I was concerned, that was enough for me to look after Sue. Fortunately, our next tournament was in Guernsey, so I managed to buy her engagement ring without paying tax. We were sure we'd get by somehow."

The first thing Keith wanted was a house. He says: "We spend most of our time travelling to tournaments but it is nice to have a home to come back to. Convincing the building society to let us have a mortgage was a nightmare, though.

"They thought we were joking when we told them what we did for a living. The only way they would give us the money was if we promised to keep winning the tournament. I've worked it out that we both win about half the competitions we enter. That way, we don't worry too much if we lose three in a row because we know it balances out in the end."

Yet playing together so often and sharing so many ideas does lead to problems when they meet in tournaments. "I hate playing Keith," Sue adds. "For one thing it means that one of us isn't going to earn any more money, and we are also very competitive. We usually can't speak to each other for at least an hour after the game. Now we try to pretend we are playing someone else rather than each other. When you play a stranger, you never feel sorry for your opponent if he or she makes a mistake."

"There have been a few occasions, though, where we've been paid to play demonstration games because we are married. We'll never earn the sort of money top golfers or tennis players earn. But I'm sure we'll get by. Even if we both became world champions, we'd still probably not be a lot better off.

"We've both learned you don't play chess for money. It's fun even if you do have an unpaid gas bill in your pocket!"

Robert Hall, London



Partners Keith and Sue Arkell battle it out with some quick-fire chess action. As the world's only married professional chess players, they are never short of a playing companion

Austr lia wins the hockey, Nottingham Forest tops the table

... but Gary Lineker steals the show

THE Indi key team came saw, and were con nsively con quered world hockey cham up in north Lon don ver and Australia are rvedly the cham pi Ihey beat Lngland a final which while it moments of drama icked the quality of some of the earlier matches

But England s rise as a hockey power has captured the local imagination and given the game an immense boost in these parts Sadly India came bottom holders of the wooden spoon

If in the examination of this debacle the Indian pub lic or sports administrators wince and look for lame excuses such as indifferent refereeing there will never be a climb back Unpleasant fact have to be faced and strong remedies applied

For a tart it must be realised that Indian sports administration is like in fested with free loaders and parasites and has therefore to be cleansed Secondly men who can think ahead and plan and appreciate the great inter national advances in physic al fitness tactics and the rest must be put in charge As I recall observing in these pages some time ago Indian attitudes and thinking on sports in gener al are about fifty years if not more behind world standards The disappoint ments in the Asian Games with the exception of P I Usha s wonderful perform ances and those of her un lucky colleague Shiny Abra ham are a doleful re minder of the magnitude of the task awaiting the country The gimmick of monsoon cric ket so as to make a fast buck and others like it must also surely end Cricketers are not farm horses and were never meant to be So much for one s thoughts on the blight affecting Indian sports penned on a dull autumnal London day A case of misery compound ing misery



Two goal Lineker still remains consistent

BUT it is to the British soccer scene that one must turn England played Northern Ireland and emerged comfortable 3 0 winners The Irish pro duced an experimental side and Gary Lineker back from Spain for the match was in divine form He scored twice his second goal sending both pundits and crowd into raptures It certainly was a collector s item and provoked an ex cited Bobby Robson the English manager to proc laim that his maestro was a better goal scorer than Diego Maradona Lineker will certainly have an opportunity of proving this to a more sceptical interna tional public when England meet Yugoslavia at Wemb ley on November 12 But there is no doubting that he is a genuine thoroughbred

Apart from Lineker Glenn Hoddle purred sweetly in midfield with long raking passes Bryan Robson played an anchor role while Kenny Sansom in the deep defence was solid as a rock and Peter Shilton as unmovable as a mansion in goal By and large it was a creditable England outing but it is early days yet and the ster ner challenges are still to come

Meanwhile in the En glish First Division, Not tingham Forest having briefly relinquished top place to newly promoted Norwich recovered their

winning ways against Queens Park Rangers and returned to the top again. Their victory was by a solitary goal, but they all count, as Liverpool have shown so eloquently down the years Forest's scorer was Nigel Clough but with out the inspirational Neil Webb in midfield this was not a performance calcu lated to set the terraces alight Nevertheless, it was a win and narrow wins even on off days are the secret of League sucesses Purple patches like the full moon only appear at appointed intervals

Norwich were held to a 1 1 draw by West Ham and so drop down to second place Drinkell scored for Norwich and Goddard, re placing the injured McAvennie, replied for the visitors But what of Merseyside? How, indeed, are Liverpool and Everton faring? Not at all badly The season is barely two months through and both are within challenging dis tance of the leaders If they had been able to take advantage of Forest's hic cup, their positions would have been better Alas when Forest faltered the Merseyside giants stum bled too Liverpool lost at home for the fourth time in 75 years when they went down 1 nil to Tottenham Hotspur, while Everton lost three games on the trot, thanks to injuries to key players

However, each was res tored to health last Satur day Liverpool at home thrashed hapless Oxford United 4 nil and Everton got the better of South ampton by two clear goals So Liverpool with 20 points from 11 games are in third place and Everton with 18 points are in sixth position Forest perched at the top have acquired 23 points and Norwich 22

Tottenham Hotspur who had beaten Liverpool ear lier are having a good sea son under their new mana ger David Pleat who ar rived from Luton Town under the u u ntrover sial circumstan An up beat Spurs l ive un doubtedly much to think striker Clive Allen for their prosperity Allen s career has been plagued by ill fortune and expensive transfers The son of Les Allen a member of the famous Spurs League and Cup double winning side of the early sixties, Clive has already 11 goals and, what is important is scoring with great regularity Perhaps his hitherto blighted career is at last taking off for 11 goals out of his team s aggregate of 12 is a notable achievement by any reck oning

Spurs drew 1 1 against Sheffield Wednesday and Allen—who else?—scored their goal with Megson equalising for the visitors Spurs are now comfortably lodged in fourth place and behind them are West Ham whose spirited challenge for the League title last season still burns in the public memory

No talk of English soccer can be complete without a few words about Manches ter United, whatever their fortunes United opened the season disastrously For a spell they languished at the foot of the First Division table but have now lifted themselves to fourth from bottom with improved performances heralded by the return to fitness of captain Bryan Robson They beat Luton 1 nil but were lucky to do so since the visitors squan dered a penalty Still it was a victory if a some what unconvincing one United s Danish international Jes per Olson is packing his bags for Germany as rumours are afloat that he was involved in a punch up with teammate Remy Moses during a practice session Manchester Un ited s troubles are not over yet Not by a long way

Hoddle purred and England was happy



Pramen Addy, London

NEWS INTERNATIONAL

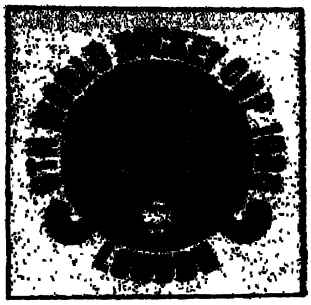
Sixth World Cup Hockey Tournament

Reminiscence has never won gold medals

Yet India and Pakistan seem to be wallowing in their glorious past



Australia's captain David Bell kisses the trophy





IF you had been in hibernation for the last ten years and had somehow miraculously been transported to Willesden to witness the World Cup hockey finals, you would have probably felt that it is some bizarre joke to find the two great hockey nations, India and Pakistan, playing for the honour of the wooden spoon.

Unfortunately, that was the bizarre position that both India and Pakistan found themselves in. And one does not feel sad for India and Pakistan but for hockey itself, gone are the days when the world was captivated by the brilliance, skill and sheer wizardry of the Indians and more recently the Pakistanis. It was a splendid sight, indeed privileged, to watch these two nations on a field playing their very open styles of hockey. But though unbelievable to many, it is a fact that both have sunk so low, so fast.

There are many who are willing to make excuses for this demise. The general one put forward is that too much has been asked of the players, what with the close proximity of the Asian Games and the World Cup. This may be the case, but these two events only highlight the actual problem, which seem to be excessive individualism and a low work-rate. Watching the reality of Indian hockey, it seems that the players had trained and played too much—but the preparation had been too uncoordinated. And what is crystal clear is that a lot of bad habits have been developed by the players.

The star players at national level get away with murder because of who they are. Their reputations preceed them. Umpires have failed to curtail their bad habits and so a sense of complacency has set in. But at the international level these players have fallen foul of the umpiring and that seems to have an overall sense of resentment in their game to the detrement of the team.

Both India and Pakistan seem to be wallowing in their glorious past and do not want to adapt to the rigours of modern hockey. But reminiscence has never won gold medals. Artificial surfaces have changed the nature of the modern game. Strength and speed are now far more important and the other hockey playing nations have raised their skills and learnt to combat those of the Asian teams.

Both Pakistan and particularly India, continue to play on grass. Through Willesden fortnight, India have dribbled themselves into oblivion and Pakistan trying to play a fast passing game, have been extremely short of the necessary accuracy. So India have to take stock and look for ways to stop the decline and one hopes that it will be done sooner rather than later.

England's World Cup

The Argentines showed that soccer was not the only game they play









dream was finally shattered at Willesden, just before it reached completion—but they did give the powerful Australians an almighty fright before the fire was finally put out. The start of the final was characteristically Australian as the kangaroo, as they set off at a furious pace, running England ragged. The pressure paid off when Craig Davies caught the English defence rapping with a quickly taken long corner and as the ball bounced loose, Grimely tried to clear the ball but only managed to tee it up for Terry Walsh to flick it passed the exposed Taylor. It had taken eight minutes and the goal seemed to settle the Australians.

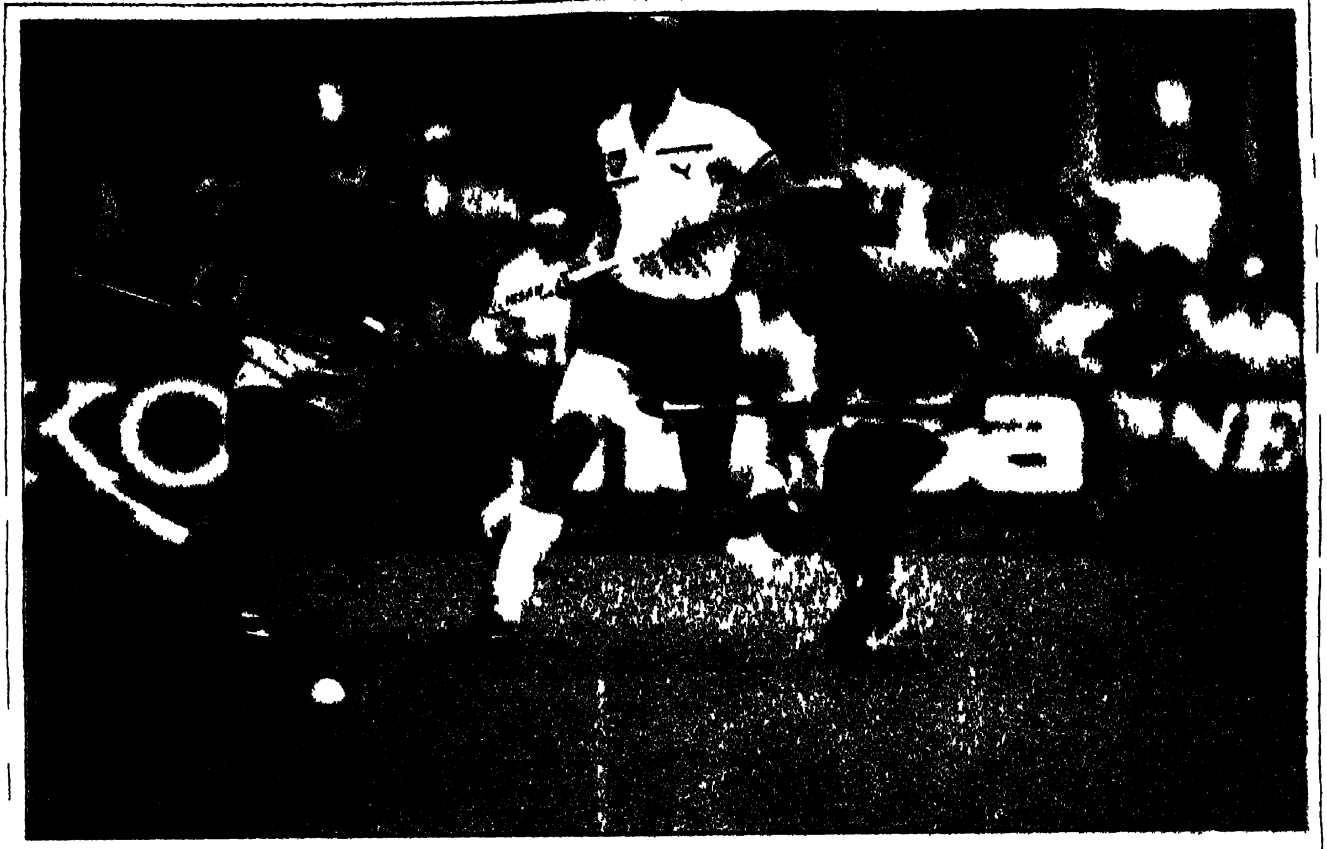
England's dynamic forward Sean Kerly, was superbly covered by the Australian captain David Bell and he had to drop further back to collect the ball as England struggled to make an impact. On the few occasions the ball reached winger Imran Sherwani, he looked England's most dangerous forward, but could make little impact on a no-nonsense back line.

Just as England seemed to be getting back into the game they went further behind from a well taken John Bestall short—corner conversion. To all intents and purposes that should have sealed the fate of the game and the cue for a harvest of Australian goals. But England threw men forward after the break and nearly battered them into submission. Substitute John Shaw, Sherwani and Kerly were

Top: Australia's seniormost player Ric Charlesworth proves he is still very agile

Middle: Subramani falls at the feet of a Spanish forward

Bottom: Hang down your head, Indian hockey



at last finding room and their efforts were almost rewarded with a goal four minutes into the second half. Shrewman cut off a typical weaving run into the circle and flashed a pass just wide of the post.

It inspired a period of pressure by England with the second substitute Kulbir Singh Bhatura getting behind the defence on numerous occasions. With a partisan crowd of near 12,000 behind them it seemed only a matter of time before the Aussies cracked but England had to wait till just six minutes from time before they did. Barker, the hero of the semi-finals against Germany, took a free hit just outside the circle and when the ball fell to Potter a yard out he scored with a good reverse flick.

England's goalkeeper, Ian Taylor adjudged the best player of the year, gives his seven-year-old son a few tips



Photographs Colorsport

Germany's Stefan Blocher is a giant compared to Tholba Singh and Shahid

England now threw everyone forward and they had two penalty corners in as many minutes but both were cleared with the ball going [illegible] that seemed to be the real opportunity for England and the Australians hung on to a well deserved victory. It was therefore appropriate that enormous Ivan Charlesworth was voted best player of the tournament and Ian Taylor on England's goalkeeper.

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Michael King London



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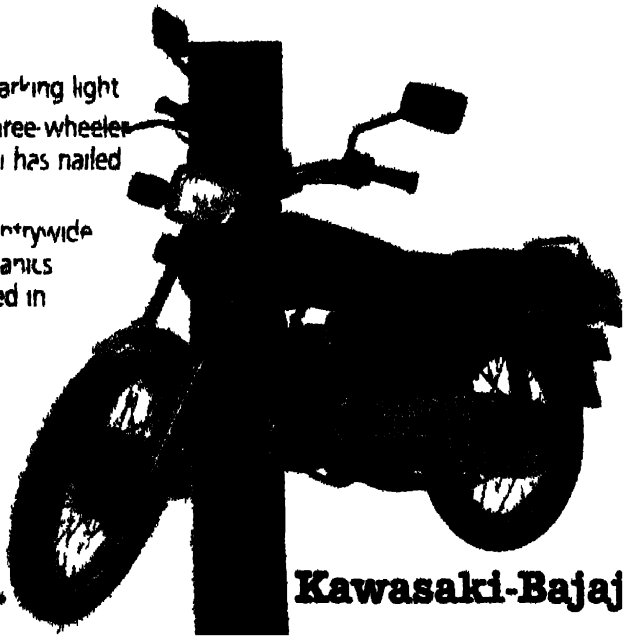


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Tarapada Banerjee

"You Have To Play On Automatic Pilot"

Ramesh Krishnan talks to **Rohit Brijnath** about his consistency, development, the world tennis scene and the artistry of John McEnroe

HE's rather a difficult guy to write about.

Initially we only had brief glimpses of him in his formative years. He was then constantly referred to as Ramanathan Krishnan's son. Hardly ever a personality in his own right. Yet as he grew and his game correspondingly matured, the world would take another look at the artist as a young man.

Yet again we saw him briefly. We were limited to his short Davis Cup sojourns and occasional writings in the newspapers. Yet we knew he was a perfect gentleman, was a little overweight but stroked the ball like a dream.

But this year was different. Reaching for perfection in the Grand Slams he had the world in raptures. In an era of serve and volley, he proved that tennis still thrives on touch. And as the ball glances off his racket only to waft across the court and gently puff up some chalk to signify a winner, you know there is so much there.

And as watching him gives so much pleasure, speaking with the young Indian was much the same.

SPORTSWORLD: This has been rather a good year for you, considering your performances at Wimbledon and the US Open. Would you say it's been your best year?

RAMESH KRISHNAN: Well, yes and no. I think I played well at the Calcutta Davis Cup, Wimbledon and the US Open, but I don't think it's been a very consistent year. It was very good in the sense that I did well at Wimbledon—it's always been my dream to play well at Wimbledon—and it gave me a lot of confidence for major matches. Otherwise, there was a lack of consistency

To what would you attribute your performances at the Open and Wimbledon? You certainly seem to hit a high at Grand Slam tournaments.

Yeah, I got the feeling that I perform better at these events... five set matches suit my temperament... and I think I've been fitter this year than in the past. In the past few years I've played one or two and my stomach muscles got tired



This year I think I played well in all five rounds at Wimbledon, but was outplayed in the quarterfinal. I don't think I was tired and I don't think I was tired *getting* there.

Do you have a problem with concentration, or is it just that you prefer three sets?

Like I said, five set matches are my strong point. A lot of guys start very fast, but I think (my concentration) is something I'm working on. I need to play more matches and get match-tight.

You used to train quite regularly at the late Harry Hopman's camp. What kind of person was he?

I got along very well with him. He had a fantastic record as a coach and he was the sort of guy who believed in the old-fashioned formula of working hard and leading the simple life. I also believe in that philosophy... a lot of my beliefs are moulded by him.

The thing is, there are always different kinds of players who play well. Now maybe with Lendl the accent is on a lot of power

I hear that his camp deteriorated after his death. Do you have any idea about this?

Yeah, one thing's for certain: nothing can replace him. The amount of experience he had in bigtime tennis was fantastic.

Do you have a coach right now?

No, but I'm looking for somebody else.

Do you have anyone in mind?

No. See, I think periodic coaching is important but I think I'm at a stage where I need to play more and get more on-court experience. That's the most important thing for me.

Have you reached a point where your service can't get any better?

I think it is better than ever before; moreover, I think it can improve further. You can't really single out someone and say "Yeah, his service is bad." I mean if you ask Jimmy Connors, *his* service is bad. The thing is how one works around a deficiency. I mean I'm not going to serve like a Boris Becker or an Ivan Lendl. The service is going to be weaker point. It depends on how well I cover it up with my ground strokes and my return of serve. I think I need more fire and penetration in my game. That's what I've been working on.

With Slobodan Zivojinovic it's the other way around. He has rustic ground strokes but it's his incredible service which kept you at bay in that Wimbledon quarterfinal this year.

Yeah, but to beat him, anyone would have to return his serve well

How do you prepare yourself before a match... both physically and mentally... for instance when you played Zivojinovic?

You ask around to see how your opponent plays, what his weak points are, what his strong points are. At Wimbledon I didn't have time to think because I played so many matches. The ideal situation when you're playing is to be on automatic pilot... it just has to come. When you have to force it, it doesn't come... which is why you have to be match tight. Playing a lot of tennis is the best preparation you can have.

Is that what you do before Wimbledon?

Yes, this year before Wimbledon I had a good time. So by the time I got to Wimbledon I had played a lot of matches. I think I played about seventeen matches in June. I was playing nearly every other day. In such a situation you play so much that it's second nature to you. You don't even think... you just go and play.

"Killer instinct"...a very ambiguous term. What does it mean to you? For instance, when they say that Vijay didn't win this or Ramesh didn't win that because they don't have 'killer instinct'?

It's very difficult to answer that. I mean how do you know whether someone has killer instinct? It is very.... I think maybe it's a question of being a little bolder when you get the chance. Another thing is how much you want it, how much pain, physical and mental you're willing to go through, how much preparation you're willing to go through, how much you're willing to push yourself.

Do you find that you do that?

It's not a question of yes and no..it's a very relative term. It's not a question of whether you do it today or tomorrow. It's whether you can do it on a constant basis. That's the question. It's very difficult to answer that.

Yes, I think it is sometimes a little ridiculous...

No...I do believe that...I think McEnroe and Lendl have that stuff in them. I mean McEnroe, you know that he's going to dig that extra stuff out. It's a question of making up your mind and doing it.

Do you have a schedule for fitness and practice while on tour?

A year ago I used to weigh much more..so the important thing was to lose a lot of weight. Now weight-wise I feel all right. I need to do a lot of strengthening exercises for my stomach. I think my stamina is okay bat I think I have to work a little bit more on my speed. My main concern for the future is to play a lot of tournaments, to play as many times as I can, because that's the only way you can learn. You have to go through it yourself. You have to experience it.

Tennis is always in a state of transition. Now, apart from Lendl no one at the top is playing consistently. What's happening?

Well everything goes through cycles as you said. I mean, five years ago Borg was playing, Connors was playing, so was Mac...and those guys were very solid players.

Any reason why it's different now?

No, it's just a cycle I think. Connors and McEnroe are not able to hold on, and it's taking the newer guys longer to get the consistency. Becker or Edberg haven't reached that level yet.

Regarding Indian tennis...have you ever been to the BAT?

No.

Do you think there's any future in Indian tennis, I mean guys like Zeeshan Ali..?

See, the thing about Indian tennis is, when I was coming up there used to be lots of tournaments....I used to play a lot of matches. I played a lot of my tennis in Madras, a lot of club tournaments and a lot of tournaments in India. Good foreign players would come and a lot of Indian players would play.

I feel that general enthusiasm for the game has come down; this has to be revived. You're going to get good players only out of good competition.

You think there should be more competitions, okay...what about more money?

It all comes down to organisation. You have to be organised...somebody has to do everything

Would you care to comment on the organisation here in India?

I'm not qualified to, because I'm not here myself. If there were a lot of tournaments for kids to play, I think you'd find



Tarapada Banerjee

I'm not going to serve like a Boris Becker or an Ivan Lendl. The service is going to be my weaker point. It depends how well I cover it up with my ground strokes and my return of serve

someone who's coming up, who will learn to compete and play well.

There is an international debate about pushing the service line 18 inches back. What do you think about it?

I think I'm a traditional at heart, so if it's stayed this long, why change it'? But they did change the foot fault rule a few years ago, so maybe they should try the other service rule-...when my father was playing you couldn't jump like Becker or Mac are doing. That is the basic advantage they have.

....Yes, and you are already two steps on your way to the net.

Yeah, that's the rule they changed some years ago, I wonder why.

What about the Americans being totally upstaged by the Europeans?

I think that European organisation is very good now and I feel there is a drop in interest in tennis in America...

too much of it...?

No, I think the European federations are well organised. If somebody is young and has talent, they give him education, they give him all the necessary facilities. Whereas in America, the structure is there, the competition is there and whoever wants can take advantage of it. But maybe it's getting a little expensive for people to do that, whereas in Europe I think the federations subsidise very much more.

Is there a realisation in America that this is happening?

Oh yeah, absolutely. That's why you hear only one American in the US Open quarterfinals...yes, they are very aware of it. But I believe everything happens in cycles. Fifteen or twenty years ago Australia was on top, then America, so it goes on.



The ideal situation when you're playing is to be on automatic pilot...it just has to come. When you force it, it doesn't come ...which is why you have to be match-tight

The era of the tennis playing artist, guys like Nastase, in many ways your father, seems to have gone, never to return...?

(Laughs) You should watch McEnroe more often. Mecir plays like that, he plays very easy. The thing is, there are always different kinds of players who play well. Now maybe with Lendl the accent is on a lot of power. When Borg played the accents was on consistency...so with so many people playing today, it takes different personalities. So it's a question of one player holding away for a while, then somebody will learn to counter his ascendacy with something else. I believe there's an answer for everything. You can't judge on what's happened in the last four or five years and as far as serve and volley is concerned, a guy like McEnroe proves that he can handle all these guys with his touch.

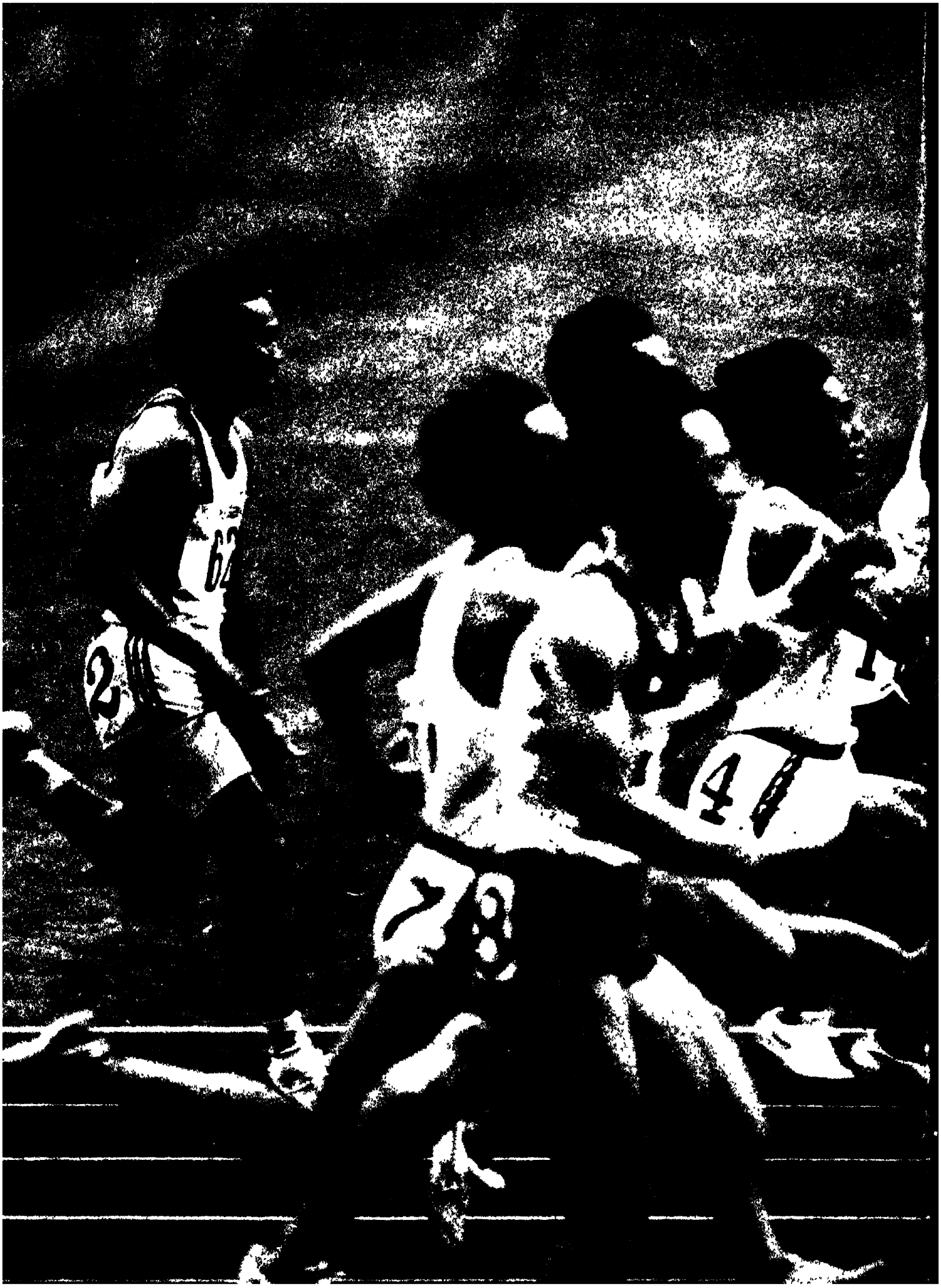
When you look back to when you started and to what you are now, what do you think?

I want to look back and learn. I don't want to look back and say, "Hey I did all this"...I don't want to reminisce till I'm finished.

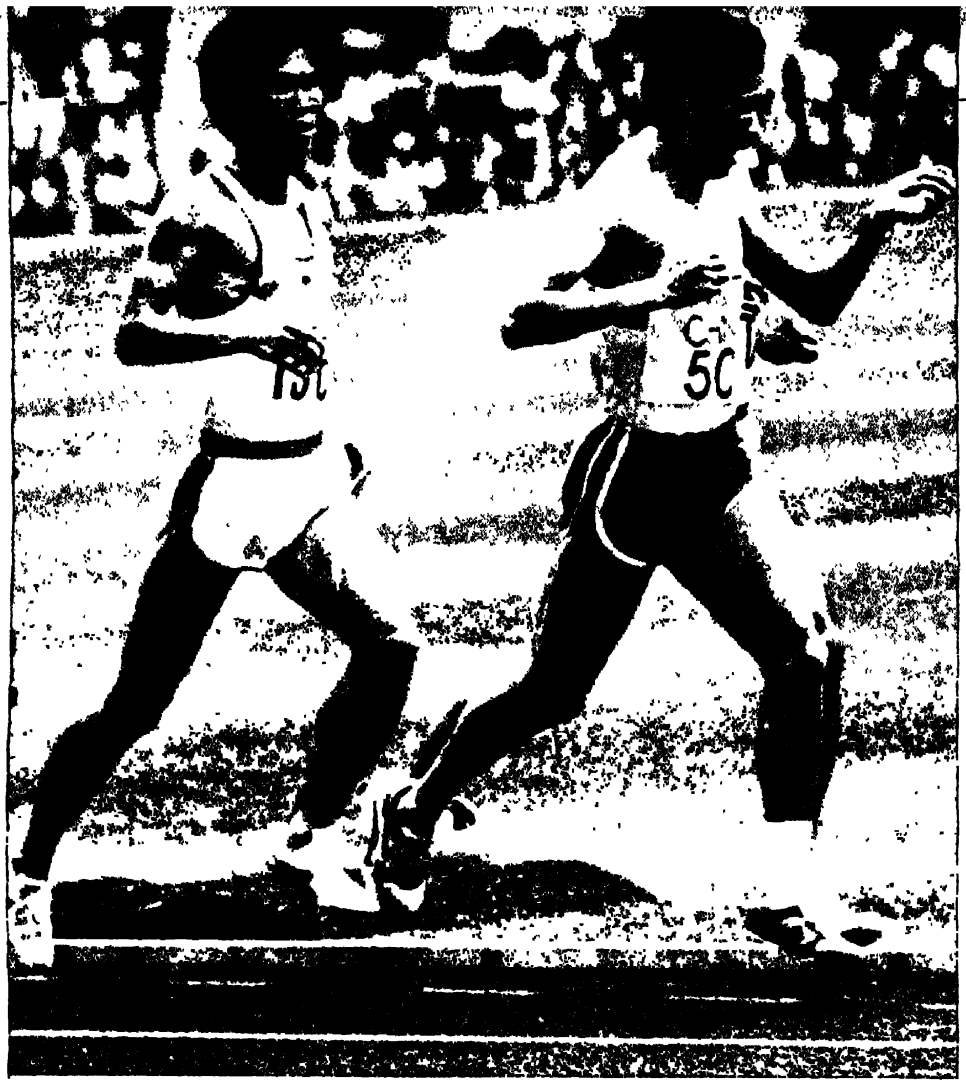
I think I've made a lot of mistakes and I feel I'm learning from them, so hopefully I've gained some experience and I shall put it to good use.

Everyone keeps saying—you too—that the best is yet to come. Do you think so?

Yes, absolutely.

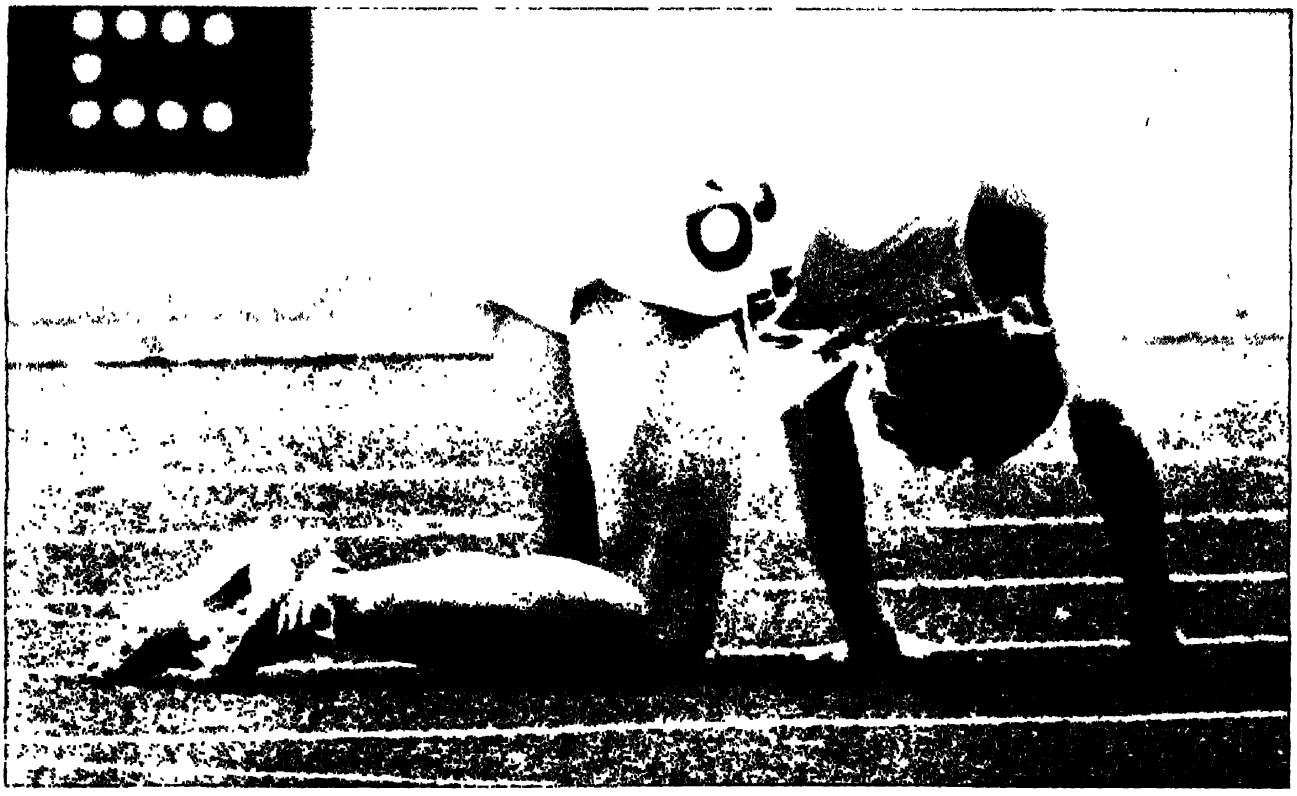






Left: When time ran out: Zhang Guowei of China looks at his watch during the 10,000m run. Unfortunately, he retired from the race soon afterwards

Below: For the winners it is ecstacy. But this athlete shows what the feeling is like for the losers





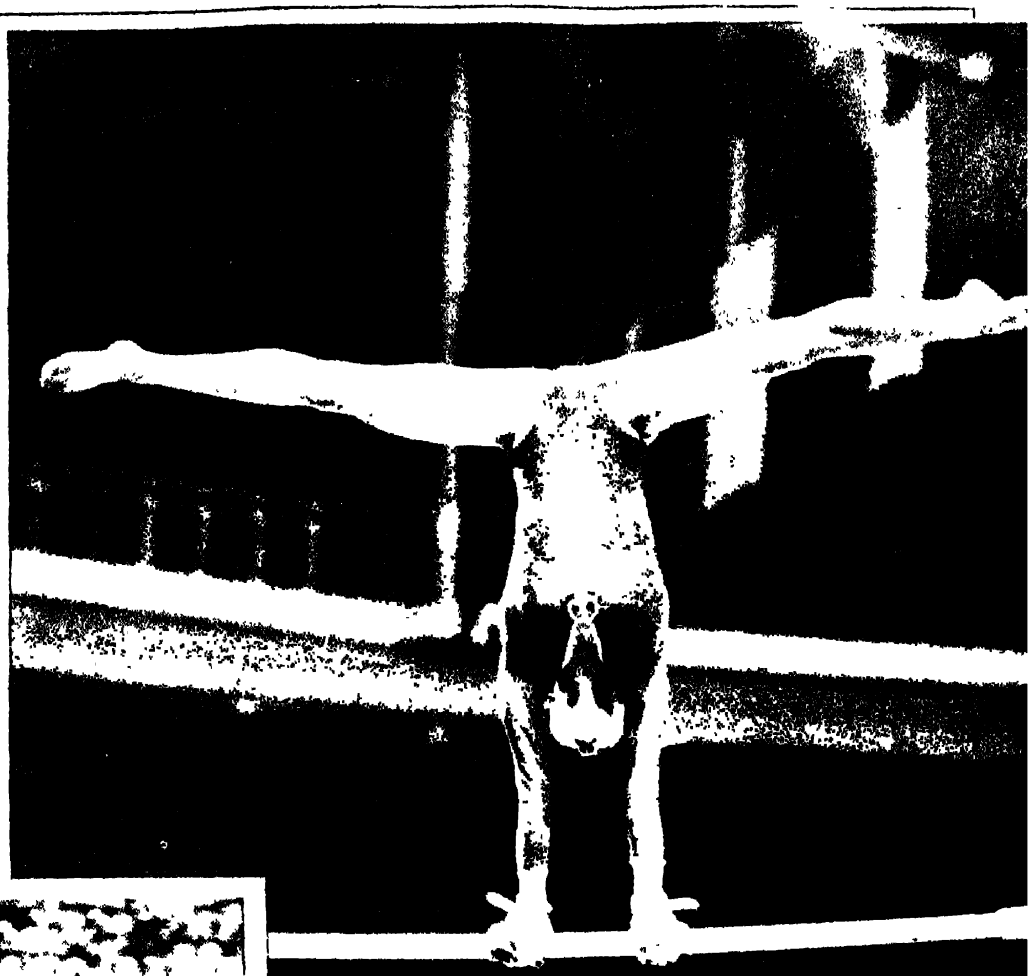
Top: China's Zhu Jian Hua clears 2.33 metres to take the high jump gold. The former world record holder attempted a new world record (2.42) but failed mainly due to a injury on the right shoulder. (note the plaster)



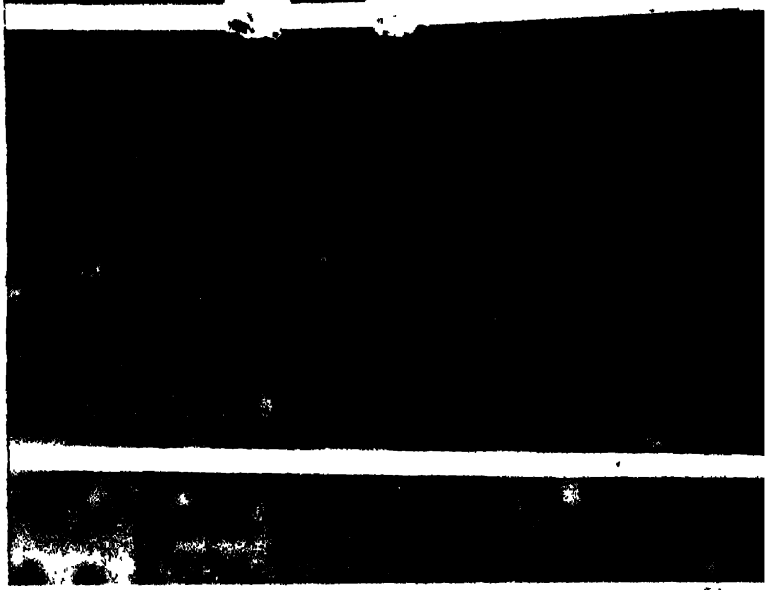
Right: The masseur of the Indian swimming team parades the tricolour around the Songnam stadium prior to the start of the India-Pakistan hockey semi final


Kodak
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Left: India's Mercy Kuttan clears six metres to finish fourth in the women's long jump. Centre Top: A competitor in the same event is helped off the pit by officials after an unsuccessful jump. Centre Bottom: P.T. Usha takes off for her anchor leg in the women's 4×100 relay. This was the only event in which Usha participated without winning a medal. Top: This exercise won China's Huang Qun a gold in the uneven bars event

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Now is the winter

WITH the 1986-87 Indian Winter racing season all set to take off it would be interesting to take a quick reconnaissance at what its outcome is going to be throughout the country. With the Madras Race Club still under a ban, racing will be confined to the cities of Hyderabad, Bombay, Bangalore and Calcutta.

The classic picture as far as colts are concerned, looks to be a two-way battle. On the one side is Chaitanya Chakram, a winner of six classics including three Derbies. On the other is Capricorn, a winner of just one Derby but a colt with tremendous potential scope.

Chaitanya Chakram: By T.V. Sunday out of Purbashi. This colt is a full brother to Chaitanya Ratham a multi-classic winner last year. Trained by J Dhariwal, this colt has shown remarkable improvement after his initial campaign in his first Season and must easily be the highest rated 3-year-old today.

A front runner, Chaitanya Chakram loves to make his own running. He is a winner over a mile and a quarter and is yet to traverse the classic Derby distance of a mile and a half. However, looking at the way he has been smashing the opposition that has come in his path, it appears most unlikely the extra two furlongs could put a dampner on his performance.

The general consensus is that the current lot of 3-year-olds are an average lot and this makes Chaitanya Chakram look even more outstanding.

Capricon: By Grey Gaston out of Calypso Star. He is trained by Western India based professional Bezan Chenoy and has an unbeaten record of five wins. After his first defeat on debut, has shown improvement to be the best 3-year-old colt in Western India.

During the recently concluded Pune Racing Season, he won three races which included the F.D. Wadia Gold Cup, the General Rajendrasinghji Gold Cup and the Pune Derby. All three were terms races. The first two were terms with penalties and Capricorn despite conceding chunks of weight all round, won with a degree of comfort far easier than the official verdict would lead one to believe.

The Pune Derby, for instance, must have seen him at his best. Lying fifth turning for home, he found himself hemmed in on the rails with a wall of horses in front. Shroff who was riding he colt managed to extricate him from his far from happy position with just 200 metres to go and the effect was electrifying. Capricorn surged forward and at the wire was three parts of a length clear of his closest rival, the verdict again flattering the runner-up because Shroff only really asked Capricorn for more than was just necessary to win

Adi Davar



PREVIEW

CALENDAR

National Events

Cricket: Duleep trophy final at Bombay from Oct. 31 to Nov. 5. Nov. 3 is the rest day.
Irani trophy, Delhi vs Rest of India at Jaipur, Nov. 7 to 12. Nov. 10 is the rest day.
Cooch Behar trophy (for under-19 players): Zonal matches to be played in Punjab (North), Bengal (East), Saurashtra (West), Hyderabad (South) and Rajasthan (Central) from Nov. 1 to 21.
Vijay Merchant trophy (for under 15 players). Zonal matches to be held in Jammu and Kashmir (North), Assam (East), Gujarat (West), Karnataka (South) and Madhya Pradesh (Central) from Nov. 1 to 15.
Moin-ud-dowlah Gold Cup invitation tournament at Hyderabad from Nov 6 onwards. 8 teams to participate, divided into two groups of four Matches to be held on league cum knock out basis. Holders, Nirlons, runners-up State Bank of India, Tamil Nadu, Karnataka, Hyderabad, Bengal and Vazir Sultan Industries X1 have confirmed participation

Hockey: Sub-junior Nehru hockey tournament at the Shivaji stadium and National stadium, New Delhi from Oct. 27 to Nov 4
Junior Nehru hockey tournament at the same venues in New Delhi from 4 to 14 Nov.
Nehru hockey tournament from Nov. 14 to Dec. 9, at the Shivaji stadium, New Delhi.
All India Sant Harchand Singh Longowal tournament at Patiala from Oct. 28 to Nov. 9.
Polo: Prithvi Singh cup at Delhi from Oct. 28 to Nov. 2
Radha Mohan Rajinder Mohan Gold Cup from Nov. 4 to 8.
CMG's trophy at Delhi on Nov. 9
Baroda Cup at Delhi from Nov. 12 to 16.
General Cariappa cup from Nov. 18 to 28.

Handball: 14th national championships at Bilaspur, Himachal Pradesh from Nov. 5 onwards.
Football: Semi-finals of Durand football tournament at Ambedkar stadium, Delhi on Nov. 4 and 5.
Final of Durand tournament at the same venue on Nov. 8
Rovers cup tournament at Bombay from Nov. 1 onwards.

International events:
Athletics: New York marathon on Nov. 2.
Women's 15kms. World road race championships at Lisbon.
Boxing: World Boxing Council (WBC) heavyweight title bout between Mike Tyson (U.S A.) and Trevor Bobbick (Canada) at Montreal on Nov. 15.
Cricket: Champion of champions trophy at Sharjah from Nov. 27 to Dec. 5. Four nations tournament for a prize money of $85,000. West Indies, Pakistan, India and Sri Lanka to participate The draw is:
Nov. 27: India vs Sri Lanka
Nov. 28: West Indies vs Pakistan
Nov 30: West Indies vs India
Golf: Nissan world championship of Golf at Japan from Nov. 6 to 9. World Cup at California from Nov 20 to 23
Judo: European junior championships at Austria on Nov 8 and 9.
Tennis: Nabisco Wightman cup, Great Britain vs U.S.A. women at the Royal Albert Hall, London from Oct. 30 to Nov. 1
Football: European championship, preliminary league matches as follows:
Nov 12: Spain vs Rumania (group 1)
Nov. 15. Italy vs Switzerland (group 2)
Nov. 16: Malta vs Sweeden (group 2)
Nov. 19: East Germany vs France (group 3)
Nov. 12: England vs Yugoslavia (group 4)
Nov 12: Turkey vs Northern Ireland (group 4)
Nov. 12: Greece vs Hungary (group 5)
Nov. 19: Holland vs Poland (group 5)
Nov. 12: Czechoslovakia vs Denmark (group 6)
Nov 12: Scotland vs Luxembourg (group 7)
Nov. 19. Belgium vs Bulgaria (group 7)

TELEVISION

Live telecast of Durand football tournament final at Delhi on Nov. 8 from 2.45 p.m. onwards. Telecast on National hook-up
Live telecast of India's matches in Sharjah, one day cricket championship (for details see Calendar)
World of Sport programme from 4.30 p m. on the following Sundays— 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30 November

RADIO

Running commentary in Hindi and English on the semi-finals and final of the Durand football tournament (for details see Calendar). Commentary to commence at 2 45 p m and to be broadcast on the national hook-up
Running commentary in Hindi and English on the Duleep trophy final at Bombay (for details see Calendar).
Running commentary in Hindi and English on the Irani trophy match (for details see Calendar).

Monthly sports programmes:
9.30—10.00 p.m.: National sports magazine, consisting of views, interviews and news, broadcast in English on Nov. 7 on Delhi B, 450 5 metres and relayed by all additional frequencies of AIR. Programme to be repeated on Nov. 8 at 7 02 a.m. on the same metre band.
9.30—10.00 p.m.: Khel Jagat, a Hindi sports programme broadcast on Thursday, Nov. 20 on Delhi A, 366.3 metres and relayed by all additional frequencies of AIR. Programme repeated on Nov. 22 at 7 02 a m on Delhi B, 450.5 metres.

BOOKS

The Joy of Football (Hodder and Stoughton, 47 Bedford Square, London WC1B3DP; price 12 95 British pounds) edited by Brian Glanville.

The most prolific and renowned of British sports writers Brian Glanville has edited what he considers the best of his reading on football into a memorable volume, called The Joy of Football. The book has a seven section pattern which maintains a certain organisation of thought and theme

The sections vary from football fiction to the fascination of football to what the stars say but excellence in writing is the criterion of selection In the stars section such legendary names like Bobby Charlton, Alfredo Di Stefano, Pele and George Best and Bryan Robson write with feeling interspersed with anecdotes Football fiction has some memorable stories written by famous names, Harold Pinter the noted dramatist, Arnold Bennet and Glanville himself The greatest joy of the book is that it will always survive and will be read with interest in the next century also as it highlights the glory and thrills of football

Compiled by Novy Kapadia

BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN

IN China nobody is indispensable. Not even their sportsmen. Their champions invariably retire when at their prime or thereabouts. And, almost immediately, they are replaced by someone as capable. Former badminton champion Han Jian is right on cue.



Having won every major title besides the All England, the thirty-year-old Chinaman has decided that it's time to go back to 'school'. Han, the hero of many a tense Thomas Cup battle, has enrolled for a two-year course at the foreign diplomatic school in China. And after school what? Back to the game, in all probability. Not as a player, but as national coach. After which Han intends to go into sports administration. That should keep him busy for a while.

SOVIET SOFT CORNER

THAT Soviet politicians have a soft corner for India is no secret. But it seems that they are not the only ones who have this affinity towards this half of the sub continent. Soviet sports administrators feel the same way.

Literaturniya Rossiya, a Moscow newspaper, organised an international badminton tournament. The women's title was won by local girl Svetlana Belyasova. In the final she beat India's Madhumita Bisht, having got the better of Ami Ghia in the semi final. But is was the Indian camp who had plenty to cheer about.

Her graceful style of play and traditional Indian good looks were primarily responsible for Madhumita Bisht being voted the "Queen of badminton". What's more, although the runner up she was honoured as the best player of the tournament. Some girls have all the luck!





CASHING IN

EVER since Bjorn Borg retired from competitive tennis, the Swedes have faced a serious problem. Not who's going to be *in* the Davis Cup team, but who's going to be *out*? Their list of players reads like a "Who's Who in modern tennis". Wilander, Jarryd, Nystrom, Edberg, Pernfors, Carlsson, Sundstrom. With a line up like that one could never expect to face a problem when it comes to winning the Davis Cup. But they do!

It's not going to be that easy for Sweden in the final to be played against Australia in late December. In all probability Mats Wilander will not go Down Under. The world number three, presently taking a seven-week (complete) break from tennis has made a statement to the effect that he will not be available. Maybe it has something to the fact that he will be marrying Sonya Mullholland, a South African model, on 3rd January.

The two other doubtful starters are Anders Jarryd and Joakim Nystrom. Both have injury problems. While Nystrom might have to undergo an operation for a thigh muscle injury, Jarryd is suffering from a broken joint in his left knee. Though there is time and both might be fit enough to take the court, it is doubtful whether they will be at their best.

That really leaves Edberg the only experienced (!) customer around. True, Pernfors and Carlsson are undeniably talented, but the Aussies might just have the edge. Cash and company might just cash in on home support, a suitable surface and familiar surroundings. But then, who knows!

TOO YOUNG

YOU can fight that much and no more. And Barry McGuigan knows it.

The former World Boxing Association featherweight champion might just be forced to hang up his gloves. The *Irish* boxer has been receiving treatment from an orthopaedic surgeon who specialises in arthritis problems. Though McGuigan hasn't made any comment to the effect that he intends to stay away from the ring (this time for good) it is believed that with the former champion suffering from arthritis in his wrists, he might not be able to enter the ring again.



Yes, many champions have had to retire prematurely because of injury, but McGuigan's case is particularly sad. He's just twenty-five.

RETIRING AT THE TOP

BEATING the West Indians in a Test match is unlikely. No matter who you are. But humiliating them is out of the question. Or so we thought, till Imran Khan and Abdul Qadir sent the undisputed champions of the game crashing to their lowest total ever to give Pakistan a stunning victory.

And almost immediately the Pakistani skipper announced that this would be his last home series. Imran intends to retire from the game when at his peak. When will that be? He feels that this will be after the World Cup to be held next year in Pakistan and India. But that's still a long way off and people do change their minds. The members of the Pakistan Cricket Board must be keeping their fingers crossed Imran does.





KIM'S COURTCRAFT

IF you had to vote for the most unfortunate cricketers in the history of the game, the name of Kimberley John Hughes would figure very high on your list. Who is to blame for this one really doesn't know, but the fact remains that the former Australian captain has been in the news ever since he started playing for his country.

After his (melo)dramatic exit from Test cricket, Hughes found himself in another unfortunate mess. This time it was a clash between the player and the Western Australian Cricket Association. The WACA had banned Hughes from playing in grade matches in Perth. Their reason? Hughes had decided to take part in a rebel tour of South Africa earlier this year.

In February Hughes went to court. And a long, expensive and taxing legal battle followed. Almost eight months later a decision had been reached. And the cricketer has come out on top. Hughes' appeal against the ban was upheld by Mr Justice Toohey, who felt that the Association had breached the Trade Practices Act by preventing the cricketer from playing cricket.

For Kim Hughes it has been a victory which has been worth waiting for. And no one needed it more than he did.

Subroto Cup Football

Towards a better tomorrow

Novy Kapadia reports from New Delhi

THE 1986 Subroto Cup is a milestone in the history of the tournament. The Chief Minister of Assam, Prafulla Chandra Mohanty, announced an award of Rs 2000/- each to the winners, Govt. HS Kokrajhar the first ever team from Assam to win the Subroto Cup. There was further social recognition. The Department of Sports of the Central Government gave an annual stipend of Rs 225/- per month to the 32 players from the winners of the tournament, Govt. HS Kokrajhar and the runners up Ramakrishna Mission School, Along, Arunachal Pradesh.

Since its inception in 1960, the Subroto Cup has done yeoman service to Indian football. About 700 schools and over 7,000 players participate annually in the preliminary rounds of the Subroto Cup held in all the 22 states and nine union territories of India. Many international players ranging from Shyam Thapa, inside left Parimal Dey and linkman Mohan Singh in the 1960s, JCT's international linkman Parminder Singh, Prasanta Banerjee and Sanjib Bhattacharya in the 1970s and recent India junior captain K. Thomas of the Govt. SSS Car Nicobar were all initially spotted playing in the final rounds of the Subroto Cup at Delhi. Such are the myopic policies of the All India Football Federation (AIFF) that the Subroto Cup is not recognised and hence the talented players that emerge annually are neglected. Since 1972 the Subroto Cup authorities have tried to identify talent, by awarding annual monthly scholarships of Rs 75 or Rs 100 to promising sixteen players in each tournament. International Parminder Singh was a scholarship winner in 1974 when he was representing the School of Sports Jullunder However, the scholarship winners have been consistently neglected by the AIFF. They have never been asked to attend follow-up coaching camps With greater rapport between the AIFF and the Subroto Cup organisers more benefits could have been reaped from this premier school football tournament in the country.

After all, Asoke Kumar Ghosh, secretary of the AIFF, when he saw the Govt. SSS Car Nicobar win the Subroto Cup in 1984, called players like medio K. Thomas and striker Augustine, "uncut diamonds." The paradox is that from the lesser developed regions like Car Nicobar, Assam and Manipur from which the champion school teams emerge, economic conditions do not permit organisation and support of senior football. Hence the talented school boy footballers give up the game after school. Asoke Ghosh's uncut diamonds remain a case of "what might have been" as the AIFF refuses to nurture football talent and pays only lip service to the development of junior football. This was a sentiment echoed by P. Gogoi the coach of the winners Govt. HS Kokrajhar.

Questioned on the paradox that school teams from the North-East and Andaman Islands annually excel in the Subroto Cup, reaching the semi-finals or final, but most of the players fade away later, P. Gogoi made a pertinent reply An NIS Calcutta trained coach, he said that, "most of the players in my school team are from the low-

The Kokrajhar boys after winning the Subroto Cup



income bracket. Football for them is a form of social mobility and security in getting a job. Hence they practise hard as schoolboys. However, once they leave schools, they get clerical jobs in institutions with football teams neglect practice and so their game stagnates as they have no incentive to improve. Football for them was only a passport to a job. It is for the AIFF to provide an out let for the development of football talent from this region."

Another reason why players like strikers Kanki Darang and Jersa Gamblin and defender Pasangonge of the R.K. Mission school Along, Arunachal Pradesh, linkman Indra Daimary, wingers Kamleswar Nazary and Binode Brahma and striker Kshudiram Nazary of holders Govt. HS Kokrajhar and defender Lal Rammalota of Modern English School Aizwal, all players of potential in the 1986 Subroto Cup do not develop is the paucity of good coaches. P. Gogoi for instance is attached to the Directorate of School Sports and Youth Welfare, Gauhati and was on deputation to Govt. HS Kokrajhar for a month After the Subroto Cup he will return to Gauhati, miles away from Kokrajhar in South Assam, on the Assam-Bengal border.

In terms of football development these boys had the potential but still had a long way to go. As P. Gogoi told *Sportsworld*. "when I first started coaching the daily. They took a heavy workload and never complained. They enjoyed it. This is their plus point, the ability to take a lot of work load and because of an uncomplicated life style there is lot of commitment in their game." However, as Gogoi is the first to admit that commitment and fitness can win schoolboy tournaments but not take you to the pinnacle of success in senior international football. The NIS and AIFF should at least ensure that school teams which achieve success in the Subroto Cup get a trained coach for some time. This would enable players from this neglected region to improve their ball skills, touch, game reading ability and positional sense which coupled with their commitment and heavy work load would pay dividends to Indian football.

Creditably the Subroto Cup authorities attempted to partially fill the coaching vacuum, which many school teams face. Secretary-general of the tournament, K.K. Ganguly stated that, "we made it obligatory that every school team which came for the Subroto Cup along with their sports teachers attended some coaching sessions conducted by NIS coaches, Pushottam Rana and K.K. Sharma. Sports teachers were instructed how to conduct training sessions properly. In our own small way we tried to streamline coaching for school teams all over India." Such a step is laudable, but is no substitute for systematic long term development of talent.

Another major landmark for the Subroto Cup this year was its tie-up with the newly formed prestigious Tata Academy of Football at Jamshedpur.

The Director of the academy, is no less a person than the legendary Padma Shree Chuni Goswami. He was in Delhi for a week to spot talent for the Tata Academy. Chuni chose six boys for the Tata Academy, on the basis of their performance at this year's Subroto Cup. They are right winger Rajendra Yadav and striker Nitesh Roy (both of the NCC Gp. Hq. Kalyani) stopper back Ashish Kumar Rawat (Guru Gobind Singh Inter College Bareilly), inside forward Rajendra Singh Negi (Govt. SS Moti Bagh, New Delhi), medio Xalco (Zila School Ranchi) and right winger Kamaleshwar Nazary (Govt. HS Kokrajhar, Assam). Chuni Goswami will be an annual visitor to the Subroto Cup, to select talented players for the academy.

Earlier this year, the Sports Authority of India (SAI) selected 17 schools from all over India which were each given a special grant of Rs 5 lakhs for sports infrastructure and were provided with specialised coaches. Two of those seventeen schools, G.V. Raja School Kerala and the St. Anthony HS Majorda Goa participated in the Subroto Cup. Neither fared very well losing in the second round. Maybe it is too early to judge the validity of SAI's scheme but both these schools did play methodical football.

The 1986 Subroto Cup witnessed many giant killing feats. Holders and thrice former champions Madhyamgram HS (West Bengal) were beaten 0-2 in their opening second round encounter. This is the first time that Madhyamgram have lost their opening match in the Subroto Cup. Govt. HS Dimapur (Nagaland) joint-winners in 1980 and runners-up in 1981, 1984 and 1985 lost by a solitary goal in an action-packed encounter with debutants Nongksheh HS Shillong (Meghalaya) in the quarter-final. Four times champions Govt. SSS Car Nicobar were beaten 8-9 in the sudden-death tie-breaker by newcomers Agarpara Vidyapith (West Bengal). The highly rated Govt. HSS Mahilpur (Punjab) lost in the first round 1-2 to the Modern English School Aizwal.



Jagdish Yadav

Action from the final

Three of the four semi-finalists, runners-up Ramakrishna Mission School, Along (Arunachal Pradesh), Nongksheh HS, Shillong (Meghalaya) and Zila School Ranchi (Bihar) were playing in this stage for the first time. Only winners Govt. HSS Kokrajhar (Assam) had achieved distinction in previous tournaments. They had been runners up in 1979, losing by a solitary goal to the Ibemcha HS Khabm (Manipur) Memories of that defeat still rankled. The Kokrajhar skipper, the sturdy stopper back Bibekananda Bargavary said, "Ever since 1979 when as favourite we finished runners-up, we have been waiting for this day. We wanted to win the Subroto Cup very badly." Such commitment coupled with fitness enabled Kokrajhar to fulfil a cherished ambition in grand style. They became the second school team, after Madhyamgram HS in 1982 to win the tournament without conceding a goal.

Getting ready for England

IT seems that English football cannot ever escape from the violent shadow of its supporters. And in many ways that is unfortunate.

With Mexico still a vibrant memory discussions have already begun regarding the 1990 World Cup in Italy. And FIFA president *João Havelange* recently disclosed that the Italians had already begun wondering how they were going to deal with English fans. That is, of course if England qualifies.

And if the recent violence in Amsterdam and the Heysels carnage aren't enough the Italians have even more reason to be scared. For, in Turin during the 1980 European Championships, a fierce and bloody battle was fought between English and Italian fans.

One thing is certain. England and their supporters will be closely watched during the European Championship matches. For if they misbehave, they could very well be suspended from the World Cup.

And apart from damaging their pride it could empty their coffers. Because the financial penalty will be tremendous

Yet, if the English are depressed, last fortnight they were introduced to a very surprising ally Leo Beenhakker, manager of Real Madrid. Beenhakker for reasons hitherto unknown waged his own personal campaign for the English. Stressing that the clubs were not to blame for their supporters behaviour he also added that, "England lies deep in the traditions of this (European Cup) competition and I like your football. Everybody does, here in Spain, in Holland, in Germany..."

But I'm not sure about Havelange.



Maradona is giving Naples a brilliant boost

SOCCER NEWS SOCCER NEWS

Star News

A little news on some of the World Cup stars and how they are faring with their clubs.

Maestro Maradona seems to be as brilliant as ever and Naples are satisfied and more with his performance. No more the spoilt young man, he even played with an injured knee the other day, waltzing around the field and setting up goals with consumate ease.

Lineker and Michael Laudrup are the other two stars who haven't lost their scoring edge. The English hero has been scoring with reasonable regularity for Barcelona and fears that the speedy young man would be stifled in the rough and tough Spanish league are being dispelled. Laudrup playing for Juventus, has set Italy alight with his skills and is scoring on request.

Real Madrid who have the most expensive forward line-up in the world—Emilio Butragueno (Spain), Hugo Sanchez (Mexico) and Jorge Valdano (Argentina)—must be wondering if they have squandered their money uselessly. For although they beat Juventus in the European Cup last fortnight, the famous trio have not strung their skills together in a positive fashion.

Facing the odds

A player prior to a crucial match is faced with numerous pressures. He has to perform to satisfy his fans, his teammates, his manager and himself. His future could be at stake. The pressures are tremendous and it is palpable.

Yet if these aren't enough to cause more than a twinge of anxiety, imagine what happened to Wrexham, the oldest club in Wales, during their European Cup Winners Cup match.

Slated to play Real Zarazoga and having had a rather unlucky history in the Cup, they found despair in the form of two referees... Robert Wurtz of France and Jan Keizer of The Netherlands. Both gentlemen who had played negative roles in Wales' World Cup hopes.

Wurtz had awarded an apparently unnecessary penalty in a Wales-Scotland match which ended whatever hopes the Welsh had of going to Argentina.

Keizer too awarded a controversial penalty to Scotland which meant that Wales couldn't play in Mexico

Yet Wrexham survived the trauma and drew with Real Zarazoga. Obviously they're praying that the referees will be changed for the return match at home.

Tighten that gut!

CARRYING on from where we left off last week, the topic of discussion is still the lower abdominal section.

While a flat abdomen is what anyone could aspire for in everyday life, anything connected even remotely with sport has to have a trim waist and an abdomen that is as flat as a washboard. Sports that require maximum abdominal strength for lifting the legs up high or for rotating the trunk like gymnastics and pole vaulting require the reverse sit-up more than other sports. The movement of raising the legs to 90-degree angles or higher in many of the stunts executed during gymnastics require tremendous strength in the abdomen. Even throwers and hitters need strong trunks which can withstand rotation which is necessary for their sport. And, if you're into physical fitness, there is nothing like a flat stomach to enhance the overall look.

Getting down to the execution of the reverse sit-up, you have to lie down on your back with your arms placed alongside your body. Your legs should be bent maximally in the knee joints so that your thighs are perpendicular to your trunk. Raise your legs up and toward the trunk until your pelvic girdle is lifted off the floor. To ensure that the pelvic girdle is absolutely lifted, raise your legs until the knees are directly in front of your face. The head and shoulders should be kept as relaxed as possible throughout the entire movement.

This exercise can be given a little variation if you so desire. Keeping your legs straighter and bringing them so much over your torso that your feet touch the floor above your head, will bring the upper abdominal muscles into play too. Doing this requires maximum stretch of the spine and you must be careful not to overstrain a weak back or a back that is not too flexible.

But if it is just lower abdomen development that you are interested in, then you don't have to go through this full thing. What is most important for the lower abdomen is the lifting off the floor of the torso. In this position, the lower abdominal muscle fibres are maximally contracted, which is what the reverse sit-up is all about.

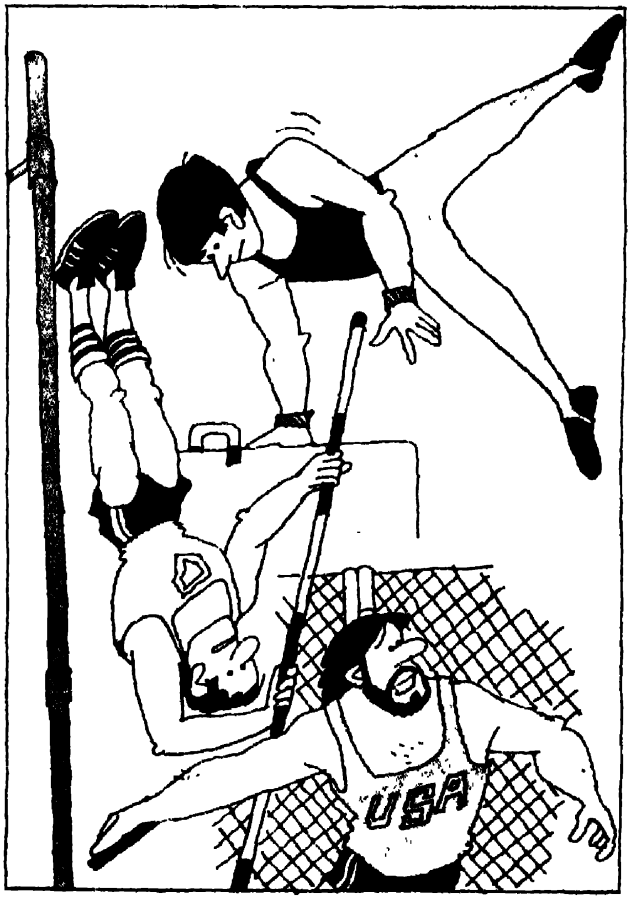
After doing this exercise for some time, you may feel that it is too easy. For those 'strongmen', here's another twist that you can incorporate for some more effort input. Instead of keeping the legs bent so much, try doing the reverse sit-up with the legs almost straight. This will place even more strain on the lower abdominal wall. Just one point, keep the knees slightly bent

Yet another thing you can cut out, if you find this exercise getting too easy, is pressing the palms on the floor. While this is helpful in the beginning stages, what you should understand is that the initial movement, where the hands help out, is where muscle involvement is at a maximum. So, if the maximum is what you are aiming for, then try not to take much pressure on your hands.

While doing the reverse sit-up, you are aiming for development of [illegible] abdomen. What you [illegible] to make sure is that [illegible] minimal involvement of the hip-flexors. For this you have to bring the legs back to an almost vertical position after the main crunch. That is to say, they do not go all the way back to rest on the floor as before you start the exercise. From this position (when the pelvic girdle is flat on the floor), lift the pelvic girdle up and over until it is off the floor. Return to the same position and repeat. This allows you faster repetitions without allowing the lower abdominals to relax fully between repetitions.

To understand why the reverse sit-up is so effective, you should understand that the abdominal muscles do not show the same amount of activity or shortening throughout their entire length when you do the typical abdominal exercises. For example, when you do the regular sit-up, you work only the upper abdominal muscles. The lower abdominals tend to stay relatively uninvolved with them meeting only slight resistance. In the same way, the reverse sit-up almost leaves the upper abdominals free of any resistance.

So for those of you I have managed to drag into an exercising mood, you may find the reverse sit-up a little difficult to do in the beginning. It requires a strong back as well as strong abdominal muscles to begin with. But don't give up easily. As you get more and more involved, you will find that your lower abdominal muscles have gained in strength and you can do many more repetitions than at the start. Once you can do the same number of reverse sit-ups as normal sit-ups, you can be confident you are heading for one of the flattest abdominal walls around.



India powers way to victory

INDIA bagged the team title with 88 points to USA's 84, at the end of the IV World Junior Powerlifting Championships held at the Kerala Fine Arts Hall, Ernakulam. The third place went to Britain who collected 74 points.

This is the first time that a world championship of any discipline was conducted in the state. There were 12 teams including hosts India and among the notable absentees were reigning champions Finland.

India claimed one gold and two silvers on the maugural day itself, thanks to D Satyamurthy (447.5) and Palmswamy (465) who took gold and silver respectively in the 52 Kg category. The bronze went to J Catallamo (450) of USA.

Indonesia's twice gold medallist T Nanda, repeated his immaculate technical perfection to amass 547.5 points in the 56kg category to annex the gold as against India's Chandrasekhara Rao's feat of 505 points, who took the silver. Britain's Gary Smees (497.5) annexed the bronze.

On the second day, India earned one silver and one bronze in the 60 Kg category. The silver was picked up by G Sivaprasad for a total of 522.5 kg after tying with A G Raju, who finished third. However, Sivaprasad, who had a lesser body weight qualified for the silver. The gold went to Jan Tore Bredalen of Norway with an aggregate of 535 Kg. Bredalen was a class by himself as he cleared all the lifts with consumate ease except the deadlift, which was the turn of the Indians.

In the 67.5 kg category, Steiner Freedtim of Norway aggregated 630 Kgs to take the gold. Dallen (600) of Great Britain took silver. Both these lifters competed in the 60 Kg class at Soest in West Germany last year, where Freedheim annexed the gold and Dallen finished fifth. This time the fight was mainly between the two and finally Freedheim won comfortably with a 30 Kg lead.

In the 75 Kg class, Brian Grant of USA made a record breaking effort to lift the gold. He set a world record of 182.5 Kg in bench press obliterating the existing mark of 180 set by Rose Andrer of Great Britain in 1985. Brian lifted a total weight of 642.5 Kg.

James Cope of USA lifted the gold in the 82.5 Kg class aggregating 657.5 Kg. The second place went to Scott Hamel (632.5) of Canada and the bronze to Tony Ackreman (610) of Australia.

The final day saw two more world records being created and both the records were credited to Eric Ruble of USA in the 100 Kg class in squat and bench press.

Ruble won the gold with a total lift of 815 Kg. However the world record held by Tullis at 862.5 Kg was beyond his reach. Tuble has a deadlift of 300 Kg as against 337.5 Kg held by Tullis. The second place went to Bowman of Great Britain (722.5). India's V T Xavier lagged behind with a total of 625 Kg.

In the 90 Kg class, USA's Richard Wenner annexed the gold with a total of 682.5 Kg against Roy Martin's (Great Britain) 602.5 Kg who took the silver. Probu Dutta of India, who cleared all weights in the beginning effortlessly, could only clear a total of 625 Kg in the 110 Kg class and this could fetch him only a bronze. The gold went to James Pegues of America who had a huge total of 802.5 Kg. Great Britain's Trevour Hubble took the silver with a 780 aggregate.

In the 125 Kg class, India's Radhakrishnan Nair and Britain's Neil Jones had a close fight which ultimately went in favour of the Briton who aggregated 775 Kg against the Indian's 755 Kg. Jones was very strong in the deadlift which gave him a clear margin. Radhakrishnan was fifth in this class last year, while Jones had a gold in 110 Kg class. The elimination of Barry De peize of Australia made this class interesting between the two.

In the heaviest class of 125 Kg plus, it was again a straight fight between Vinoba Goud of India and Torfi Olafasson of Iceland. The Indian was a mismatch to the foreigner by every standard. Olafasson who had a body weight of 157.8 Kg against Vinoba's 125.7 Kg was never in doubt at clearing the weights. Olafasson's aggregate was 790 (300-170-320) against Goud's poor second place effort of 450 kg (190-90-170).

A world championship of this kind hosted for the first time went on successfully with the efforts of well wishers and public of Ernakulam. The state government did not take this international event seriously as it should be and has also not come out with any financial grant. However, the Kerala Sports Council gave an amount of Rs 50,000 for the conducting of the tournament, which had to cut down the budget drastically due to the intransigence of state government in giving grant.

The Indian team was placed fourth in the last two championships at Perth (1984) and at Soest-West Germany (1985) and their jump to the first position in the championship held in the home soil deserve kudos. The need to encourage this game is essential in the light of its increasing popularity all around the world and because of India's impressive attempts at each time they participate.

M.P. Suresh

Alaskar of Iceland—one of the losers in the 125 kg category



Bridging the gap

Santanu Ghose, a prominent member of the Indian team, reports on the Miami World Bridge Championships

A RECORD of 387 pairs from 56 nations took part in the gruelling nine-day event around which this championship had started in 1962 (as opposed to the inter-zonal Bermuda Bowl which started in 1950), the Open Teams for the Rosenblum Cup having started only in 1978. No one has won two medals in this exacting event in the six previous championships and the only partnership to come close to doing so was Benito Garozzo and Federico Mayer of Italy who finished fourth in 1966 and a very close second in 1970. Now, 20 years later, Garozzo was still there, along with two others who had finished in the top 5 in 1966, Jim Jacoby of USA and Claude Delmonly of France, all with different partners though.

Out of the total entry, 5 pairs of the two teams in the Open Teams final were seeded directly to the semi-final while 302 pairs, including 8 from India, Anand Mehta-Avinash Gokhale, Jaggy Shivdasani-Rajesh Dalal, Robi Roy-Suku Ghosh, Col. Sharma-Brig. J. Singh, Haren Choksi-Ambrish Parikh, Gobinda Singha-Kamal Roy, B.L. Lakhi-N. Rao and P. Jasuja-R. Sreedharan were seeded directly to quarter-final. The balance 80 pairs had to start life from a 2-day qualifying round from which 28 pairs, including S.K. Agarwala-Proshanta Ghose, Dayal-Rathi, Tibrewala-Campos, Ashok Goel-Paresh Gupta, Kamal Mukherjee and yours truly, qualified, for a total of 330 pairs, including 13 Indian, in the quarter-final.

The 2-day quarter-final, from which 151 pairs qualified for the semi-final, saw a few upsets; Kaplan-Kay (USA), Be-Catzeflis (Switzerland), Cummings-Richman (Australia), Martin Hoffman-Ben Cohen (Great Britain), and even 2 times world champion Michel Lebel of France, playing with 1983 European champion Cronier, failed to make the grade, of the Indians, 6 pairs duly qualified, Robi Roy-Suku Ghosh, Jaggy Shivdasani-Rajesh Dalal, Lakhi-Rao, Singha-Kamal Roy, Mehta-Gokhale and Kamal Mukherjee-Santanu Ghose. These 151 were joined in the semi-final by the top 12 of the repechage section, which included S. Roy-N. Kabiraj from India, and 5 pairs from the two team finalists, USA (Robinson) and Pakistan. These 168 pairs played a 2-day semi-final to qualify 42 pairs for the final while the non-qualifiers carried on in the repechage which qualified 6 pairs for the final.

When the last of the four sessions of the semi-final started, 4 Indian pairs were in with a chance as Jaggy-Rajesh were in 4th position, Kamal and I in 39th, Robi-Suku 43rd and Anand Mehta-Avinash 47th. However, in the last session, all of us slipped down but Jaggy-Rajesh had enough to finish no lower than 29th, thereby qualifying for the final. Anand and Avinash slipped down to 60th and Robi-Suku to 72nd, thus failing in the bid to make it to the final.

What happened to Kamal Mukherjee and me? It would seem like a fairy tale! After an indifferent last session, we knew it would be close but still the 43rd position, less than one-sixth of a board behind the 42nd qualifier, was a heart-breaker. I was kicking myself for a one-spade psyclic response that landed me in an undoubled two-spade contract on a 3-2 fit (I had an escape to three clubs available, if doubled), going down two for minus 200 after being able to steal two tricks in the play but in vain as the vulnerable opponents could make only nine tricks, not ten, at their 5-3 spade fit. This board had

Man of the Year

Jose Damiani of France, the first vice-president of the World Bridge Federation and the organiser of the recent Epson World Simultaneous Pairs in which more than 67,000 people took part, was named 'Bridge Man of the Year' by the International Bridge Press Association.

Next year's Epson World Simultaneous Pairs, which is expected to draw an even bigger entry, and which will have a charity element, is scheduled for Saturday, 16 May, 1987 (Sunday, 17 May in the Far East and the night between the two dates in the Indian sub-continent).

There were obviously some mistakes committed by us in the 141-board final and two deals especially still rankle. One was a five-diamond doubled contract that the opponents had allowed me to make but I failed and the other was a doubled 3 NT contract that Kamal missed after the defence had given him a chance—if we had not muffed these two opportunities, we would have finished eleventh.

However, if anybody thinks that I am going to advertise our misses, he is mistaken; I would rather present a slam that we bid on Vu-graph with the help of one of my favourite weapons in our arsenal. The slam was bid at only 5 other tables out of 23:

SOUTH		NORTH	SANTANU	KAMAL
KQ83	♠	J 5	1 ♡	2 NT
AQ 865	♡	K 432	4 ♢	4 NT
8	♢	A 1092	5 ♢	6 ♡
J 52	♣	AK 10	Pass	—

This 27-point slam was difficult to bid because one has to find the singleton diamond (opposite A) in opener's hand which is not possible using normal methods. In our style, 2 NT was a balanced game raise in hearts or else a limit raise in hearts with a minor suit singleton. Four diamonds showed a singleton or void in that suit in a minimum hand and Kamal, looking at ace to four diamonds, was delighted by the superb fit. With 2-2 trumps. There was nothing to the play but even with 3-1 hearts, the slam would have made if West had singleton or doubleton ace of spades or else the queen of clubs.

Santanu Ghose



Americans Kopera and Radin in action against Swedes Sundelin and Flodquist

cost us more than the margin of one-sixth of a board—if only I had the sense not to master-mind, I wondered and cursed myself!

Meanwhile, Omdrilla Kundu, my Mixed Pairs partner, feeling bad at having brought us the bad news of failure to qualify, consoled us that some qualified pair would withdraw and we, as the best alternate pair, would get a chance in the final. Withdrawing after qualifying for a world championship final—Kamal and I laughed at her childish attempt at consolation! Next morning, however, as I was strolling dejectedly in the hotel lobby near the playing room about an hour before the start of play, the chief tournament director informed me that a qualified pair had indeed pulled out due to their personal commitments and we were in! I was stunned but overcame the euphoria quickly enough to ring up Kamal at his hotel to pass on the good news and at game time there were two Indian pairs in the 48-pair final.

Unfortunately, being the last man in, we started the final with nil carry-over, three boards, or 138 match-points, behind the leaders. After a 50% first session, we could only inch up to fortieth place while Jaggy-Rajesh slipped down from 29th to 34th as past world champions Gabriel Chagas-Marcels Branco of Brazil took the lead. A good second set pulled us up to 24th while Jaggy-Rajesh crept up to 31st. Meanwhile, the Brazilians surrendered the lead to Marston-Burgess of Australia, who galloped into the lead full two boards ahead of second-placed Meckstroth-Rodwell of USA.

Next afternoon, a solid 57% third session moved us up to 16th place while Jaggy-Rajesh advanced to



Rivals at the table, but friends away from it: Brazilian Chagas and Kamal Mukherjee flanked by two Pakistani participants

Masters of the game

AT the end of the Miami world championships, India now has nine World Masters (15 or more WBF master-points earned during the last ten years). They are:

1.	Kamal Mukherjee	—	42
2.	Rajesh Dalal	—	40¾
3.	Jaggy Shivdasani	—	40¾
4.	Avinash Gokhale	—	29¾
5.	Santanu Ghose	—	29
6.	Robi Roy	—	17
7.	Anand Mehta	—	16¾
8.	Orlando Campos	—	15¾
9.	Sukha Ranjan Ghosh	—	15

There are two higher ranks, World Life Master (50 or more points lifetime plus 5 placing points for very high finishes) and World Grand Master (200 or more points lifetime plus 10 placing points plus at least one world championship win). No Indian has yet achieved any of these ranks but Pakistan now boasts of two World Life Masters:

1. Zia Mahmood —166¼ (5½ placing points)
2. Jan-e-alam Fazli —161¼ (5 placing points)

Of the sixty-odd World Grand Masters, the top six are:

1.	Giorgio Belladonna (Italy)	1821¼(78½ world titles)	p.p.; 16
2.	Benito Garozzo (Italy)	1741¼(75 world titles)	p.p.; 13
3.	Pietro Forquet (Italy)	1475 (58 world titles)	p.p.; 15
4.	Massinno D'Alelio (Italy)	1260 (48 world titles)	p.p.; 12
5.	Walter Avarelli (Italy)	1200 (44 world titles)	p.p.; 12
6.	Robert Hamman (U.S.A.)	1143½(50¾ world titles)	p.p.; 6

Santanu Ghose

24th. In this session, Rodwell and Meckstroth scored nearly 66% to take over the lead from the Australians, a lead they were not to relinquish thereafter.

A poor fourth set dropped both the Indian pairs down, us to 22nd and the Bombay boys to 33rd while Rodwell-Meckstroth had another 61% set to take a practically-unass 4-board. lead with only one session of 27 boards to go

On the last afternoon, both Indian pairs had an above-average set to finish in the top half, Kamal and I 19th and Jaggy-Rajesh 22nd. As expected, Jeff Meckstroth-Eric Rodwell, aged 31 and 28 respectively, easily became the youngest-ever winners of the event, in fact adding two more boards to their lead. The difference of 6 boards that separated the top 2 pairs was easily the biggest margin to decide on Open Pairs final. For both Meckstroth and Rodwell, this was the second world title as they were on the US team that won the 1981 Bermuda Bowl, when Rodwell, at 23. became the youngest world champion-ever.

Meanwhile, Heinrich Berger-Wolfgang Meinl of Australia just pipped the Australians Stephen Burgess-Paul Marton in the battle for the silver medal. India's performance in the event was quite good for only four nations had more than one pair in the top half of the final (i.e. top 24 in an original field of 387)—USA 10, France 4, India 2, Sweden 2. Moreover, ours were the two best Asian performances in the event. Though they finished three slots behind us in the final, I would give more credit to Jaggy Shivdasani-Rajesh Dalal for after all they were the only Indian pair to originally qualify for the final.

Our performance, when one considers that I am not one of the best card-players around, confirmed two of my long-time beliefs. One is that though the team game is basically a bidder's game and the pairs game basically a card-player's game, at the very highest levels of the game, where opponents do not misdefend too often, even the pairs game is more of a bidder's game. The second is that—well, I do admit to a certain bias in this respect—Kamal Mukherjee is possibly India's best all-round bridge player against top-flight opposition.

How good was the final field this year? At the closing Banquet, Gabriel Chagas, the world's 15th ranked player on the WBF master-point list, told me that this year's field was better than the final field at Biarritz in 1982, and he should know having finished third in 1982 and fifth this year. Indeed, there were 11 past world champions, including the defending champions Martel and Stansby of U.S.A., who had finished below both the Indian pairs in the final. In addition, there were 15 past world champions, including the 1974 winners of this event, 6 times world champions Hamman and Wolff of U.S.A., the 1978 winner Gabino Cintra of Brazil, and the legendary Italian, Benito Garozzo, playing with Ms Lea Dupont, who failed to qualify for the final. Judging by this, India's 19th and 22nd positions were quite good but when I reflect on how much better it could have been had we, particularly I, not committed the errors that we did, our 19th spot does not seem good any longer, and I am sure that Jaggy-Rajesh must be feeling the same way.

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Caught Short of the Boundary

and other tall stories

In this extract the author Henry Blofeld decides it's time to tell the world, that India certainly ain't all that bad. In fact he insists it's an extremely fascinating place. The style as usual is marvellously funny. The book is published by Stanley Paul & Co. Ltd and is priced at £6.95

I AM often amazed by the average Westerner's view of India. They seem to presume that every night is spent in a black hole of Calcutta, that every glass of water produces typhoid, not to mention cholera, that amoebic dysentery is an almost obligatory companion and that, if there is anything else left to go wrong, the food will fix it in a matter of moments.

I find this irritating for not only is it untrue, but also India is one of the most fascinating countries of all to visit in terms of both the present and the past. In the cities especially, the hotels are excellent, water out of the tap has never hurt me, the food is delicious, the people are different but quite charming and there is so much to see. I always look forward to India.

Having said that, travellers to India must not make the cardinal mistake of comparing it to the West. The meanest intelligence must surely understand that before first leaving home. More than six hundred million people, intense poverty and a civilisation based largely on the Hindu religion have combined to produce a way of life which is a million light years away from that in the suburbs of any Western city.

The Indian temperament also takes a little getting used to. The timelessness which is inherent in all of life in the East needs to be absorbed. The spectacle of angry Europeans shouting and screaming at an Indian who barely understands English, although eager to please, is as embarrassing as their behaviour is stupid and futile. Of course, I have been guilty of behaving like this at times. All it succeeds in doing is ensuring that the process, whatever it is, takes even longer.

I have often caught a taxi outside the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay and have asked one of those splendid-looking chaps in their purple turbans who preside over events in the courtyard to tell the driver my destination. We start off and gradually it becomes apparent that the driver has not the faintest idea of where I am heading. It's a difficult moment; he with the best will in the world cannot understand English and I cannot speak a word of his language. Eventually a pedestrian is found who speaks English and who tells the driver the address. The driver then reveals that he does not know where the street is. And so it goes on.

I had an interesting experience in Bombay when I tried to collect, in rupees, some money I was owed in order to spend it in the same city. The year before, when a similar situation had arisen, I had been taken to the State Bank of India where my account was held and after a delightful chat with my bank manager, who was the former Indian captain, Ajit Wadekar, I collected 40,000 rupees.

When I tried again this time I was hoping to get hold of 50,000 rupees. I was picked up at the Taj Mahal one morning by Mr Raj, who worked for the same group of newspapers as me. Off we went by taxi, full of smiles and confidence, to the State Bank of India. Ajit Wadekar had been moved to another branch and the first deskbound official we encountered shunted us down to the basement where, in fairly crowded conditions, rather bigger brass conducted their business. Mr Raj had all the relevant papers and while we sat

They (the Westerners) seem to presume that every night is spent in a black hole in Calcutta, that every glass of water produces typhoid, not to mention cholera, that amoebic dysentery is an almost obligatory companion, and that if there is anything else left to go wrong, the food will fix it.....

down at a desk he spoke to the charming official sitting behind it. In typical Indian fashion, much nodding of heads ensured.

It is difficult if you don't speak the language to tell quite which way the conversation is going, but for some time I felt confident that I was winning. It was bound to take time and I kept completely quiet throughout the long conversation. Then the Charming Official got up and walked over and had a long conversation with an older and more austere colleague whose desk was behind Mr Raj and myself.

I realised at once from the tone of this new conversation that I had gone right back in the betting. The Austere Colleague appeared to be adamant that I would not be able to get my money. He then sent the Charming Official across the room to find the huge tome which contained the regulations governing foreign exchange control in India.

The Austere Colleague, who was wearing a green shirt, now thumbed interminably through the pages. By now, I was resigned to the timeless process which had taken over. Mr Raj was not so relaxed, he was, I think, embarrassed that I was being held up like this.

The Charming Official now returned to his desk and told Mr Raj that the problem was that I had 55,000 rupees in my account. Foreign Exchange regulations stated that if a foreigner has a balance of more than 50,000 rupees in his account he could not withdraw more than 10,000 in any one year.

As it so happened, when I had taken out 40,000 the previous year, the balance had been 49,750 rupees. I immediately suggested that I should withdraw 10,000 there and then and come back the next day for 40,000, for then my balance would be less than 50,000. This produced masses of head shaking and tongue clicking but ultimately no joy.

Illustrations Debashis Deb



The spectacle of angry Europeans shouting and screaming at an Indian who barely understands English, although eager to please, is as embarrassing as their behaviour is stupid and futile. Of course I have been guilty of behaving like this at times...

Mr Raj now sat down in front of the Austere Colleague's desk and had a long conversation in which Ajit Wadekar's name was repeatedly mentioned. Ajit was now the manager of a branch out near the airport and he was playing cricket that day for his branch in an inter-bank competition. Mr Raj came over to me and told me that we had to go to the ground and see him and so we got a taxi and set off to one of the maidans near the Gymkhana Ground.

There were a great many games being played and it took us a while to locate Ajit's. Naturally, he was in the field. [illegible]g him bending down at [illegible] slip dampened my spirits as the lunch interval was still some time off. No sooner had we reached the wooden pavilion than we were joined by a smiling official who had been watching and who was eager to help.

He was obviously of some importance in the bank. At once he gave the twelfth man a message to take out to Ajit at the end of the over. Ajit gratefully took the chance of a few minutes' rest, for it was extremely hot and he was drowning in sweat. After demolishing a soft drink and lighting a cigarette, he assured me that I would have no trouble collecting my money and told the Smiling Official to tell someone at the bank that I was a good friend of his.

Soon Mr Raj, the Smiling Official and I were in a taxi heading back to the State Bank of India. We went up the entrance stairs and straight to the lift, which, after a spot of hissing and gurgling, went slowly up one floor. We walked down the corridor until right at the end there were some chairs outside an impressive looking door.

It was the managing director's office and after we had sat down on the chairs, the Smiling Official wrote a note which he gave to the man on the door guarding the entrance. Almost immediately we were asked to go in. The boss was extremely friendly behind his horn-rimmed glasses. He soon suggested that the three of us should go upstairs to his private dining room and have lunch while he tried to find a way through the regulations.

We walked up one flight of stairs into a large, rather dark dining room with a huge, round, polished table in the middle. Miraculously, an army of servants

produced a delicious four course lunch after being given about five minutes' notice. We then returned to the boss's office and he told us he had found a way round the problem and all would be well. The regulation was that foreign journalists could be paid as long as their payment did not exceed $50 an article.

Smiles all round and much handshaking for we had kicked it. I was paid $30 an article.

It was now back to the basement for the Smiling Mr Raj and myself. Once again I found myself sitting in front of the Austere Colleague's desk. For some reason the all-pervading air of bonhomie upstairs had not filtered through to the basement. More long discussions were entered into and the Austere Colleague was still looking particularly austere. At this point our little expedition to cash a cheque so that I could spend my own money right there in Bombay had been going on for more than four hours.

It later transpired that a newfound technical problem had prompted the boss to ring down to the Austere Colleague while the three of us had been in transit between his office and the basement. The boss had said that payment must be withheld. Mr Raj assured me that the Austere Colleague was doing all he could to help and at one stage he even wrote out the form authorizing payment, which I had signed in two places.

He made one more telephone call to the boss, but met with another massive negative whereupon he tore the form into small pieces. Amid a positive orgy of nodding and a mass of sympathetic smiles we agreed to resume the battle the next day at 9.30 in the morning. By then Mr Raj promised to have the evidence that each payment was well within the rules.

On the way back to the Taj Mahal Hotel Mr Raj assured me that the visit the next morning would be nothing more than a formality and I would have the rest of the day to spend my money. Even so, I could not help feeling that earning it was much easier than collecting it.

At 9.20 a.m. Mr Raj picked me up and back we went to the basement of the State Bank of India and the Austere Colleague. With the air of one who had been dealt the joker at last, Mr Raj handed the Austere Colleague some papers on which he had neatly typed the number of article I had written and the amount I had been paid month by month. For example, in one month I had written thirteen articles and had been paid 3900 rupees at 300 rupees or $30 per piece.

The Austere Colleague studied the papers for a long time and then spoke to Mr Raj. I could tell at once that we were still some way from winning. The problem now appeared to be that I was paid 3900 rupees in one cheque and not thirteen individual cheques of 300 rupees each which was apparently what the regulations stated.

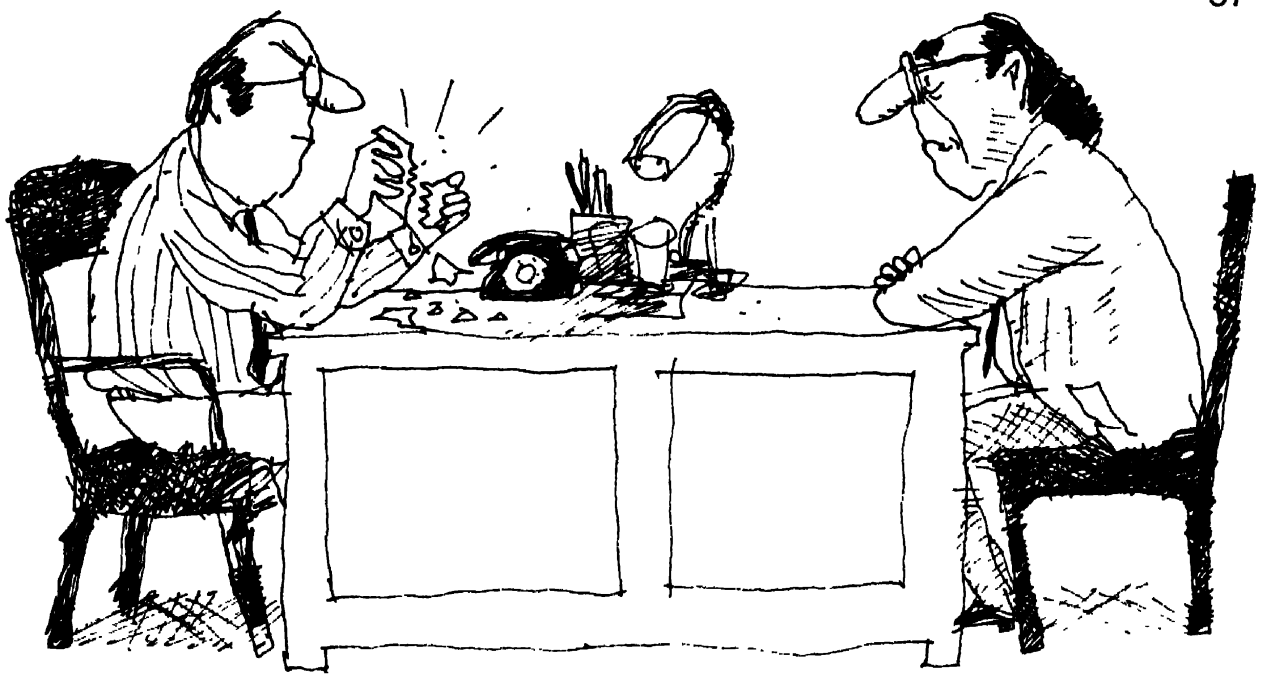
This was clearly an insuperable problem. Anyway, after more discussions between Mr Raj and the Austere Colleague, we set off again for the boss's office. Again we sat down outside and a note was sent in. We were soon allowed in too and while the others sat down, I remained standing. My sense of humour was fast beginning to run out.

Mr Raj again proffered his letter and the boss said it was not good enough. The chances of picking up my cash now seemed to be precisely zero. Stupidly, I now intervened and, stepping up to the desk, I told the boss that surely any fool could divide thirteen into 3900, whereupon he told me sharply that that was not the point for he could not possibly go against the regulations.

Complaining bitterly, I told him that the process of trying to collect my own money to spend in India had taken nearly seven hours. The boss sharply rejected my complaints, nodded his head and dismissed us. In the passage outside, the Austere Colleague and Mr Raj decided that they would make one final throw and go and see an official at the Reserve Bank of India which was nearby.

I have often caught a taxi outside the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay and have asked one of those splendid-looking chaps in their purple turbans who preside over events in the courtside to tell the driver my destination. We start off and gradually it becomes apparent that the driver has not the faintest idea where I am heading





It was a five-minute walk and after asking questions in two huge, crowded offices in an elderly colonial building, we were shown to a rickety old lift which only held four people. Mr Raj was left behind as there was already someone in the lift and he would have made the fifth.

I was intrigued to see that the licence for the lift, which was in a frame on the back wall, had been originally made out in handwriting to the Maharajah of Wankaner. Some time later a line had been drawn from the Maharajah's name to the margin where in more handwriting it said that the licence had subsequently been taken over by the Reserve Bank of India. The ruling princes had been stripped of their titles back in the 1960s.

On the sixth floor the Austere Colleague and I were steered to a youngish man who sat behind a desk covered with piles of papers and books. The Austere Colleague stated our problem, and I did not need to be a genius to tell that the dialogue got off to a bad start. I was told that the maximum I could withdraw was 10,000 rupees and he added that he was not at all sure that my withdrawal of 40,000 rupees the year before had been in strict accordance with the laws.

In the meantime I had decided that it was now too late for me to take the money out in rupees for I no longer had time to spend it, already it was half past twelve on a Saturday afternoon, and I was leaving Bombay the following day. I had also decided that in the future it would be best if I was paid direct in pounds sterling which I had been told was legal. I now suggested to our friend behind the desk that it would suit me better if I could be paid the money we were discussing at a later date in pounds sterling.

I could see at once that I had cracked it. There would be no problem at all, he assured me, as long as Mr Raj would let him have a credit note for every piece I had written. He went on to say that the money would be in my hands within a week. Mr Raj added a quiet cautionary note that it would be more like two months.

So after nearly eight hours it had been established that my first problem of how to get the money in rupees was insoluble. But an astonishing solution had been found. Although it was illegal for me to withdraw my own money in rupees in order to spend them locally in Bombay, it was apparently the simplest thing in the world to pay me overseas in foreign currency. One of India's most desperate problems is a chronic shortage of foreign exchange and yet with wanton disregard they were throwing money away.

This is the story as it happened to me. There may be excellent reasons for all that is written in India's huge foreign exchange control regulations. Of course, it was irritating to waste a day and a half like this, but everyone I met in that time was anxious to do all that they could to help me cash my cheque. It was not their fault that it was impossible. It was the way of the bureaucrats and is a good illustration of what can happen in India.

Incidentally, at the time of writing more than eighteen months have elapsed and I still have not had the money. But I am assured that its arrival is imminent!

He made one more telephone call to the boss, but met with another massive negative whereupon he tore the form into small pieces. Amid a positive orgy of nodding and a mass of sympathetic smiles we agreed to resume the battle the next day at 9.30 in the morning

freewheeling

THIS month, we collectors of rare cricketing artefacts have heard perhaps the most exciting news to have come our way for several weeks. A rare and unusual collection of cricketana has been placed on the market, to be auctioned later this week by that respected if eccentric firm of auctioneers, Frith, Arlott, Bannister & Eager. It was a matter of moments for me to send my saleroom correspondent, Sir Jim Carton, scampering down to their premises to acquire a copy of their fine catalogue of this sale, to enable me to pass on to you details of some of the most exciting pieces in the collection. I am told, incidentally, that the proceeds of the auction are going to that fine cricketing charity, the British Heart Foundation, whose difficult task it is to put some heart into English cricket. Its trustees are Alec Bedser, Brain Close and Lord Harris.

But let me begin at the beginning.

Lot 1: A half-eaten, Cornhill lunch, carbon-dated 'approximately July 1986', donated by Mr R.W. Taylor.

Lot 2: A cricket stump, with traces of Lord's turf, guaranteed uprooted at the end of a one-day final, donated by 'a genuine cricket supporter'.

Lot 3: A cricket stump, with traces of Lord's turf and bloodstains of a type matched with that of Mr H.D. 'Dickie' Bird, guaranteed as above donated by 'a lover of our summer game'. He does not explain which summer game he is referring to.

Lot 4: A complete set of David Bairstow's teeth, in tasteful plastic container and labelled 'For Emergency Use Only'.

Lot 5: Two sets of bandages, knee supports etc, one labelled 'P. Willey—Useful Bits and Pieces' and the other 'M.R. Benson—Use Once And Discard'.

Lot 6: A complete set of 50 cigarette cards, 'Cricket 1984', with the warning, 'Middle And Leg (as defined by HM Government). 'Batting Can Seriously Damage Your Health'.

Further down the list, there are some very collectable cricket books, which should excite those of my readership who can read. Of course, the usual container-loads of overpriced Wisdens and the collected works of F.S. Ashley-Cooper will be up for auction, but as these are no longer as rare as coverdrives in a Sylvester Clarke innings, I will not bother to list them here.

The more interesting offers are:

Lot 129: A rare unsigned copy of Trevor Bailey's autobiography, Wickets, Catches and the Odd Run.

Lot 130: Egon Ronay's Guide to the Fish, Chips and Mushy Peas Shops of Australia, inscribed in the fly-leaf 'To Graham—with best wishes for Christmas 1986, Peter'. Found in a wastepaper basket in St John's Wood.

Lot 131: The John Emburey Joke Book, featuring many of John's favourite jokes, including the Test match bowling figures of Pat Pocock, Vic Marks and Peter Willey.

Lot 277: A prototype of Sir Clive Sinclair's latest powered vehicle, the Malcolm Marshall. Made in England from raw materials imported from West Indies, this vehicle is very quick and not easy to drive. It can, however, on occasion be turned round the corner or snicked through the slips. Often needs a third man to make it work properly. Crash-helmets must be worn. Any colour as long as it is black.

Of particular interest to cricketing artlovers will be the many fine portraits that have come on to the market for the very first time.

Lot 364: An oil painting of F.S. Trueman, in the style of David Hockney. Experts consider it a fake, as it shows the subject with his mouth shut.

Lot 365: 'The Captain of the Eleven', a very recent painting (so much so that the paint is still wet) of Mike Gatting, looking strangely like David Gower with a beard hurriedly painted on. There are still the shadowy figures in the background, carrying typewriters and Press passes, with knives out.

Lot 366: 'Campbell's Soup Can', by Andy Warhol. A portrait of the actual can that contained the only sustenance that Micky Stewart could keep down on the tour of India, 1963-64.

Lot 367: 'Portrait of the Cricketer As A Young Man'—a cave painting featuring Ken Higgs in short trousers.

Many items of cricket kit are for sale, including the helmet that Mike Gatting should have worn last winter, and the batting-gloves that Jessop never wore. The trousers that were too small for Colin Milburn are also for sale, as is the forearm protector that Viv Richards never needs. The England cap that Alan Jones never won is expected to fetch a record price, while the bat that Don Bradman would have used at The Oval in 1938 is of such rarity that it is proving impossible to fix a reserve price.

I have already raided my son's piggy bank, so armed with 17p, 45 lira and a used 12p stamp, I expect to be able to bid vigorously all day. See you there.

Jonathan Rice

Mike Gatting looking strangely like David Gower with a beard hurriedly painted on



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Cover photograph by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi

Associate Editor: David McMahon **Editorial Staff:** Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul
Correspondent : Madras: Partab Ramchand
Staff Photographer: Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director: Bipul Guha **Staff Designers:** Santosh Dutta, Ali Akbar Mirza

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Messy handling

MUDAR PATHERYA's write up on the "Gavaskar Controversy" (issue dated 17-23 Sept) made interesting reading. The analysis was convincing although his outcry: "Are we choosing Test sides by public fancy or selectorial expertise" is controversial in the light of the present situation. Firstly, a selection process to be termed as a "selectorial expertise" should itself conform to just and popular public opinion. One cannot subject a person of Gavaskar's calibre to such downright shabby treatment and expect to get away with it unscathed. In circumstances such as these, it is only fitting, that a righteous public opinion be honoured to right the wrong. If public opinion is just and more acceptable than the foolhardiness of the so called "selectorial expertise" there is absolutely no harm in adopting it. The Board has no alternative but to blame itself.

On reflection, the entire episode reeks of messy handling of cricketing issues which is characteristic of the Board, and this time carried out to perfection by Mr Chandu Borde. It's obvious that our selectors have got all their priorities mixed up. If only they would think twice before issuing statements and announcing decisions ... they can save all the embarrassments.

Well, if Botham called the English selectors "a bunch of doddereers", what do we call ours?

N.A. SHASHI REKHA,
Coimbatore.

Wait and see

ARUN LAL's consecutive double centuries in the recent Duleep Trophy tournament must be a matter of embarrassment to many persons and particularly to the Test team selectors. Now, we have to wait and and see how much Arun Lal's performance has been able to impress the selectors just before the India-Sri Lanka series!

D.K. CHOUDHURY,
Bombay

My team

FOR the 1987 World Cup cricket championship to be held in India, the Indian cricket team, in batting order, should consist of the following players:

1. Raman Lamba
2. Krishnamachan Srikkanth
3. Dilip Vengsarkar
4. Sunil Gavaskar
5. Kapil Dev—Captain
6. Chandrakant Pandit
7. Ravi Shastri-vice captain
8. Mohammad Azharuddin
9. Chetan Sharma
10. Raju Kulkarni
11. Maninder Singh

A little too early, but I feel this might will be the team.

VIJAY KUMAR,
New Delhi.

What about the rest?

THE Asian Games being over and other meets round the corner, I've a point to draw the readers' attention.

It has been the practice that the "gold haul of a nation is taken to be the position determiner in all sorts of athletics meet like the Olympics, Asian Games, and the Commonwealth Games.

The games are developing day by day and are getting so competitive that there is hardly a difference between gold and silver levels. A player can lose a medal even by the 100th of a second (e.g. P.T. Usha in Los Angeles '84) and his/her nation is deprived of a sure medal.

So, to sum up, it is equally difficult to earn a gold, silver or a bronze medal nowadays. But only gold winners are given priority in the medal tally. A nation with just one gold to its credit is better placed than others with 50 silvers or a 100 bronzes or even more, but without a gold. This seems a bit unfair and in addition, participants too get disheartened. Players participate more for their nation's glory than for their self interests. So there must be a solution to this.

In my opinion, if a valuation is fixed for each medal, it'll be better. For instance, one gold be equivalent to say two silvers or three bronzes. Then nations with 1 gold, or 2 silvers, or 3 bronzes can have the same standing in the medals tally.

Another solution could be the allotment of points for each medal e.g. 5 points for gold, 3 for silver and 2 for bronze. The overall points would then determine the medal tally.

This ought to be an encouraging factor from the point of view of the participants who strive so hard to bring glory to their country but slip from gold to silver or to bronze standard by a whisker.

Anyway, this is a mere suggestion and might not be acceptable to all and overall, the Games' Authorities are wiser than me!

MD. TELAT RAIHAN,
Calcutta.

World Cup form

IT was after a very longtime that India showed the glimpses of its World Cup form. From this it looks that it is ready to take up the World Cup challenge which is just a year away. Right from the very beginning this has been the Indian mentality that whenever we are faced with difficulties we combine and coordinate well and perform the best in such conditions. Probably this is one thing which we have learned from the British Raj.

As was seen in the World Cup that it was our fielding which raised our cricket to this new height, so was witnessed here, the major portion of credit goes to our fielders.

Without taking away the credit from the Indians I would like to say that Australian's downfall at Ahmedabad was because of their own doings. Three hopeless run outs, especially that of Marsh and Dyre were unexcusable.

This match has once again brought to light the fighting capacities of the Indians in adverse conditions. If India wants to save its prestige in front of the home crowd in the World Cup it will have to play in the Ahmedabad spirit in the future also.

A.J. SAIKE,
Kalyan.

Walking wrong

In your *Sportsworld* publication dated 22nd-28th Oct. '86 on page 39, the photograph taken by Nikhil Bhattacharya shows Chand Ram competing (leading the pack here) in the men's 20 k.m. walk.

In this photograph, it can clearly be seen that Chand Ram's feet (both) are above the ground at that moment. If I am not wrong then why wasn't he disqualified? The law says that "at any given time at least one of the feet should be on the ground or otherwise he or she may be disqualified."

Well, Chand Ram went on to win a bronze medal in this walking competition. Was it legal?

ASHOK MUKHERJEE,
Barrackpore.

Gossip Wallah

SOME time back the bane of Indian cricket equipment revolved around the poor quality of cricket balls. But hear this one. Half a dozen Indian cricketers signed a contract with an Indian sports equipment division to use a certain brand of bats while playing. However, they soon discovered that the bats were not of the acceptable standard . The players then resorted to an ingenious practice; they peeled the sticker off the bat and affixed them on blades imported from England. Wonder where this leaves the average consumer, who goes in for the product used by some of our superstars but finds...

WHEN Arun Lal got his 200 during the Duleep match versus West Zone, he asked for a fresh guard. At that stage, Gavaskar gave him a three-fingered sign, implying the triple century. Lal fell short by 13.

DURING Gavaskar's 92 against East Zone, Arun Lal told him between overs: "West Zone has won a lot of championships in the past. How about sparing us this one?"

ARUN Lal was all praise for Shastri. "That man is a god. Firstly, he bowled a tight line to his field. Later, he batted with complete confidence. It was almost as if Shastri knew that he was going to win the match for his side. If somebody from our side had even as much as scored a century, we could have pulled it off. In fact, we beat everyone except Shastri. If East Zone had even half a Shastri for the match, we would have made it for the final,' said 'Piggy' Lal.

WITH Arun Lal's appointment as vice captain for the Irani fixture—four years ago, Pataudi had singled Arun Lal out as a possible Indian captain of the future—speculation was over a Test place for him. But in whose place? Srikkanth and Gavaskar cannot be replaced. Amarnath is ageing but has not given critics the opportunity to snipe at him. Vengsarkar is presently indispensable. Azhar is failing but enjoys the support of the senior members of the team.

But as a selector was quoted during the Duleep final: "A Test place is not anyone's personal property..."

DILIP VENGSARKAR is working on his autobiography. Two Bombay journalists are assisting him with the manuscript. Scheduled for release next year, Vengsarkar, it is heard, is looking into the possibility of getting reprints in regional languages as well.

WHILE on the topic of autobiographies, Ravi Shastri is thinking of one too and having it released after the World Cup next year. "One has to keep in mind that I will be playing for Glamorgan from 1987 onwards, so the release has to be adjusted with the English season as well," he said.



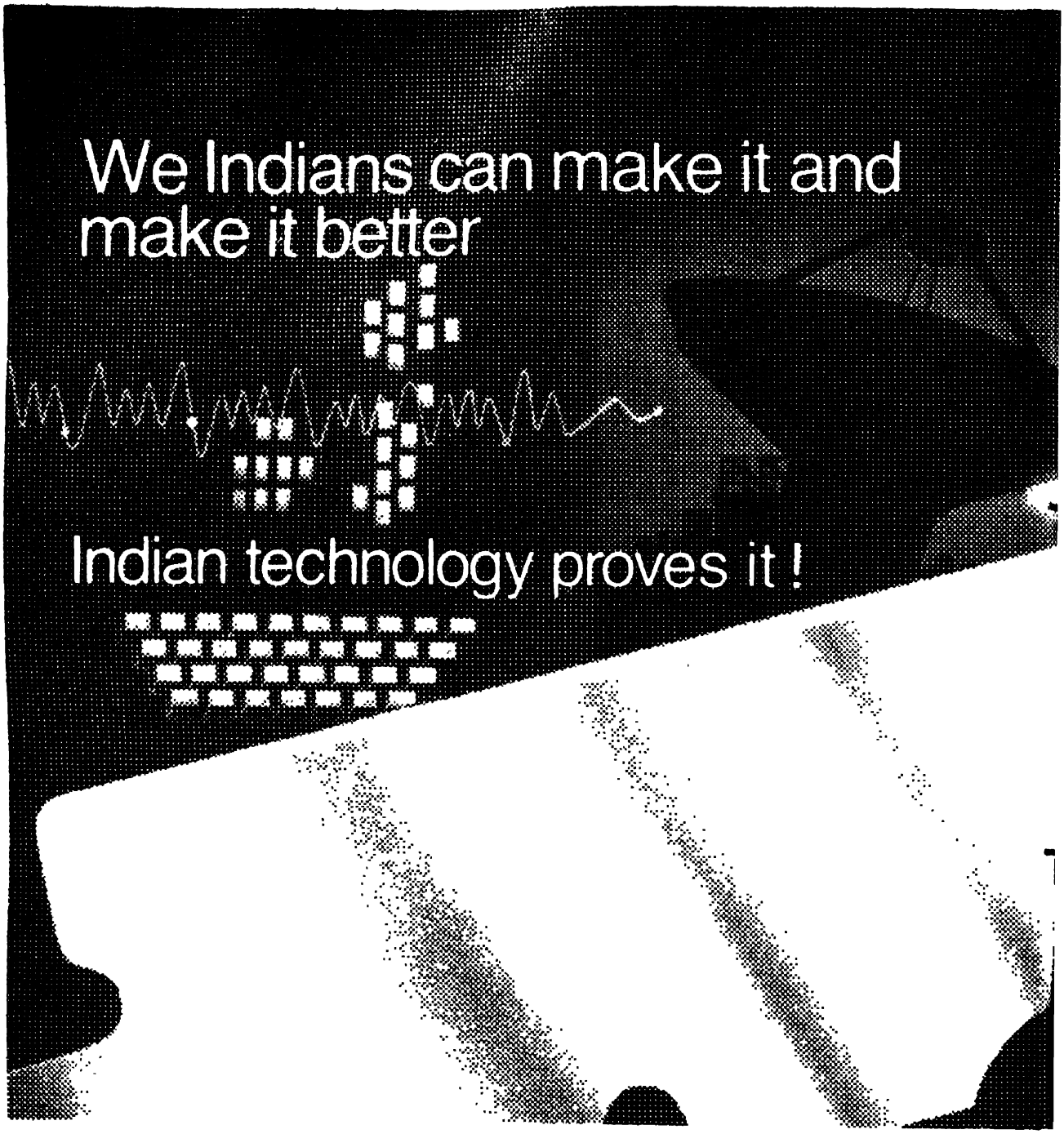
Border's Australians: Appointment with history

WHEN Gavaskar was asked about the same, he admitted being in the 'fourfront'—"After all, I have written four books." Isn't he thinking of writing a book? "Well, one is to be released this winter, having been written by Dom Moraes. Apart from that there is a lot of matter at hand to write another book. But where is the time?" he complained.

DURING their tour of India, the Australians paid a visit to Agra. They took a photographer, Kamal Julka, along. They had a session with him, the Taj Mahal in the background. They ordered 700 prints in all, but with the stipulation that the photographer would not 'leak' the print to the local press. When a local reporter approached Julka for the photograph, he apologised: "Sorry, my word is word." The Australians promised the photographer souvenirs when they come for the 1987 World Cup.

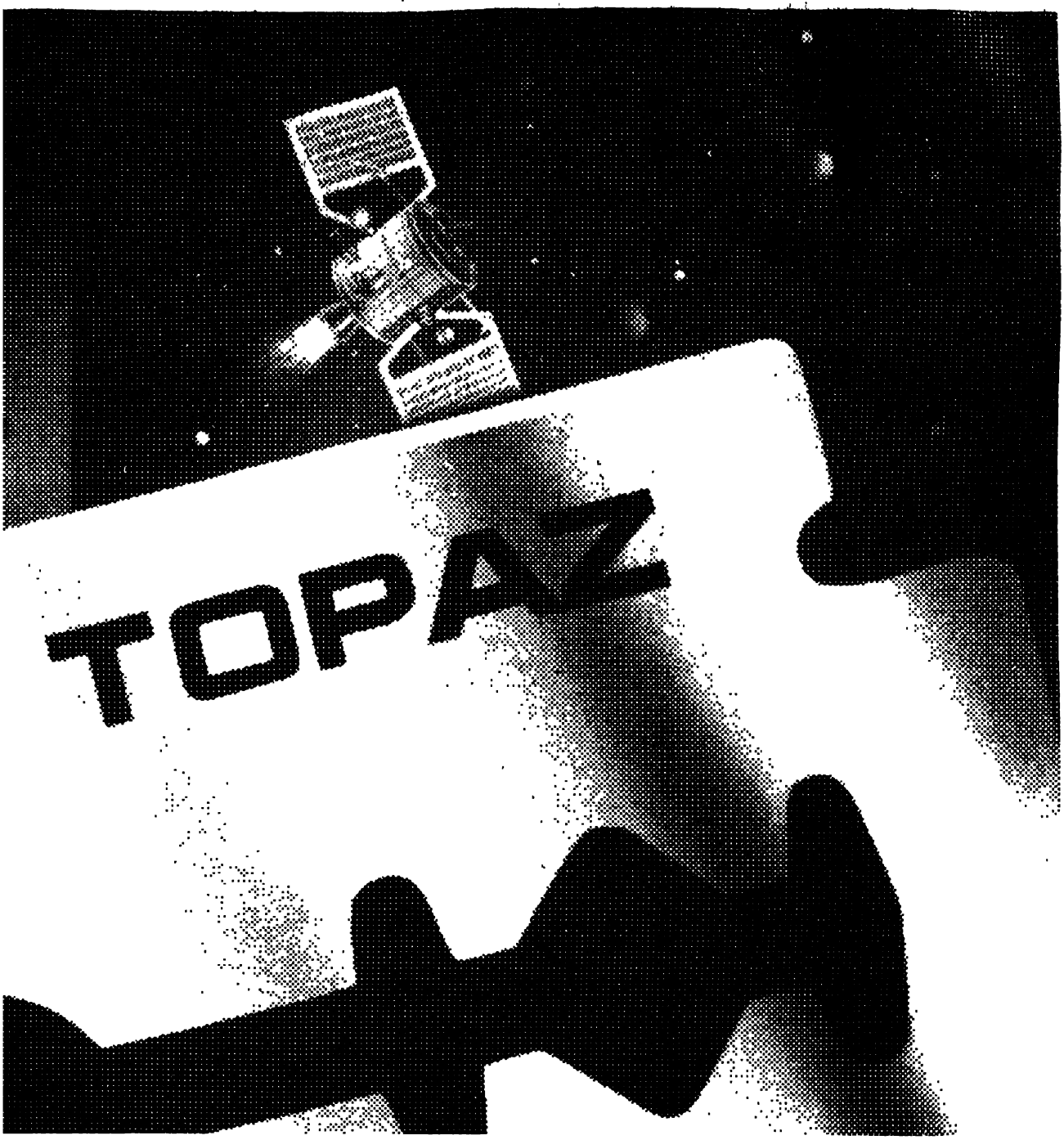
A CRICKETING Open House? Gavaskar's syndicated column gives a hint of this. He wrote: "I would strongly urge the Umpires Association to arrange a meeting in Bombay prior to the team's departure for Sharjah, so that the players, umpires and the adminstrators can come together, exchange views, and as Allan Border said, build up a rapport."

ONE has to end with Arun Lal. The bat with which he scored his 'double' double centuries was given to him by Kapil Dev in England this year. The present Indian cricketers think highly of him. One said,"If he had been playing for a stronger zone he might have been opening for India today." Food for thought.



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Black Balled

The Rise And Fall Of Latif Fluss

by Michael Mewshaw



Illustration: Anup Roy



This Yuppie from the suburbs of Long Island, this nerd from Trinity School and Stanford—kind of guy, you picture him carrying a bookbag and a lunchbox—he sold himself as a street fighter, a hardass in black leather jacket and skintight Levis. And no one calls his bluff!

HERE he is, a pasty, soft, potato-face kid that pretended to be Conan the Barbarian and got away with it. This Yuppie from the suburbs of Long Island, this nerd from Trinity School and Stanford—kind of guy, you picture him carrying a bookbag and a lunchbox—he sold himself as a street fighter, a hardass in black leather jacket and skintight Levis. He made a career—and tens of millions of bucks—giving people grief, slinging sawdust in their faces, daring them to fight, pushing reporters around hotel lobbies, spitting on them, lashing at TV cameramen with his racquet, drawing blood, brow-beating anybody who hinted he knocked up Tatum O'Neal... before he announced in the newspapers he had. Then the topper, at the '85 Australian Open, he hollered at Slobodan (Bobo) Zivojinovic, this hulking Yugoslav, that's six-six and weighs two-ten and is beating him bad, "You're going to pay for this I mean it!"

And no one calls his bluff! Not ever! No one except Martina Navratilova, that is. She said McEnroe was built like a wimp. Smart man, John didn't mouth off back at her. In a *mano a mano*—I'm talking about a duke-out now, not tennis—my money would be on Martina.

Latif's first year at Wimbledon, to prepare my client, I did my homework, read back through the history of McEnroe's horror shows, and found a tidbit buried in an article about the '84 French Open. During a third-round match, Mac griped so long and loud about court conditions, ground crew was called in to sweep the clay. Turned out the crew was these three fellows named Amar, Hadj, and Mabrouck, brothers from the Sequeni family, members of a minority, if you get my meaning.

They trucked onto the court, hosing down the dirt, patting and stamping, trying to do what Junior wanted. But he's a tough customer to satisfy. Afterward he sounded off to the press, "These workers think they're doing us a favour by being here. They do absolutely nothing. It's an absolute disgrace."

When I showed Latif this piece about the Sequeni brothers, he exploded, "McEnroe's an anti-Islamic racist."

"Hard to deny that."

It was the night before the Wimbledon semifinal, and the adrenaline was already screaming through his veins; his crescent-shaped nostrils were flared. Swear to God, I didn't tell him what to do. I didn't have to. I just said, "You want my advice, based on I went back through the files and all the films on the man? McEnroe's a front-runner. You can't let him have the whip hand. You're bigger, stronger. What do you got to be scared of, a scrawny guy like him?"

"Eddie," he said, "if I go after him—if I threaten him, forget hitting him, just threaten—they'll default me."

"Well," I said, "you don't figure to win anyway, do you? He's beaten you, what, six, seven times straight. But there's the future to think about. And there's your pride. Your race and religion."

"They'll fine me."

"You got money."

"They'll suspend me."

"Maybe. But from tournaments. There's exhibitions to keep you in shape and in the headlines."

"Look at the bad press I got just for rumpling Jimbo's hair."

"Different case altogether. A guy Connors' age gets the sympathy vote. You rattle McEnroe's chain, they'll pin a medal on you."

"Jesus, Eddie, Princess Di and her sons will be in the Royal Box."

"Wonder where the Sequeni brothers are? Think they received engraved invites to the Royal Box? Think anybody but you and me cares what became of



Associated Press

"One network showed the film clip with Michael Jackson wailing 'Beat It'...and it became a major hit video on MTV"



The linesmen and umpires were not paralysed by fear. They really wanted to, they could have stepped in and stopped it. But they were getting a kick out of the show like everybody else. Some of them were laughing; two guys clapped. Mac had his supporters, Latif his

those fellows?"

I don't guess I gotta describe what happened. You didn't have to be there or among the millions following the match on the tube. You were anyplace in the free world—for all I know, anywhere behind the Iron Curtain—you caught it on the nightly news or the front page or in the weekly sports roundup or in the hundreds of replays and specials that featured isolated stop frames.

There's some debate what triggered it. Latif accused Junior of calling him "boy." John explained from his hospital bed he had been calling the ballboy "boy." But since the ballboy was black, that hardly let him off the hook.

Whatever the beef, Latif jumped the net, and in the cemetery silence of Centre Court, you heard this collective insuck of breath, followed by a yelp. The yelp was from McEnroe. Slashing his racquet like his ancestors did their swords, Latif whacked him across the ass hard enough to burn a waffle iron print on Junior's buns. Then he threw away his Rossignol and attacked barehanded, banging at Junior's belly.

For three minutes, as timed by news analysts, he throttled Mac by the neck and strummed him. He looked like some boss bass fiddle player plunking out rhythm for a hard-charging number. One network showed the film clip with Michael Jackson wailing "Beat It" in the background, the sound track synched with the punches Latif landed. It became a major hit video on MTV.

As the tape bears out, the linesmen and umpires were *not* paralysed by fear. They really wanted to, they could have stepped in and stopped it. But they were getting a kick out of the show same as everybody else. Some of them were laughing; two guys clapped.

Up in the stands, reaction was mixed. Mac had his supporters, Latif his. Fistfights broke out in the standing room section. Princess Di tried to hide her sons behind her, but there wasn't enough of her to go around. They kept popping out, one side or the other. The Duke and Duchess of Kent were on their feet, and a post-match replay revealed with the help of a lip reader that while he mumbled, "I say, bad show," she was saying, "Jolly good!"



Associated Press

"Princess Di tried to hide her sons behind her, but they kept popping out, one side or the other"

Finally, a few bobbies lumbered out. Latif was arm-weary and would have had to let Junior drop in a second anyway. When they dragged him off, he played the curtain scene like a pro. He shook a fist and shouted in a voice that carried through Centre Court and was picked up letter perfect on worldwide TV, "Remember the Sequeni brothers! Power to all Third World people!"

Mac had curled up near the net cradling his belly, a white slug on a bed of green grass. Kneeling next to him, a bobby waved for a stretcher and they carried him away. Any honest applause meter indicates John didn't get as big a hand as Latif.

It took me ten minutes to reach the dressing room where players where giving Latif a standing ovation. But the All England Tennis and Croquet Club was giving him something else entirely—the bum's rush. The club chairman refused to let Latif speak to the press anyplace on Wimbledon grounds. In fact, he refused to let him shower and change. There was some talk of having him arrested for assault and battery. We split pronto.

By the time we got to the Westbury Hotel, news vendors were hawking special editions with six-inch headlines. LATIF LUMPS MAC. ROYAL FAMILY



Latif paid Junior's medical bills and granted him a generous percentage of future grosses. he was supposed to serve a six-month suspension, but we appealed and with an assist from the network that owned the TV rights to the US Open, we got it reduced to six weeks.

REVOLTED. SUPER-BRAT LOW. MAD MOOR RUNS AMOK.

The desk clerk handed me telegrams from Howard Cosell, the *Today Show*, CBS 60 *Minutes*, ABC *Nightline*, and the *MacNeil-Lebrer Report* requesting interviews. There were also messages from King Hassan, King Hussein, the Saud family, Khaddafy, Khomeini, Mubarak, Arafat, and the Islamic Jihad, expressing support for Latif.

Up in our suite watching BBC, we waited for the rest of the returns, the ratings so to speak. And they weren't slow in coming. Public opinion, based on call-in shows around the world, was running 60-40 in our favour.

More important, offers were pouring in by telephone. An emissary from the OPEC nations proposed a series of exos between McEnroe and Latif, one in each oil-producing country at $500,000 a pop. Don King made a pitch to promote a Heavyweight Championship of Tennis in Vegas. Sun City promised to change its name to Fist City for a weekend and pony up a million bucks for a winner-take-all rematch.

The way things were moving, I decided I better contact McEnroe's father, who, of course, is his agent and lawyer. I had a bellboy hand-deliver a letter to his hotel. "Reserving all my client's rights and admitting no guilt, I want to assure you we can work this out in a businesslike fashion to everybody's benefit."

We did just that. Latif paid Junior's medical bills and granted him a generous percentage of future grosses. He also paid a $20,000 fine to the International Tennis Federation and made a donation to the British Lawn Tennis Association for desecrating Centre Court. He was supposed to serve a six-month suspension, but we appealed and, with an assist from the network that owned the TV rights to the U.S. Open, we got it reduced to six weeks

Meanwhile, we set up a summer of exos and raked it in at the rate of a million a week from all sources. I'm talking tee shirt, doll, and headband sales, department store and shopping mall appearances, and guaranteed prize money. The McEnroes must have done as well or better.

I have to hand it to Junior. He was a trooper. He didn't let hard feelings or a hobbling injury stand between him and a monster deal. When the bell rang in Las Vegas or Little Rock, Kuala Lumpur or Caracas, he charged out of his corner swinging.

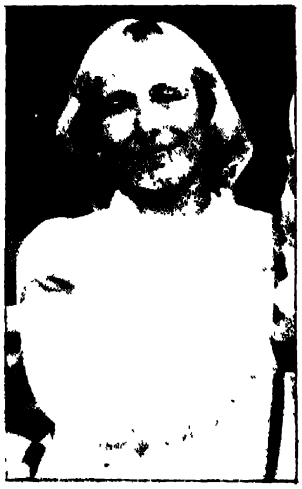
Jesus, those were great days. I'll take exhibitions over tournaments anytime, and not just because of the money. They give a guy like me a chance to get involved, get creative. I ran the fog machine that made the court resemble the Scottish moors. I stage-managed the spotlights for Mac's entrance, then Latif's. At outdoor arenas, I arranged for glitter to be dropped from low-passing planes; at indoor arenas I arranged balloon releases that rivaled the Republican Party Convention. I hired hostesses, brought in local celebrities, movie stars and rock singers for mixed doubles, and in every town found a band that'd play the themes from *Rocky I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII* and *VIII* during the warm-up and changeovers.

But my greatest triumph was how I choreographed the media coverage. First, I huddled with Mac and Latif and got them to accept a few ground rules. Every match had to go three sets, the last one a sudden-death tie break. They agreed to keep the games and series close. This way I could build excitement for the final in Freeport, tell TV networks what kind of time slots we needed, and promise the writing press they'd never miss a deadline.

Couple journalists thought they had a scoop when they charged that these matches were fixed and said the scores should be printed on the entertainment page. But this never hurt the gate. Paying customers just wanted a good show and they got one, specially in the final that was played honest and that Latif won in a walkaway.

This gave him the confidence to go into the U.S. Open and take his first Grand Slam title. By the end of the year, he was Number One on the computer, universally feared, if not loved, looked at as larger than life, stronger than dirt, more dangerous than death—this sweet blue kid I picked up in an undertaker's suit at a religious nut college in Texas. Life's a funny old dog, as they say down there.

"No one calls McEnroe's bluff except Martina, that is. She said McEnroe was built like a wimp"





Associated Press

'A Hundred Wouldn't Have Been Enough'

It had to be more. And as he walked out to play what he thought might well have been his last innings in first class cricket, **Arun Lal** was aware of it. **Barry O'Brien** meets the man who scored 501 runs in two innings to rekindle his competitive urge

YOU'RE thirty-one. You play for one of the weakest zones in domestic cricket. You have always scored runs at this level of the game. Your last Test was three years ago. After which you were dropped. Unceremoniously. You have realised there is no point in fooling yourself. You can't make it back to the national team. Not because you feel you're not good enough. It's just that-....well, forget it. You can't make it back. Period.

So what do you do? You decide, on your way to your first big match of the season, that it's going to be your last game. Or at least your last tournament. What's the idea of giving the game all you've got when you're pretty sure of the outcome? It's like getting yourself all keyed up watching a thriller, having already seen the last ten minutes of it.



If they are looking for form and performance, I d on't know of anyone who has done better than I have. I think I have done enough to make it to the team

"YES, that's exactly how it was with me when I was on my way to play the match." 'Me' being Arun Lal, 'the match' being the Duleep Trophy quarter final between East Zone and Central Zone.

The former Test cricketer, four Tests [illegible], was seriously thinking of calling it a day and sticking to club cricket. He had decided that this, in all probability, would be his last big game. He was disillusioned. Disappointed. Determined to give it up.

But then, suddenly, the script was changed. A fairy tale was in the making. Only this time, it was true.

Ten days, two innings and 501 runs later Arun Lal has staked his claim. Like never before. Is it just a flash in the pan? Like a flame burning brightest just before it finally blows out? Or has he come to stay? A star that will burn brightly for time to come?

I really don't know. Neither does he, for that matter. But what I do know, and he knows it better than I, is that he is going to give it one hell of a try. He knows (if he gets it) it's his last chance.

A quietly determined and confident man is how I would describe Arun Lal, the night before he left his simple, cosy home, for Jodhpur to play for the rest of India side.

As he waited anxiously for his ticket to Delhi en route to Jodhpur, he reminded me of a schoolboy—knowing he's won the race, waiting for his prize. Moments later the man arrived. With an IAC ticket—OK for Delhi. Chance for Jodhpur. But 'Piggy'—("That's what the world



I like living life to the full. If somebody asked me to play a hockey or football game the day before I was to play a Test match, I wouldn't hesitate

calls me") was happy.

Yes. He had worked hard for it and he fully deserved it. He is, in his own words, "very hopeful." And he has reason to be. As he went on to say, "if it's performance and form they're looking for, then I don't know of any body who has done better. I've done enough and I'm looking forward to playing for my country."

It wasn't an overconfident, complacent cricketer speaking. It was a man who had done well. And nobody knew it better than he himself. Listen to him: "I swear I was going to give it all up. My wife told me to try just once more. Get a hundred, she said. I told her a hundred wouldn't be enough. It had to be twos and threes. Everybody scores centuries. How was I to know that I would get two doubles? I would be lying (blatantly) if I said I expected to do so well. But then I had God on my side. Only he could have made all this possible. One or even two centuries weren't going to be enough. It had to be more and more and it was just that."

How does a man who feels he has invariably been at the wrong end of the stick, always underrated and never acknowledged, manage to motivate himself? To gear himself up to try and succeed? And then, what is most difficult, to actually succeed?

The modest 'Piggy' feels it's all thanks to "God, my wife, my club (Mohun Bagan) and my company (Amgoorie India Ltd). God has been good. My wife has kept pushing me. My club has always made me feel important. And the firm I work for has always been behind me. Thanks to all of them, I have kept trying. Thanks to all of them, I'm back in the running."

But surely a person must contribute in a big way to his own success! More so in a case like this. He's up and out of the house by six in the morning whether it's the cricket season or not. Running. Keeping fit. Practising indoors or outdoors. But this he's always done. But as he very rightly says, "I'm a more mature cricketer now. A much better batsman than when I first played Test cricket. I'm working harder. I concentrate much more. I am more relaxed. I enjoy the game much more. I take things as they come. Before it used to be—ok it's time for a flashy extra cover drive. But now it's not predetermined. It's more natural. If the runs come, they come. Otherwise, on to the next innings. There hasn't been a deliberate change in stance or technique, it's just that I'm a far more complete player now.

Technique is always an important factor when you are a batsman of the Arun Lal type. If you're of the Srikkanth variety nobody gives a damn how you get the runs—as long as you get them. If you're in the Azharuddin mould nobody cares how often you get the runs—as long as you get them, now and then. But the trauma of being an Arun Lal is that you've not only got to get the runs, you've got to get lots of them. And you've got to get them well. If you don't get enough—you're not *good* enough. If you don't get them well enough your *technique* isn't good enough.

But all this doesn't seem to bother our subject. He wants to get runs. Lots of them. And well. As for his technique, he laughs as he tells me, "there was a time when a famous cricket pundit said that Arun Lal's technique was second only to Gavaskar's. A little later another equally famous cricket pundit said Arun Lal maybe scoring runs, but his technique is faulty. All this doesn't bother me. I've got to go out and score runs—and I try and do that the best way. That's the only challenge."

Life for Arun Lal in fact is one big challenge. His idea of making the most of life, is enjoying it to the full. As he says: "Yes, it is my ambition to play cricket for my country for as long as possible. I will in fact give up cricket the day I am convinced that I cannot make it to the Test team. Till then I will keep playing. But cricket isn't the only thing in my life. I am in fact a natural sportsman and not a natural cricketer. I wouldn't hesitate to play a football or hockey game the day before I play a Test

match. I love doing as much as possible."

Though he knows it is a definite advantage playing for a stronger team in domestic cricket—"You get more matches; your performances are more noticed; you play with the best"—Lal loves playing for Bengal and East Zone. In fact he "revels" in it. He doesn't regret it one bit. He sees himself as the backbone of the team and this inspires (almost compels) him to perform well. As he says, "I know a lot depends on me and I've got to give off my best. Though I will not deny that playing for say North Zone is a definite advantage. A chap might score three centuries till the knockout stage, after which his team is knocked out in the first round. And he's forgotten. Another guy, playing for a stronger team, may struggle for runs in early games, knock up an 80 and a 140 in the semis and finals and he's considered Test material."

Arun Lal is Test material. He must be. I'm not sure about the texture—but the pedigree is there. Way back in 1979 there was talk of him being of the very highest class, when he scored 99 for North Zone against the West Indians. But it was not until the Sri Lankan's first tour in 1982 that he was finally given a break. One Test. Then on to Pakistan for three more. Makes for a total of four Tests, three of which were against a man called Imran Khan. At his fastest. Swinging the ball both ways. Very often in the same delivery. A series in which even Gavaskar and Vishwanath were made to look mortal. And in fact vulnerable.

Through all that 'Piggy' Lal has come out with a Test batting record, which is by no stretch of imagination, memorable. But which is certainly commendable. Seven innings. Two partnerships of over a hundred. Two fifties. One brave knock of about forty against Imran where the opener held his end up and was seventh out. He therefore "disagrees vehemently" with anyone who says that he has been only a good cricketer at the national level, but a failure at the Test level. "I don't think I've been a failure at all."

Neither do we. But for some strange reason, after coming back from Pakistan, thanks to the miserable performance of the team as a whole, Arun Lal was demoted to 'drinks man' for six Tests. And then forgotten. Not just put down a few rungs but taken off the ladder completely.

But he's climbed back again and is almost at the top. And this time he's holding on real tight.

But he will, in all probability, have to wait his turn. Gavaskar is batting as well as he has ever done before. Srikkanth is Srikkanth. Vengsarkar's class is second only to Gavaskar's. That leaves only numbers three and five as the places up for grabs. At five is the 'boy wonder'. And boy-wonders aren't easily replaceable. Or so the selectors seem to think. True, Azhar has had a couple of good knocks in the Duleep Trophy, but present performance and not past records should be the only criterion for selection. Therefore if Azhar performs let him stay. But if he fails he must go. At least for the moment.

What about number three, where the 'senior citizen of Indian cricket' holds court? Once again, the logic is the same. Looking at Mohinder Amarnath as a batsman, and a batsman only, if he gets his customary quota no one will grudge him his place in the team. Least of all Piggy.

But should either of the two fail, there is no stopping Arun Lal (nothing cricketing reason at least) from doing what he likes best—"playing for my country." The next question which will, no doubt be asked: will he be comfortable in the middle order? "Of course I will" he says "Check your books, I have basically been a middle order bat. The first time I opened was when North Zone was playing Pakistan. The wicket was damp, but the authorities insisted we started the game. We lost the toss and were asked to bat. Bishan (Bedi) walked into the dressing room and asked somebody to pad up. The umpires were out and nobody was padded. Nobody wanted to open, so Bishan turned to me and said -what about you Piggy? And there I was, opening for the first time. And I found out that there isn't a very big difference in opening and coming in at three."

And Arun Lal should know. More often than not he has to go out when the ball is still very new and the bowlers still fresh. So it doesn't really make a difference where he is asked to bat. The fact remains that there are five places and six batsmen. And unlike the last time (three years ago) when he was selected primarily because of the trial and error, permutation-combination method, this time he has staked his claim through performance. And if that is the only criterion for selection then the 'wonder boys' and 'senior citizens' better watch it.

Some people run away from challenges. Others face them. Arun Lal thrives on them.



I love playing for Bengal and East Zone. I know that I have to go out and perform well and I revel in such situations. I have no regrets at all

DAVIS CUP

New Faces, New Trends (Thank Goodness For Both!)

FOUR of the five top tennis powers were in the running for a berth in the Davis Cup final. France sans Yannick Noah could not get there. Tradition took its place in the form of Australia, the United States, Sweden and Czechoslovakia were in it. Missing however were Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors and Mats Wilander. The Americans, the Swedes and the Czechs played their second string while the Australians shuffled their cards imaginatively to win. In the absence of the stars, the 1986 Davis Cup competition reached new dimensions in team competition. Suddenly it looked like a new ball game in which strategy and tactics replaced the brilliance of the superstars.

For the first time in years, leading teams went into the competition without mourning the absence of their superstars. Instead, the tendency was to make the most of their absence. Captains regained their rightful places and that seemed to change the whole dynamics of the competition.

Ironically, the United States and Czechoslovakia had already lost their matches before the teams lined up for their national anthems. The ghosts of John McEnroe and Ivan Lendl loomed large over their younger and inexperienced counterparts. The youngsters could not handle the pressure and the outcome was one-sided victories by the Swedes and the Australians.



Colorsport

Tim Mayotte made his Davis Cup debut in front of the fanatic Mexican crowds



Australia's captain Neil Fraser decided to use the unpredictable wild a colt called Pat Cash, ranked number 80 in the world

Once again, the United States became the trend setter. The exclusion of John McEnroe from the squad was a bold measure. Less than five years ago, national associations used to beg top players to play Davis Cup. But superstars like Bjorn Borg and Jimmy Connors spurn it and lower ranked players followed suit preferring prize money tournaments and exhibitions. Only one superstar had the courage and conviction to play for patriotism rather than pay cheques. His name John Patrick McEnroe Jr. The man called "Superbrat" helped the United States to keep alive the Cup competition named after one of its own.

Suddenly, the man who carried the country's banner successfully was pronounced a national disgrace and was ostracized from the team by an official under the influence of a commercial sponsor.

US captain Tom Gorman wanted McEnroe to play in Australia. In fact McEnroe had volunteered to do doubles duty in Mexico City, but Gorman preferred to maintain the Ken Flach-Robert Seguso duo. McEnroe was actually uncomfortable to play singles on clay immediately after a long leave for absence from the circuit. He accepted Gorman's decision, but volunteered to play in Australia. US Tennis Association President Randy Gregson made sure that McEnroe was out of the team even before his first round match against Annacone at the US Open. Ironically, Annacone, who was awarded the third singles berth in the team, eliminated McEnroe from the Open. Gregson had his last laugh as he made sure that McEnroe and Peter Fleming were disqualified from the opening round of the doubles for showing up late. With Seguso on the injury list, McEnroe and Fleming would

have been the logical choices for the Australian grass.

While McEnroe was eager to play for his country, Ivan Lendl was totally unwilling to represent Czechoslovakia. Captain Jan Kodes, good friend of Lendl, wanted him to play. The Czech federation did not want to hear anything about it, even if Lendl was willing to play. Lendl made himself loud and clear in Australia soon after the semifinal round when he expressed his desire to play for the United States.

MCENROE is sure to return to the squad immediately after the president elect of the US Tennis Association, Gordon Jorgensen succeeds Gregson in March. Jorgensen has promised to give complete freedom to the captain to chose the squad. In future, the role of the captain in team selection is going to become a crucial factor of the Davis Cup competition. Neil Fraser of Australia, Hans Olsson of Sweden and Raul Ramirez of Mexico have demonstrated the importance of captaincy in Davis Cup. The absence of superstars in the US, Czech and Swedish team during the 1986 semis has put the captaincy in the proper perspective. In years to come, the captain will be more than a towel boy to his players.

Strategy will play a big role in future Davis Cup ties. The captains must use the men at their disposal with imagination and courage. Some element of risk taking and the vision of the future will dictate the line up. Kodes decided not to play experienced Tomas Smid in the singles and gave that spot to young Milan Srejber, who had created some fireworks at the US Open. He expected a better performance from US Open finalist Miloslav



Miloslav Mecir failed to give Czechoslovakia that all important lead against the Swedes

Mecir. However, both his players folded under pressure and lost their singles matches against second strung Swedish players. In the absence of Mats Wilander who is on a two-month sabbatical and an injured Joakim Nystrom, Olsson decided to gamble with inexperienced and impulsive Kent Carlsson as the second singles player instead of a safer Mikael Pernfors. Carlsson confused and confounded Mecir in the opening singles to give Sweden the all important lead.

Fraser decided to use his third ranked player, Pat Cash, as his trump card especially off court. Number 73, Wally Masur, and number 78, John Fitzgerald, gave way to number 80, Cash, in the singles line up. Fraser knew that the man to save Australia was not 42-ranked Paul McNamee. It had to be the unpredicatable wild colt called Cash. Australia got off to a great start as McNamee resumed his overnight match at 1-2, but reeled off 11 consecutive games to take the last two sets from number 12, Brad Gilbert. The match really made the difference. Cash lost his first set in both singles, but managed to psych himself up for creditable wins.

Ethics is beginning to give way to combat spirit in Davis Cup too. One of the biggest violations of the Davis Cup spirit occured in the Czechoslovakia-Sweden tie. The Swedes had already taken a 2-1 lead through Carlsson and Stefan Edberg. On the morning of the reverse singles, Swedish captain Olsson announced that he was substituting Mikael Pernfors for Carlsson, who hurt his back during an early morning practice session. However, Kodes was informed only ten minutes before the match that the change in lineup has been made. "I must say I did not appreciate not being told about Carlsson's injury until ten minutes before the start of the match" he said. "I feel Hans Olsson should have informed us immediately after Olsson was hurt during practice. I did not take that very well."

Luck of course plays a big part. In a way the Swedes were fortunate that neither Wilander nor Nystrom had to face Mecir. The Czech, known in the circuit as the Swede killer, had demolished both of them at the US Open and some earlier tournaments. Pernfors also happened to be better equipped to beat Srejber's brand of play.

Experience and home court advantage are the biggest variables in Davis Cup ties. The Australian team had a cumulative experience of 55 ties over seven years, while the Americans had played a total of 12 over the past two years. Gilbert and Mayotte had made their debuts in Mexico City in the quarterfinal round and Paul Annacone played his first match with a partner with whom he had not teamed up since their junior days. Yet he and Flach managed to overcome Cash and Fitzgerald in a five-hour five-setter. Evidently inexperience and Gilbert's inability on grass, cost the Americans the tie.

But something to ponder over--the United States has not played a single Davis Cup match at home in the last three years. It has really hurt them. And besides, it's grossly unfair.

George K. George, New York



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LALA AMARNATH IS THE ELDER STATESMAN OF INDIAN CRICKET. HE PLAYED HIS FIRST TEST BEFORE GAVASKAR HAD MADE HIS DEBUT. AGAINST LAWRY'S AUSTRALIA IN THE LATE SIXTIES. IN AN EXTENSIVE CONVERSATION WITH MUDAR PATHERYA, AMARNATH EXPLAINS WHY TOO MUCH LIMITED-OVERS CRICKET WILL HARM OUR CRICKETERS; WHY THE RANJI TROPHY SYSTEM NEEDS TO BE RESTRUCTURED AND HOW PEOPLE AROUND HIM CHANGE WHEN HE STOPS GETTING RUNS

"INDIAN CRICKETERS ARE NOT PROFESSIONALS"



Nehil Bhattacharya



Vijay Bhatacharya

SPORTSWORLD: What should be the equation between limited-overs matches and Tests? Should we play more Tests or more one-day games?

MOHINDER AMARNATH: I think we can play an adequate number of both. However a change is warranted; we should play more 5-Test series rather than 3-Test ones. For example, had we lost the first Test against Australia it would have been very difficult to come back and win, if not level the series. This is because the other side would not take chances. In a five-Test series you always stand a chance of winning, even from behind. Gower's England did it against us at home in 1984-85. I also feel that one five-Test series in a season rouses more interest than 3 three-match series.

How has the increase in limited-overs fixtures affected cricketers? Let us discuss the batsmen for a start.....

The batsmen are affected because of the itinerary. Playing a couple of one-day matches between Tests works to a batsman's disadvantage. When you are playing Test matches you adjust according to the situation of the game. In limited-overs matches you have to score irrespective of the circumstances. So, when you play a limited-overs game and follow it up immediately with a Test, it requires a sudden change in attitude. The Australians have done a good job in this regard...they play their series of one-day matches after all the Tests are over.



Vijay Bhatacharya

The difference between Tests and limited-overs matches is one of attitude. Don't you think that our cricketers, professional as they are, should be qualified to adjust?

I don't think the Indian cricketers are professionals at all. You can be a professional only if you play cricket all the year round. We don't get paid well when we play domestic cricket...we get Rs 200 for playing in home matches. We are not professionals in that sense. Playing cricket is not our job all the time. We get paid well only when we represent our country. So, in a way, we are still amateurs.

Yes, but how has too much of one-day cricket affected batsmen in general?

We cannot imagine playing in Tests the shots we hit in limited-overs matches. In the last 10 overs, one tries to move away from the wicket and hit over cover, point, square leg or mid

wicket. You even see such shots in Test matches. That is why the Indian batsmen are struggling at the moment. We are playing too many limited-overs matches. The same applies to the Australians.

Are there any strokes, not known or used till the late Sixties, which have emerged only because of the proliferation in limited-overs matches?

For example, in a one-day game you have an off spinner pegging away on the leg stump to a 3-6 field. It is impossible to get runs on the leg side. You then try to leave your wicket and cut him through point or cover. The problem starts when you walk into a Test match and try to do the same. You start taking more chances in Tests than you would normally.

Any player who typifies this...

Azhar is one. He is a marvellous player, no doubt about it. Watch his feet when the spinners are bowling; they are running to the slips. Or when he tries to work a ball from outside the off stump to mid wicket. This is what you learn in one-day cricket, where the main objective is scoring runs. That is why the division of the two series of matches in an itinerary will help in improving the standard of batting. Batsmen will be less confused; they will not try one-day strokes in Test matches.

Digressing here, don't you think having different sides for Tests and one-day matches (with only a few common players) would help in solving the problem to a large extent?

Yes, but what I would want to ask is: do we have that many top class players in India who can be selected only for Tests or one-day games? You would need at least 22 players to begin with.



Tarapore Bureau

I don't think the Indian cricketers are professional at all. You can be a professional only if you play cricket all the year round. We don't get paid well when we play domestic cricket...we get Rs 200 for playing in home matches.

On the whole, you feel that the Board is indirectly to blame for...

Not that the Board is to blame; it is merely a suggestion that Tests and one-day matches should be separated. Perhaps they could finalise itineraries in consultation with the Indian captain. You can imagine playing in September with no break in between, especially in Madras where it is difficult for both sides. Then you have a day's break before playing a limited-overs game in Hyderabad. How can the players be expected to perform well? After all, we are also human. You cannot give 100 per cent all the time. It is not good for cricket.

How does limited-overs cricket affect bowlers?

For example, in five-day matches you will find our medium pacers trying to swing the ball a long, long way because they want to plan and get the batsmen out. You cannot afford to do this in one-day cricket because you are mainly trying to contain and not get the batsmen out. Bowlers do not swing the ball in limited-overs matches as much as they do in Tests. Kapil Dev is one such bowler.

How has limited-overs cricket affected spinners?

In one-day games you have to bowl tight and straight. You are not wanting to 'buy' wickets. In a Test, the same spinner will flight the ball, give a few runs away and then try to get the batsman to commit an error. Just watch Maninder in a one-day match; he will usually bowl flat and straight, imparting no spin at times. His 'loop' could perhaps reappear in the longer game.

Has too much of limited-overs cricket taken toll of any particular spinner: Siva, for example? He is today more restrictive than destructive....

MY FIVE GREATEST INNINGS

1. 90 and 100 at Perth versus Australia 1977-78.
2. 101 not out against Kallicharan's West Indies, Kanpur, 1979-80.
3. 109 not out against Pakistan, Lahore, 1982-83.
4. 116 against West Indies, St John's, 1982-83
5. 90 against West Indies, third Test, 1982-83.



Not quite. Siva is mainly lacking confidence. He's still a good bowler. In fact, at nets he bowls much better than he does in the middle. If you hit him for two fours in a match, he will pack up shop and try to contain the batsman. What he needs is a lot of hard work—and support.

Don't you think that the standard of fielding has improved because of too much limited-overs cricket? What was the standard when you made your Test debut in 1969-70?

We had some good close-in fielders in those days, not outfielders. Players weren't much concerned about fitness then. To be honest, we would not even exercise before a game! I remember on my Test debut, I went to the dressing room and was straight out on the field! Nowadays we spend an hour at nets and another hour loosening up. We have to work harder during the off-season. On the overall, fitness and fielding have both come a long way since the Sixties. In India, however, there is a slight problem as the grounds are not as good as they are abroad. Our fielding has been better when we have gone abroad.

In the last ten overs in limited-overs matches one tries to move away from the wicket and hit over cover, point, square leg or mid wicket. You even see such shots in Test matches. That is why Indian batsmen are struggling at the moment. We are playing too many limited-overs matches.

SPORTSWORLD: You have been playing cricket in India for approximately 17-18 years. One aspect you might have noticed is the continuing neglect of domestic cricket. Our major performers in the domestic circuit are not even talked about. On the other hand, the Gavaskars, the Amarnaths and the Vengsarkars are being blown out of proportion at the expense of our domestic cricketers.

MOHINDER AMARNATH: Personally, I feel that we do not play too much domestic cricket. Our season normally starts in October. We play four Ranji Trophy games—I am leaving aside Duleep matches—before getting a break for three months. If you are playing for a poor side you just play those four matches a season, irrespective of the fact that you are a very good player. The format at the moment is that if you have six teams in a zone, you play five matches on a league basis before the top two can qualify for the knockout stage. Instead of this, the top 10 teams in the country should play amongst themselves on a league basis, even perhaps by splitting into two groups of five each. If you can organise Duleep Trophy also on a league basis, then a player could get 12-13 matches in a season to prove himself. It will be difficult not to spot talent if a player is good enough. Under the present system, there is no opportunity to prove one's ability if your side fails to qualify. The majority of the players selected get all the attention only in the semi-final/final stages. Nobody is bothered as to how many runs he might have scored before that.

Can you name a couple of players who might have suffered because of this?



Arun Lal. I still feel that he is a good player, but he plays for a weak zone. They qualify for the knockout stage but lose the first game. He doesn't get any other opportunity to prove himself. If he doesn't get runs in those two matches, he is not in the reckoning at all. V. Sivaramakrishnan was another promising batsman who suffered similarly. Some Punjab cricketers have also been overlooked through lack of exposure.

How many domestic matches have you played in the last few years?

Nothing really. I have just played in the knockout stage. I don't get time to play the league matches. I feel that if we could reorganise the Ranji Trophy to the league system in the second stage, we Test players could always go back and play more domestic cricket when the Tests are not on.

That brings us back to your suggestion of playing one full Test series a season.

That's it; we can plan our season well. If your domestic calendar started in October—September is not the right time—we could play four or five first-class matches before the Tests. I think the Board should not postpone the domestic season when organising Tests. It's not the right thing.

For Test teams chosen in September, the criterion often is the player's form in the previous season.

The last Test in Bombay started on 15 October. Before that the 'Delhi versus Australia' match started on 10 October. The team for the third Test was announced after the second Test but before the Baroda game. So it made no difference whether a player scored 100 or 200 in the Baroda match against the Australian bowling; he would not have been selected either way. He could at the most wait for the next Test series, some two months away!

I was 67 at the end of the fourth day of the Lahore Test in 1982-83. Dad came and told me, *"Tu sau kar de, bas. Aur mainu kuch nahin chaida."* When I did get my hundred, he distributed sweets in Lahore.

Another point that I would like to make is that we are playing so much of first-class cricket that if one is going through a bad patch it is difficult to get any match practice. As a result, there is limited opportunity in trying to figure out as to what is wrong. Take Vishy's example; he had a bad series in Pakistan in 1982-83. He didn't go to West Indies and played for a couple of seasons after that. But he never got the opportunity to prove himself again and get into the team.

Let us take your own example. You played versus Australia at Baroda. You are not staking a claim for a Test place as you have already been selected. Shouldn't your place have been utilised for some deserving youngster to prove himself?

Yes, but, on the other hand, I was representing my State. I could have been rested but I preferred some match practice before the Bombay Test.

Do you feel that the players at the domestic level are underpaid?

Definitely. There is a big disparity in playing for your country and for your State. I play for Delhi and am paid

Rs 300 a day. I still feel it is peanuts. Incidentally, when I made my debut for Punjab in the Sixties I was paid Rs 25 for the entire match! I feel it is high time we had sponsors coming into domestic cricket in a big way. We are well looked after by the DDCA, but what about cricketers from Himachal Pradesh or J&K?

How do you travel for a domestic match?

By train.

First-class or...?

First-class. But I don't know whether all the other teams travel first-class or not. I remember that when I used to play for Punjab, we used to travel by second or third-class. Instead of the association paying first-class cricketers their allowances, it is high time the Board did something about it.

You have no crowds at all for the domestic matches, while you could get a full house at the Eden Gardens for a Test match.

People generally prefer watching cricketers from abroad. At the domestic level you may get a decent turnout if two top teams are participating. For a UP-Haryana match there could be a crowd of sorts, but only because of Kapil's participation. If you play at the smaller centres you get a better response, though they would probably come to see the cricketers, not the cricket.

And in Test matches?

Fifty per cent come to watch the match proper. The rest to fulfil a social obligation and meet friends. They certainly do not come to watch ball-to-ball cricket.

SPORTSWORLD: What we have proved is that our international calendar flourishes at the expense of our domestic season. In this connection, aren't we also overdoing our international commitments? The current season began in early September and shall end in mid-April. What effect is this likely to have on our cricketers?



The team for the third Test was announced after the second Test but before the Baroda game. So it made no difference whether a player scored 100 or 200 in the Baroda match against the Australian bowling; he would not be selected either way.

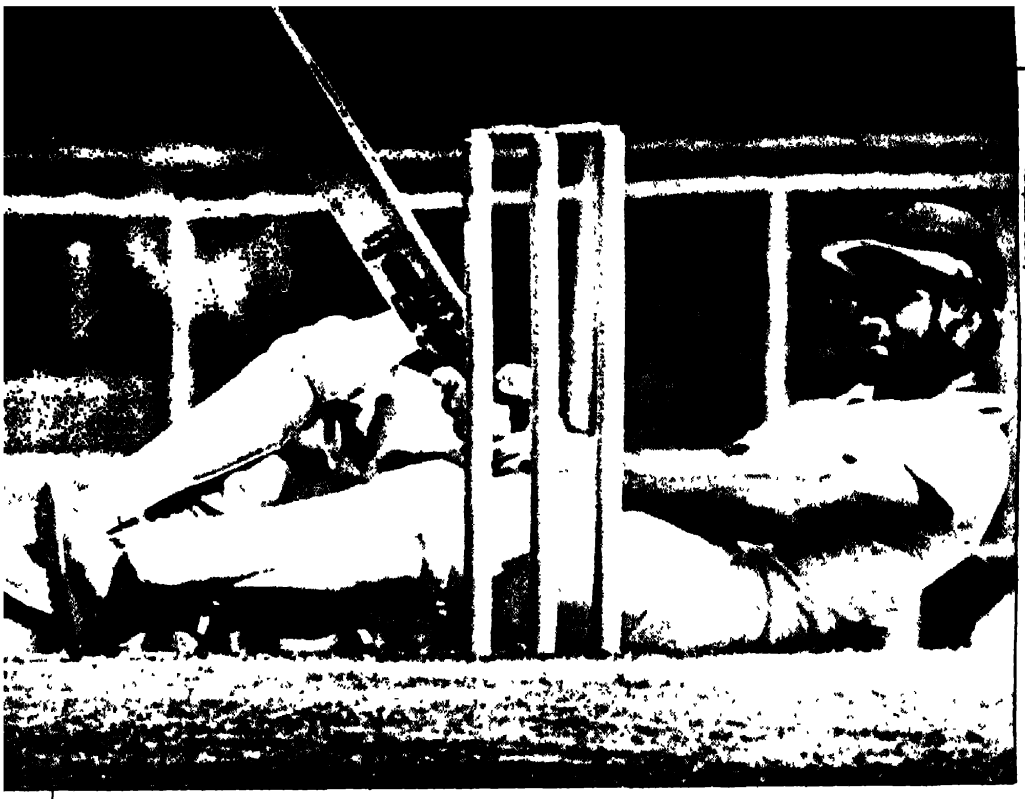
Assuming that the Sri Lankan series comes through, I feel we will all be very tired by the time the Pakistanis come to India. And one-day matches will be more exacting, physically and mentally. You are expected to give more than 100% in one-day games. To top it, you need some time to recover from the fatigue. We experienced this in Australia in 1985-86; we used to play day/night games and finish around 10.30/11 pm. It used to be midnight by the time we would reach our hotel. Next morning at 7 o'clock we would take the flight out for the other match. Take into account the time difference; we would have to walk in for nets at the other venue. If there were no nets we would still be tired before the match. You need at least two days of rest after each one-day game.

You mentioned that we will be very tired by the time the Pakistanis come. Now let us take into account your mental state by end-February. Are all your motions going to be mechanical by then?

It could, but only if you had to play all the one-day matches in addition to the Tests. Only few cricketers will probably be asked to do duty in both. Nevertheless, 11 Tests a season is quite a lot and if somebody fails in one or two games he should not be thrown out. People expect too much at times. When you start failing, quite a few reasons can be made to crop up overnight. For example, people are now saying that Azhar's right hand is working more than his left. The day he gets runs they will say that

FIVE GREATEST INNINGS SEEN

1. Kapil Dev's 175 not out against Zimbabwe, 1983.
2. Gavaskar's 221 against England, The Oval, 1979.
3. Vishwanath's 97 versus West Indies, Madras, 1974-75.
4. IT Botham's 149 not out versus Australia, Leeds, 1981.
5. Viv Richards' 192 versus India, Delhi, 1974-75.



nis technique is alright.

Yes, but we were trying to arrive at the end-February effect. Have you ever in your career felt that you had had too much of the game for a particular period of time?

Not quite. I think that the reason is mainly because I have not been regularly picked for one-day matches and Tests alongside. I wonder how some of my colleagues, who play five days in Madras and then a limited-overs match in Hyderabad, are feeling.

SPORTSWORLD: You have made many a comeback to the Indian side. What has been your motivation—the striving to do well because there is fame at the other end. Or has it been money?

Honestly, I take it as it comes. I do not think of the past or the future. It's no point saying that you have scored 200 in the last series when you realise fully well that the next two failures could see you excluded. Therefore, I take every game as a challenge.

There was this fellow whose party we had gone to during the series against the West Indies in 1983-84. In the midst of a conversation, he mentioned that I must be quite satisfied as I had made a lot of money. He said that I had made Rs eight lakhs for scoring those zeroes!

Treating my career on a match-to-match basis makes me more determined.

Do you set targets...a fifty to start with. Then, perhaps, a century.

Firstly, I do not want to fail. To achieve this, I try to stay at the wicket for as long as possible. If you stand at the wicket for four hours or so, you are bound to get runs.

Visualise that the Indian openers have gone in to bat and you are one-drop. How are you psychologically placed at that time?

Very relaxed as a matter of fact, joking and talking. I watch one or two overs of the openers batting, preferring it 'live' rather than on TV. I mainly look out for two things: i) how the wicket is behaving, ii) the quality of bowling. It helps you in planning your innings.

THE FIVE GREATEST MATCHES I HAVE PLAYED IN

1. Versus Australia Madras, 1969-70.
2. Versus West Indies, Port-of-Spain, third Test, 1975-76.
3. Delhi versus Karnataka Ranji final, 1981-82.
4. Prudential Cup final, 1983.
5. Versus England, Lord's, 1986.

When I am in the middle, I tell myself that the cut has to be avoided whether I am 0 or 100, as I cannot play the stroke well.

Do you keep to a certain 'code of conduct' in the middle?

I tell myself two things early on: i) play straight, ii) leave all balls going outside the off stump. I don't mind scoring 20 runs in two hours for a start, as long as I am in there. I try to make sure that I am middling the ball well...

I am sorry to interrupt, but I remember you having been quoted as saying once that your priority is 'how you meet the ball and how you strike it'. Would you elaborate

Critics sometimes talk of stances, open, closed or whatever. When I had an open stance they kept saying that my bat was coming down from gully or point, which is why I was getting out for poor scores. My point is: it doesn't matter where one stands or where one's bat comes down from as long as one keeps middling it. I used to bat with an open chested stance earlier on in the domestic matches. When I went to play in the Leagues abroad, I was approached by our club supporter. He asked: "What guard do you take?" I replied that I usually asked for a leg stump. He suggested that I ask for 'middle stump' the next time I went to bat. Since I was getting no runs anyway, I decided to experiment. I got 700 runs in the next 6 games!

You have been known to take balls on the body early on in the innings...

It's like this; whenever I am hit on the body it sort of wakes me up. It makes me

more determined to stay at the crease. I get to concentrate better. Of course, the delivery should not be too fast! I remember Marshall hitting me in West Indies; I got 90-odd after that.

Do you psyche yourself when the bowler is running in?

Yes; I tell myself that 'I am not going to get out this ball'. It makes me more determined and confident.

Do you plan innings in instalments, say, of 25 runs each?

No.

Do you look at the scoreboard when you are batting?

I do.

Is batting on 95 any different from batting on 35?

Not quite. I play my normal game. Perhaps I don't take as many risks in the nineties.

What exactly is a 'lapse in concentration'? Is it thinking about the party last night or shopping with your wife on the rest day, when you should be worrying about the next ball?

I don't think you have that much time to think when you are facing somebody who is 90 mph! But let me explain...you are 30-odd and you come back for lunch. On resumption, you hit a four and suddenly you are overconfident. "This bowler can't get me out," you tell yourself. Then you start playing many strokes; there is a shift in attitude. That is what would be classified as 'a lapse in concentration.' On other occasions, you might have got 50. You tell yourself that you are safe for the next match. And then you get out; it explains why many batsmen get out after reaching their centuries.



Amin Tarafdar

I play for Delhi and am paid Rs 300 a day. I still feel it is peanuts. Incidentally, when I made my debut for Punjab in the Sixties I was paid Rs 25 for the entire match! I feel it is high time we had sponsors coming into the game in a big way.

There is another cliche:'the learning process'. After having been in the game for nearly 20 years, what else is there to be learnt?

The way to respond to situations. You are 140 for four at the end of the 45th over and chasing a target of 220; do you go for singles at that stage or slog? This is where you learn as more such circumstances crop up. Take the Madras Test for example. If we had had a more experienced player he wouldn't have tried to hit over the top. I am not blaming Chetan (Sharma), but here is where experience counts.

SPORTSWORLD: You were tipped as India's future captain after the Prudential Cup, when you were Kapil's deputy. Yet you were never made one. Firstly, did you look forward to being captain? Secondly, do you feel it would have been accompanied by too many worries?

The only time when I thought that I had a chance of being nominated captain was before the World Championship in 1985. Quite a few contenders had been mentioned; I was among them. But I was not disappointed when Gavaskar was chosen to lead.

As far as more responsibilities are concerned, I don't think they would have been burdening. For example, the players don't have to be told what to do. And, perhaps spending a bit of time with the Press after play wouldn't have been a problem. If I had the opportunity of beocming captain, I would have enjoyed it. It would have been a great honour.

The relationship between the Press and the players has been debated often. Do you feel players should be allowed to write columns and books?

I think the players should be allowed to write. They know the game much better than the press, to be very honest.

Let us say that you are wrongly given out. You write about it in your column and it creates a controversy. You are accused of doing cricket a disservice. If you don't write about the decision, you are not being fair to your paper. How can a player do justice to both?

If I get the opportunity to write, I will make sure that I don't question the umpire's decision.

You are not questioning, you are merely stating a fact.

Perhaps, I will say that I was not out, but that such decisions are part of the game. An umpire can never be totally correct but I would not say that he was wrong either.

And yes, players also know the game better, as you said.

Playing the game and writing about it are two different things. A pressman is

often sitting 150 yards from the wicket. The player is in a better position to see exactly what happened. Often I have heard commentators say, "The batsman went forward and ball hit his pad" whereas it was exactly the opposite! Cricketers writing books should not make any difference either.

The criticism against pressmen of late has been that they report off-field incidents. But cricketers can be accused of the same thing.

Like?

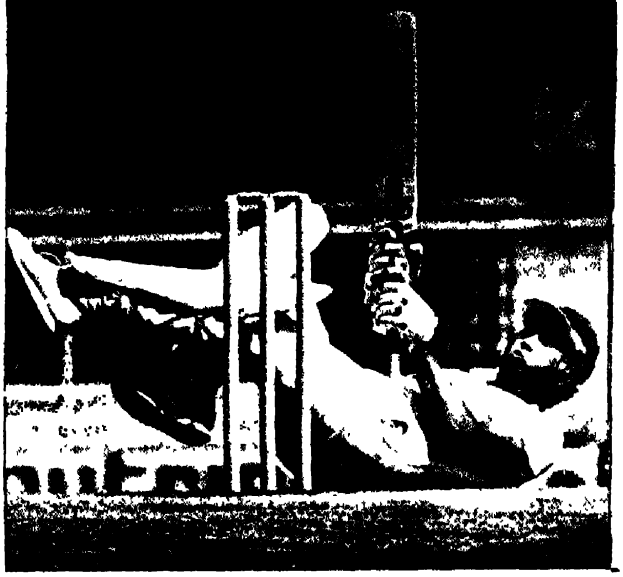
The allegation by Gavaskar in his book that you had not shared the prize money, for example.

I don't know because I haven't read the book. I wouldn't want to comment on it.

You played your first Test in the late Sixties. How would you compare the adulation that you received as a Test cricketer then to what it is now?

Players like Pataudi, Engineer, Bedi and Prasanna were the stars in those days. Cricketers today, however, are far bigger names and more easily recognised. This is because of the relay of Hindi commentary on AIR. Description of cricket in the local language took the game to about 75% of the population. In the early Sixties, we only had English commentary. Very few people could follow the game. If you go to a *paanwallah* today, he will probably argue why a particular cricketer is or is not in the team. If the same *paanwallah* tunes in to English commentary, he will at the most be able to pick up only the scores! So the difference between the Sixties and now is that the game has reached the masses. If I take a walk down the road I would be easily recognised. This could be due to the extensive television coverage as well as the amount of international cricket that we are playing. I suppose it is also because we have done well in limited-overs games in the last three years. Everybody wants to play cricket in India now.

Critics sometimes talk of stances, open, closed or whatever. When I had an open stance they kept saying that my bat was coming down from gully or point, which is why I was getting out for poor scores. My point is: it doesn't matter where one stands or where one's bat comes down from as long as one keeps middling it.



Tarapore Barucha

MY FIVE GREATEST FIELDERS	THE FIVE GREATEST BOWLERS FACED
1. Viv Richards.	1. EAS Prasanna
2. E. Solkar.	2. Imran Khan.
3. MAK Pataudi.	3. Andy Roberts.
4. Kapil Dev.	4. Malcolm Marshall.
5. CG Greenidge.	5. Richard Hadlee/Kapil Dev.

You have been dropped from the India team quite a few times. How does your world change from success to failure?

It's quite a difference. When you are doing well, people want to know you. When you begin to fail, the same people refuse to acknowledge you. It is only when you are down in the dumps that your true friends emerge. And when you make a comeback, they reappear reaffirming that they always had confidence in you. There was this fellow whose party we had gone to during the series against the West Indies in 1983-84. In the midst of a conversation, he mentioned that I must be quite satisfied as I had made a lot of money. I couldn't understand, so I asked him what he meant. He said that I had made Rs. eight lakhs for scoring those zeroes! I thought it was ridiculous; my failing deliberately to make money. He wouldn't have taken the liberty of telling me so had I been doing well.

You are fairly reserved. In fact, I have never seen you show much emotion. Tell me, have you ever lost your temper on the field?

I generally haven't, with one exception though. Delhi was playing Tamil Nadu. T.E. Srinivasan batted but when it was his turn to field he stayed back in the pavilion even though there was nothing wrong with him. He came out to bat in the second innings and hit five fours at the start. I was wild; I abused him, for the only time in my career. Generally my philosophy is simple: 'Why lose one's cool?' You only upset yourself and, as a consequence, spoil your own chances. If Chetan (Sharma) had not lost his temper during the dying moments of the Madras Test, we might have won the Test.

SPORTSWORLD: What is the origin of your nickname 'Jimmy'?

It was my father's derivation. He probably found 'Mohinder' a bit difficult to pronounce! Surinder is known as 'Tommy' and Rajinder as 'Johnny'. It may have been born out of convenience.

What is the reason behind your keeping a red handkerchief in your hip pocket while playing?

It's been lucky for me. My dad used to keep it in his pocket; Surinder and I copied him. Maybe, dad just wanted to be different from the others.

What is the extent of your father's influence over you and your ability?

Everything. Whatever I have achieved is because of him. I have photographs of

myself, aged 5 or 6, with a bat in my hand. We used to go to see him play, though I cannot recollect any particular instance, except in 1964 when he played for the NDF and scored 50/60 runs.

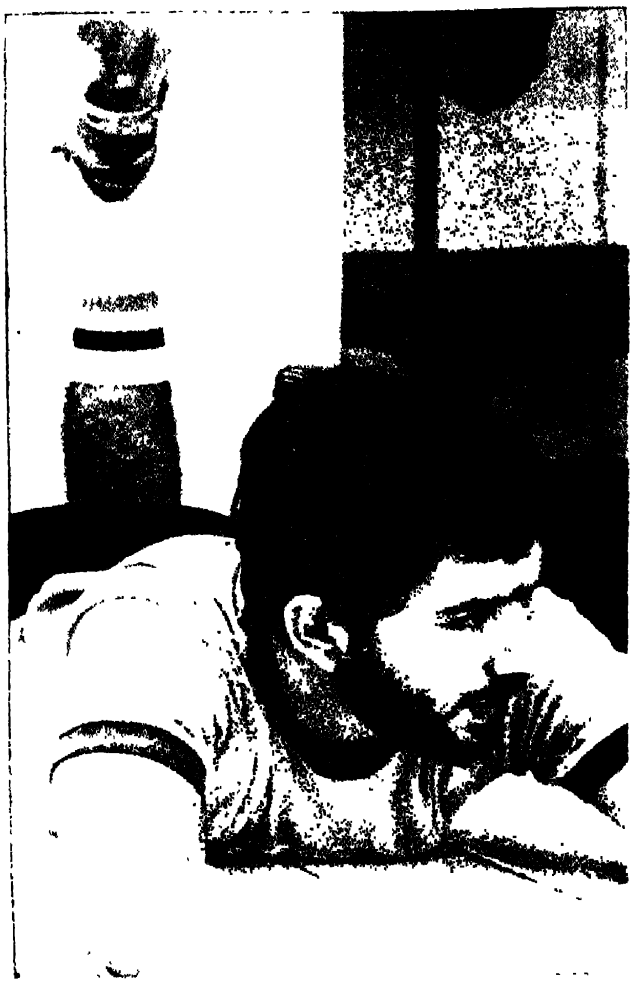
Did your studies suffer?

Yes. If I had an examination, I would probably spend the previous day playing cricket. Even if we failed, dad would never say anything. I was very poor in studies and failed a number of times. Dad never said a word, though he wanted us to possess basic degrees at least.

I remember playing a Ranji game against Railways. I got out for 0 and Surinder also failed to score. Dad was very upset. He nevertheless said, "Never mind, I think you boys get nervous when I am around. I won't come again, so you play your normal game." In the second innings, we both got a pair again. Surinder didn't have the courage to face dad. So I went in first. He asked me what had happened. "We lost," I said. He wasn't interested in the match. "What was your performance?" he asked. I told him. He asked about Surinder. I told him. Dad was wild. He didn't hit me but.....

Did he ever resort to corporal punishment?

Yes, Dad was away for a month on a tour of Pakistan in 1960. I hated studies, so Surinder and I would leave home in school uniform. We would sneak away to the Birla Mandir for a couple of hours and go to a movie around noon. We would return home by 4 pm, behaving as if nothing had happened. One day we took our youngest brother into confidence. When dad returned from the tour, the first thing he did was to 'leak' the secret. Dad was very tired after the long journey. He flew into a rage and gave us a good pasting.



I still feel Arun Lal is a good player, but he plays for a weak zone. They qualify for the knockout stage but lose the first game. He doesn't get any other opportunity to prove himself. If he doesn't get runs in those two matches, he is not in the reckoning at all.

You benefited from his advice in Pakistan in 1982-83 when Imran Khan was wreaking havoc.

I was 67 at the end of the fourth day in the first Test at Lahore. He came and told me, *"Tu sau kar de, bas. Aur mainu kuch nahun chaida"* When I did get my hundred, he distributed sweets in Lahore. When we went to Karachi for the second Test, the first thing that he came up and said was, "Don't let the ball hit your pads. You are among the runs and they are scared of you." True enough, in both innings of that game I was given out leg before! He wasn't disappointed; he only said that he knew what to expect from those people.

His other piece of advice helped me in tackling Imran. Imran was swinging it a long way, mainly bringing them in. Dad advised me to play him on the front foot, half-cock rather, without committing oneself totally. To play back was to commit oneself on the Pakistani tracks which were generally good for batting. Going onto the front foot gave me more time to adjust to the swing.

I have always gone to him with technical problems; I remember I was doing very badly against the West Indians in 1983-84. I just couldn't manage to score. I almost felt that even an average club bowler could have got me out at that stage. I went to dad for advice. Was my stance faulty? Was the bat coming down from gully? He dismissed all the technical jargon with just one word: "Confidence". He said that it was the only thing that I was lacking and advised me to try and hit the ball.

What was your level of confidence during that bad patch?

It looked as if a bowler merely had to bowl a straight one to get me out! My feet weren't moving at all. The reason can be traced back to the series against Pakistan in September. I took time to get set early on and since the matches continued without a break, I didn't get a chance to work my problems out at nets. Moreover, I wasn't keeping too well.

Any other anecdote of your father's that you might remember?

I came to know during the Calcutta Test of 1969-70 that I had been selected for the last Test at Madras. My Test debut! I think dad was more elated at my selection than I was!

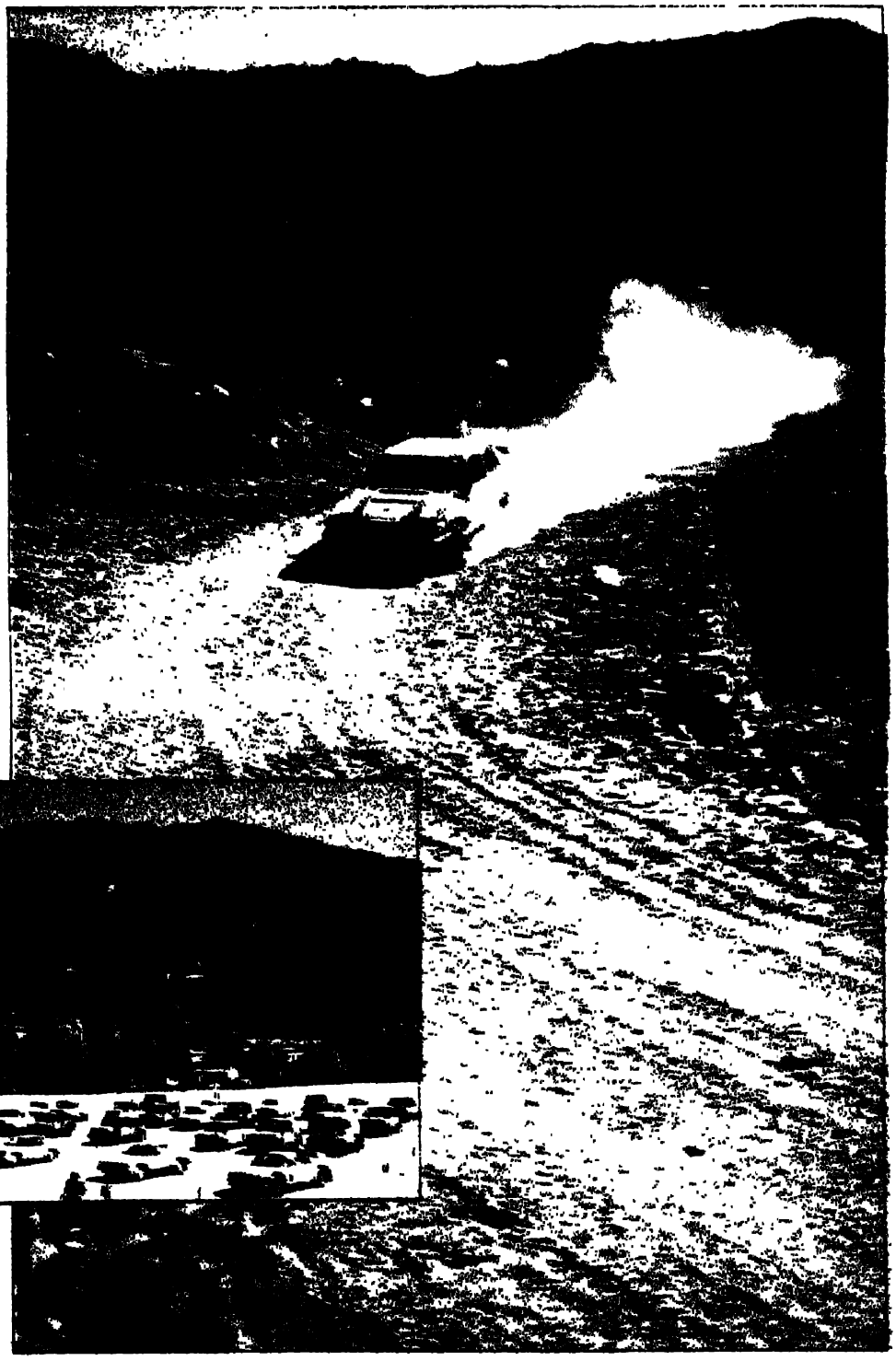
Himalayan Rally '86'

Nelissen wins on protest

Pradeep Paul reports on a slightly unusual Himalayan Rally

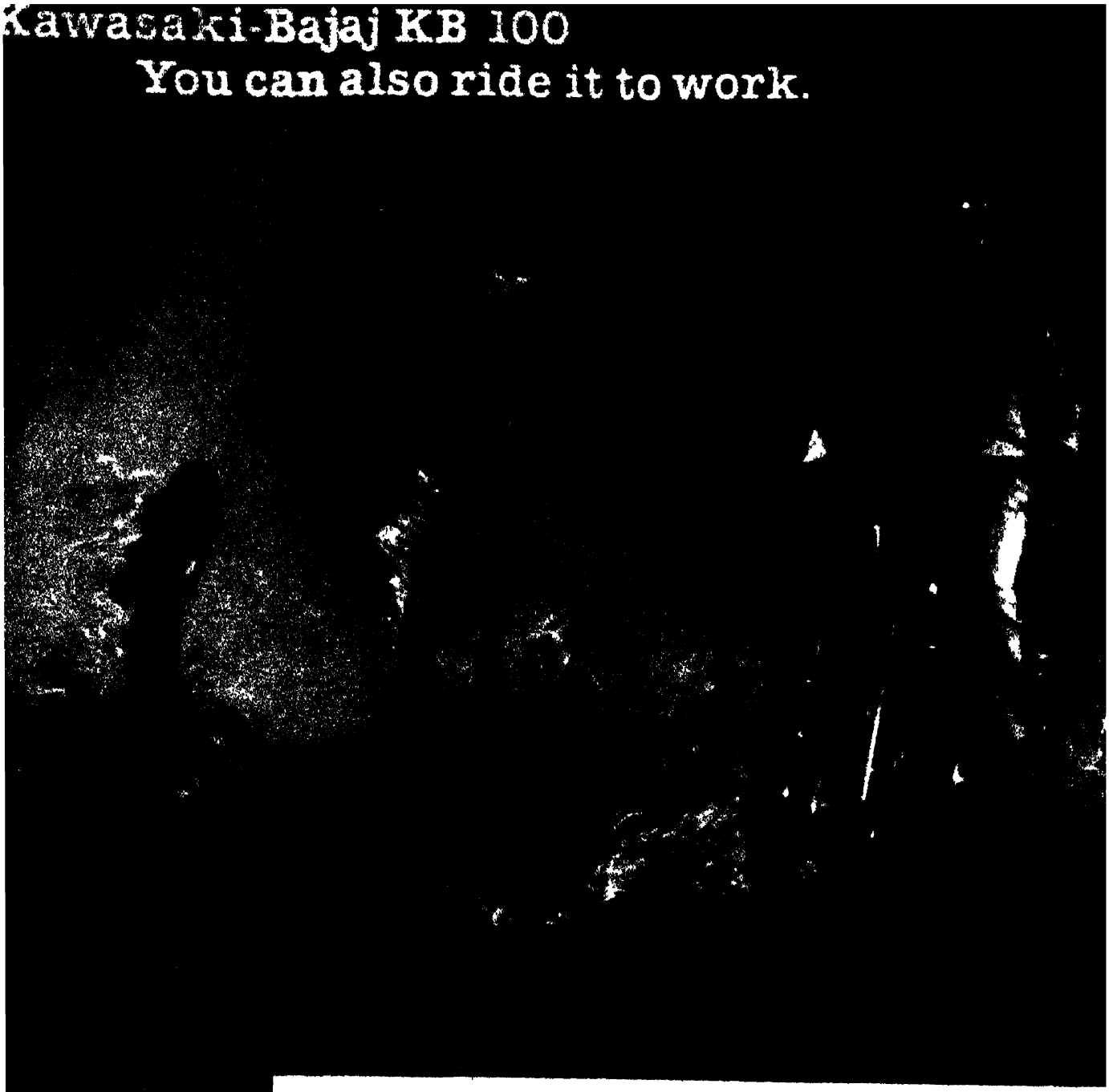
A six-day stubble set the rallyists apart from the rest of the junta as the seventh Himalayan rally drew to a close at the Jawaharlal Nehru stadium, New Delhi. It was a stubble that was encrusted with the grime of 2,840 kms of dare-devil driving over the highest mountain ranges in the world. it was also a stubble that worked its way out of sunken cheeks that had sacrificed menialities like food and rest for all of six days. But it was a stubble worn with pride. With as much pride as the colourful garlands that hung round their necks.

Even as the cars roared their way up the ramp for the flag-in, one could not help but wonder whether the absence of Jayant Shah had robbed this year's rally of some of its glamour. With his total dominance of the rally for the past four years, Shah's inability to



A competitor negotiates a bend in a cloud of dust while (inset) the cars are for once stationary at Nainital

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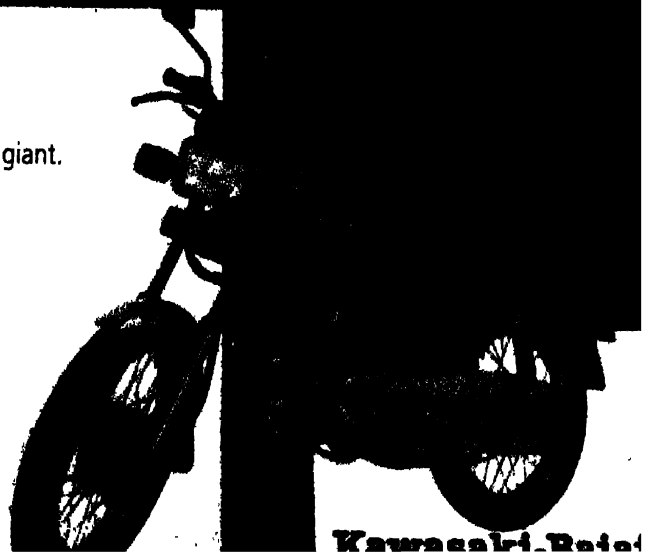


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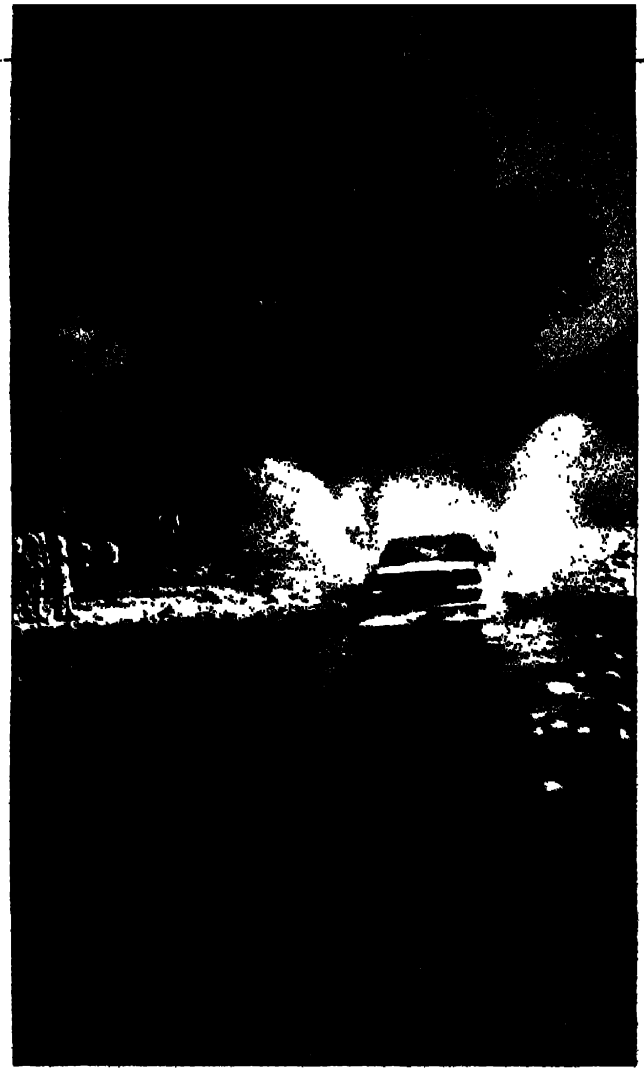


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defend his title did have its effect on the rally. People wondered whether it was sparked off by his observations last year that the rally is too dangerous and one really goes into almost every bend unaware of what to expect. Rumours were also rife that Shah had stayed away merely to give another rallyist a chance. Eventually as it turned out, and none too soon, the Himalayan Rally organisers paid heed to the words of past competitors and reduced the overall speed of this year's rally. While this may still not give the Indian competitors much of a winning chance, it is effective in making the rally much safer.

Another place where the rally organisers have paid some attention to the suggestions given by earlier rallyists is the Jalorie Pass. One of the most difficult areas of the rally, Jalorie's steep ascent often had the co-driver putting his shoulder to the grind even as his driver gunned the motor in first gear.

Accepting that the Jalorie Pass was going to pose severe problems especially if the weather failed to hold out, the organising committee originally decided to change the approach to the 10,000-feet Pass from Narkhanda to Manali. This switching of sides would have made things slightly easier for the rallyists, while still ensuring that the danger factor was not totally lost. But as things turned out, the Jalorie Pass had to remain a silent spectator as the eventual routing took the rallyists via Pandoh and Charkufri instead of Banjar where they would have encountered the arduous climb.



A competitor revs his engine and begins his crossing of the Lachuwiala river

With or without Jalorie, the Himalayan Rally has enough up its sleeve to surprise even the best drivers. And as if to prove this, the rally took out some of the top contenders in the early stages itself. Rajeev Khanna doesn't seem to have learnt from his experience last year (he bust an engine valve while comfortably in the lead in the third leg) and seized the engine of his Open Manta in the first leg of the rally. Certainly no believer in the conservation factor, Khanna really lets loose from the word 'go'. Yet one certainly expects drivers learn from their mistakes, especially in the case of Rajeev Khanna. Last year, all he had to do was coast through till the chequered flag, but incited by his impending success, Khanna wrecked his car and with that his chance of glory. This time he was the statistic to prove the demanding nature of the first leg.

In fact, so confident were the organisers about their first leg that they were caught unawares when 62 cars made it through to Naintal. Imagine their discomfiture when it was revealed that there were insufficient bookings made at the hotel in Nainital where the rallyists were supposed to stay. Six year's experience or not, you cannot bungle like this and expect world championship status that the Himalayan Rally covets so dearly.

If the Himalayan missed out on Jayant Shah's expertise over the treacherous mountain ranges, there was welcome addition to the quality of rally cars on show. While the field so far has been spearheaded by the Nissan 240RS with some Datsuns and Opels thrown in for colour, there has been a distinct difference made to the atmosphere by the Ford RS200 which made its Himalayan debut this year.

A few local inhabitants watch in awe as a car whizzes by

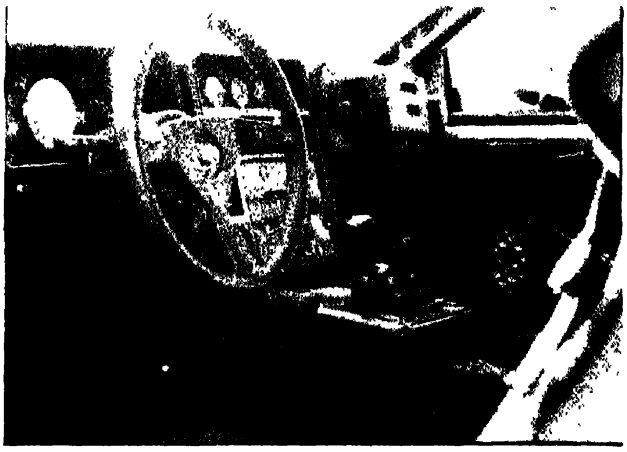


Making their debut entry as a works team, Ford had Stig Andervang of Sweden at the wheel with Anja Lieuwama as his able assistant. With a formidable reputation to live up to, there were some raised eyebrows when Andervang pulled out of the rally with a punctured radiator. While something like a punctured radiator is common in the Himalayan, the Ford supercar with its armour protected underbody was not expected to succumb to minor mishaps like that. There are many here in Delhi who feel that Andervang pulled out of the rally merely to save face for Ford.

Once the leaders had been weeded out by the traps set for the novices, it was a battle between Herwin Nelissen in his Opel Ascona and Geoffery Warkup in his Lada. Nelissen drove the later stages well but seemingly could not hold off the sustained pressure from Warkup who made it home with 10 penalties to spare. With the competitive section finishing at Mohan Nagar, 16 kilometres out of Delhi, Warkup could not savour his victory for long as Nelissen lodged a complaint about faulty entries in his time chart.

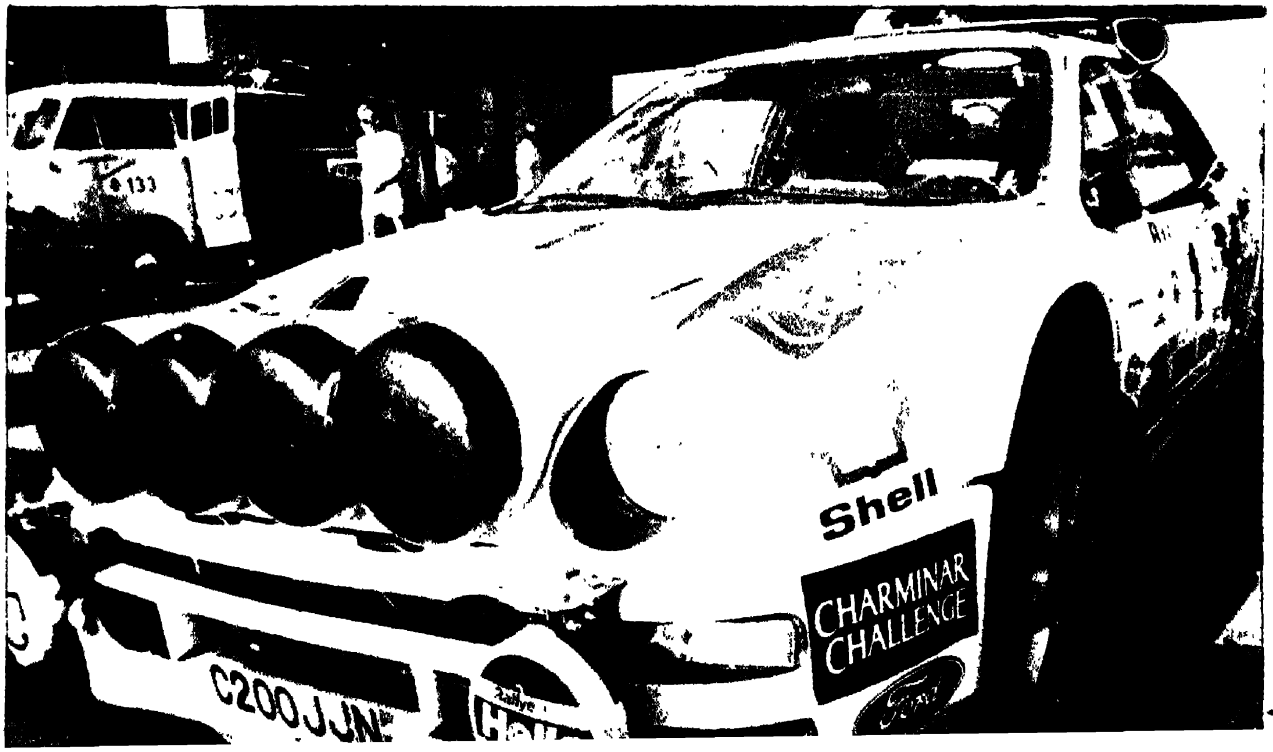
And Nelissen was right. For as the officials delayed the results and pored over the results they found that the Belgian had indeed been denied. Nelissen claimed that he had arrived at Jhankaya (Control no. 15) on time and not early as the marshals had decided. The committee upheld his protest and in view of article 25, section 2 of the FISA rule book which says, in case of a tie, the crew that completed the greatest portion of the route from the start with the least penalties for lateness will be the winner" he was the





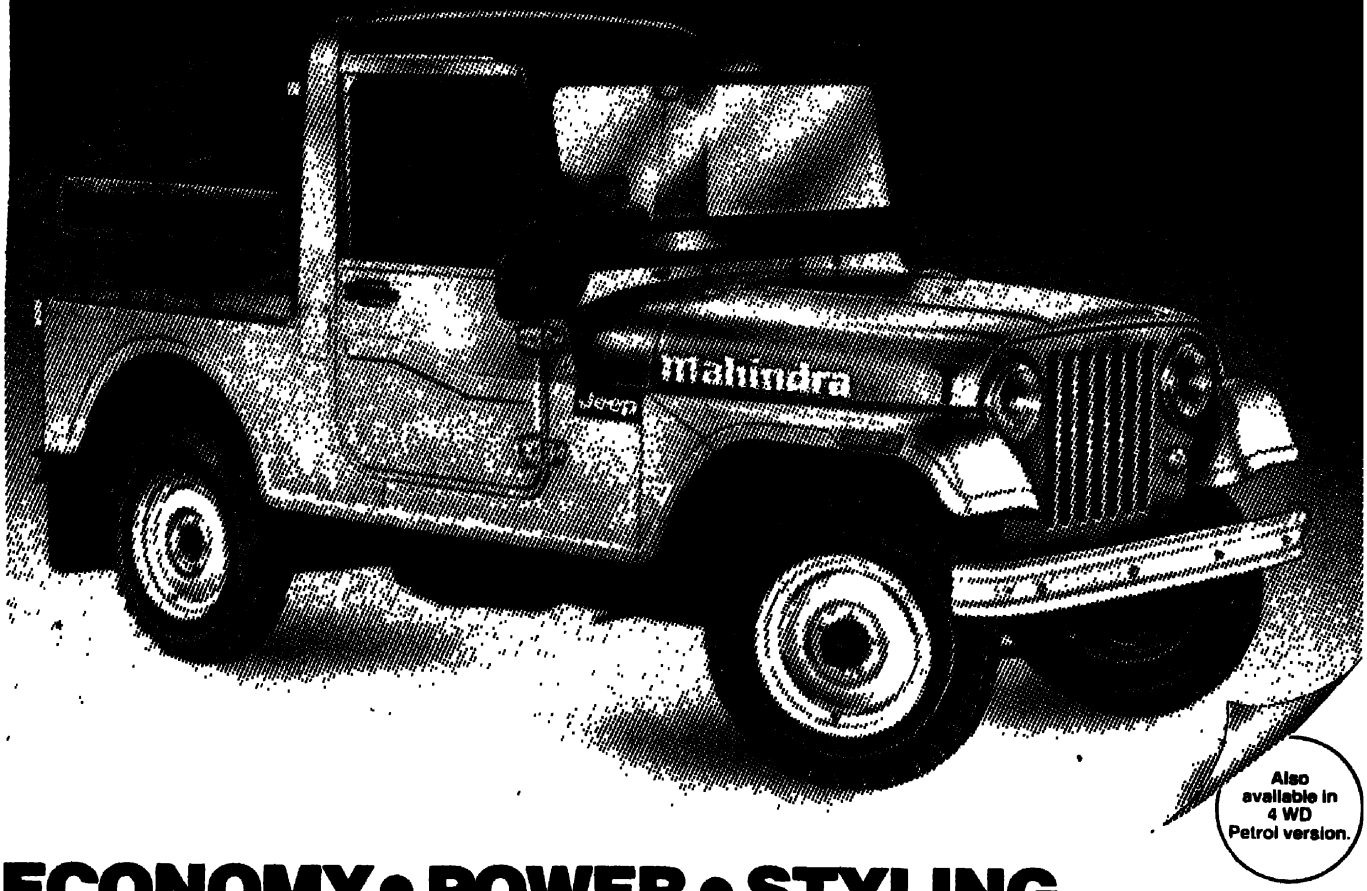
Micro Eye

A closer look at the Ford RS 200 (shown below) shows the professionalism that goes into rallying these days. Top left shows seats and rear area while top right peeks in through the driver's window



Micro Eye

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Even as the fumes of burnt octane mingled with the fresh air of the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium, one could not help suppress a smile at the futility of the festivities planned for the flag-in. Little children, dressed in bright colours and swaying to the agonising tunes belted out by an accordion-weilding instructor were hopelessly out of place in the midst of supercharged cars and dirty overalls.

And the icing on the cake was provided by one of the spectators in the press box. After watching the cars roll up to give Margaret Alva her share of the limelight, he commented loud enough to be overheard by a few of us, "*Yeh sub khatara kya race karega yaar.*" (What will all these ramshackle machines race for?) Well, if he can call the Opels, Toyota Corollas and Maruti Gypsies "khataras", what was he doing in the press box in the first place anyway?

As if that was not enough, the final void between motor sport and the rest of Indian sport was proved by a group of pole vaulters who went about their practice, totally disinterested in what was happening this side of the field. Intrigued, I walked across to them and spoke to Vijaypal Singh Tomar himself. And came back wondering whether India is actually ready for the impact of world class rallying.

Micro Eye



(Right) One of the young girls who swayed to the tunes of an accordion at the flag-in takes time off to get her autograph book filled in while the drivers themselves soak in their success (below)

Micro Eye



Colour photographs of Himalayan Rally by Rakesh Sahai

The Professor Calculates Correctly

Alain Prost, nicknamed 'The Professor', came good when it counted the most to smash all British hopes of their first Formula One champion since James Hunt. The Australian Grand Prix, where the 1986 Drivers' Championship was decided, saw Prost retaining his title edging out hot favourite Nigel Mansell by a two point margin **Associated Press** captures the action at Adelaide

(Below) Alain Prost risks taking his hands off the wheel of his Marlboro McLaren Formula One racer as the chequered flag gives him his second Formula One Drivers' Championship. And to the victor goes the spoils. (Right) Prost displays his trophy with obvious satisfaction







Nigel Mansell of Great Britain had been enjoying a great season so far and needed to just finish in the top three at Adelaide to win this year's championship. Unfortunately, a shredded left rear tyre in the 63rd lap put paid to all his aspirations. (Above) A dejected Mansell walks away from his Williams Honda, paying scant attention to the clamourings of a track official



The hierarchy of Formula One racing this year. From left: Nelson Piquet of Brazil who finished third with 69 points, Alain Prost of France—the champ with 72 points and second placed Nigel Mansell who totalled 70 points

Botham, Richards and South Africa

Recently returned from the Republic, **Jack Bannister** opens a bag of revelations

THE South African authorities have just held a top-level meeting to discuss their position in world cricket, and Dr Ali Bacher, managing director of the SACU, said that his Board examined every option available to them, in order that relevant correspondence can be lodged with ICC before the closing date (Nov. 30) is reached for the agenda for the July 1987 meeting.

The results of that meeting are not to hand, but among the options discussed was the possibility of South Africa giving the rest of the cricketing world a breathing space, by arranging no further 'rebel tours' for a short while after the end of the coming Australian tour of the Republic. Whatever strategy is adopted by the SACU, Bacher is looking for a fresh start all round in his determination to earn official recognition for his country's efforts to meet every cricketing demand made of them. To this end, he has decided to go on record for the first time about his OFFICIAL dealings in the last five years with the world's top players, including Ian Botham and Viv Richards.

Non-racial

'Our cricket is now completely non-racial, and I think that ICC should at least acknowledge that. People like Allan Rae and his counterparts should admit that we are all batting on the same side in that we both totally disaprove of apartheid. The whole of South Africa knows that I have never yet voted for the Nationalist party, and although I acknowledge that "you cannot have normal sport in an abnormal society", I am adamant the final inevitable non-racial society in South Africa will have been hastened by the different population groups playing together. As great a liberal man as Alan Paton is on record as saying that there have been major political changes in our society,, and I feel that cricket has played a role in those changes.



Colorsport

I (Bacher) told him (Richards) that his presence in South Africa as a black superstar would help catalyse political and sporting changes, and he would thus assist in the eradication of apartheid.

'Apartheid WILL be scrapped. It is only a matter of when. I am confident that the final political changes we are looking for are not far down the road. I therefore find it disappointing that world cricket behaves as though we do not exist, whereas it should know who we are, how we feel and think, and what we are trying to do. I do not agree with the fact, but acknowledge it, that world cricket is now a political arena, but what has happened, and is happening, in South Africa should be appreciated by the ICC.

Influence

'I recognise that every cricket authority is trying to do the best for its own domestic cricket. We are no different. It does not make sense for ICC publicly to accept that the attempts of Zimbabwe and Bangladesh to influence the selection of the England B side nine months ago were politically motivated, yet at the same time refuse to acknowledge our political problems here.

'In organising recent tours, we have not tried to undermine Test cricket by causing a black-white split, and neither have we tried to exploit unfairly a ready market of world cricketers

who, for varying reasons, wish to come and play here.

'On the English front, the traffic between our countries is not declining. Huge Page has just been snapped up by Essex, and another country is lining up one of our best young fast bowlers. Every week we get requests from English pros to come out here to play and coach the different population groups, and in Eastern Province alone there will be at least seven this season.'

Now for Bacher's correction of the consistent public stance of Ian Botham about the reported huge offers he has turned down because of his friendship with Viv Richards. Bacher showed me a signed letter of intent on notepaper of the Hilton Hotel, Trinidad by the Somerset man, dated Feb 19, 1981 in which he 'agrees in principle to the proposed tour of South Africa'. Other England players in the current tour of Australia like David Gower and Graham Dilley signed similar documents, the difference being, in the subsequent withdrawal of all three, that two of them did not mount a self-righteous pulpit.

As for Botham 'being offered so much money that I need never have worked again', the original official offer of £50,000 was uplifted by some 50 per cent, but was still not enough to convince the player's legal and business advisors that it was commercially viable because of the fear of losing other sponsorship contracts, including one with SAAB. His final back-out was because of financial, not moral, misgivings.

Regarding Viv Richards, Bacher says how different his dealings were. 'I met him at Taunton in August 1983 and had a 90-minute chat with him in which money was never discussed. I told him that his presence in South Africa as a black superstar would help catalyse political and sporting changes, and he would thus assist in the eradication of apartheid. He said that for moral reasons he could not come, and he came across to me as a genuine and righteous person.



Bacher showed me a letter of intent on notepaper of the Hilton Hotel, Trinidad by the Somerset man (Botham), dated Feb 19, 1981 in which he agrees in principle to the proposed tour of South Africa.

Accepted offers

'The same thing applied with Gordon Greenidge. No money talks—unlike Malcolm Marshall, Desmond Haynes and Larry Gomes. The first two accepted an offer in Melbourne, Christmas 1982, but when the story broke they withdrew. Later next year, Marshall and Gomes were offered large sums of money, underwritten by one of South Africa's biggest multinational corporations, with Marshall's playing offer including a five-year contract involving extensive coaching of the black youngsters. Gomes would have coached coloured children as well as playing. Marshall was not interested, but although Gomes was, he decided not to come. As for Clive Lloyd and Joel Garner, the SACU never spoke to either because we needed secrecy to protect the acceptors, and we guessed they would not be interested. We attached great importance to secrecy after both Bob Willis and Geoff Cook committed themselves in Feb 1982, and then withdrew at the last moment—but not before a leak to Lord's materialised from somewhere.'

Official dealings

Bacher wants these facts known, so that his country's present position can be better understood. 'I am not giving the facts to denigrate anyone, but more to show the people that matter the full extent of my official dealings with top players, compared with various distorted versions which will continue to harm world cricket until the records are set straight. We are desperately trying to help the ICC find a way to help South Africa. We CAN make our domestic scene the best in the world on our own, but we consider ourselves an integral part of the world scene. We just ask that we be listened to'.

Bacher's plea deserves wholehearted support, particularly from the TCCB, who continue to make laudable efforts to preserve a Test structure which more countries than not seem hell-bent on destroying.

In 19 years of cricket administration I have met no more straightforward man than Ali Bacher. He deserves to be listened to by the ICC, whose member countries include some with political and cricket records which are far from spotless.

CAPITAL NOTES

WHEN State Bank of India finished counting the cash after officer Azharuddin's Gujarat tour to attract deposits, they were pleasantly surprised. The amount raised during the week-long effort was a staggering Rs 26 crores. Said Azhar, "To people who deposited more than Rs 10,000 I gave an autographed photograph."

If only Azhar could collect runs with the same ease there would be no problem at all. His 'class' is undisputed; concern is only about his inability to do justice to his abundant talents.

Azhar himself is somewhat perplexed over the loss of form. "I am batting well but am unable to make big scores. My first mistake costs me my wicket. In England I played straight and tried very hard, but a good ball or a great catch—or something like that—would get me out."

Some of his problems can be attributed to playing one-day games. "Yes," he concedes. "I am not making excuses but these games have affected my technique. We keep trying shots like gliding to third man, playing square off the wicket, nudging the ball for singles, which become habits. In Tests they create problems."

Excessive defensive batting and faltering concentration are other ailments afflicting Azharuddin's batting. "I realised," he said, "that I was unnecessarily curbing myself and becoming cautious. So I decided in Madras to play more freely and not get bogged down. My concentration lapses after getting off to a good start of 30 or 40. Getting out after setling down is inexcusable."

Another problem is not getting off to a rapid start in the innings. "When I made those centuries the first 20 or 30 runs came quickly. That gave me a lot of confidence. Now I find the first 20 runs a great struggle and there is much tension."

For Azhar, one consolation in his superb fielding. Extremely swift in the outfield, Azhar has a strong arm and safe hands. "I love fielding," he says. "It keeps you constantly involved. I do a lot of fielding practice and this keeps me fit."

"I THINK I have done justice to my ability," said Ravi Shastri, reviewing his Test career. "I am satisfied, but there is a long way to go. I want to play another ten years for India."

For Shastri, motivation for persistent effort is a fierce will to excel among peers. "It is a great feeling to do well against the best opposition. It gives you a feeling of achievement and immense self-satisfaction."

Many cannot believe that Shastri has actually "made it" as a Test batsman. From tailender to opener, Shastri has travelled considerable distance in the Test team. Not just that: he has undergone an amazing transformation. From a virtually strokeless player, Shastri has blossomed into an intelligently aggressive player capable of shredding the bowling.

But Shastri does not consider this a big achievement. "I always knew I could bat. Initially in Tests I curbed my shots as I wanted to consolidate and establish myself. Now I bat more freely, but I still don't cut or pull."

As a bowler, despite his hundred-odd Test wickets, Shastri admits he has a trick or two to learn. "A sinner learns through experience. I have only made a beginning—there is much more to be learnt and achieved in the future."

Some of this education will be imbibed while playing for Glamorgan in England next year. "I am looking forward to the experience," said Shastri. "I had been wanting to play there. When this two-year offer came, I accepted."

Shastri has not set any specific goals for himself. The take-it-as-it-comes attitude is reflected in his comment on prospects of captaining India: "I haven't thought about it. All I know is that leading the country is the greatest honour for a cricketer. When, and if I get it, it will be a very proud moment."



"My concentration lapses after a good start..."

Amrit Mathur, New Delhi

MOST UNPOPULAR SIDE TO TOUR INDIA?

Reports of the manner in which the Australians conducted themselves on their tour of India have been shocking

THE Australians may have impressed with their ability on the field during their tour of India this year. But they won few friends for the manner in which they conducted themselves off it.

The visiting cricketers behaved in a manner most unbecoming of touring sportsmen representing their country. While the Australian press chose to overlook the manner in which the team carried themselves, it is learnt that a complaint is likely to be lodged with the Australian Board.

For one thing, the manager of the side, Bobby Simpson made himself quite unpopular. He criticised Kapil Dev strongly for bowling less than fifty overs in the one-day internationals 'in the interest of the Indian cricketing public.'

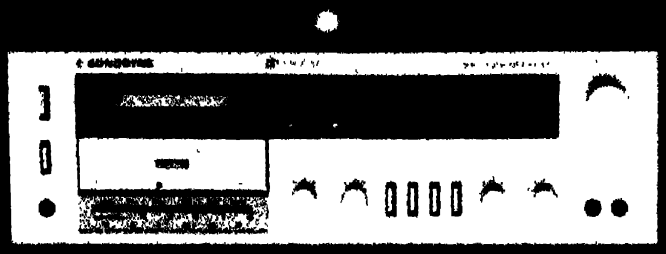
"One would have normally believed it," wrote Sunil Gavaskar in a syndicated column, "but having played against Bom Simpson in Australia in 1977-78, I think I know better than to do that. The Indians were also getting to play the same number of overs, though we never needed that many in our wins. Now, if the Australians themselves had bowled 50 overs in Srinagar they would have had a cast-iron case. But they did not and blamed Vengsarkar's injury for that. At the most, the time taken by Vengsarkar to ask for permission to retire would have resulted in one more over. Even then, the Australians would have bowled only 48 overs. In Ahmedabad they bowled 47 overs but dismissed us before lunch and in Rajkot they bowled 48 overs and they said the time taken to

The Australians may have impressed with their ability on the field during their tour of India this year. But they won few friends for the manner in which they conducted themselves off it.



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Prapada Banerjee

shift a sight-screen prevented them from bowling 50 overs.

"Be that as it may, it was funny to hear a person who objected to Madan Lal fielding at deep fine-leg in Australia, talk about gamesmanship. It was good fun to hear Bob Simpson take such a holier than thou attitude. At this rate, in a few years from now, we might have to refer to him not as Mr Bob Simpson but Saint Simpson!"

Kapil Dev refused to retaliate. "I have no time for Simpson and his comments," he said. It is learnt that when Gavaskar was approached by a private funded television company to interview Simpson and Border, Gavaskar replied: "I don't mind interviewing Border, but I am not keen on interviewing Simpson."

If official misdemeanour had restricted itself to comments then the sourness could have been averted. But at Rajkot, one of the Australian managers, Alan Crompton, was seen manhandling the District Commissioner of Rajkot in the presence of the public and the Gujarat CM Amarsinh Chaudhary, who was just three seats away.

Zoehrer was quite upset when a caught-behind appeal against Chetan Sharma had been disallowed. He kept complaining for a couple of deliveries, at which stage Chetan Sharma gave him the universally recognised "up yours" sign with the bat. Zoehrer retaliated by bending down and showing Sharma where he could put the bat

At Ahmedabad, Crompton and Simpson tried to push their way into the VIP enclosure. When politely told by the District Commissioner that there was no seating space left, Crompton reportedly barged in, pushing him aside. Some volunteers and local officials wanted to detain Crompton, but relented only after senior board members had intervened.

The behaviour of some of the players was even more offensive. After the Australians had been beaten in Ahmedabad, some of their players lined up in front of the swimming pool outside and urinated in it.

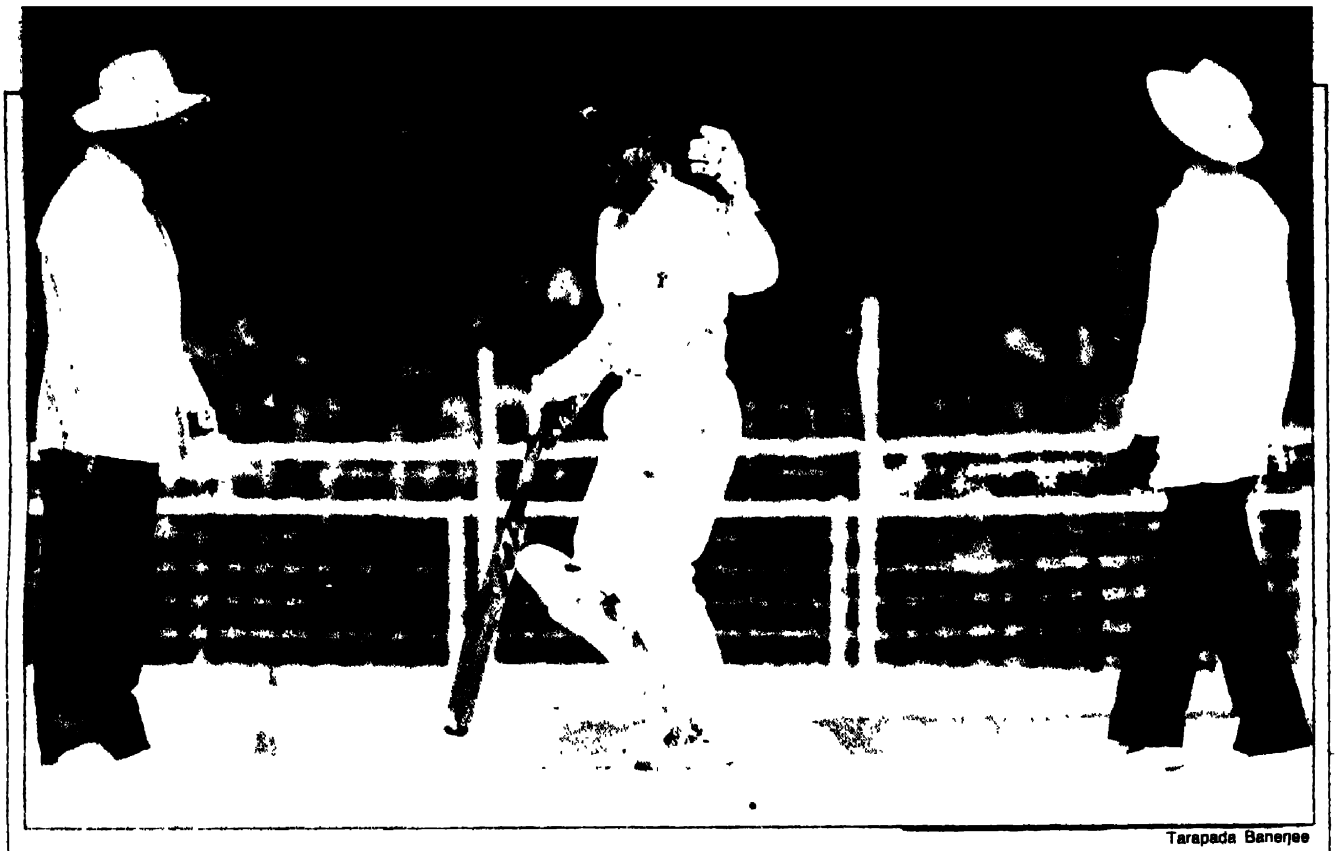
After Craig McDermott had been stumped in Ahmedabad, he expressed his dissent by putting his bat through the window panes in the dressing room. His colleagues joined the spree by smashing the crockery in the room. When local officials tried to calm McDermott, he used foul language.

In fact, at the conclusion of the first one-day international in Jaipur, skipper Border had stated that relations between the two sides would not be cordial. This was proved in Madras when a departing Chandrakant Pandit was asked to '**** off' after he had been dismissed.

When Madan Lal had been recalled in the Ahmedabad limited-overs match, a dissenting Boon charged upto the umpire—within breathing space—and almost looked like assaulting him.

Dean Jones in Madras would resort to asking Maninder Singh each time he had hit him for four: "How do you like it?" Maninder kept quiet for some time. When Jones had been dismissed, he came around and asked the departing batsman: "How do *you* like it?"

Kapil Dev disapproved of Jones' tactics. "I think such



Tarapada Banerjee





behaviour is very objectionable. It's a batsman's business to score runs and he should not be asking the bowler how he liked it."

In the same match, Zoehrer was quite upset when a caught-behind appeal against Chetan Sahrma had been disallowed. He kept complaining for a couple of deliveries, at which stage Chetan Sharma gave him the universally recognised "up yours" sign with the bat. Zoehrer retaliated by bending down and showing Sharma where he could put the bat.

After the match, when one Madras-based reporter approached Crompton for his observation of the game, the Australian official is reported to have told him to "**** off."

While on the flight from Madras to Hyderabad, Matthews was served an ice cream, the flavour of which was not to his liking. He was requested to wait for a replacement. But Matthews threw the ice-cream cup down the aisle

While on the flight from Madras to Hyderabad, Matthews was served an ice cream, the flavour of which was not to his liking. He was requested to wait for a replacement. But Matthews threw the ice cream cup down the aisle.

At Hyderabad, when a crowd had assembled on the ground to purchase tickets for the game the following day, Simpson swung his bat around saying "We'll hit you" in an attempt to clear the ground.

At Bombay, Alan Crompton was heard employing a very rude tone when speaking to the BCA president Mr Wankhede. The Australian team had been invited to the function where Gavaskar was to be presented with a silver plaque. Crompton threatened Wankhede: "If the dinner is not served at 8.30 pm sharp, my players will leave. Do you get that?" The Indian official was too stunned to say anything.

30 October P.T. Usha is still in the process of counting her rewards as the Cochin City Corporation decide to rename a street in honour of her. The Mini Stadium road in Cochin will be named after Usha on November 1.

Ramesh Krishnan wins a see-saw battle against Mark Kratzmann of Australia 6-4, 4-6, 6-4 to move into the quarter finals of the Hong Kong Super tennis tournament.

31 October Ramesh Krishnan moves into top gear as he overcomes a first set deficit to oust Jimmy Connors, the top seed, in the quarter finals of the Hong Kong Super tennis tournament. Krishnan loses the first set 4-6 but rallies to win the next two at three and four.

The Duleep Trophy final gets off to a sedate start at Bombay with both the West Zone openers scoring centuries to end the day 282 for four. Both A. Gaekwad and L. Rajput score tons on the way to putting on 256 runs for the first wicket.

An upset stomach does not hamper Bobby Czyz from winning the IBF light heavyweight boxing title with a convincing win over Slobodan Kacar of Yugoslavia. However, the medicine he took to settle the stomach discorder defeats his win by disqualifying him in the ensuing dope test.

1 November An entire football team is jailed in Djakarta for beating up an innocent bystander. Sparked off by an argument between a spectator and one of the players, the entire team throw themselves into the fray and send the man to hospital with multiple injuries.



Boris Becker—three out of three ain't bad

2 November Ramesh Krishnan is richer by $40,000 and a Grand Prix title as he strokes his way past Andrez Gomez 7-6, 6-0, 7-5 to win the Hong Kong Super tennis tournament.

Krishnamachari Srikkanth and his fellow South Zone opener Carlton Saldhana return the West Zone's opening wicket performance with compliments as both score centuries to take South Zone to 402 for six on the third day of the Duleep Trophy final.

South Zone pick up the challenge of West Zone's commanding 516 in their first innings by blasting 74 for no loss in the 73 minutes they are given at the wicket on the second day of the Duleep Trophy final at Bombay.

Staying in tremendous form is Ramesh Krishnan as he breezes past Pat Cash of Australia 6-4, 6-2 to make the final of the Hong Kong Super tennis tournament.

3 November Boris Becker wins his third successive title on three different continents as he has a composed 6-4, 6-3, 7-6 victory over unseeded Sergio Casals of Spain in the final of the Paris Open tennis tournament.

Gianni Poli of Italy wins the New York Marathon with a timing of 2.11.6 leaving Poland's Antonio Niemczak and Australia's Rob De Castella to follow him in that order. The ladies' event is won by seven-time winner Grete Waitz who clocks 2:28.6.

4 November South Zone take a 224-run first innings lead in the final of the Duleep Trophy as they score 740 in reply to West Zone's first innings score of 516. At draw of stumps on the penultimate day, West are 51 for no loss in the second innings.

West Indies get past Pakistan by 41 runs to take a 2-0 lead in their five match one-day international series. Playing at Gujranwala, West Indies score 196 in 43 overs while Pakistan manage just 155.

5 November The Duleep Trophy goes to the South as the last day's play ends up with West Zone just knocking up some runs to add to the tally, the issue already having been decided on the first innings lead.



KRISHNAN'S COURT

THEY say he has the touch. They say he has the strokes. They say he has the class. But they all agree that he lacks the consistency and the killer instinct (whatever that is) to make it right to the top.

Ramesh Krishnan has always been the type of player who beats the best at their best and loses to the worst at their worst. One day it's knocking out one of the top seeds, the next it's surrendering meekly to an unknown. But this time it was different.

Connors, Cash and Gomez. His three victims in three consecutive days gave him his second title in a space of three weeks. His Tokyo Open win, worth 20,000 dollars, was followed by his triumph in the Hong Kong Open. His kitty went up by a further 40,000 dollars. But, more importantly, he has moved up as many as 20 slots in the G rankings. Let's hope he goes further up. Or at least stays there.

NO SAINT PETER



EVERYBODY has said almost everything there is to be said about Ian Botham, easily the most controversial cricketer ever. What's left to be said about the man? Peter Roebuck, Botham's county captain still feels there are a few things and he hasn't left them unsaid.

Talking of the man whom he relieved as Somerset captain, Roebuck says, "Botham is a cricketing anarchist. He respects no rule, bows to no circumstance—nor did he show his younger teammates that he wanted his team to do well."

To say that Roebuck has added fuel to the fire would be a lie. That he has emptied the hole can, is more like it.



THE HEAT IS OFF

FOR three years now the Swedish Tennis Association has been haggling with its Davis Cup players. It has finally given into their demands. Not in the least surprising. For the record, they have won the Davis Cup in 1984 and 1985 and may well be on their way to winning it a third consecutive time.

The disagreement between the two parties was, predictably, concerned with money. The Association felt that the players should not receive any payment for playing for their country as this was a sort of repayment for all the tennis coaching they had received when they were juniors. Wilander and company may be a bunch of youngsters, but they sure know their onions, specially when it comes to money matters. They rfused to accept this. And they have finally won their battle.

The STA has announced that the players would, in future, receive half the prize money from the Davis Cup, as demanded by them. Lars Olander, the president of the Association, yielded further saying, "They will be appointed two seats in the Board of the STA and Anders Jarryd will help us develop new sponsor deals."

Jarryd, the virtual leader of the young batch of players, cleared things from the players' side too, saying, "There has been a lack of communication between us and the Board and we haven't functioned as a team. But we look forward to working on this together now." All's well that ends well!

GARDEN OF EDEN

CALCUTTANS are aware that they will host the final of the 1987 World Cup cricket championships. But it hasn't really seeped in. But it will not be long before the city gears itself up for the most important date in the cricket calendar. Leave application forms, tickets, sun hats—everything will be in demand.

But all this some time later. For the moment the immediate concern is the Eden Gardens wicket. The strip on which the final will be played.

Nothing but cricket has been played at Eden Gardens for some time now. All care is being taken by the Cricket Association of Bengal, under whose custody the grounds are at the moment. There is further good news. Les Burdett, the curator of the Adelaide cricket ground, has agreed to help the CAB in preparing the wicket for the big day next year. He will be in the city for two weeks next February and then again in September to give the turf the final touches. Assisting him will be two botanists and a couple of horticulturists. The Garden of Eden, surely!

THE BIG FIGHT





IT would be a good idea to sit down to calculate how much each punch is worth in a prize money fight for a boxing title. Marvin Hagler and Sugar Ray Leonard will sure have a tough time.

They are scheduled to fight each other in April next year. The venue: Las Vegas. The money: 23 million dollars. The promoter: Bob Arum.

Leonard, the former world welterweight title holder, will receive 11 million, while Hagler, the undisputed middleweight champion of the world for the last six years, will be richer by 12 million. The two will also share up to 75 per cent of the money earned above 28 million. Well it certainly isn't money for nothing, but it's a little overdone surely. After all, it's never been this good before. Not even for boxers.



THE GREAT ESCAPE

NORMAN COWANS manages to hit the headlines every now and then. And he's done it again. This time for running away from a commitment.

Western Suburbs, a club in Brisbane had raised money (thanks to contributions from their players and members) to pay Cowans, air fare to Australia to bring the English fast bowler to play for them. They even pooled in to buy him a car. John Bell, the manager-coach of the club went to the extent of allowing Cowans to live in his house. But all this wasn't enough to keep the 25 year old fast bowler Down Under. After playing over three weekends for the club, he returned home to England, apparently because he was missing his girlfriend.

His girlfriend may be happy now, but Bell and club members are sour about the whole thing, to say the least. They intend to demand restitution from Cowans and will not clear the Jamaican-born cricketer to play cricket elsewhere. A sheer case of—if we can't have you, neither can anyone else. Not after what you've done.

CAR-MA CHAMELEON

EVER since P.T. Usha disembarked from the Air India flight from Seoul, there has been an ever-growing list of awards and gifts for her. Money, mementoes, property, a car and even a street in her honour have been some of the things the nation has showered on her in recognition of her superb performance at the Asian Games. We read about it every time we open a newspaper or a magazine. In fact, it had reached a stage when even Usha must have been finding it tough to keep track

But there is a little something that has us confused. Accepting that a Standard 2000 motor car was very prominent among her list of gifts, there were quite a few raised eyebrows when one magazine showed her posing next to a gleaming red Standard 2000 while yet another also had a picture of a sleek, ribbon-adorned Standard 2000. The only problem was: this one was ink blue!

Will someone please put us in the picture? Did Usha get two Standard 2000s? Or is it just that Usha didn't approve of the original colour and had a lightning paint job ordered? Just hope Usha doesn't get into the wrong car by mistake!

Running for Peace

Death, destruction, war. The cult of violence has gripped the planet. The N-bombs, the ICBMs are holding us to ransom. Let's give the world a chance.
Ashoke Chakroborty presents some moments of the Earth Run held recently at Calcutta






PILOT

CALCUTTA

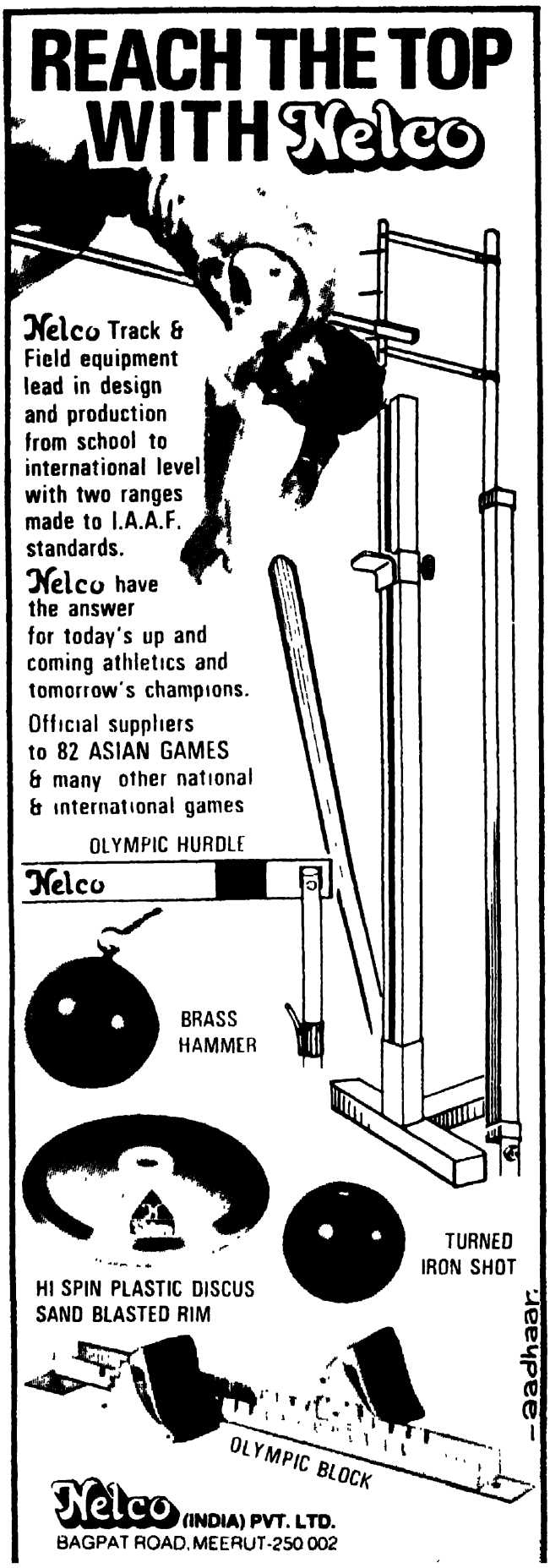
Hitting the roads

ON the 7th of October at 6 a.m. a group of students from Appejay School, Calcutta set out to accomplish a difficult feat—a cycling safari which was to cover a period of 14 days and a distance of 1700 kms from Calcutta to Jaldapara and back. Their route for the most part followed the National Highway No. 34. The group of cyclists consisted of eight boys from the school between the ages of 13 and 15 led by their Principal Neville McNamara. The boys were: Maneesh Singh, Manoj Gupta, Tanvir Islam, Amit Khemka, Bimal Samal, Manoj Swami, Manoj Bhaiya and Rajesh Mundra.

The boys followed an eleven-hour cycling day for the next two weeks, starting at five every morning and breaking up for the day at 4 p.m. with brief halts in between for tea and meals. There were only five major stops during the six days it took them to cycle from Calcutta to Jaldapara—at Seemanagar, Murshidabad, Malda, Panjipara and Kadamtala. At each of these halts the team put up for the night at the B.S.F. camps where they received a warm welcome and much encouragement and support. The normal distance travelled in a day was about 120 kms, though they managed as much as 160 kms when cycling from Murshidabad to Malda. The entire route was followed on cycles except for an enforced break of about 90 kms from Raiganj to Panjipara when bad roads and squally weather forced the team to abandon their bicycles (after covering a distance of 90 kms on cycles) and travel by bus.

Exhausted but triumphant the team reached Jaldapara on the 12th of October where they stopped for two days rest. Here revived and exhilarated at having reached their destination, they learnt that Bhutan was a mere 40 kms away. They therefore decided to stretch their objective to Phuntsholing which took only two hours by cycle. The return journey to Calcutta followed the same route and halts and the team arrived Calcutta dead on schedule at 4 p.m. sharp on Monday the 20th. Though an unqualified success, the expedition was not entirely unmarked by minor mishaps and amusing experiences. Among these were losing their way near Kadamtala only to find themselves on the Bangladesh border and being misguided at Murshidabad into making a detour of 27 km. Barring a few minor cuts and bruises and making a few unscheduled halts to repair damaged bicycles no serious mishaps occurred. The team had, however, to face much inclement weather and difficult road conditions especially between Panjipara and Malda where they had to cycle through the rain. The boys were undeterred by it all and expressed the feeling that these problems only added up to make the experience more memorable. Throughout, they displayed a grit and determination to succeed.

The purpose of the trip, as the Principal pointed out, was not merely to accomplish a difficult feat or to test their endurance but to foster a spirit of companionship and team endeavour and to give the boys an opportunity to experience a new form of discipline and a new sense of achievement which was not possible within the restricted curriculum of normal school activities.



Turbo Charged

Fast Stuff

WHICH is the most famous moustache in the world of sport today? Nigel Mansell's, was the result of poll run by British newspaper.

But last month an even more famous sporting moustache went to the starting grid in Adelaid, where the final motor racing grand prix of the season was held.

Dennis "there's nothing like a cold Tinnie after stuffing the Poms" Lillee drove a Ford TX5 turbo in a five lap celebrity race. Still believes in fast stuff.



Lillee: fast lane

Thommo Talks

Declares

OLD Australian fast bowlers never fade away. They just bring out books.

Jeff Thomson's *Thommo Declares* is not short on "good-on-yer-Thommo" stuff.

An excerpt: "England was a hole. No beaches and no wild pigs for me to go hunting. The wild pigs had all been cleared out by the 14th century. I discovered Pom beer. They should be hung for calling that warm stuff bear... I couldn't wait for a crack at the Poms. I thought, stuff that stiff upper lip. Let's see how stiff it is when it splits."

Pay-ride

No risk, no gain

EVER heard of a professional jockey paying for the privilege of riding a particular horse?

Michael Wigham happily paid 234 pounds sterling for a single ride at Hamilton, London last month.

The owner of the horse, Gary Wright, was on what racing people call "the forfeit list". He owed 234 pounds for such things as entry fees, registration of colours and so forth. An owner on the forfeit list is not permitted to run a horse.

So, Wingham, who rather fancied his chances with the horse—Millfan—paid the money himself.

To make the occasion yet more bizarre, he won, "You've got to put in if you want to take out" was how Wingham summed it up.

Bully proof

Top gear

EVERYONE seems to be debating the future of Indian hockey. Suggestions are abundant. Our forwards should be stronger and bigger. We should have more astro turf surfaces. The list is endless. But has anyone spared a thought for goalkeeping.

Goalkeeping in modern hockey is probably the most dangerous position in all ball games. A batsman facing the West Indian fast bowling battery has an easier time.

The West German goalkeeper lost a testicle in a world cup match.

England's goalkeeper, Ian Taylor, considered the best in the world, once received a blow in the 'box' that frightened the life out of him.

Taylor's protective gear is elaborate in the extreme and includes a chest pad used by the Metropolitan police as part of their riot gear.

Says Taylor: "Some young players keep goal with just a bit of foam sewn into their shirt. Get one in the sternum and its curtains."

Why Mr Taylor, here in India we keep goal with leg pads as the only protection!



Thommo: good-on-yer

Hyderabad is a harmonious blend of tradition and progress. The past, and the present.

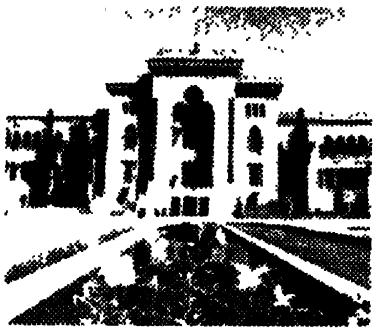
Charminar, the high watermark of Indo-Saracenic architecture, stands towering over the bustling bazaars of the old city. A short drive away from Hyderabad are the ruins of the once famous Golconda Fort.



The sheer magnitude and meticulous planning of this fortress still inspires awe. So do the aesthetically designed Qutub Shahi monuments, which contain the mortal remains of the Qutub Shahi rulers.



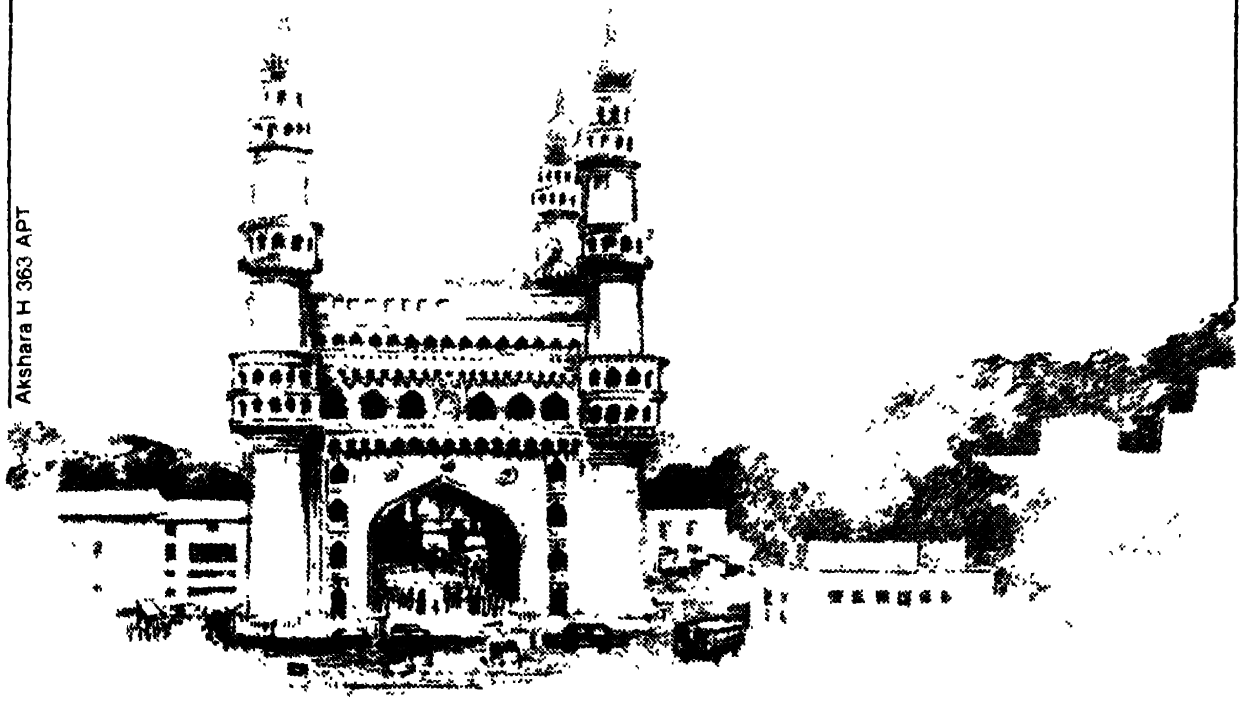
Salar Jung Museum-perhaps the largest and most fascinating one man collection in the world. The Birla Planetarium which reveals the secrets of the sky. There are numerous picnic spots around Hyderabad. Vast man-made lakes like Himayat Sagar, Osman Sagar, and Hussain Sagar, are favourite recreation spots. Boating and water sports facilities are provided at the Hussain Sagar lake. Then there is the famous Mecca Masjid, the Venkateswara temple sculpted in marble, the Osmania University, Nehru Zoological Park. The list is endless.



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Akshara H 363 APT

The magic of yoga

THERE is a major deviation this week from the normal mould that we cast in this page. While we have been concentrating on methods of getting yourself into shape, this week there is a slight deviation in the sense that we are going to review a book on yoga and see what we can benefit ourselves.

One of the latest entries into the national list of sports publications is 'Yoga—Yogasana and Pranayana for health' by Dr. P.D. Sharma. Published by Gala Publishers and priced at Rs 10.00, the book is well set out with the 'aasans' being put into specific categories backed by illustrations that make it even simpler to follow.

Just to lure you into trying to get your hands on this book, we are publishing an extract from it. Since it would be too much to give you a glimpse of all the aasans, the box that appears alongside is a list of some of the aasans that can be done for some common diseases.

There is yet another chapter devoted to the aspect of Pranayama. Something that is not as widely understood—or accepted—as yogasana. In Dr. Sharma's own words, "Pranayama literally means 'to expand Prana' (vital force). In the 49th Sutra of Sadhanapada of Patanjala Yogasutra, the great Rishi Patanjali has defined Pranayam as a process in which respiration is interrupted and Prana is the vital force which is controlled and regulated. According to some, Prana means air. But this is a wrong and misleading interpretation. Prana means something more than air. Prana in fact is the vital power which is the force motivating every element of the earth and which is the origin of the force of thought. There is a deep affinity between Prana and mental force, between mental force and intellect, between intellect and soul, and between soul and God. Thus the purpose of Pranayama is to inspire, motivate, regulate and balance the vital force (Prana) pervading in the body. This is is the reason why Pranayama is considered one of the efficacious means of attaining yoga."

Disease	Yogasana
Tuberculosis and asthma	Siddhasana, Sheershasana, Sarvangasana, Matsyasana, Ardha Matsyendrasana, Supta Vajrasana, and Bhujangasan
Diabetes	Siddhasana, Sheershasana, Sarvagasana, Matsyasana, Ardha Matsyendrasana, Halasan, Chakrasana and Mayorasana
Chronic constipation	Halasana, Mayoorasana, Dhanurasana, Matsyasana, and Padahastosana
Dysentry	Baddha Padmasana and Kukkutasana
Obesity	Mandukasana, Pashchimottanasana, Mayoorasan Suptavajrasana, Dhanurasana, and Ardha Matsyendrasana.
High blood pressure	Vajrasana, Siddhasana, Padmasana, Matsyasana and Shavasana
Low blood pressure	Sarvangasana, Halasana, Vajrasana, Padmasana, Siddhasana and Pashchimottanasana
Headache	Paschimottanasana, Halasana, Sarvangasnna and Shavasana
Heart disease	Shavasana, Baddha Padmasana and Siddhasana

Going on to explain the interrelation between Yogasana and Pranayama, Dr Sharma goes on to explain, "Yogasana and Pranayama are closely interrelated An aspirant should master aasanas like Padmasana, Siddhasana, Swastikasana and Sukhasana before he begins to practice Pranayama. One can be called the master of a particular aasana only when one practices it for three hours without any movement of the body. At the start it is very difficult to accomplish this. So it is advisable to begin with any aasana suitable to him and Anuloma-Viloma Pranayama. Gradually with the help of Pranayama one will get mastery over that aasana. Thus Pranayama is helpful in getting mastery over aasanas.

Yogasanas become much more effective if they are performed with Puraka, Rechaka and Kumbhaka Pranayama in the right proportion. Pranayama is helpful in practising and maintaining aasanas. The lungs can be properly expanded and contracted through Yogasanas and Pranayamas. Yogasanas and Pranayama supply plenty of oxygen to the lungs and so the body becomes healthy and the mind contented and delightful. Hence the basic knowledge of Pranayama is of immense help to the students of Yogasana."

So, if this whole drivel has impressed you, all you have to do is step into a bookstore and pick up the real McKoy.

The Story of the DAVIS CUP

1973 and 1974 were probably the two most controversial years in the history of the Davcis Cup. In this extract, author Alan Trengove recounts the events that took place. Published by Stanley Paul & Co, the book is priced at £9.95

REFORM AND REACTION

1973, Australia; 1974, South Africa

THE year 1973 was one of the most controversial in the history of tennis. By now many officials were worried about the future of the Davis Cup. A number of leading players were either unable or unwilling to play in the competition and it no longer represented a true test of international tennis strength. Once the premier tennis event in the world, it was being increasingly overshadowed by the bonanza that had been created by open tennis. For some the quest for loot clearly took precedence over patriotism.

America, supported by France, urged that play in each zone should be confined to one venue during one week of the year. After this move failed, France proposed that the twenty-four strongest teams should compete in a 'final phase' at one venue over two weeks. Then, it was said, a company such as American Express might sponsor the event, thus guaranteeing the participation of all the top players. Jack Kramer, who supported the French proposal, warned that without some such change a new competition might be launched. Those who favoured the change thought it would overcome the old problem of overcrowding. Players no longer would be called on to give up four or five weeks of the year to represent their country for little or no financial return. The traditionalists arguing against the change believed the Davis Cup would lose much of its value if nations were denied the stimulus of staging contests on their own courts. These critics claimed that few countries possessed the facilities to accommodate twenty-four contests at one time and that fans in the smaller countries might never have the chance to see a Davis Cup match again. Moreover, the population of the host nation could not be expected to be vitally interested in watching contests between other nations on its soil. The traditionalists won the day.

A belated decision to admit the contract pros was more effective in reviving public interest. It led indirectly, however, to the notorious players' boycott of Wimbledon. Nikki Pilic, who had turned professional with WCT in 1967, was now eligible to play for Yugoslavia and his federation selected him for the tie with New Zealand in Zagreb. When Pilic declined to play and Yugoslavia lost a tie it expected to win, the federation suspended him for nine months. Pilic appealed to an ILTF emergency committee and in the meantime was permitted to play in the French Open, where he finished runnerup to Nastase. The committee reduced the suspension to one month, but this meant that Pilic would still be unable to play at Wimbledon. Pilic wanted to play and the recently formed Association of Tennis Professionals supported him by imposing a players' boycott. The unfortunate chain of events did no great harm to Wimbledon, where Kodes, a Czech, beat Metreveli, a Russian in the final. What it mainly showed was that the some-

A number of leading players were either unable or unwilling to play in the competition and it no longer represented a true test of international tennis strength

what feudal old days when countries could dictate to their players were gone for ever.

There was another break from tradition in 1973 when the responsibility for the overall running of the Davis Cup each year was shifted from the defending nation. In future the administration would be in the hands of a committee of management elected from among the competing nations. This was a logical quel to the abolition of the challenge round.

The easing of the ban on contract pros gave Australia a chance to relive some golden memories. In Wayne Reid the Australian association had a young president adept at enlisting commercial sponsors. To get Australia's commercially backed challenge under way, Reid and Neale Fraser recruited two former stalwarts, Malcolm Anderson, who was thirty-eight, and John Newcombe, who was twenty-nine and in his prime. Later in the year they added thirty-nine-year-old Ken Rosewall and thirty-five-year-old Rod Laver. This Dad's Army formed one of the oldest teams on record—and one of the best.

The Australian campaign almost ended disastrously in Madras, in southern India, on a Sunday in April before a ball had been struck in the Eastern Zone final. Having beaten Japan at Tokyo (where Newcombe lost a 'dead' rubber to Toshiro Sakai), the Australians had just arrived in Madras when they were informed by the police of a death threat to them made by a Pakistani terrorist group called Black December. The group was said to be trying to force the Indian Government to release some ninety thousand Pakistani prisoners-of-war. Only a few days before, it had blown up an airline office.

Fraser called an immediate meeting of the players—Newcombe, Anderson, Geoff Masters, Bob Giltinan and John Cooper—and the two writers travelling with the squad. Peter Stone and myself, to discuss whether to stay in Madras or leave immediately. The person most at risk was thought to be Newcombe because of his international fame. Both he and Anderson were married and had children, and Masters, who was then single, nobly suggested that he and the other bachelors should stay and play the matches while Newcombe and Anderson departed. What finally determined everyone to stay was the personal guarantee of safety by the Madras assistant commissioner of police. Drastic emergency measures were enforced. All the Australians were moved onto one floor of their hotel, and when Wayne Reid, his wife and an LTAA councillor, John Heathcote, subsequently arrived they were allocated rooms on the same floor. The players were confined to the hotel except for visits to the courts, when they were accompanied by a van full of armed police. Police with machine guns guarded the visitors day and night, checked all their meals and intercepted every letter or package addressed to them. In charge of the operation was one of the best sharpshooters in the Madras police force. Dressed in civilian clothes, he was never far from the players' sides, whether at the hotel or the courts. The sharpshooter always carried a sun hat. Inside it was concealed his revolver.

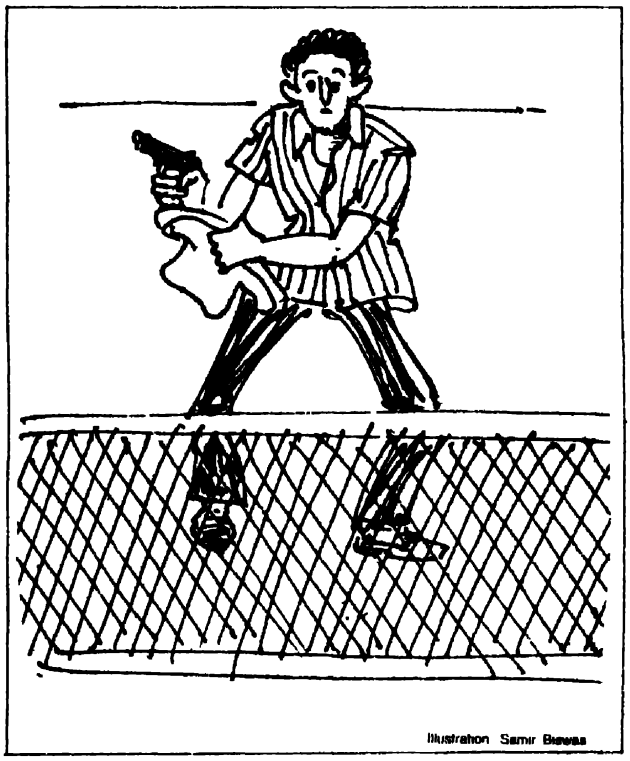


Illustration Samir Biswas

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After so much suspense, the matches were an anticlimax. However one glance around the temporary stadium—built from wood, nails and rope around a cow-dung court in just ten days--at the scores of armed police on the lookout for possible assassins quickly dissolved any complacency. Newcombe crushed Anand Amritraj 6-2, 6-1, 6-0. Anderson was in even better form, beating the more talented Vijay Amritraj 6-1, 6-2, 6-1. Then Newcombe and Masters added the decisive point by defeating Vijay and Premjit Lall in the doubles 4-6, 6-2, 7-5, 6-3. The Australians felt a lot easier when they left Madras, but even in Calcutta, where a connecting flight was made to Hong Kong, a dozen soldiers, all armed with machine guns, surrounded their plane until it took off.

Meanwhile, America started inauspiciously in Mexico City when Tom Gorman succumbed in the opening match to the deft touch of Raul Ramirez. The patient baseliner Solomon saved his country by beating both Ramirez and Joaquin Loyo-Mayo. Gorman and van Dillen won the doubles. America's next opponent was Chile, which had scored an upset win over Argentina in Buenos Aires, with Pat Cornejo

beating Guillermo Vilas in five sets. At the unlikely venue Little Rock, Arkansas, Fillol and Cornejo put up stout resistance in the singles before losing to Gorman and Smith respectively. There followed a doubles match of a record 122 games which took six hours and ten minutes (spread over two days) to complete. Smith and van Dillen wore down Fillol and Cornejo 7-9, 37-39, 8-6, 6-1, 6-3.

In European Zone A, Rumania was weakened by Tiriac's temporary retirement from cup play and only narrowly beat the Netherlands, which could now call on the fleet-footed Tom Okker. In the zone final in Bucharest, Russia led Rumania 2-1. Then Nastase whipped Metreveli, and his new teammate, Toma Ovici, beat Teimura Kakuliya.

In Zone B the young Bjorn Borg collected only four games against Orantes as Sweden went down to Spain in Bastad. But Spain failed against Italy, who had found a dogged young player in Corrado Barazzutti. He beat both Santana and Jose Higueras, and in the final in Prague he raised Italian hopes by beating Kodes in the opening match.

Gardini, the former player who was now the Italian captain, may have been of too excitable a temperament to perform the role. According to the referee's report from Prague, 'he incessantly incited his players without any reason, thus disturbing not only his own players but the Czech players too. Any time the ball was close to the lines,' added the referee, 'he jumped out of his chair and onto the court, shouting and gesticulating, every time pointing to a wrong mark.' Gardini received a warning from the committee of management. But the Czechs recovered to beat Italy and so earn a trip to Australia for an interzone final.



By the time the Czechs arrived in Australia, Laver and Rosewall were in the Australian team, after an absence of eleven years in Rod's case and seventeen years in Ken's

By the time the Czechs arrived in Australia, Laver and Rosewall were in the Australian team, after an absence of eleven years in Rod's case and seventeen years in Ken's. Laver's form that year had been poor until he returned home and captured the inaugural Australian indoor title at Sydney with wins over Newcombe and Rosewall. The prospect of again playing Davis Cup enlivened him.

Kooyong was packed to capacity for the first time in years when in the opening match Laver toppled Kodes 6-3, 7-5, 7-5. But Jiri Hrebec, the Czechs' number two, shook Newcombe in the second match 6-4, 8-10, 6-4, 7-5. In the doubles Rosewall returned to the court where he had made his debut twenty years earlier and with Laver beat Kodes and Vladimir Zednik 6-4, 14-12, 7-9, 8-6. On the third day Laver put Australia into the final with a 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 4-6, 6-1 win over the gallant Herbec. Awaiting her old foe was America, who once more beat Rumania, this time at Alamo, California. Rumania's only point was gained by Nastase with a 6-2, 6-4, 6-2 win over Marty Riessen, another of the comeback pros.

Before the final, which was held indoors for the first time before a disappointing crowd in Cleveland, captain Ralston had to make a difficult decision. He badly needed reinforcements. Ashe would have been an obvious one, but Ashe hadn't realized he would be eligible and had made a commitment to play in South Africa, where a government anxious to see its team readmitted to the Davis Cup had granted him a visa. America had a younger star, Jimmy Connors. Connors had said he wasn't 'ready' when invited to play in the early ties. Now he volunteered for the final, but Ralston turned him down saying he preferred to stick with those who were 'part of the team during the early hard work'. Fraser also had a problem. He had to decide which of his great players to disappoint. After much deliberation he nominated Newcombe and Laver for the singles and doubles, leaving Rosewall and Anderson 'on the earth'.

THE final resulted in a 5-0 whitewash for Australia, an abrupt end to America's record streak of seventeen cup wins stretching over five years and 231 days. However, the contest was far from one-sided and the first day provided some of the best tennis ever. Newcombe put Australia one up by beating Smith in a repetition of their 1971 Wimbledon final 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4. He served and returned splendidly and was very sharp at the net. But Smith improved as the match progressed and led 3-1 in the fifth set. Though Smith held a break point for 4-1, Newcombe held service and fought his way to 5-4. In the next game Smith made three volleying errors and went match point down. A serve and volley saved him, but Newcombe reached match point again with a backhand that clipped the net cord. Gambling with a bold second serve down the middle, Stan served a double fault.

Laver overhauled Gorman 8-10, 8-6, 6-8, 6-3, 6-1. Although Gorman produced the finest tennis of his career for the first three sets, Laver had been through such crises many times before. He kept hitting out. When the tide turned, Tom was swamped.

While everyone expected a fresh Rosewall to be named for the doubles, Fraser resisted a sentimental instinct to name him. Newcombe and Laver had better serves and were fit and confident after their singles. Also, they formed the ideal right-handed/left-handed combination. Fraser's judgment proved correct: Newcombe and Laver destroyed Smith and Erik van Dillen 6-1, 6-2, 6-4. They bombarded van Dillen, whose 'freshness' was, if anything, a disadvantage. Against two champions who now had their eye in Erik found his best shots coming back harder than he had hit them. He was over-

whelmed. There was no holding the Australians. Newcombe swept aside Gorman 6-2, 6-1, 6-3; Laver subdued Smith 6-3, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2.

For their cup efforts over the year the Americans were reported to have been paid $15,000 each, while the Australians received $1000 apiece per match up to the final, when they were paid an unrevealed sum, believed to have been $3000. If the rewards might have surprised Dwight Davis, he at least would have been grateful that the great players were coming back.

BUT the events of 1974 would have appalled him. In this year South Africa became the fifth nation to win the cup. Davis would have been pleased to see another nation break through, though not in these circumstances. For there was no final. South Africa was given a hollow victory by India, who defaulted as a protest against apartheid.

The readmission of South Africa indicated a certain degree of naiveté by some of the Davis Cup Nations. To be fair, they were concerned at keeping politics out of sport and were worried at what might happen if the game in some countries could be penalised because of government policies in those countries. The South African LTU was perceived to be a non-racial body and the South African championships in 1973 had featured a number of non-white players, including Ashe. Yet, with a significant number of countries intent on having nothing to do with South African sport, the ILTF courted disaster by letting South Africa return. The readmission was conditional. on South Africa entering the South Section of the American Zone, as it was expected fewer problems would occur there. (The American Zone was first divided into two sections in 1931, but not until the late 1960s did the south section regularly function.) Nevertheless, Argentina defaulted to South Africa, and Chile agreed to play the Springboks only in Colombia. A less publicised default was that by Sri Lanka, who objected to playing Taiwan.

The two giants, America and Australia, both failed early, and their elimination helped to make the embarrassing outcome more inevitable. America's defeat in Colombia was its earliest loss ever. Because of scheduling difficulties, and Connors' continued lack of cooperation, Ralston was again denied the services of America's best players. Since Connors won the Australian, Wimbledon and US championships his absence particularly diminished the Davis Cup. No American before him had ever treated the competition with such apparent disdain. Ralston took away a second-string line-up of Solomon, van Dillen and Pasarell, who were not strong enough to master the altitude of Bogotá (8660 feet) and the clay-court skill of Jairo Velasco and Ivan Molina. The Colombians won each of their singles against Solomon and van Dillen, with Pasarell and van Dillen salvaging a little pride by taking the doubles.

When Australia played the Eastern Zone final against India in Calcutta, it also was without its stars. Newcombe and Laver were in Dallas at the WCT finals and Rosewall was playing in World Team Tennis. Fraser chose John Alexander and Bob Giltinan for the singles, and paired Colin Dibley with Alexander for the doubles. Alexander beat Vijay Amritraj 14-12, 17-15, 6-8, 6-2 and Jasjit Singh 8-6, 6-4, 6-3, but Giltinan lost to Singh 9-11, 11-9, 10-12, 6-8 and to Amritraj 1-6, 7-5, 4-6, 4-6. The critical doubles went to the Amritraj brothers 17-15, 6-8, 6-3, 16-18, 6-4. (The total number of games, 327, is the greatest ever played in any tie). For India, the triumph brought great joy. For Australia, such a jolt so soon after the exhilaration of Cleveland showed how capricious fate could be in the 1970s.

Russia emerged as winner of European Zone B when she beat Czechoslovakia 3-2 in Donetsk. The Czechs led 2-1, but Metreveli came from two sets to one down to beat Kodes, 7-5 in the fifth set, and Kakuliya won in five sets against Pala. The Soviets could not repeat their rear-guard action in the inter zone final in Poona. After the Amritraj brothers had given India a 2-1 led by winning the doubles, Anand scored the clincher against Kakuliya on the third day

In Zone A, Italy fared better than for more than a decade, squeezing past Sweden and Rumania. The Italians not only possessed a dynamic new player in Adriano Panatta but in him and Paolo Bertolucci they usually held an edge in doubles. A major factor in South Africa's success was that it, too, had an outstanding doubles pair in Hewitt and McMillan. The pair wrapped up the American Zone final against Colombia's Molina and Velasco after Moore and Hewitt had won the first two singles. Next, South Africa won its inter-zone final by beating the Italians 4-1 on cement in Johannesburg. The visitors sprung a surprise by bringing in Tony Zugarelli but he lost to Hewitt in five sets. Moore beat Panatta in four sets, and Hewitt and McMillan defeated Panatta and Bertolucci 7-5, 6-4, 10-8 to assure themselves (though they did not then know it) of the cup.

Anxious letters and telegrams were written and dispatched when it became clear that India would refuse to play South Africa. Although they had the choice of ground, the South Africans offered to play the final anywhere, but were firmly rebuffed by the Indian Government. The Indian LTA pointed out that India could become the first Asian country to win the cup. Still the government would not relent and all negotiations came to nothing. Instead, India demanded the expulsion of South Africa, and South Africa the expulsion of India. Dwight Davis's ideals were forgotten.

The critical doubles went to the Amritraj brothers 17-15, 6-8, 6-3, 16-18, 6-4, (the total number of games, 327, is the greatest ever played)



freewheeling

THERE was a time not so long, though seemingly a lifetime, ago. A time before the onset of softening midriff and receding hairline, of power and fitness, when I could be called a sportsman. I remember it well.

A sportsman, not just in the ethical sense of one willing to accept both victory and defeat as merely 'a part of the game'. But in a fundamental, behavioural sense. In the sense of willingly springing out of bed at 5.30 every morning, of throwing myself into an 800-metre run—to 'warm up'—of being able to flex pects with the consummate ease of a seasoned sporting machine and then round it all off with a 400-metre run placing, comfortably, ahead of the pack.

But then, like I said, that was a lifetime ago.

Well, seemingly. Six years, to be exact, but a crucial six years nonetheless. Years that marked the passage from a boy believing he was a man, to a man wanting to believe he was a boy. Years that followed the packing of a suitcase with a childhood and a lot of dreams in Calcutta and a move to Bombay, the nation's Materialist Mecca. And somewhere down the line, crammed with a new city, new people, new experiences—indeed, a new life—the old suitcase languished atop the cupboard of my mind. Forgotten.

Like a lot of the dreams that took me to Bombay in the first place. And one of the first dreams to fade away, was of physical perfection. Gone was the routine sunrise dedication. Gone was the Machiavellian dieting. In their stead remained a shrivelling husk, left to stare in envy at spectacular specimens as they passed by on the street and ruefully think, 'I was like that. Once'.

And each year would pass by, a little more rueful perhaps, as the Jock-Strap Dream faded further into oblivion.

Then I came back to Calcutta.

And people who knew me back in school would casually ask, "What happened to you?" or "I remember you in school, you were solid!" Or "Do you still play soccer/rugger/hockey?"

And my answer to the last question would always be, "Well...I haven't played in years, but I want to get back into it."

Sure.

The questions had opened the suitcase and I couldn't even admit to myself that, like a love affair, it was over. There could be no going back.

But, like a love affair, I tried anyway. Setting my Electronic Alarm to buzz at unearthly hours it had grown unused to, just so I could kid myself I was doing workouts; keeping conscious track of my cigarette intake, bringing it down to 12 from the usual 30-a-day. And, in my moments of reflection, my mind would work overtime convincing myself that my body was getting leaner. Harder. I started spending more time in front of my mirror.

But the hairline continued to recede. There could be no denying the tell-tale strands on my shirts.

But, like I said, I tried anyway, strolling across to school after work, to 'hang out' with the guys. I was, after all, 'one of the boys'. A prodigal son, returned a man.

And I'd play an hour of soccer, running about frenetically because, though my life didn't, my masculinity depended on it. And at the end of a session a casual comment like, "You're still *pretty* fast," (note the tact) would vindicate my travails. And I'd return home with a (false?) sense of accomplishment.

Then the guys I played with suggested I try 'rugger', and I found myself replying, "Why not?"

Why not, indeed? 'Tis better to be hung for a sheep than a lamb.

So I started turning out for rugby practice, making sure everyone knew I was out of touch, with a studiedly cool, "it's been a long time, I'm not sure I remember the game."

Somewhere in the pit of my stomach, I could feel a sinking.

Athletes are like animals: they smell fear. And act accordingly. The guy who asked me to turn out in the first place said—patiently—"Just do what I do." I should have known what I was doing, after all, I was no longer a boy. I was a man.

So I followed him around the field, running like crazy every time I got the ball. Perhaps more out of fear than strategy. But I'd revel perversely in the bruising whenever I was caught. As if these swelling, blue-black blotches on my blemish-free skin, were testimony to my Born-Again manliness.

I obviously didn't do too badly, making it to the D-team, or some such thing. But I began to find excuses: "Got a lot of work," "My girlfriend's here"—anything my brain could conjure up, I'd use as an excuse.

I took to avoiding school on my route home. It was the end of rugby for me.

Months later, I met one of the 'rugger guys' at the CCFC night and he greeted me cordially (albeit, coolly). And then he asked, "Where were you? I thought you were supposed to be playing." I mumbled some hurried reason, and slipped away into the night.

And, as I glanced back from the darkness, I saw him smirk to himself. His message was clear: I had failed to make the grade.

His time will come.

Avijit Ghosh



The satisfaction and consummate ease of rounding off a strenuous workout session with a 400-metre run placing ahead of the pack
But then, that was a lifetime ago



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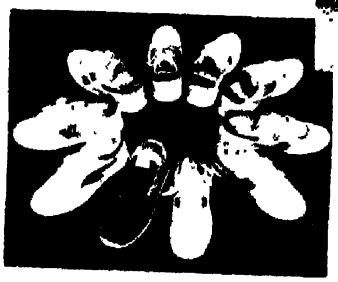
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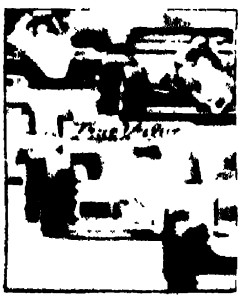
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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor: David McMahon **Editorial Staff:** Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul, Barry O'Brien, Rohit David Brijnath
Correspondent: Madras: Partab Ramchand **Staff Photographer:** Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director: Bipul Guha **Staff Designers:** Santosh Dutta, Ali Akbar Mirza

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Criminal

THE interview of Eric Arnold by Novy Kapdia in *Sportsworld* (22nd-28th Oct) has left me, and I am sure many other sports-lovers in the country too, shocked and dismayed.

Men like K V Sharma and Co. who seem to be toying with national interest and have little concern for the prestige of the country, should be treated as criminals, if what Mr Arnold says is true. It is high time that the Government should chalk out some means of doing away with such cancerous elements from our various sports organisations. These are people who are more concerned about themselves and Indian sport. Let's hope the Sport's Minister looks into the dismal showing by the Indian contingent. Such allegations should be seriously looked into. And action should be taken immediately against the offenders.

SANJEEB BANERJEE,
Kanpur.

Funny experimenting this

THE Indian team selected for the Sharjah Tourney is a little surprising. The selectors made it public that the intention at the start of this season, that the intention was to experiment and build a side for the World Cup next year. This was their reason for dropping Sunil Gavaskar. One of the most unfortunate incidents in contemporary Indian cricket.

If the intention is to give young players an opportunity to prove themselves before the next World Cup, what sense is there in taking Madan Lal to Sharjah? Didn't Raju Kulkarni impress everybody around with a creditable performance on a dead Bombay wicket? Obviously it is a contradiction in terms to have taken the ageing Madan in place of Kulkarni.

In future the selectors should chalk out a selectorial exercise and not just sit down at selection meetings.

H ANAND,
Calcutta

Spikers spiked

I HAVE been a Sportsworld fan for some time now and your recent coverage of the Seoul Asiad was in keeping with the high standards that you have set for yourself. But I have one complaint.

Your analysis of the failures and achievements of Indian sportsmen has been very constructive and praiseworthy. You have very rightly praised the performances of P.T. Usha, Kartar Singh, the boxers and the judokas. You have thrown light on the unexpected failure of the hockey team, the footballers, most of the athletes and the swimmers.

But you seem to have ignored the marvellous performance of our volleyball team. Bagging a bronze medal in the face of such strong opposition, is no mean achievement by any standards. But it was very disheartening to note that the media has been very biased in their coverage. Even the award givers have been looking only one way. The Usha way.



Clive Andrew O'Brien. Andy to his friends and regular *Sportsworld* readers. Apparently his sojourns to Karachi for the Champions Trophy and to Seoul for the Asian Games in addition to his interest in a variety of other things has paid off. For last fortnight he was the proud recepient of the Jaycees award as the 'Outstanding Young Person of West Bengal' for 1986.

At 24 that's quite an achievement. Yet knowing his zest for life, dedication to his work, not to mention zany writing, there going to be a couple of more awards rolling in soon. Here's looking at you kid.

We volleyball lovers have been very badly hurt. We would therefore, for the first time, like to congratulate them. Hope it's gold next time.

PRASENJIT LAHIRI,
Ranchi.

Can't figure it out

ISN'T it high time you kept your promise and gave us the XBX Fitness Programme for Girls? Anyone would think boys are the only health freaks around and please, I've just GOT to improve my figure!

TARA VARMA,
Calcutta.

Grown up

APPROPOS the interview with Sunil Gavaskar, it does appear that Sunil has mellowed down with age and his diplomatic comments on various issues has come as a revelation.

Through the years, Sunil has had a large following of detractors, probably contributed by his bold personality. But what one cannot deny is the fact that on the field he is a phenomenon. By the sheer magnitude of his consistent performances in the last 15 years, he has become a legend in his own right.

Much of the controversies have been probably highlighted by the press—obviously for boosting circulation, and instead of sticking to reporting on the game and performances on the field, the press has resorted to the sort of gimmicks that are generally attributed to film journalism viz gossip and slander. Indeed, Indian press has been proved to be notorious when discussing individuals. Considering that readers can go by only what is reported, it must be to Gavaskar's credit that he has been successful in proving everybody wrong by his performances.

Being a statistician's delight, he has also found himself on their wrong side—for most of his centuries have been equated to India's defeats. How silly!

K. SUBRAMANIAM,
Bombay.

Fitting tribute

THAT was a good tribute to Sandeep Patil by Raju Mukherjee. If according to Raju, Sandy would have been born 80 years ago, then there wouldn't have any Bradman now! Remember the 174!

ARTA MISHRA,
Cuttack.

INDIA'S NATIONAL PASTIME IS POLITICS



WHILE the national game of India can arguably be regarded as cricket there is little doubt that the national pastime continues increasingly to be politics.

This is noticeably so in the rural areas which also elect the majority of the representatives of the assembly or the parliament. Discussions in these environments consists mostly about equitable wages, price of crops, vagaries of the weather and, most importantly, the variabilities of the politicians. The villager knows and cares more about cabbages than he does about Usha or Gavaskar, and mercifully he remains quite content with his lack of knowledge of international sport.

Unfortunately this may not be the case with his elected representatives, who claims to know more about everything including sport. Their concern is shown after the event and usually in the form of questions based more on emotion than sense. After (and not before) the last Asiad the minister faced a number of stereotyped queries which are reserved for occasions when India's performance is particularly dismal. Mrs Alva had no answers but to say that she was also disappointed. And was waiting for a full report from the I.O.A.

This is like asking a patient who will not admit to his illness, to find a cure for himself. All she will get are excuses. One of these will surely be the untimely boycott of the Commenwealth Games and the consequent lack of exposure of international competition.

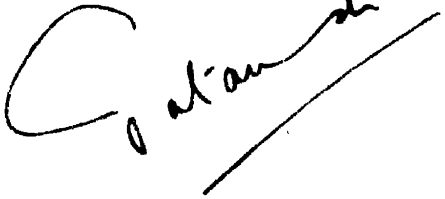
In a lengthy analysis, the emphasis will be that an improved performance requires a tough opponent, and he or she is available only abroad. That the Asiad was a lesson from which everybody learnt and the next time there is bound to be a better performance, there might even be a gentle reminder that all sports federations are autonomous and averse to any interference from the government. And until the government can arrive at a comphehensive sports policy of its own, Mrs Alva, who one knows is genuinely interested, will have no choice but to accept whatever is placed before her.

In fact, if Mrs Alva were only to take a careful look at the working of these autonomous federations, as well as those institutions supported by the government, she will find one common factor. That is the ambition and an overriding desire for the office bearers to wrangle trips abroad. It is only logical that the larger the contingent the more the accompanying officials. Therefore a high number of athletes who have no chance are sent with the readymade excuse that exposure can only improve standards.

This, if I may dare point out, is utter nonsense. If you do not have the potential, competing against those who are far superior will only demoralise and not encourage. I am not aware of any other country except India which repeatedly and cheerfully makes an ass of itself in so many disciplines. This the government can and must stop. Like other countries, why don't we take stock of ourselves on the domestic level, decide on those games in which we can attain international standards and work towards a goal with a purpose and a time limit? Is this not the policy adopted by most countries with, at times, spectacular success?

Meanwhile, there is no need for our politician to feel so concerned, as long as he is not prepared to give sport the requisite priority, except to use it as political leverage whenever convenient (I refer to the boycott of the Commenwealth Games).

I am not aware of any other country except India which repeatedly and cheerfully makes an ass of itself in so many disciplines. This the government can and must stop. Like other countries, why don't we take stock of ourselves on the domestic level



CATCH-22 OF SORTS

Mudar Patherya, Sharjah bound, argues why cricket in Sharjah, to its benefit and disadvantage, will always be judged in the context of Miandad's Final

OH to be in Sharjah, now that November is here!

While I run the risk of being dragged to court for violation of the Copyright Act, even the Laureate would have nodded that the confession was indeed in identical spirit.

Distancing oneself from the object of analysis lends maturity to perspective. Was Miandad's innings in the Austral-Asia Cup final as great as was made out to be? Did the Pakistanis overdo their euphoria following his six off that full toss— which ought to have been hit for six anyway? Did we overstep restraint while singling out Kapil for the scalpel? On the strength of the argument that captain-bowlers can be mathematically susceptible at times?

The very mention of that final to the roadside critic relieves me of this supposed maturity. Without doubt it was one of the greatest innings seen in the condensed history of one-day internationals. Ranked alongside Clive Lloyd's 102 in the 1975 Prudential Cup final? Or Viv Richards' 153 not out against Australia in 1979-80? Or Richards' 189 not out at Old Trafford in 1984? Kapil Dev's 175 not out versus Zimbabwe in 1983? Perhaps.

Asif Iqbal logged Miandad's classic amongst the three greatest innings that he had ever seen. Majid Khan's 109 against England in 1974 and Viv Richards' 189 not out completed the category.

One will never tire of recreating that unforgettable afternoon. India had hit 245 in her allotted overs. No side had scored as much in a match at the venue. Bookies safely assumed that India had all but laughed their way to the bank.

Two minor incidents at the ground confirmed which way the wind was blowing. An Indian expatriate millionaire was figuring out the complexities of the betting jargon. *"Arre, paanch hajaar dirham India pe lagaane se waapas kitna mileygaa?"* The odds on India winning had shrunk to 20p in a Rupee. Even at such a conservative offering, backing India seemed as safe as a bond investment.

Odds on Pakistan winning the game? 'Friend, have you got dirhams to throw around? Don't you want to buy goodies for your wife and kids back home? Ah yes, if you come across anyone willing to accept money on Pakistan



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Mudassar Nazar is foxed by this one... but survives



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Abdul Qadir is brought down to earth by a drive from Dilip Vengsarkar



winning the game, please send him round. Wonder where they have all disappeared.'

Having been trained to the stock market principle of buying at declines to register windfalls, this was just what the doctor would have ordered. My 'tip' went just about as far as R. Sriman of *Deccan Herald*. "If you have some money to spare, why don't you back Pakistan?" He thought I had gone round the bend. The trouble was that even I felt that he was right. My tenner stayed in my pocket after all.

With time to go for the match to resume, I ventured to the telex room. A message marked 'URGENT' awaited an Indian correspondent. It was from his editor. It read: 'RETURN TO BOMBAY BY TONIGHT'S FLIGHT AS FROM TV IT LOOKS THAT INDIA HAS WON MATCH. PLS ARRANGE BLACK AND WHITE AND COLOR PICTURES OF MATCH ALSO RGDS.' When the second Pakistan wicket fell, our friend was lugging his typewriter out of the press box for the drive to the airline office to check on his reservation for that evening!

What makes a reporting assignment in Sharjah refreshing is the atmosphere that it provides for a game. The crowd, a melting pot of expatriates from the sub continent, is never one-sided. Never partisan

FOR the last couple of years, India-Pakistan matches have emerged as needle finishes. After Imran Khan had picked up 6 for 14 in April 1985, India had no chance. Stands with Pakistan supporters, dotted with fluttering yards of white and green, and aisles of salwar kameezed supporters, broke out into organised chants of *'Naara e takbeer'* and *'Pakistan Zindabad.'* It was an embarrassment to be an Indian at that cricket ground that morning.

Epitomising the unpredictability in this game of uncertainties, India shot Pakistan out for 87. And won by 38 runs. Quite a few Indians in the Middle East were reduced to sign language by evening.

What makes a reporting assignment in Sharjah refreshing is the atmosphere that it provides for a game. The crowd, a melting pot of expatriates from the sub continent is never one-sided. Never partisan. The overall excitement for an India Pakistan game could give the build-up for an Ashes match a run for its money. Perhaps it has to be experienced to be believed.

I would be trespassing on the ability of an astrologer if I foresaw an exciting tournament this week and next in Sharjah. Basically I am confused; the final in April is the best advertisement for cricket in the Gulf. On the other hand, every match after that one is bound to branded as an anti-climax.

Catch-22 of sorts.

Who selected who ?

The faces behind the selection

THE quota system persists after all.

Most of the players selected themselves for the Indian team for Sharjah. The ones who were in without question were Kapil Dev, Gavaskar, Vengsarkar, Shastri, Azharuddin, Pandit, Srikkanth, Lamba, Maninder Singh and Chetan Sharma.

With ten players out of the debate, four places remained to be discussed. Since the selectors felt that the side was chockerblock with batsmen, there was ample room for accommodating medium-paced all rounders and spinners.

When the selectors and the captain met in conclave, the options had been laid out. Hanumant Singh was trying to edge in RP Singh and Gopal Sharma. Kapil Dev felt that Madan Lal and Roger Binny were indispensable. The South Zone selector felt that B. Arun had done enough to earn a place.

At this stage, Kapil Dev's argument seemed to be carrying the debate. Madan Lal and Roger Binny were inserted as numbers 11 and 12.

Two places to go. Nine men in waiting. Raju Kulkarni, B. Arun, Manoj Prabhakar, RS.S. Ghai, Sadanand Vishwanath, Arun Lal, Randhir Singh, Gopal Sharma and Navjot Singh Sidhu.

Somebody suggested that the selectors decide between Madan Lal and Binny so as to accommodate B. Arun in the squad. The argument could not be carried through.

Pankaj Roy had managed to convince the West Zone selector Tamhane to press for Randhir Singh's inclusion. It is learnt that Tamhane relented; he decided to forego Raju Kulkarni's case on the grounds that it was a short tour anyway. Pankaj Roy then turned to Manmohan Sood for that crucial vote. In return, support for Madan Lal's inclusion was assured. On the final count after much deliberation, Randhir Singh and Gopal Sharma slipped into the squad.

Arun Lal was disappointed. Pankaj Roy the East Zone selector, tried to console him. "It's not the end of the road," said Roy. "You are Test material, not one-day material," he continued.

Arun Lal was upset. What more do I have to do to prove myself ?" he asked. Pankaj Roy assured him a place in the Board President's XI against Sri Lanka. "I am sure you will get another century and prove yourself," he told Lal. "What ? Do I have to sit for my exams again ?" asked Lal.

Sadanand Vishwanath continued to be overlooked. Despite fair consistency from the first match of the season onwards, Vishwanath found few backers. For one thing, it was learnt that the captain was not supporting him. Moreover, the other selectors felt that he had been quite subdued even after the Rest had put up 600 runs. Vishwanath defended himself: "How could I help it? My captain Vengsarkar asked me to play safe. I did just that. I'll get my chance some day. The last word is performance."

CRICKET IN JODHPUR ?

WHAT exactly transpired between the Jodhpur District Cricket Association and the Rajasthan Cricket Association for the Irani Trophy is not difficult to guess.

It is learnt that even though the JDCA paid Rs 7 lakhs as guarantee money to the RCA for staging the match, the parent body did not offer any assistance to the organisation. It was for the first time that the JDCA was playing host to a major game.

The JDCA impressed with their enthusiasm, though organisational lapses were evident. The process of planting grass over the entire playing area had barely started in September. Curator Sitaram was pressed into service; his revamp of the ground earned him Rs 25,000 after the game. While the wicket was in keeping with the generally accepted standard for first-class matches in the country, the outfield was a fielding hazard.

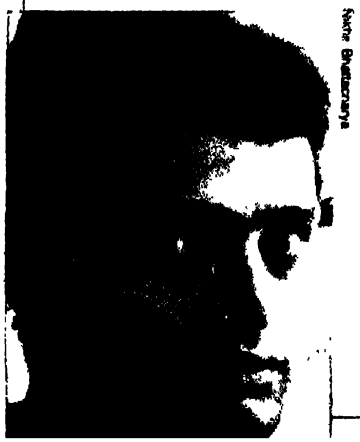
The Jodhpur Urban Improvement Trust has sanctioned Rs 2 crores for the improvement of the ground and stadium. The premises accommodates 94 rooms. The next time an important game is scheduled for Jodhpur, the organisers felt that the players would also be housed in the same complex.

Demonstrations at the start of the match protested the non-appearance of players like Shastri, Azharuddin, Kapil Dev and Gavaskar. It is learnt that in its publicity blitz before the game, the organisers had stated that the superstars would be taking part.

Telex facilities were non existent—at the ground and the CTO. A veteran scribe complained: "In all my 40 years of reporting from Melbourne to Moscow and Sydney to Seoul, I have seen nothing worse than this."

However, what surprised observers was that for one of the more important fixtures in Rajasthan, a Board official no less than P. Rungta was conspicuous by his absence.

Vishwanath: overlooked



Nalini Bhattacharya

Madan Lal: Well supported



Nalini Bhattacharya

Gossip Wallah

IN the past the Board used to be criticised for taking things lying down. Times are changing. Take an incident during the Bombay Test for example. Kapil Dev walked off with an injured back—the best part is that manager Prasanna was not even aware of the injury when asked for a statement by a Pressman—while Binny and Chetan Sharma stayed on in Bombay after having been ruled unfit at the start. And got it paid for it too.

Perhaps that's what got the Pressmen going. Rightly too. *The Afternoon Despatch and Courier* referred to this 'paid leave' during the Bombay Test. When Binny and Sharma later made an appearance during lunch for a casual warm-up, the *Courier* claimed *shabash*; its missile had got home.

As a further development, the executive committee of the Board at its meeting on 5 November decided that cricketers declared unfit for a particular match would not be paid in future.

My *khabar* says that it was selector Kripal Singh who table the motion. He had got the Board president Sriraman to give the nod while taking the flight from Bombay to Madras. Once the approval had been given, the rest was simple.

I WAS reasonably kicked when my *khabar* regarding the Indian team's selection for Sharjah was spot-on. The beer sessions during the Irani Trophy debated whether Arun Lal would be in or not. I trusted my man; his 'dope' was that Randhir would edge in at Lal's expense. When a journalist friend conveyed this to Lal, 'Piggy's' response was: "Is it? That would be a good choice. Randhir is a fighter; I would be happy if he was chosen."

You should have heard Kapil Dev enthusing about Lal. "My word, what an innings. Don't forget, his 287 was hit off West Zone's bowling. The outcome of the match would have been different if East Zone had a couple of Arun Lals." When reminded of the bat he had presented Arun Lal in England, Kapil shot back with: "Just shows that I gave it to the right man."

It's a *mazaak* how rumours take root. On 6 November, the day before the Irani Trophy, the Rest nets were conducted by Arun Lal. The word that spread around was that Vengsarkar was not coming to Jodhpur for the game. But the reason behind his absence was most interesting. The rumour was that DBV was mighty cheesed off with the Board for having overlooked him for the national captaincy time and again.

On the morning of 7 November, Vengsarkar was seen walking out to toss with Madan Lal. Rumour has been twice round the world even before Truth has had time to put on its boots. Wonder who said that?

GIVING Jodhpur the Irani Trophy was a triumph of sorts for the local association. The president of the body wanted to commemorate the fixture by presenting a gold coin for the toss. But he arrived late on the morning of the match. To be more precise, just when Ramdev Singh Ghai was going to amble in for his first over, Roshan Lal Mathur, the chief, made it straight for the ground. Madan Lal was singled out and the coin delivered. Talk of dramatics...



"After Arun Lal had scored 501 runs in two innings, someone just had to be selected from East Zone!"

GUESS who's on top of the popularity charts this cricket season? Apart from the really *burra* fishes, I mean. While your grey cells are working, read on. On 6 November when the Delhi team arrived by the Jodhpur Mail to play the Irani Trophy, a crowd of 5000 awaited them at the railway station. The roar that erupted was not 'Jimmy, Jimmy', but 'Rambo, Rambo, Rambo...'

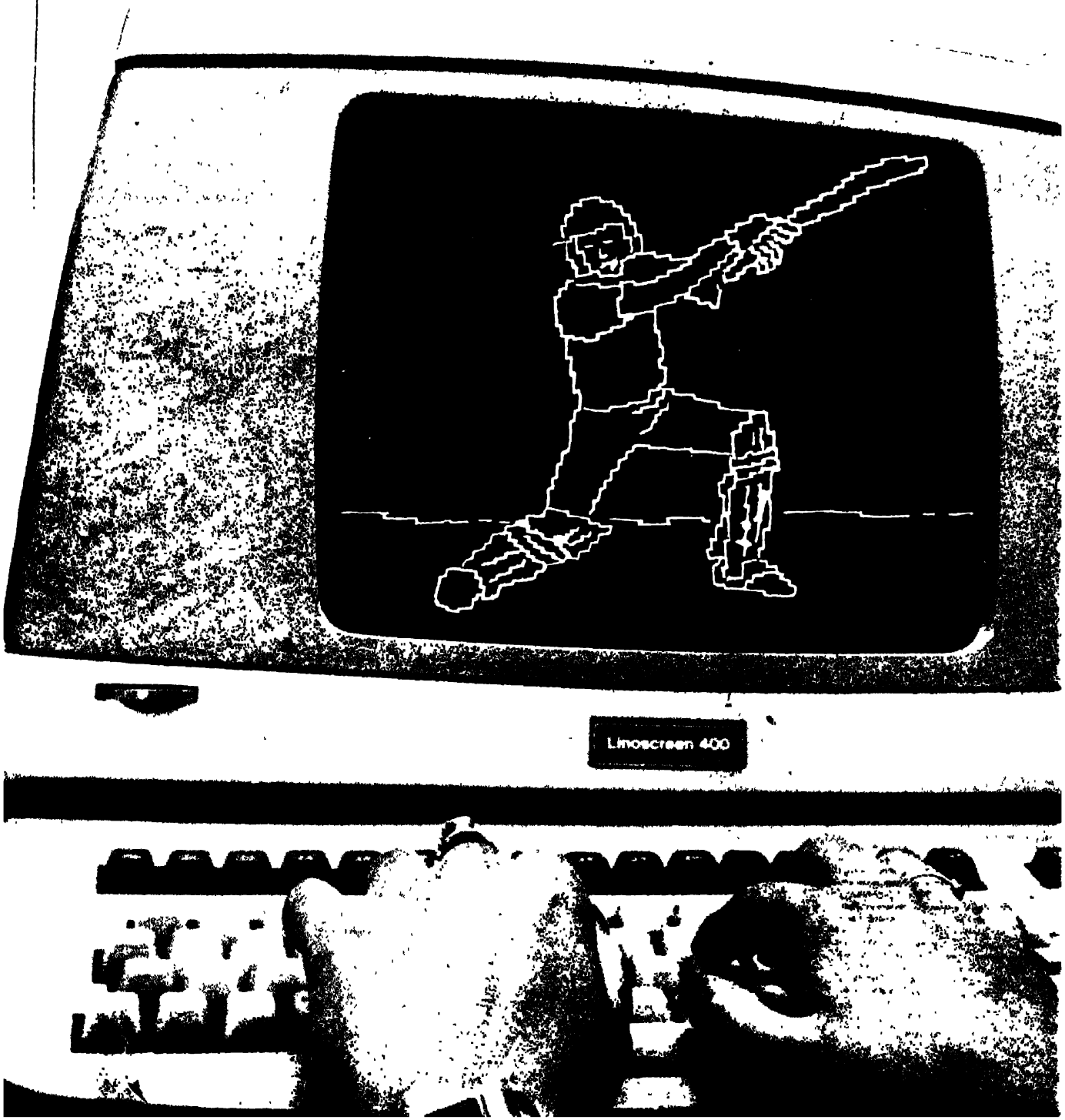
Raman Lamba's top rating was confirmed on the last day. While the prize distribution was in progress, the *josh* was unmistakable. The crowd clamoured for the Delhi opener. Just goes to show what a bit of dash can to do your reputation within a month...

IF you shook your head in disbelief when Gavaskar was dropped and then recalled, you might as well get prepared again. Quite a few ears were alerted in Jodhpur when Randhir Singh made it for the Sharjah side. Mine picked up this conversation between a selector and another: "After Arun Lal had scored 501 runs in two innings, some one just had to be selected from East Zone!"

NOTICED something quite amusing in Jodhpur. While the cricketers were put up at the Tourist Bungalow and the selectors at the Circuit House, the Board secretary and Kapil Dev had been logged in the Umaid Palace at Rs 800 a day!

10

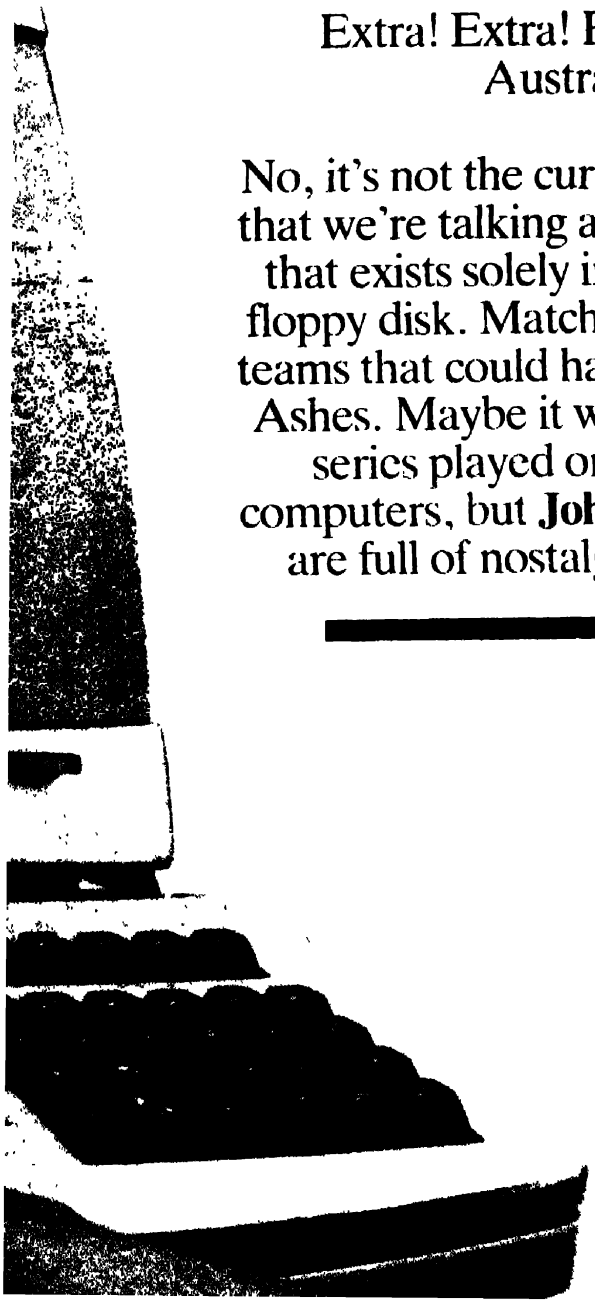
COMPUTER



CRICKET

Extra! Extra! England beat Australia!

No, it's not the current Ashes series that we're talking about. It's a series that exists solely in the tracks of a floppy disk. Matching the strongest teams that could have played for the Ashes. Maybe it was only in a Test series played on data-stuffed computers, but John King's findings are full of nostalgia and interest



WHICH is the greatest Ashes team of the last 25 years? In a highly theoretical attempt to settle the question, Australian and England teams were selected from players who played from 1960, and pitted against each other in a computer Test series. The teams were:

England	Australia
W M Lawry	G Boycott
R B Simpson	J H Edrich
R.N Harvey	E R Dexter (c)
G S Chappell	K.F Barrington
I M Chappell	M C Cowdrey
A R Border	A W Greig
R W Marsh	I T Botham
R Benaud (c)	A P E Knott
A K Davidson	F S Trueman
G D McKenzie	J B Statham
D K Lillee	D L Underwood

Each player's Test career was analysed for consistency as well as average. A batsman's scoring rate as well as his level of scores was entered into the computer. Similarly a bowler's strike rate as well as his economy was entered.

The computer then played each Test on a ball-by-all basis. Once the data was entered the only outside influence was the determination of bowling changes. Each team had a strong attack, although England had five mainline bowlers compared to Australia's four. Both teams had a strong line-up of batsmen. How will batsmen perform when faced with such a strong attack? How will bowlers perform with such a strong batting line-up pitted against them? In actual Tests it is very rare for such strength of batting or bowling to be present.

All five Tests were played over five days of six hours, each with no rain. All five Tests produced a result. As expected, both the batsmen and bowlers found the going more difficult than in real life. This

Photograph by Rajiv Bose
Illustration by Brinda Dutta

was because there were no easy bowlers for batsmen to attack, and there was strong batting to at least No. 8 in both teams.

Only three batsmen performed as expected. Barrington, with 414 runs at 51.75, headed the batting averages. He was followed by Botham (385 runs at 48.13 and Greg Chappell (464 runs at 46.40).

Four bowlers took 20 or more wickets. Benaud led the bowlers with 28 wickets at 25.64). He was followed by Trueman (24 at 26.04), Botham (21 at 26.62) and Statham (20 at 26.85). The strength of the English attack was the cause of their winning a close series 3-2.

Ian Botham's fine allround performances earned him the Man of the Series award.

Some batsmen and bowlers had dismal series, as they did occasionally during their actual careers.

Details of the Tests are as follows:

FIRST TEST, EDGBASTON

After Benaud won the toss, England had Australia in trouble at 42 for 3. Ian and Greg Chappell then rescued Australia with a 75-run partnership before Underwood removed them both. A sixth-wicket partnership between Border and Marsh added 73 runs in 73 minutes. At the end of the first day Australia were 244 for 7, and were dismissed for 305 just before lunch on the second day.

England began well and at tea were 110 for 2. After Greg Chappell broke the Boycott-Barrington partnership, removing both players, England fell to 139 for 5. Botham came in at this point and led an exciting recovery. When England were dismissed for 296 just after lunch on the third day, Botham was 98 not out, scored from 163 balls in 187 minutes.



Richie Benaud led the wicket tally with 28 wickets



Nikhil Bhattacharya

On top of the batting averages was Barrington with 414 runs

Batting a second time with a lead of nine runs, Lawry and Simpson gave Australia a sound start with a partnership of 117. Lawry and Greg Chappell shared a 110-run partnership for the third wicket before Lawry was dismissed for 102. Greg Chappell went on to score 123 in Australia's total of 404.

England began their second innings requiring 414 runs to win in 350 minutes plus 20 overs. Edrich and Boycott scored 185 in 210 minutes before Greg Chappell dismissed Boycott for 75. When the last hour started England were 327 for 2, still requiring 87. Edrich was run out for 192 with England still 79 short.

Botham entered to score 35 in 39 balls. His partnership with Barrington resulted in 58 in 76 balls in 42 minutes, and England won the match with 15 balls to spare. Ian Botham with 98 not out and 35, as well as 1 for 45 and 3 for 69, won the Man of the Match award.

SECOND TEST, LORD'S

Trueman and Statham had Australia in trouble at 28 for 2, when Harvey and Greg Chappell came together to add 61 for the third wicket. At 155 for 6 Marsh and Benaud combined in a stand of 89, and Australia were dismissed for 303.

After a promising start, with Boycott scoring 42 and Dexter 91, England fell from 231 for 5 to be all out for 266. Davidson returned figures of 4 for 48.

Australia, after losing Simpson at 14, had a 97-run stand between Lawry and Harvey. Greg Chappell and Border scored some useful runs, but Harvey was the only batsman to pass 60. Australia were out for 318.

Requiring 356 to win, England began badly, with Boycott dismissed by Davidson in the second over. Once Benaud came into the attack the England cause deteriorated even further. Only Cowdrey, with a patient 75, passed 30. Man of the Match Benaud took 6 for 41. England were dismissed for 190. Australia winning by 165 with over two hours to spare.

THIRD TEST, HEADINGLEY

England never settled down after Lillee removed Boycott and Dexter with only 21 on the board. Only Botham (54) and Greig (32), who shared a sixth-wicket stand of 65, reached 20 in England's total of 199.

Australia also began badly, with Trueman removing Simpson and Harvey for 20. Lawry (37) and Greg Chappell (57) began Australia's recovery, and Ian Chappell (90) and Border (87) added 110 for the fifth wicket, lifting Australia to 365, a lead of 166.

In England's second innings McKenzie removed Boycott and Edrich for 33. Barrington (81) led the recovery, and with support from Knott (51 not out), England scored a patient 319. Benaud was the destroyer with 5 for 91.

Australia were left to score 154 in 624 minutes, and after a fiery opening spell from Statham and Trueman, they were in difficulty at 50 for 3. But Simpson and Ian Chappell at 50 for 3. But Simpson and Ian Chappell carried Australia to a seven-wicket victory, with more than a day to spare.

Benaud, with 8 for 129 in the match, won his second Man of the Match award.

FOURTH TEST, OLD TRAFFORD

Trueman quickly removed both Simpson and Harvey without scoring, and Australia were 6 for 2. They never really recovered. Lawry batted resolutely for his 74, but Australia were all out for 173, with Botham taking 5 for 46.

After Edrich's removal at 6, England's top three batsmen gave them a good start. Boycott (58), Dexter (44) and Barrington (61) had England at 150 for 2 before a mid-innings collapse took them to 230 for 6. Greig and Knott added 82 for the seventh wicket. England's total of 361 gave them a lead of 188 on the first innings.

The Australian second innings floundered, and they were always in danger of an innings defeat. After seven wickets fell for 103, Davidson led a late recovery to a total of 196. Greig (4 for 36) and Trueman (3 for 49) were England's best bowlers.

Left with nine runs for victory, England won by 10 wickets with two days to spare. Greig's match figures of 6 for 73 and top score of 87 won him the Man of the Match award.



Trueman, with 24 wickets, was second to Benaud only

FIFTH TEST, THE OVAL

The deciding Test saw Australia make an early breakthrough and put England on the defensive. Lillee (4 for 42) and Benaud (3 for 44) kept the Englishmen on the run. They were dismissed for 192, with Trueman the highest scorer (41 not out).

The bowlers were also on top in the Australian innings. Only Greg Chappell of the main batsmen got going. Australia collapsed from 120 for 3 to 185 for 8, when McKenzie joined Benaud. They took the score to 255 before McKenzie was run out. Trueman (4 for 81) and Botham (3 for 64) were the best bowlers. Australia led by 76 on first innings.

After another early collapse to 158 for 5, Barrington and Botham came together for a partnership of 148. Barrington scored 124 while Botham top-scored with 129. Benaud's accurate bowling, in taking 5 for 114, kept Australia in the game. England were dismissed for 410, leaving Australia to score 335 in 588 minutes.

Statham and Trueman had Australia in early difficulties at 38 for 4. Then Greg Chappell and Border took the score to 96 before another collapse saw Australia at 117 for 7. Davidson joined Border for a 140-run partnership, but they were dismissed in successive overs to leave Australia at 261 for 9 and 74 runs short of victory. McKenzie and Lillee lifted Australian hopes with a 50-run stand before Botham dismissed Lillee to give England victory by 23 runs and the Ashes. Statham (4 for 74) and Botham (3 for 68) shared the bowling honours).

Man of the Match was awarded to Botham for his century and six wickets.



A pre-match social event? Ian Botham sips a beer while Dennis Lillee prefers a massage

DAYS OF FUTURE PAST

Peter Yates reports from a century hence on a cricket auction that tells much of history to come

FRIDAY, August 13 2086, saw the latest in the long line of eagerly awaited events in the cricketing calendar, the monthly Phillips' cricketana auction. The first major surprise was that the record for a complete run of *Wisdens* was *not* broken on this occasion, interrupting a sequence of 29 sales where it had been. In fact the best set went for the reasonably modest price of £14,600,328—quite a bargain, particularly when you consider that a single photocopied page from a very early edition with what was claimed to be Tim Rice's thumbprint on it went for a staggering £270,000. (Tim Rice was a well-known cricketer and collector from the late 1900s who wrote songs in his spare time.)

Artefacts from the 1980s seem to be the vogue these days, with what must surely be one of the best examples of the 'batsman's helmet' leading the way. Unbelievable as it may seem today, these ungainly movement and vision restricting items of protective gear were worn by batsmen for a brief period in the 1980s. They emerged to help combat barrages of continuous four-pace bowler attacks which, it is said, delivered the ball at speeds of over 90mph with the sole intention of decapitating the batsman rather than disturbing the bails, though current experts agree that such stories are much exaggerated.

Helmets ceased to be used when the TCCB introduced measures to curb intimidatory bowling: white lines were painted halfway down the pitch, the stumps were reduced in size, run-ups were limited to five paces, and the bowler's non-delivery arm was tied behind his back. These days the measures are seen to have been draconian and were undoubtedly instrumental in causing the present world glut of legspinners. Anyway, batsmen soon decided that the helmet was cumbersome and unnecessary, and it disappeared as quickly as it had been introduced.

The example that went under the hammer at this sale is particularly interesting. It belonged to an England captain of the 1980s, Michael Gatting. The helmet has a large dent in it caused not by a ball but by a clash of heads in a mix-up when running between the wickets. Gatting, so legend has it, was so wide that his partners had great difficulty in running around him, and they often collided. ('You should see the other bloke's helmet,' Gatting is quoted as saying.) The incident prompted the introduction of the now-familiar running lanes painted down the side of the pitch. People often wonder why one of these is twice the size of the other, the reason being, of course, that it was 'Gatting's Lane'.

Among miscellaneous items which aroused interest was Lot 111, a couple of plates. The first, from 1998, commemorates Geoffrey Boycott's 300th century, and the second, also a Boycott plate, celebrates his fifth testimonial and carries the inscription 'One hundred thousand pounds in May'.

A real collector's piece came from the 1989 season, one of the pocket televisions issued to umpires in the Test series to assist with close decisions. These, of course, were withdrawn immediately because a certain umpire admitted he was watching the racing from Catterick when he missed an important runout.

One of the plastic pitches which every major cricket ground was compelled to install in 1992 was also on offer. They were intro-



Another exhibit was a helmet with a large dent. Apparently Gatting's girth prevents players from running around him. They usually collide

duced after the farcical situation the previous season when one county decided to play all their home games on the beach because they said it was no worse than some of the away pitches they played on. The plastic pitch, though, was quickly discarded when it was realised that if all pitches were perfect and the same there could be no excuses and commentators had nothing to talk about.

Book section

Of most interest in the whole sale was the book section, and one book in particular – a rather dog-eared copy of a cult book of the 1980s which has surfaced recently. Publication of *The Pink Selector* by 'A County Cricketer' caused the biggest scandal and upset in cricket since the Packer affair 10 years earlier. Very few copies of this book survive because officials of the TCCB went around buying up every available copy, which they burnt in a big bonfire at Lord's with an effigy of 'A County Cricketer' on top which bore a remarkable resemblance to one I T Botham. In fact everyone recognised that Botham didn't write the book as he was under a court injunction at the time that prevented him from saying or writing anything except nursery rhymes (his favourite was *Pot Goes the Weasel*) on pain of being sent into internal exile in Basildon. (Historical note: these days I.T. Botham is best remembered as the man who introduced pot-smoking into cricket.

It's hard to believe, isn't it, that back in the dark ages of cricket 100 years ago, cannabis was actually illegal and was a prescribed substance by the TCCB. These days, of course, we recognise it as one of the most healthy things known to man and no one would ever dream of going out to bat without first having a couple of puffs. More incredible still is that gin was actually *legal*, hadn't been banned by the TCCB, and was also said to be drunk by Test selectors, though these days we recognise this to be the mere stuff of legend.)

Secret diary

The Pink Selector, a kind of *Secret Diary of an MCC Mole*, immediately became a cult book among cricket-followers, with spectators furtively passing well-thumbed photocopies to each other under their umbrellas at Test matches. Naturally it was banned from all cricket grounds, one umpire being struck off the list for having a copy in his pocket. He claimed he'd confiscated it from the bowler, but the bowler, having just had three lbw decisions turned down, denied it.

As no-one would own up to authorship of *The Pink Selector*, despite a long and acrimonious investigation by the TCCB, they ended up banning every county cricketer from playing for England, including the touring party that had just been selected for Australia that winter. Instead they selected a party of ex-players, mainly commentators, captained by Richie Benaud. This caused a minor outcry because some people claimed that Benaud wasn't English, though when the TCCB regulations on registration were studied closely it was discovered that anyone who worked for the BBC was deemed to be English for the purpose of Test selection.

The subsequent tour, of course, became the most notorious of all time. England won 5-0 but in the process provoked the great bowling intimidation controversy from which cricket never fully recovered. One of the ex-players was fast bowler Fred Trueman. Before delivering the ball he would describe in explicit detail the exact ball he was about to bowl, ideally suited to batsman, pitch, weather, light and the state of British politics. The unfortunate batsman, on hearing all this and realising that the ball would be totally unplayable, immediately surrendered his wicket without the ball being bowled.

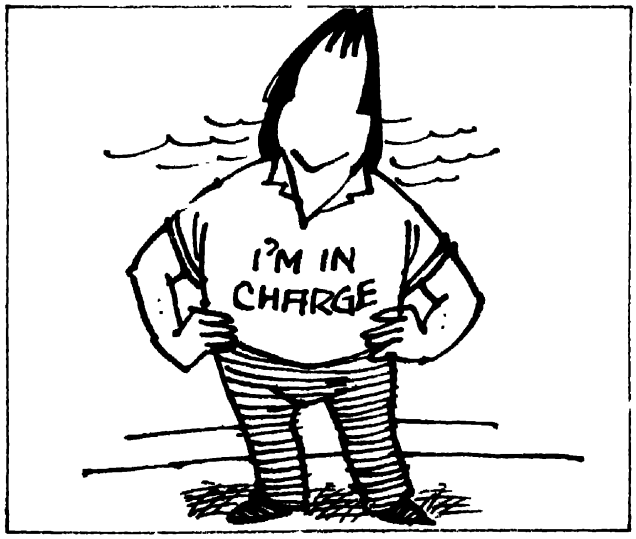
Bowling in tandem with Trevor Bailey, who at the end of every over would explain in precise detail exactly what had happened, causing the batsman to retire bored, the partnership became the most feared. In cricket and Australia refused to play England again until the two retired again. Unfortunately the cricket loving public in England, having discovered what it was like to have radio commentary without these two, refused to allow them back. (It was also quite nice, everyone thought, to have a winning England team.) Then an Old Aussie XI emerged to challenge England, followed by Old West Indies and Old All-The Rest-Of'Em, leading to the present day two-tier system where cricketers play as an apprentice for 10 years, commentate for 10 years, then graduate to the real game.

Rare edition

Despite the interest created by this rare edition of *The Pink Selector*, it failed to reach its reserve price and will stay for the present with the May family.

Looking forward to next month's sale, three items that catch the eye are a 1980s captain's T-shirt (inscribed 'I'm in charge', they were awarded to successful England captains of the day, the highest accolade in cricket); a well-preserved example of a batting machine (nicknamed 'Geoff', these were taken on tour to give the bowlers something authentic to bowl at in the nets); and the *Who's Who of Cricket Commentators* (in the 1990s no-one would contemplate sitting down at home to listen to or watch cricket without this lengthy and indispensable tome).

Prospective buyers should note that cash is not accepted at these sales unless accompanied by a banker's authorisation.



"...a 1980's captain's T-shirt (inscribed 'I'm in charge, were awarded to successful England captains of the day) the highest accolade..."

The Decline Of US Tennis

Life if you could call it that—was pretty dull for Henry B. Chesapeake Jr. Much of this was due to the fact that he was dead. A former tennis champion-turned administrator, he had died in his home city of New York in November 1956. Now, thirty years later, he was sent back to earth (on a special visa, of course) to see how the rest of the world was getting along. What follows is an ingeniously-obtained transcript of his reflections on the present state of tennis in the land of his birth...

THE first thing I wanted to do when I got back down here was to meet that young whippersnapper, John McWhat'shisname and dispell his favourite notion. You see, contrary to his beliefs, every single tennis umpire and linesman who has died has subsequently gone straight to heaven. I wanted to tell him that quite a lot of former players who thought they'd have it easy in the next life went to hell instead.

Unfortunately, I didn't get to meet him, but in the course of my travels here on earth, the thing that struck me most is how tennis has changed. It seems people make a great deal of money out of the game now. In fact, I've even given up trying to calculate how many million Big Bill Tilden would have made if he had been born half a century later.

Another truth that saddened me was how the prestige of the United States has taken a battering over the last couple of years. It seems that only the ladies are doing their bit, thanks to Martina Navratilova and Chris Lloyd. But you can't really count Martina as one of ours, can you? I mean, she was born in Czechoslovakia, so why should we Americans take credit for her achievements. Yes, I know we made her a citizen of the US, but this is about the best case of reflected glory I've ever come across. Why should our national tennis association, our national press and the country in general, take the credit for her victories?

Fine, I can understand if the schools in Florida are given a holiday if Chrissie Lloyd wins Wimbledon (although I doubt she'll do that again). The youngster whom we all thought was a future champion in every sense of the word was Tracy Austin, who was probably still in braces and reading Alice In Wonderland when she won her first US Open title. But then, she burned out, didn't she? Maybe no one likes to use that word, ..they say she took an extended time off the circuit or other pithy euphemisms. But the truth is, she just went into it too early and too heavy.

The kid with pigtails—what was her name now ..Andrea Jaeger—she was the one who looked like she would be a world beater one day. It doesn't seems like three and a half years ago that she reached her first Wimbledon singles final. Of course, by that time, the pigtails had gone, replaced by a shorter, fashionable hairstyle. But she went the Austin way too. So where does that leave us now? The only girl I've seen with any talent is Kathy Rinaldi, but she's got quite a while to go before she hits the bigtime.

So we're faring pretty dismally in the talent stakes. That would perhaps be tolerable if our players were nice-looking, but it seems we've even lost out on that front as well. The young girl from Argentina, Gabriela Sabatini, is about the most beautiful tennis lady I've ever seen (and I saw Gussie Moran in her heyday) and though it might seem unfair, she's got a bonus when it comes to playing talent. She is the real champion of the future. But, mark my world, those diligent young lads in the United States press corps -bless their materialistic little souls—will seize upon the fact that Sabatini has chosen to live in the United States and will claim her as one of our own the moment she starts pushing Navratilova and Lloyd.

I was also impressed by Hana Mandlikova and Steffi Graf. I think Mandlikova has come a long way, both in terms of tennis and also in terms of emotional balance. She seems to have a far greater belief in her own skills now than when she first made the Wimbledon final in 1981, when she was lathered by Lloyd. Graf doesn't strike me as being the most pleasing player to watch, but she hits that ball like she's got some sort of grudge against it. I just wish she'd smile now and then.

I'm glad I'm just passing through, in transit so to speak. I don't think I'd be able to live with the fact that our men seems incapable of upholding the tradition of guys like Tilden. They say tennis domination goes through cycles and they're certainly not wrong in surmising that the American cycle is going downhill, with no brakes and only a steep cliff in sight.

I'm talking about players of the calibre of Jimmy Arias, Aaron Krickstein, Robert Seguso, Ken Flach and Brad Gilbert. They seem like they all fit perfectly into the Eminently Forgettable Characters slot in world tennis. Nice enough fellows, all of them, but I can't see them ever winning the Davis Cup or bringing home a major singles title, unless you count something like the Kathmandu Open or the Devil's Creek Invitational.

The kid I had singled out for great things was Scott Davis, but he might still



prove me wrong. Okay, so he made the last Masters, but that was no big deal. Tennis immortality does not mean being part of a sixteen-man field, and the sooner Davis realises that, the better for him. I'd rate him as the best second-string male player around, but even he is streets away from being world class. Apart from the stalwarts like Conners and McWhat-'shisname, do you realise that the last American to reach a Wimbledon singles final was Roscoe Tanner, way back in 79? That just goes to prove my theory



(Left) There are no Yanks as beautiful as Gabriella Sabatini and none who have contributed as much as Connors (below).



that our talent bank is abysmally shallow and in danger of drying up completely.

I reckon Connors has done us proud by sticking to the professional tour for so long. He's the oldest regular on the circuit now and it doesn't surprise me too much to see that his winning graph has slumped towards the doldrums. It must irk him to know that he can't jump all over his opponents any more (remember how Connors slaughtered Ken Rosewall in the 1974 Wimbledon final?) and you don't need to be very perceptive to realise that Jimbo isn't too many tournaments away from throwing away his steel Wilson which looks so sadly out of place among the graphite rackets and their ilk.





Martina (right) is unfortunately actually Czech while the wonderkid who fizzled out, Tracy Austin (below) is unfortunately American

John McEnroe could revive American tennis

McWhat'shisname is an interesting proposition, though. Half the world had written him off and the other half thinks he can make it back to the number one spot. I hope for the sake of America that he finds his old championship form, but I wish his parents had sent him to a Swiss finishing school or something. His court behaviour stinks and while that does wonders for attendances, it doesn't do much either for the image of the game or for providing an example to youngsters.

That's another reason why I'm so impressed with the new crop of youngsters coming up. Boris Becker has done great things to revive the image of the cleancut tennis champion. So has Pat Cash, the gutsy young Australian who looks such an interesting proposition for 1987. But the guy who really gets my vote is the French lad, Henri Leconte. He has it all. He could be another Jean Borotra, champion and entertainer all rolled into one. He's got style, he can belt the ball when he wants, he's got panache...and most of all he's so theatrical that you think he's going to bow to the crowd and come back for a couple of curtain calls at the end of a good match.

I'm glad I played my tennis in the Twenties. Because I think any author who plans a book on Great American Champions in the Nineties will be left with only the preface and no chapters inside.

Unless Lendl takes US citizenship or McWhat'shisname hits paydirt.

The transcript of Henry B. Culpepper's reflections was carried out by *David McMahon*





I Can See No Hope For Indian Hockey...

...Especially with the way things stand, says **M.A.M. Ramaswamy,** President of the Indian Hockey Federation speaking to **Partab Ramchand,** 'MAM' hits out at the Government, the Government-run sport's bodies and the National Institute of Sports, Patiala and calls for the import of foreign coaches

SPORTSWORLD: The question that is upmost in the minds of every Indian hockey lovers is, what went wrong with the Indian team at the London World Cup and the Seoul Asian games?

MAM RAMASWAMY: Firstly, I would like to say that we should not criticise our players for what happened. They did their best under most adverse circumstances both at Seoul and London. They were probably a tired lot when they reached London. Playing two international tournaments in a row is a tough proposition. Still they performed as well as they could losing only narrowly to Pakistan, New Zealand, Poland and Spain. They drew with West Germany, which was a creditable feat and suffered only one bad loss to Australia. At Seoul I feel we were rather unlucky to lose to Pakistan, again by a narrow margin.

But that is no consolation since we finished last in the twelve-nation World Cup. There must be another explanation!

There is. The debacle is a result of various factors. The first and most important is the lack of support from the Government. Let me state categorically that there is no future for Indian hockey unless the Government seriously helps the IHF.

Could you elaborate on that last statement?

I could give you many examples to support what I have said. I have repeatedly said that unless there are more astro turf surfaces in this country, the game will never improve. At the moment we have two such surfaces, or should I say one and a half. There is one in Delhi and a badly damaged one at Patiala.

Playing on natural grass is a thing of the past. No country in the world does it now, except us. The condition laid down by the IOA to get more artificial surfaces to this country is that the State Government should meet 50 per cent of the cost. Laying an astro turf costs Rs 45 to 50 lakhs and so how can the state shell out the money? It is the business of the all India sports bodies and the Government to come up with the money. But there is no Government support for the game.

You seem to be putting a lot of emphasis on the laying of astro turf surfaces in this country!

That's because I want Indian hockey to improve and the laying of such surfaces is a major factor towards that improvement. I said we have one and a half such fields. Let me give you some statistics to show how far behind we are. In European countries like Holland, West Germany and Spain there are astro turfs all over the place. Holland has 140 such fields, Germany 200 and Spain 50. Even smaller Asian countries are better off. Hong Kong has eight and Malaysia the same number. Even Pakistan, which is similar to India in so many ways, has five fields.

Many countries are in fact manufacturing artificial surfaces, whereas we are not in a position to import. How can our players be expected to perform miracles against strong opposition on artificial surfaces when all our major tournaments are played on grass. Why, the Nationals at Bangalore last year were played on gravel! and performances on this surface served as a yard stick for selection for the national team.

My own firm opinion is that all major cities in this country should have two

If I sound angry, bitter and frustrated, it is because of the inaction of the government-controlled sport's bodies who seem to have little time or regard for Indian hockey

astro turf fields and all other cities one. There should be 50 such surfaces in the country. I would ask the Government to lay these surfaces first and if the results are not forthcoming they can blame the IHF. There is no point in blaming the IHF now.

You have made your point for the laying of artificial surfaces quite strongly. But surely this is not the only factor which is responsible for the decline of hockey standards in this country?

Yes, you are right. While the lack of astro turf fields are a major factor, there are at least two or three major aspects that have to be looked into. One is the urgent need for a foreign coach. You see, the game has changed considerably, largely because of the artificial pitches. When the surface changes, the game changes. The rules have changed. There is little artistry left in the game, it is mostly hit and run. Dribbling does not play a major role in the game but merely serves as ancilliary support. Trapping the ball dead and conversion of penalty corners are two very important things in the game today and as millions of TV viewers all over the country would have noticed, it is in these two important aspects that we fail. Chiefly because our coaching methods are outdated.

But isn't it ironic that India which taught the game to the world are now to try and get the services of a foreign coach?

You are talking like an old timer. It is no use talking about the days of Dhyan Chand and Roop Singh. In those days hardly any country played hockey. Now things have changed. As I said, the game has changed, and it is time we adapt our game to this. And I firmly believe only a foreign coach is good for Indian hockey at this stage. After all, did not Australia import Indian coaches? and did not their game improve? When we can have foreign coaches for other games I can't see why we can't have one for hockey. It is time to be practical about these things rather than continue to live in the "good old days."

The game has changed considerably...and our coaching methods are outdated. I firmly believe only a foreign coach is good for Indian hockey at this stage

What are the other factors you had in mind that need looking into?

The training facilities at NIS, Patiala for instance are badly outdated. There is no systematic training and the coaching methods are outdated. And the less said about the playing conditions the better. How can one produce world class players on such surfaces? Hockey cannot be played on a tennis court and tennis cannot be played on a football field. Here I must congratulate P.T. Usha in particular and our other girl athletes for winning medals. They did so well in spite of the woeful facilities



extended to them. If only they enjoyed the kind of facilities that athletes from other countries have, Usha and the others would have performed wonders.

Let me ask a question. The girls hail from Kerala and Karnataka. Have the authorities there laid a single synthetic track for their benefit, which they can run and practise? Hockey, like athletics, suffers from want of proper grounds. There is a cricket stadium in every major city. Why should there not be a hockey stadium? It is obvious that hockey has no support or patronage from the Government or its agencies.

You want more astro turf pitches laid. Isn't that basically your grouse against the government?

That is not the only instance of government in action. Let me give you another example. The IHF secretary Mr K.L. Passi was not cleared to attend the FIH meeting at Brussels last month. It was at our expense and yet he was not cleared. No woman member was also cleared. I attended alone and how much can I say on my own. Let me say here that the President and Secretary of the FIH are very sympathetic to India. They are very sorry to see India's poor performances . and they would like to have more Indians on the various committees of the FIH. But unless they meet them in person, how can they elect them.

The top officials are ready to come to India for the Indira Gandhi Memorial Tournament to be held next year. They are ready to meet government officials here and try and convince them on the need for the laying of artificial pitches in the country. But without proper representation on the FIH, hardly anything can be achieved for Indian hockey. And here we have the government not even clearing the IHF secretary.



Pradeep Paul

Harmik Singh, who is not the most popular of chaps, was forced upon us as the coach of the Seoul bound team by the NIS. I didn't even know that Harmik was the coach till I reached Seoul

As a result we had Munir Sait, an official delegate voting on behalf of Indian women's hockey. I cannot get Indian officials elected to the FIH committees in absentia. In this connection I hope to meet the Prime Minister, Mrs Alva and Mr Narasimha Rao soon to impress upon them the need to implement the various programmes for the uplift of Indian hockey.

The IHF has a past record of being faction ridden and plagued by politics. Does the problem still exist?

No, there are no factions but there are certain incidents that do not represent the best interests in Indian hockey. For example, Harmik Singh, who is not the most popular of chaps, was forced upon us as the coach of the Seoul bound team by the NIS. I did not even know that Harmik was the coach till I reached Seoul. Then the last minute change as manager could not have helped the side. Jhaman Lal Sharma backed out since he was nominated Director of Sports in the UP government. Then during the matches in London, I have it on good authority that certain players, even though they were off form, were played while other players, in form, were not played. But by and large the atmosphere in the IHF is certainly better now in these last two years since I have begun my second term than it was during my first term in the Seventies.

If I sound angry, bitter and frustrated, it is because of the inaction of the government-controlled sports bodies who seem to have little time or regard for Indian hockey. If the government wants me to step down, I am prepared. Indian hockey is more important to me than being IHF chief. I am prepared to help the new president from outside using connections as senior vice president, Asian Hockey Federation and Vice President, FIH.

I feel for example that someone like Gen. Maneckshaw would make a good IHF President. He is a strict disciplinarian and a no nonsense army man who is also close to government circles. He can get certain things done which I can't, my hands being tied.

For instance...

Do you know, for example, that I went practically on my own expenses to Seoul, London and Brussels. I was given a daily allowance of 140 dollars which is laughable considering that the room alone cost 115 dollars a day. Where was I to go for food, transportation and incidental expenses? I was standing for two elections. But there was no entertainment allowance. I was given a total of 3200 dollars for my stay in Seoul, London and Brussels. On the daily allowance of 140 dollars, that comes to about 23 days whereas my whole trip was extended to 38 days.

What about the remaining 15 days? I took nothing from the IHF or the IOA. That is why I say I practically went at my own cost. Maybe I have the resources to manage, but what about some other officials? Is this any way to treat a top sports official on an important assignment? As things stand, I can see no hope for Indian hockey.

What would be the programme you would recommend for the Indian team at the moment?

Right now I would say the players need a good



long rest. They should not even see a hockey stick for some time. At least till the end of the year let them spend time with their families. From the start of the next year could begin their systematic training under a foreign coach. Oh yes, and also a physical instructor. With modern hockey so much dependant on physical fitness such a person is absolutely essential. Then could follow 18 months of systematic training. Fortunately or unfortunately, we have no international engagements till the 1988 Olympic Games at Seoul except for the tournament at Ipoh (Malaysia) in April next year.

We should use this period for a rigorous training session. There is talent aplenty in India. The national side could revolve around Thoiba Singh, Subramani, R.P. Singh, Somayya, Carvalho, Shahid, Pargat Singh, M.P. Singh, Vineet Kumar and Rawat. Six more young players need to be discovered during the next six months and with proper coaching, this could be turned into a formidable Indian squad.

The players need a good long rest. They should not even see a hockey stick for some time. They should spend some time with their families till the end of the year

One of the important decisions taken by the FIH at the Brussels meeting was not to have any international tournaments played on grass. Considering this, what is the position of the Indira Gandhi Memorial Tournament which was to be played on grass at Varanasi?

Immediately after returning from Brussels I wrote to Mr Lokpathi Tripathi about the FIH decision and requested him to change the venue to Delhi where it could be played on artificial turf. The tournament promises to be a major event in the world calendar. Invitations have been sent to Great Britain, Pakistan, Malaysia, Germany, Australia, Poland, Kenya, Spain, USSR, Holland and Korea. Initially, the response was not very encouraging as no international team like to play on grass nowadays. But with the switch over to artificial turf, I have no doubt that the response will be encouraging.



There is still hope

Former Olympian, captain and selector **Gurbux Singh** differs with MAM Ramaswamy on some matters concerning the future of Indian hockey

I DO not believe that it is the end of the road for Indian hockey. There is still hope if the future is planned and carried through in a proper manner.

I agree with the IHF President that the prime need at this stage is the import of synthetic surfaces.

The reason why we have fallen behind the Europeans, is that our players do not have the opportunity to play on the surfaces now being used in international tournaments. More important, is that our players learn their basic skills on the natural surface and therefore find it very difficult to adjust to the artificial turfs especially against players who have been bred on the artificial surfaces. If your formative years have been spent no grass, on matter how many camps you have, on the astro fields of NIS, Patiala and National Stadium, Delhi, it will make no difference to the players at all.

The choice of a coach—European or Indian—is at this stage of secondary importance. We are now looked upon as being at the bottom of world hockey's numerical ladder. I doubt it we can do worse than finish number twelve in the future. We can only do better. So why should the European coach take the credit for this "improvement"? I would go to the extent of saying that if the foreign coach can make us Olympic or World Champions, *then* he would have achieved something praiseworthy. By helping us to finish third or fourth he would not have done anything an Indian coach is not capable of. This because I still feel that we are in the four to six bracket in world hockey. We are surely not in the top two but equally definite is that we are not number 12.

Mr Ramaswamy's defense of the players who went to Seoul and London is justified. But his criticism of the coaches is uncalled for. All our players have been brought up on skills and tactics pertinent only to the game on natural surfaces. How can you expect the Harmik Singhs and the Ajitpal Singhs to change an individual's basic skills and outlook to the the game in training camps that last for a few weeks. We have to make sure that youngsters start playing hockey on artificial surfaces right from their formative years. At the moment coaches have no major role to play.

It is of vital importance that at least four or six artificial surfaces are imported immediately and laid in the main cities. Moreover, after this the IHF should ban the playing of national level competitions on natural turf.

With the present set-up, of playing National Championships on grass and even gravel, we are obviously choosing many wrong people to represent the country. When the national team is chosen on the basis of performances on natural turf some players who would do much better on artificial surfaces lose out. We have to produce and choose players who can play hockey in its modern concept. Not players who are more suited to the natural surfaces. Shahid is a genius and a must in the Indian team but even his dribbling has no relevance to the new game.

For all this the IHF is to blame. The federation should make it compulsory that, money or no money, the National Championships have to be played on artificial surfaces.

The IHF Chief has made a very valid point that India has to have representatives in the International Hockey Federation (FIH). Unless we have our say at that level we cannot object to any change in rules that are being implemented. Unlike Pakistan, India has never had any kind of influence in the international body. Even when we do have representation, it is in the farm of non technical officials. Unless the man representing us has a knowledge of the game he will not be able to sucessfully argue against any rule change or come up with counter suggestions. If the government refuges to clear officials to attend FIH meetings, then they are making a big blunder. Today hockey cannot be won on the field alone. Public relations and other boardroom manoeuvering is very much part of the game. Take for example Pakistan. Having finished eleventh in the recently-concluded London World Cup they were automatic non-starters at the Six-Nation Champions Trophy next year. But using their influence at the highest levels they have got the format of the tournament changed. Eight teams will now compete for the trophy and Pakistan is one of them. India could never have pulled off such a coup.

We are obviously choosing many wrong people to represent the country. Shahid is a genius and a must in the team, but even his dribbling has no relevance to the new game

TECHNICAL knowledge is not only a necessity for those representing us in the international bodies, but the same should be the case with our team managers. A Manager who has played the game at a high



Sunil Mahindra

level can be of immense help to the coach in team selection and in tactical decisions during a match. Merely being a member of the IHF's executive body is no qualification for a team manager.

But then that is the problem with Indian hockey. Non-technical people run everything. Take for instance the inquiry committee that the IHF has set up to look into the Seoul and London debacles. The members of the committee are in no way connected with the technical aspects of the game. Moreover, none of them was present either at the South Korea capital or in London. So, like so many previous IHF and Government inquiry committees, this new one too will have no net result. It's just an eyewash.

We have to make sure that youngsters start playing hockey on artificial surfaces right from their formative years. The choice of a coach—European or Indian—is, at this stage, of secondary importance

A better idea would be to appoint an observer team of three or four technical people preferably former hockey players. These people should accompany our squad, independent of the team's management. They should report back to the IHF and the government not only about the individual and team performances but also on the technical aspects and changes of the other teams. All hope should not be lost as yet. We have a year and a half before the Seoul Olympiad and I believe that if our players begin now to play both during practice and in competition on poly grass (the turf used at Seoul) and if there are a few changes made from the current squad, then we have a chance of winning the gold. Optimistic. Yes, but then we cannot afford to be otherwise.

A Day of Drama

SATURDAY, November 8, was Somerset's day of decision. Members from all parts of this agricultural shire congregated at Taunton to listen and judge the arguments put forward by supporters of the County cricket committee's action in sacking Viv Richards and Joel Garner, the two West Indian stars who have been with the club for the past thirteen and ten years respectively and, together with Ian Botham, made it a household name for the first time in its history; the faithful also weighed the points made by the rebel opposition who demanded that the sacked stars be retained, insisting that their dismissal was poor reward for years of unrivalled service.

Richards still has much good cricket left in him, but among the duties of an overseas professional are some that require him to keep an avuncular eye on the younger members of the playing staff, including those in the Second XI; give them counsel and pass on to them the benefits of his skill and experience. In a word, the pro is expected to be a major influence in the dressing room and beyond.

Martin Crowe in his one season with Somerset was all of these things: a gifted scorer of runs and a force for accord and harmony all round. He is ten years younger than Richards with an international career still in the process of being built.

There were good men and true (and one woman) who spoke on both sides. The ex-Somerset opener Peter Denning on behalf of the opposition recalled that Richards has hit nine centuries in a season which in his case had taken fourteen summers to compile. There were a couple more speakers who pointed to Peter Roebuck's letter to Richards at the start of the season promising him loyalty in the warmest possible terms. Someone else criticised the offer of a contract to Crowe before the West Indian stars were informed that theirs were to be terminated. Surely this smacked of duplicity?

But Nigel Popplewell, who left the cricket scene at the end of 1985 for a career in law, presented the other side of the coin. The two Caribbean stars, he alleged, had become a law unto themselves. The dressing room atmosphere was simply terrible. Team spirit had vanished and Richards and Garner, while often giving less than their best, expected their bread-and-butter colleagues to perform above themselves. Neither were the superstars too concerned with the well being of younger staff or about their cricketing future.

In the end, the decision to back the Committee was, in my opinion, the right one. It affirmed the principle that the game is bigger than even the greatest players. To forget this, as Yorkshire foolishly did with Geoff Boycott, is to invite certain ruin.

Richards equally is no saint. He can in turn be charming and boorish. For instance, was there any need to abuse the County Chairman Len Hill and the Cricket Committee Chairman Brian Langford when they came to the dressing room to explain the County's decision? And then there was an incident in the Delhi Test in 1984 when given out LBW the great man broke som of the dressing room furniture in his rage and uttered a few choice imprecations on Indians in general.

Nobody today plays cricket with the skill and flair of the West Indians. They are a joy to behold and have been so for a long time. But their tactics and attitudes leave much to be desired. Black power hot-gospelling is a trifle wearing for other ears and it is time that West Indian superstars realised that with the fame that cricket has given them also come their responsibilities to this most wonderful of games and its tradition of chivalry and fair play.



Rush: still scoring

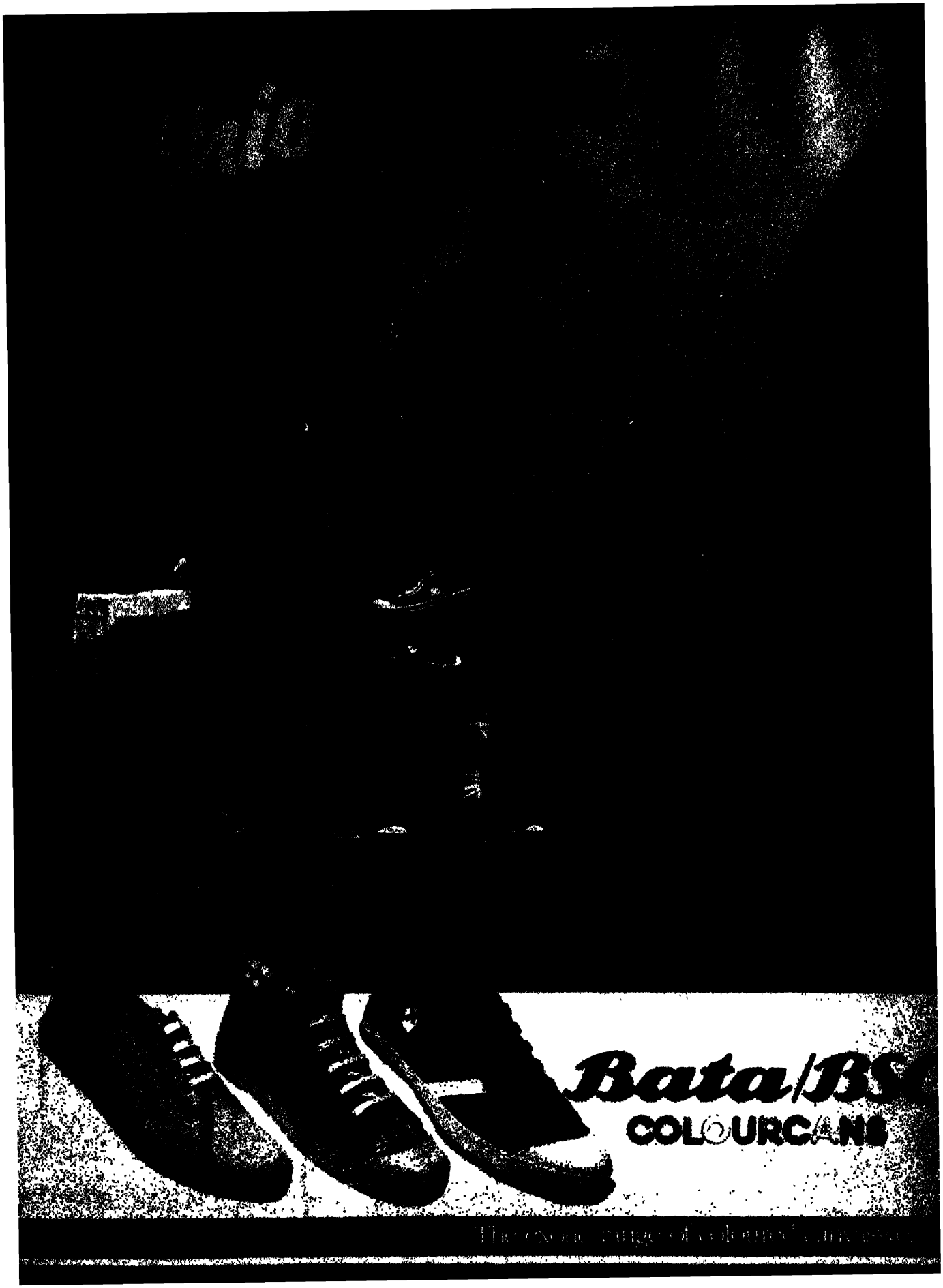
IT certainly was a day of drama for football too. As I had foretold earlier this season the writing was on the wall for Ron Atkinson, the Manchester United manager. I felt he would be lucky to survive to Christmas, but the club's directors wielded the axe this week after their side's comprehensive defeat in the Littlewood Cup (named after the sponsor of what used to be known as the League or Milk Cup) by Southampton.

United in a swift move got Alex Ferguson, manager of Aberdeen in the Scottish Premier Division, to try the lusher pastures south of the border. Within 24 hours of Atkinson's sacking, Ferguson had packed his packs and was lodged in the United managerial seat.

Meanwhile, Liverpool-who else?-have crept back almost unnoticed to the top of the English First Division. They beat Queens Park Rangers 3-1, with Rush, Walsh and Johnstone getting their goals, and overtook Nottingham Forest who lost by a solitary goal to Coventry. Liverpool and Forest have an identical 26 points from 14 games, but the former with the better goal difference have inched ahead.

Manchester United may be good drama, but Liverpool provide the class. Who would be so bold as to say they won't retain their League title? And it is only the beginning of November. Only true champions have the capacity to magnetise such faith.

Praman Addy, London


Bata/B
COLOURCAN

All out for 53!

The West Indies actually lose

THE West Indians being beaten in a limited overs match—post Lord's 1983 especially—has been heard of. But West Indies being beaten in a Test match? That too on a Faisalabad pitch? Where if you went you got out only if it pleased yourself...

Well, this story is not as authentic as a three rupee note.

West Indies were bowled out for 53 in the second innings. Pakistan, who had conceded a lead of 89 runs in the first innings, eventually won the match by 187 runs. Talk of Ripley's...

West Indies' susceptibility to spin is not entirely a theory that can be dismissed without scrutiny. The last time that West Indies had been dismissed in a Test match was in Australia in 1984-85. On that particular occasion—Clive Lloyd's last Test—it took a left armer, Murray Bennett and leg spinner, Bob Holland to undo the West Indians.

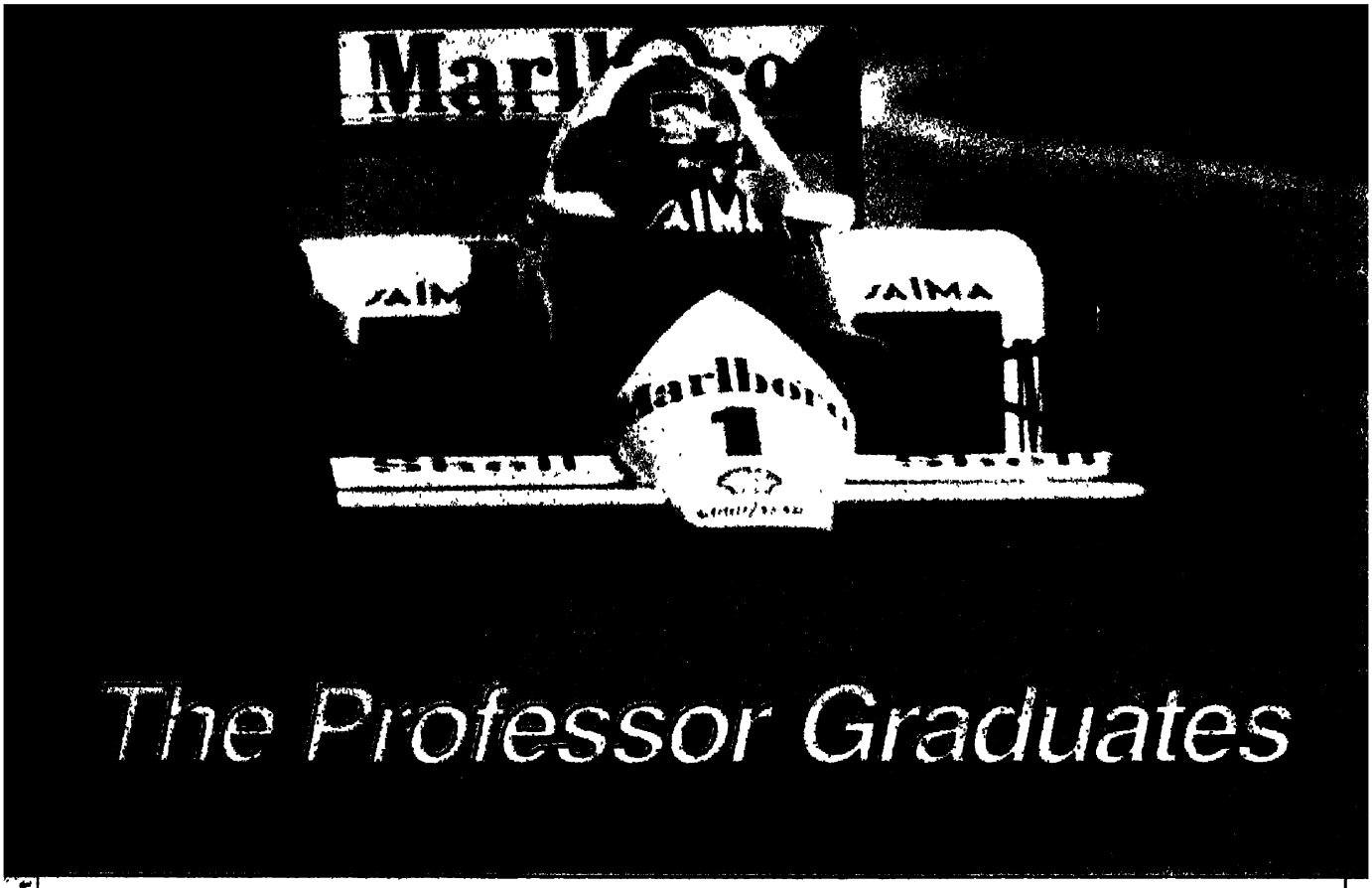
Are the West Indians particularly fallible to spin? This cannot be answered with any surety. The reservations are: a quality spinner will probably succeed against anyone, the West Indians not excluded. Another is that the West Indians, though they are the best side in the world today, cannot always be expected to succeed. Pakistan is perhaps the most difficult country to tour. Faisalabad is probably its most exacting venue.

SCORES: Pakistan 159 and 328 (Salim Yousuf 61, Wasim Akram 66) beat West Indies 248 and 53 (Imran 4 for 23, Qadir 5 for 13) by 187 runs.




PLAYER'S
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola


Coca-Cola
WILLS
Coca-Cola



The Professor Graduates

While Alain Prost went about notching up his second Formula One drivers' championship, Nigel Mansell was definitely lucky to escape with just a shattered dream

WHY are people attracted to speed? They know it's dangerous. Maybe that's what makes it even more attractive. The acceleration of the pulse varies in direct proportion to the pressure of your right foot. And even if you're only watching, there is no denying the thrill.

It must be. Why else would people pay so much and travel so far just to see machines strain their engines to the maximum? Just to see a dozen daredevils risk their lives? Funny thing is, majority of them come with the guilt-ridden hope of seeing an accident. Guilt-ridden, yes. But still as gory as ever.

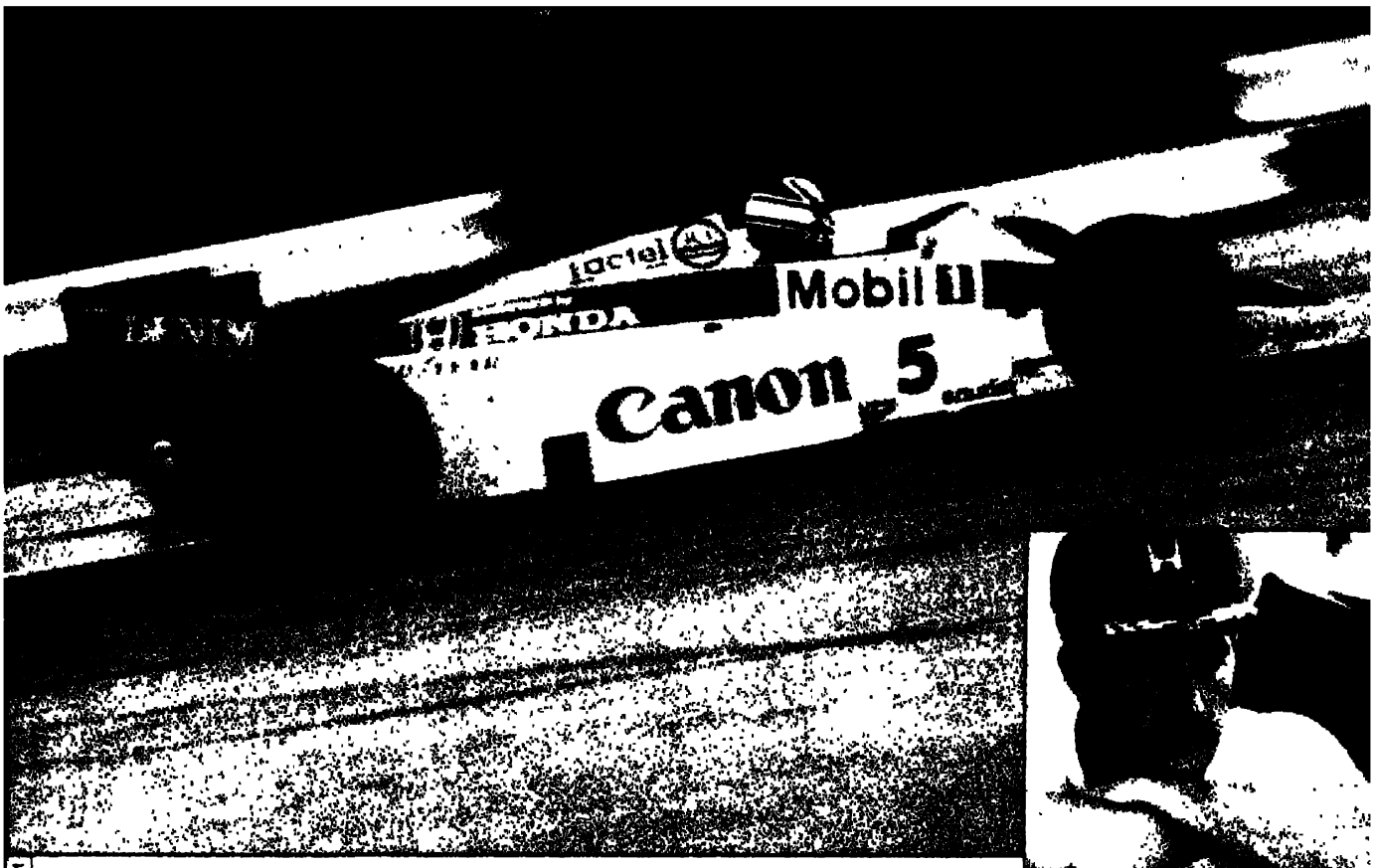
A casual spectator lines up along the track, watches in rapt admiration as the cars whiz past. But the day is complete only if he can go home and describe the gore and the blood. Once you get initiated into the gut of motor racing, you change. As you get involved, your outlook changes. You realise the tremendous risk these men are taking. And each time you walk into the pits, you find yourself wishing that all you have to talk about after the race is speed.



A thoughtful Prost wonders how he did it this year

AFP

Formula One is speed. And with speed goes the image of daredevilry; of recklessness. But the last two years of Formula One have proved otherwise. Driving with the methodical perfection which has earned him the nickname 'The Professor', Alain Prost has proved to the world that there is more to racing that just speed. Anticipation. Lightning reflexes. An ability to strike the right balance of machine conservation. And a willingness to take risks when needed. All this has come to the fore under Prost. A man who is a perfect driver. Not necessarily a showman in the mould of Niki Lauda. But a champion nevertheless.



Nigel Mansell's Williams-Honda blurs down the straight while the man himself (inset) can't seem to understand how he ended up where he did

AFP

Two consecutive Formula One Drivers' championships have catapulted Prost into the same hallowed bracket of Jack Brabham and Jackie Stewart. The first man to win two championships back-to-back since Brabham in 1959-60. Another two wins and he'll be rubbing shoulders with Stewart for the most Formula One wins. But even as he sprayed the champagne, the fizz was a little flat.

The reason for this was a subdued Englishman by the name of Nigel Mansell. Sitting disconsolate by his wife's side, Mansell had the satisfaction of knowing that *but* for a burst of bad luck, it just might have been him spraying the Moet. A satisfaction that didn't have much consolation.

If there was one person who went into the Adelaide Grand Prix, the last race of the season, with the title in sight, it was Mansell. He knew he didn't even have to win the race. All he needed was a third place.

Nelson Piquet pulls on his cowl before the final showdown at Adelaide



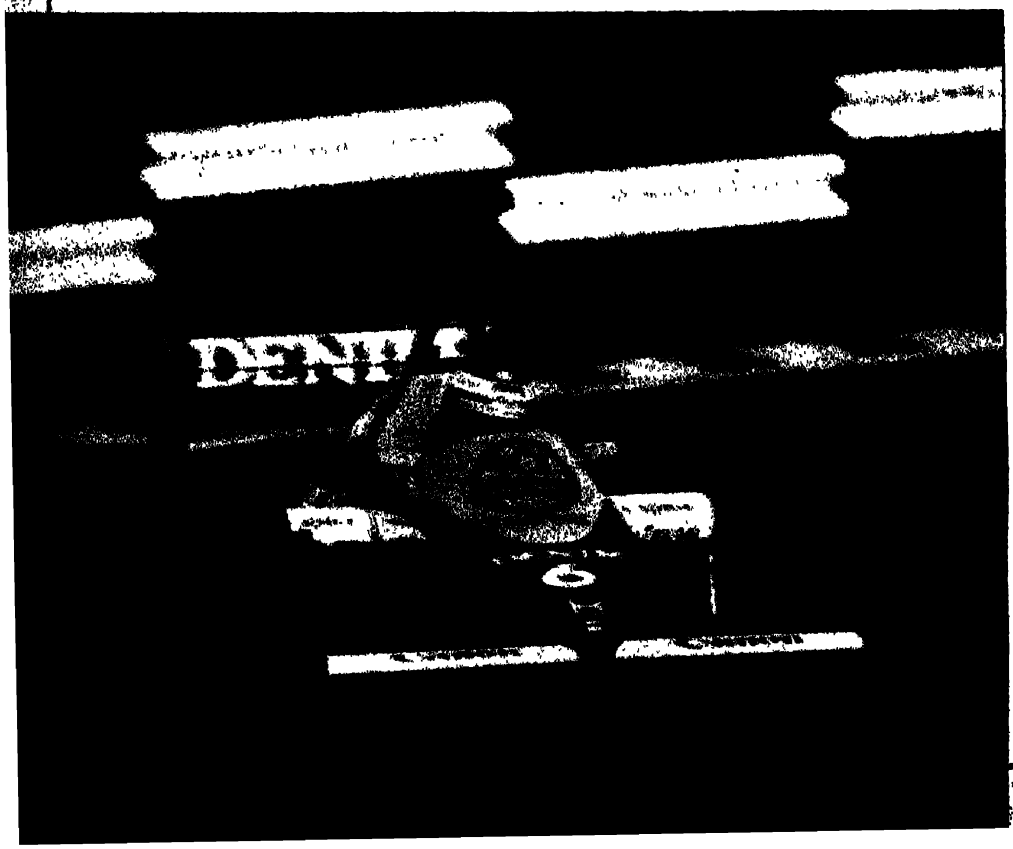
AFP

The equation also spelt that Mansell was home if anyone but Prost or Nelson Piquet took the chequered flag.

Unfortunately for Mansell, the equation balanced out against him. Sixty-four laps into the race and Mansell was tucked into a comfortable third place, Keke Rosberg having dropped out with a blown tyre after building up a 30-second lead. Round the sharp bend and into top gear on the fastest straight of the circuit, it was all over for Mansell. His left rear tyre exploded. And with it his dreams of becoming the first British champion since James Hunt.

Slewing around the track as the car ground to a halt from 200mph, Mansell was lucky to have ended the season with just a shattered dream. Even as he climbed out of his Williams-Honda, all he could do was watch Prost and Piquet roar off into the distance. A distance that kept his world



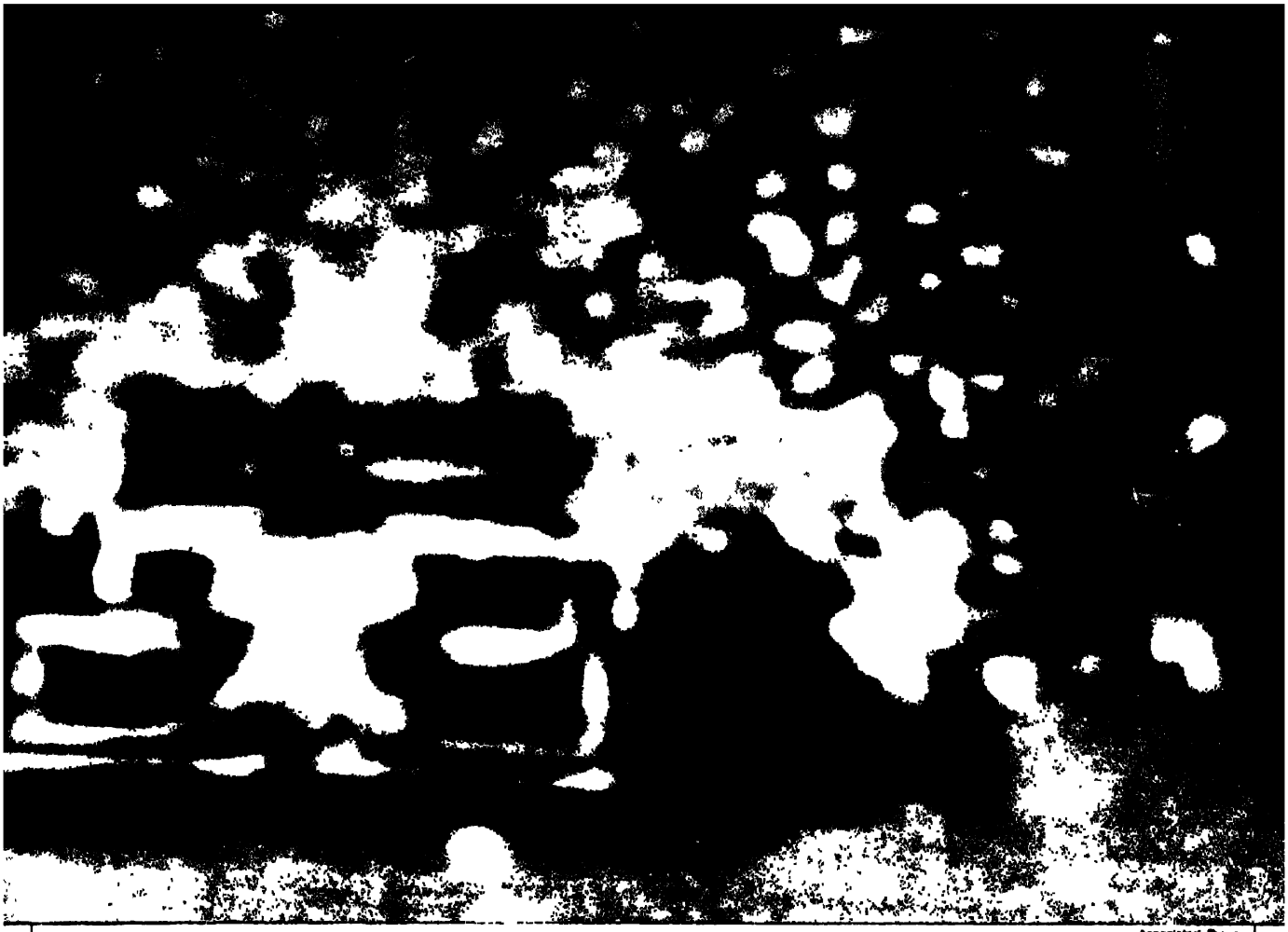


title an elusive dream.

After that it was a cat and mouse game between Nelson Piquet and Alain Prost. Piquet kept blocking but teammate Mansell's mishap forced the Williams pit crew to call him in for a change of tyres. Eight point three seconds later, he was back, nosing his way back into the traffic. But that was enough for Prost. It was his fifth win this season and his second consecutive world championship.

In a race plagued with tyre wear, there was just one direction in which to point. The tyre manufacturers. But Goodyear had their slate clean when they announced that a tyre change had been recommended into each team's strategy. In spite of that warning, there were too

Keke Rosberg also fell to the tyre trap



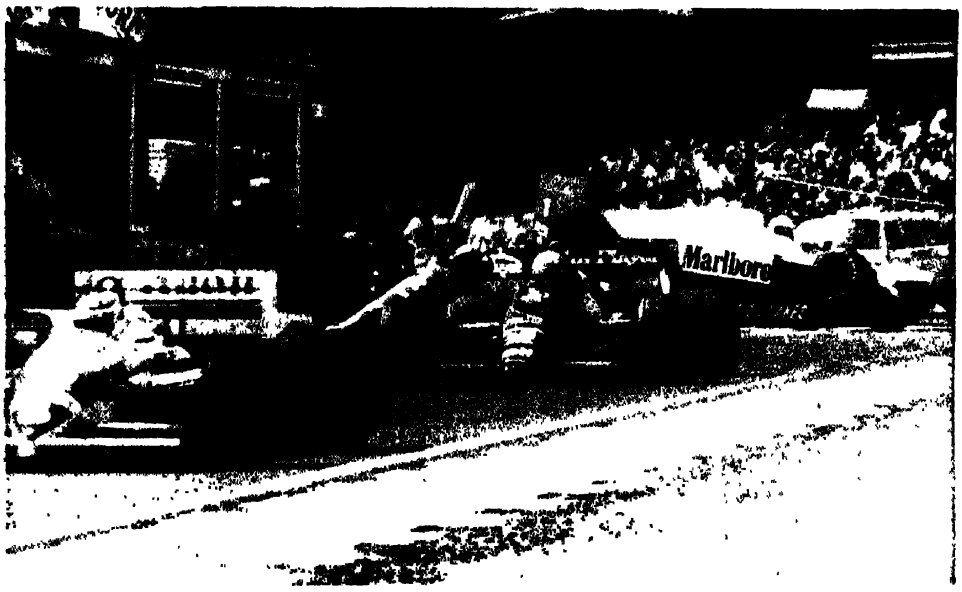
Associated Press

The moment it all came apart for Nigel Mansell. The tyre blows and sparks fill the air

Alain Prost tries his hand at aviation while Mansell sprints for the line

many cases of tyre problems. As if that was not enough, the irony doubled when the Williams pit crew announced that they were going to call Mansell in for a change on the next lap. Unfortunately, it was too late for Mansell.

The rest of the season had gone more or less according to plan. Mansell's loss did not keep Williams-Honda from taking the constructor's world championship with nine wins from 16 outings. Marlboro McLaren were treated to a hat trick of world championship titles and the entire racing fraternity was left wondering where they had dropped out. The smoothness with which Prost retained his title is still the topic of conversation in Formula One circles.



AFP

Will Mansell use this near miss as a spur to hit the front? Will some young hotshot fill the void of Lauda and thrill even as he wins? Or will the Professor scheme his way to top spot again? Like I said, it doesn't really matter to a lot of people. What matters is that they will flock to see men doing something they'll never be able to do themselves. Or dare to.

Pradeep Paul

Somerset Hits Its Wicket

Ian Botham, Viv Richards and Joel Garner will play for Somerset no more

THERE is something ridiculously pathetic about a batsman losing his wicket by hitting it. More often than not it is due to his clumsiness and it leaves him furious and fuming. And though a wicket is a wicket, the bowler does not have quite the satisfaction as when he spreadeagles the stumps.

The county of Somerset finds itself in much the same position today with the culmination of eleven weeks of high drama in the departure of Vivian Richards and Joel Garner, and Ian Botham's voluntary decision to go with them.

Supporters and opponents of the decision have one thing in common: they all agree that it is a sad day for Somerset. These three cricketers had converted Somerset into a doughty county side.

In hundred odd years of county cricket, Somerset's place had been usually near the bottom. If they subjected one or the other of the cricket giants like Middlesex or Yorkshire to a shock defeat, they felt proud. The name of Somerset used to conjure the picture of a rural county club, a figure of fun.

Things changed rapidly—and dramatically—from 1974. Two relatively unknown but enthusiastic cricketers, Vivian Richards and Ian Botham, infused new blood into a mediocre side. With the recruitment of the giant sized pace bowler 'Big Bird' Joel Garner, the team became stronger. Nobody laughed at "poor old Somerset", not any more.

With the advent of more tournaments, Somerset started winning. They took five one-day championship titles between 1978 and 1984 and always made bold attempts at the county championship. On the international scene, Botham, Richards and Garner continued to grow in experience, respect and stature. The future looked rosy for Somerset.

Then the blow fell. In 1985, Somerset crashed disastrously to the very bottom of the championship table. Botham, the captain, was replaced by the keen, erudite Peter Roebuck. Still, Somerset in 1986 ended up last but one. Nobody needed telling that something was wrong somewhere.

The dressing room was where, it would seem, on the evidence produced by the public airing of some of the dirty linen. The hardy and experienced players who had left the team were replaced by raw and young albeit talented players. During the course of the current row, some of them have spoken out. That the stars had become increasingly critical of their junior teammates, no longer valuing them as professionals. That they had isolated themselves in the dressing room. That the atmosphere was not conducive any more.



Botham's gesture of solidarity

The unwitting trigger who set the issue alight was Martin Crowe. The brilliant 24-year-old New Zealand batsman was Somerset's overseas player in 1984 when Richards and Garner were with the West Indies team touring England. Not only did Crowe display a commendable batting performance but he also revealed considerable personal charm. His conduct could not be faulted and his ardent involvement with cricket proved infectious; he knitted the youngsters into a band with a sense of purpose and urged them to work at perfecting their game. The county authorities more than approved.

While touring England with New Zealand this year, Crowe wanted to finalise his 1987 county contract. Essex started putting out feelers to him. Somerset badly wanted him; Crowe in any case would have preferred Somerset where he had been so at home. But current rules rendered Crowe ineligible to play for Somerset if they fielded any other overseas player. Somerset's choice was between Crowe and the two West Indians; they opted for the former. In the last week of August, that decision was made public. Botham immediately announced as a gesture of solidarity that he would leave the county if his friends were sacked.

The sacking was sudden and unceremonious. What-

ever the merits of the decision, the West Indians should have been given the courtesy of a dignified exit. Richards commented: "When you have two workhorses and you shoot them in the back, I think it's evil. You do not treat animals this way. Bang, bang—Viv and Joel are dead..." Roebuck was frank enough to admit that the decision was carried out with a want of tact.

The outcry that ensued rapidly generated a core of support for Richards and Garner. Their unlikely champion was a 51-year-old housewife Mrs Bridget Langdon who went about organising support for their reinstatement.

Finally an extraordinary general body meeting of the club members was fixed for November 8th when the issue would be debated and put to vote. The Somerset committee said they would resign en masse if their case was lost. So did Peter Roebuck, who drew much fire for his stance in the row, many attacks taking the form of personal innuendos.

Charges of unfairness were discounted by club chairman Michael Hill, who said that Richards' commitment to the county had flagged over the last two seasons. His batting averaged 43 in 1986 (from a previous 76.5) and his enthusiasm seemed lukewarm. If Richards had the same old commitment of his earlier days, charged Hill, they would not have stopped Crowe signing for Essex. Later, Richards allegedly said that perhaps the shock of the sacking was a jolt he needed. Even if the report is true, the admission was probably too late.

The committee was emphatic that they had no grouse with Botham and indeed, wanted him out of the dispute. Botham, as usual, evokes strong feelings. He was the toast of the nation after his marathon charity walk for leukaemia research and after he broke Lillee's world record of Test wickets. At the same time his rumbustuous lifestyle, his involvement with drugs and the cricket bans he accrued have caused many headaches to the authorities. Another possible reason why Somerset elders prize the staid and candid Martin Crowe.



When you have two workhorses and you shoot them in the back, I think it is evil. You don't treat animals this way. Bang, bang—Viv and Joel are dead...

At the general body meeting, the 'rebels' put forward their objections. On cricketing grounds, they argued that it was madness to dispense with the services of a world class batsman such as Richards, that if at all they wanted another player they would be better off looking for a bowler as bowlers win matches. They highlighted the West Indians' contributions and they questioned the committee's regard for loyalty and fairness.

On the other hand, Nigel Popplewell, a former Somerset player came up with a searing indictment. He spoke of how unhappy he had been during his last year in the club and of the deterioration of the team spirit that had contributed to their success. Richards and Garner, he said, contributed when it suited them and yet expected 110 per cent from the rest of the team. But Crowe, he continued, created an atmosphere for everybody to give their best.

The vote, conducted by secret ballot, was decisive. The members backed the committee 1828 to 798. Vivian Richards, Joel Garner and Ian Botham will play for Somerset no more. Martin Crowe will be their overseas player next season. Captain Peter Roebuck now has the task of rebuilding a strong and new team.

Not so long ago the mighty cricketing county of Yorkshire, whose name was once almost synonymous with English cricket, was torn apart by internal strife over another great but controversial cricketer—Boycott. The county has never quite found its identity since. That fearful thought must be lurking in the minds of many Somerset supporters now as they gaze sadly upon their shattered wicket.

Vishwas Gaitonde, London

Medical Care Of The Athlete

The Sports Medicine Physician plays a very important role in the success of an athlete. The care of an athlete involves a number of factors including pre-participation examination, early season strength, flexibility, aerobic and anaerobic conditioning, injury diagnosis and management plus regular monitoring programmes to avoid overuse and staleness. Physiological evaluation of the athlete, says Dr. Jack E. Taunton, is also valuable in the continuing care and guidance of the athlete. It is also very valuable to the coach. Preventions is of prime importance because we know the successful athlete is the healthy athlete

THE concept that the elite athlete in the peak of cardiovascular fitness is free of disease is often false. This was brought home to us in an initial pilot project of athletic monitoring for the Sports Medicine Council of Canada. The Captain of our National Men's Field Hockey Team experienced Exercise—induced headaches and died 12 months later of a cerebral glioblastoma. A member of a provincial track team with a six-month history of elbow pain following throwing had in fact an osteoid osteoma. Of the original seventeen track and field athletes in the twelve month monitoring program, six underwent surgery during this period. One athlete suffering from chest pain, dyspnea and a large pleural effusion was diagnosed as having tuberculosis. During regular monitoring, frequent cases of iron deficiency anemia were seen. Athletes with endocrine dysfunction were also seen.

Nicholas and Hersham (1984) have recently edited an excellent symposium on athletic profiling. Profiling studies the biophysical, biochemical and biomechanical links of the body systems. The use and study of profiling data gathered from athletes of all ages can enhance performance, increase the athletes' enjoyment and prevent injury. Cardiovascular profiling naturally begins with a history and physical examination. A chest radiograph and ECG may be waived in some young athletes but should be included in older individuals, as should an exercise stress test on either a bicycle ergometer or a treadmill. Stress testing is of utmost importance in evaluating the athlete with chest pain, arrhytmias and hypertension. An older individual with a strong family history of sudden death of myocardial infraction should be stress tested prior to the onset of a regular exercise program. the initial recommendations were for stress testing of those over 35. However, now many are suggesting routine stress testing of those over 45 years prior to following your exercise prescription. Valvular disease and the possibility of hypertrophic stenotic lesions are best evaluated by an echocardiogram. Maximal oxygen consumption can be measured if an obsolute measure of fitness is needed.

Knowledge of which performance demands rank heavily in a particular sport may influence accurate assessment of an individual's ability to participate without injury



Olympic Review

The study of pulmonary profiling during exercise has yielded important data in gas exchange, control of breathing and the ventilatory response to aerobic and anaerobic activities...

Pulmonary function testing is of importance in the athlete experiencing shortness of breath, post exer-



The heavies in sport—the weightlifters and wrestlers—have to take most care Jagdish Yadav

cise cough or wheeze to rule out the possibility of exercise induced asthma (EIA). The availability of effective treatment for EIA has made it possible for the vast majority of asthmatics to participate in athletic activities. The International Olympic Committee permits the use of theophylline, sodium cromoglycate and selective beta 2-agonists for these athletes.

Hersham (1984) points out that the musculoskeletal injury prevention profile has three components: the performance demands of the sport, the risk fact or of injury and the individual musculoskeletal examintion...

Nicholas (1976) has shown that knowledge of which performance demands rank heavily in a particular sport may influence accurate assessment of an individual's ability to participate without injury. Specific strength and flexibility evaluation is of major importance. The development of the Cybex isokinetic dynamometer in 1967 enabled the examiner to control the velocity of muscular contractions while simultaneously measuring the torque generated about a joint.

Risk factors for a particular sport have been derived from epidemiological studies of sport. Contact sports are the site of high velocity, high force, acute injuries, especially to the knee and ankle. Equipment and rule changes plus specific strengthening programs are in the realm of the sports physician in the prevention of these injuries. The most frequent injuries now seen are the low force "overuse injuries" seen in running and swimming. The most frequent injuries in running being patello femoral pain, iliotibial band syndrome, tibial stress syndrome and fractures, archilles tendinitis, and plantar fasciitis. Aetiological factors include training errors, running surfaces, insufficient strength and flexibility, poor shoes and lower extremity biomechanical factors. Suprasinatus tendinitus and whipkicker's knee are the most common afflictions in swimming.

Specific examination for these potential risk factors can be identified in the preseason examination of the athlete, Remedial programs of strength-flexibility protocols plus equipment or shoe change can then be made on a prophylactic basis.

For the physician dealing with the younger athlete specific medical, orthopaedic and fitness considerations should be carefully evaluated again so that intervention can be developed that will reduce the possible adverse effects of participation and secondarily improve performance. Children should not be excluded from sports unless specific risk to benefit ratios are firmly established.

In medically assessing the younger athlete, the physician may be called upon to evaluate the child with a variety of potentially limiting conditions such as acute infections, haematological disorders, asthma, heart murmurs, hypertension, epilepsy or diabetes. Each must be assessed first to ensure that the existing medical condition will not be adversely affected by participation and secondly, should any form of specific restriction be imposed. Alternative sports or playing by rule modifications is much more suitable than complete restriction from sport. The final consideration is the optimisation of treatment so that the child can compete with the fewest symptoms.

The musculoskeletal assessment in the child should include a good history and physical examination to consider congenital anomalies and sport specific problems associated with trauma or overuse. Examination of the spine should screen for scoliosis to ensure proper medical care although restrictions with sport is usually not required...

The skeletally mature athlete with a Grade 1 spondylolisthesis* can often be improved with a regime of abdominal strengthening, hamstring stretching and the use of the anti-lordotic brace. Athletes with Grade II lesions are usually restricted from aggressive skiing and contact sports.

Examination of the joints involved in the particular



A female weightlifter shows the stress that goes into her sport

Associated Press

sport should be carefully carried out. However it is beyond the scope of this paper to detail specific traumatic and overuse problems. The knee being the most commonly injured, will be briefly discussed. Specific paediatric traumatic injuries include epiphyseal fractures of the distal femoral or proximal tibial epiphysis, osteochondritis dissecans, tears of a discoid meniscus and patellar dislocations...

Remedial programs including muscle strenghthening, neoprene patellar sleeves, motion control shoes and foot orthotics should be instituted early in the athletes' career. Traction apophysitis (Osgood-Schlatter disease) resolves well with modification of sports participation, quadricep stretching, strength maintenance and correction of any predisposing biomechanical factors.

Success in sports is multi-factorial, including the athletes physical capabilities modified by diet, drugs and the environment; the variables of training (intensity, time and frequency; skill; fatigue and emotional factors). As an attempt to maximize performance we have been involved in the development of a nationallly based monitoring program for the Canadian athlete. This has been established by the Sport Medicine Council of Canada. For any monitoring program to be successful, whether at a local or national level, a few factors are required. First the program must be continuous throughout the year, sport specific and individualised. It also must involve a team of the coach, athlete and medical-paramedical support staff including the physician, physiotherapist, physiologist, biomechanist in certain sports and the sport psychologist if available.

As previously mentioned all monitoring or profiling programs must start with a *history*. Specific documentation of past illnesses, medications, allergies and present health status is essential. The vaccination status of the athlete is important prior to travel. Information on medication taken in the past few months is particularly important if you are dealing with an elite athlete travelling to an International Games because of the consideration of inadvertent disqualification during Doping Control procedures. The *physical examination* should be both medical and orthopaedic in nature. Specific emphasis on *rehabilitation of past injuries* is very important. We have found as many as 20 per cent of athletes on specific teams arrive at International games with incomplete rehabilitation. Specific Cybex II strength testing and flexibility assessment is very important. Individuals with specific joint instability can be braced or instructions given as to taping. Individuals with lower extremity malalignment can be directed toward more appropriate footwear or possible orthotics.

Courtesy Olympic Review

SOCCER NEWS

SOCCER NEWS

A legend retires

COPENHAGEN. A friendly between Denmark and West Germany. Almost a replay of the Mexico World Cup match. Only this time Germany won 2-0. Yet while the scoreline gave the Germans some satisfaction, the Danes were mourning. Not their loss, but the retirement of their most talented player ever. Allan Simonsen.

Now a veteran, Simonsen has played all over Europe—in Germany, Denmark and England. His skills were obvious and he was to become in many ways the catalyst in the development of Danish soccer.

After being a deserved winner of the European Footballer of the Year award in 1977, Simonsen skills helped Denmark qualify for the 1984 European Championships. And while the Danes proceeded to enhance their reputation with a string of inspired performances, it was tragic when Simonsen was carried off with a broken leg in the very first match.

We saw him only briefly during the World Cup—when in a sentimental gesture he was played for a while against West Germany.

But the world and the Danes especially will not forget his contribution to the game.

Bilardo's superstitions

SHOW me a player. Well ok. At least a manager who isn't superstitious and I'll find you a player with Maradona's skill.

Perhaps you are unaware but Jose Luis Brown's toothpaste helped Argentina win the World Cup. Well if you're sceptical here's the story.

On the day Argentina mauled South Korea in Mexico, manager Bilardo had used Brown's toothpaste as he had misplaced his own.

So henceforth Bilardo could not be parted from Brown's toothpaste and Argentina won the Cup.

Anyway Bilardo has some more idiosyncrasies. He always makes sure he is the first to sit on the team bench. He is adamant about the team walking onto the field in the same order and insists on the same formation during the national anthem.

Well if you win the Cup anything goes.



Allan Simonsen: the end of a era

Santana says 'Never Brazil'

TELE SANTANA. His references are excellent. His ability as a coach unquestionable. And although he could not produce a Brazilian Cup winning team in 1982 and 1986, the blame is certainly not entirely his. Yet the public and the press continue to malign him because in Brazil football is only about winning.

Santana recently said that if he ever coached again it would never be in Brazil. His reasons though debatable were quite simple. Known for his insistence of 'Jogo bonito' (pretty soccer) Santana exemplified that he had nothing to teach in a country where rough play has become a substitute for skill.

Santana is right. Brazilian soccer has indeed degenerated to the physical level of Spanish soccer. And, unless the Brazilans revert to 'jogo bonito' they will remain mediocre. For it is in that they find their winning rhythmn.

Champions disposed.

ONE half of the battle in soccer, they say, is winnning the Cup. The other half obviously is retaining it. And this year a few past champions are losing their second half of the battle.

France, glorious winners of the European Championships in 1984 are at present looking unable to even qualify for the 1988 Championships. Humiliated by the talented Soviet Union 2-0 last month, they are presently at the bottom of their group. Whether Platini and gang have enough skill left to raise themselves out of the quagmire is yet to be seen.

Steauea Bucharest, the rugged Rumanian army team who beat the much fancied Barcelona for the European Cup last year are also nearly out. Anderlecht strummed to a 3-0 win the first leg of their second round match and the fumbling soldiers looked an embarassed lot. A 4-0 win the second leg now seems impossible for them.

And a little further away in South America, triumphant title holders Argentinos Juniors lost on penalties to usual rivals River Plate and are out of the running.

So the betting is on for the new leaders.

CHAMPION FIELDER WITHOUT AN ABDOMEN GUARD !

EKNATH SOLKAR'S FIVE GREATEST CATCHES

The champion fielder makes his selection in a conversation with **Rahul Chandawarkar**

CATCH ONE. *Delhi Test, 1969-70, against Lawry's Australia.*

"It was the first innings at the Ferozeshah Kotla ground. The Aussies had already lost Lawry and Keith Stackpole, their openers. Ian Chappell was batting, facing Prasanna, when Tiger Pataudi asked me to come in at forward short leg. Pras was bowling a great line and length; the two batsmen Chappell and Doug Walters were a trifle uncomfortable.

"Bedi came on from the other end and just as he saw Ian stepping out, he bowled one short. Ian calmly went on the back foot and pulled the ball ferociously. I did not have a chance. I just couldn't move and got the ball bang on my chest. It was really painful. I couldn't breath for quite some time.

"I was rushed to the pavilion, but returned to the same position after having been administered first aid. Doug Walters was facing Pras, who was turning the ball rather sharply by now. Walters was not a defensive player and tended to push the ball towards mid wicket or square leg. Doug tried to play one Pras delivery in this manner: the ball took the outer edge and streaked low to my right. I just moved my right leg forward and stuck my right hand out. The ball stuck.

"Whenever I fielded at forward short leg, I used to concentrate on the batsman's feet. Accordingly I used to respond. One more thing; in our days after a dismissal we never used to get greatly excited. There was little back slapping. Just a few handshakes and a 'well done' was all that followed."

CATCH TWO. *Madras Test, 1969-70, against Australia.*

"The wicket was a bad one and in the first innings, the Aussies were something like 70 for six. In the second innings, the wicket was a bit quicker and I was standing at backward short leg. Venkat bowled a faster one and Keith Stackpole, the opener, flicked it. The ball zoomed off his bat and swung a bit in the air. I saw it coming to my left but suddenly it had swerved to my right. I flung myself to the right and took a diving catch just inches from the ground."



Walters tried to play a Pras delivery by pushing to mid wicket; the ball took the outer edge and streaked low to my right. I just moved my right leg forward and pushed my right hand out. The ball automatically stuck.

CATCH THREE.
The Oval Test, 1971, against Ray Illingworth's England

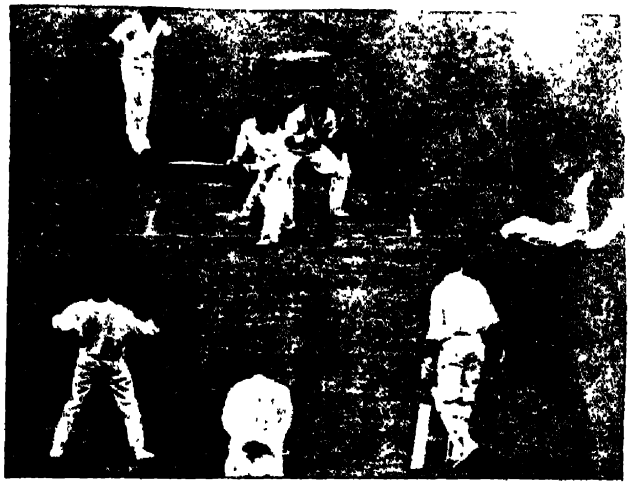
"Alan Knott was a troublesome batsman for us that series. He had got runs in each innings. In the first innings he had put his bat and pad together and, in the process, had managed to keep the ball low all the time. I sensed this great challenge of scooping off an extraordinary catch from close to his bat, but had failed to do so for a long time. The ball was turning sharply and Chandra had already caused havoc.

"At the other end, Venkat was bowling. I decided to stand two steps in front. Nothing came my way for quite some time as Knott kept playing as doggedly as ever. In Venkat's one over, the wall cocked up awkwardly. Knott kept playing the ball down, but my patience had run out. I just dived straight for the ball, just as you do in a swimming pool and held on to a two-handed catch with my chest on the ground and feet in the air. It was quite like snatching the ball off Knott's bat, much to his bewilderment. Knott stood there rooted to the spot, not believing what he saw! I consider this to be my best ever catch.

"We were a very jolly bunch, with guys like Farookh Engineer around. In this Test just before Alan Knott came in to bat, Farookh hid the bails! This upset Alan as he had this habit of touching the bails whenever he came in to bat. We seldom disturbed batsmen in the midst of a delivery, but at times, Engineer used to entertain by his witty remarks. He used to alert me by saying, *"Arre Ekky, sambhal ke rahena, ab ball tere paas aayega."* (Ekky be careful, the next ball will come



Keith Stackpole, the opener, flicked it. The ball zoomed off his bat and swung a bit in the air. I saw it coming to my left but suddenly it had swerved.



I just dived straight for the ball, just as you do in a swimming pool and held on to a two-handed catch

straight to you).

CATCH FOUR.

Calcutta Test against Tony Lewis' MCC, 1972-73.

"We won this Test and the series 2-1. Mike Denness, the MCC vice-captain, was batting in the first innings. The wicket had started taking turn. Pras was bowling very well. He flighted a delivery outside the off stump and Denness tried to drive it towards extra cover.

"We turned to look towards cover. But the ball had turned a bit on pitching, more than anticipated in fact, and taken the outer edge. Much to my surprise, it came to my right. I saw the ball very late, but instinctively pushed my right hand out. It stuck plumb in the centre of my palm. Immediately I put the ball in my pocket! Everyone wondered where the ball had gone. Mike Denness just shook his head and left with a smile on his face."

CATCH FIVE.

Bangalore Test, 1974 against Clive Lloyd's Windies.

"Clive Lloyd had been hitting us mercilessly. He made 165 in that Test. This was in the second innings and I was fielding at long off; forward short leg did not quite suit the occasion. I don't quite remember who he hit—Bedi or Venkat. But Lloyd hit very, very hard and the ball ballooned towards me like a missile, dipping rapidly. I had taken a start, as is the correct practice, especially when fielding in the deep. I had seen the ball dropping, but couldn't visualise that it would fall just short of me. I accelerated only at the last moment and dived headlong for the catch. I took it double-handed, just inches off the ground. After I had held Clive's catch, he waited and patted me on the back: 'Well held Ekky. That was a great catch.'

"The hardest hitters I have seen are Ian Chappell, Clive Lloyd, Rohan Kanhai, Keith Stackpole, Gary Sobers and Viv Richards. But the most dangerous were left-hander Roy Fredericks and Gordon Greenidge. They used to attempt the pull or the sweep off almost every ball. *I used to get a little scared, while fielding close to these two batsmen.*"

When asked about his other memories in Test cricket, Solkar said with a grim: "You know what? When I started fielding at suicide point (forward short leg), let alone a helmet or any such protective gear, I never even used to wear an abdomen guard! Once Tiger Pataudi was shocked to learn of this and immediately ordered me to wear one. Basically I always was a dare-devil since childhood and was never scared of getting hurt or injured. In fact, in the 1972 home series against England, Tony Greig used to make it a point to scare me by saying, 'Ekky, one day you might get killed.'"

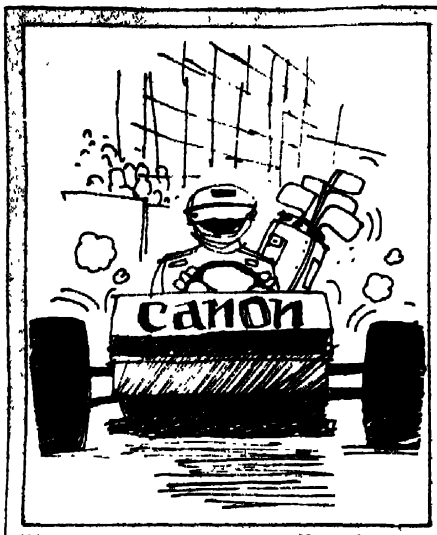
Talking about his injuries, Solkar said: "On the 1976 tour of the Windies, we were playing our first three-day county match against the Leeward Islands. Shillingford was the batsman. The mandatory overs were in progress and Venky suddenly bowled a 'donkey drop'. Shillingford stepped back and pulled towards midwicket with all his might. I was standing at forward short leg. The ball hit my head and went as far as mid off for Prasanna to take the catch on the rebound!

"I was naturally out cold and was taken to hospital and kept under observation for 24 hours. Sunil Gavaskar later remarked jokingly: 'What can happen to him? There is nothing inside his head anyway.'

"In the 1971 series versus England at Lord's, Keith Fletcher swept the ball hard. I took the full blooded shot on my right thigh. The ball bounced off it and went towards backward short leg for Ajit Wadekar to take a diving catch. Everybody went to congratulate Ajit but forgot me. I was wincing in pain and agony. Only Farookh came up and gave me a good massage. After that, I felt much better.

"In the 1974 home series against the Windies at Madras, we were in a winning position. Pras bowled a short delivery, which Gordon Greenidge pulled. Fielding at forward short leg, I just turned my back to the full-blooded shot, which hit me hard in the back. I could not breathe and requested Tiger Pataudi to let me go for rest. But Tiger very wisely refused me permission as the match was poised at a crucial stage. After a few exercises and a glass of water, I continued fielding there and notched up some crucial catches. We won that Test match!"

VOICES



When you measure yourself against the best, you're bound to pick something else to log away in the computer
Nigel Mansell on his passion for golf



One of the most unpleasant stories I've ever heard on the subject of violence at football concerned a soldier who, on a train, back from a game at Southampton, told a shocked journalist that he went to matching only for the fighting, and nothing pleased him more than to beat up a father in front of his son
Brian Glanville



Please be quiet—or leave
Umpire Don Blunt of Stockport during a recent Stefi Graf-Robin White match at Brighton



I do this for myself because I am my own fatherland, and my handkerchief is my flag
Reinhold Messner, celebrated mountaineer



Thommo is one of the greatest cricketers and sportsmen I have played against. I have had the misfortune of being caught in his firing line, but I can't think of anyone else I'd rather do this for
Ian Botham launching the autobiography of Jeff Thomson



The sixth World Cup (hockey) marked the rise of a new dynasty which has overthrown the Asian rulers, India and Pakistan
Sydney Friskin



Birmingham's experience is another indicator that we have slipped. Going forward is easier to say than to do. It means grasping nettles
Sebastian Coe, on Birmingham's failure to get the 1992 Olympic Games



I couldn't wait to have a crack at 'em. I thought: Stuff that stiff upper lip brat. Let's see how Stiff it is when it is split
Jeff Thomson about the English in general in his autobiography 'Thommo Declares'



There is a kind of pleasure in the knowledge that you have acted like a fool and chucked all that money down the drain. Winning is absolutely great: but the main reason people bet is so they can lose
Simon Barnes in The Times

CAPITAL NOTES

WITH runs coming in a steady torrent from his Gunn and Moore, Dilip Vengsarkar, always a classy player, has developed into a world-class performer. Equally at home in Tests and one-dayers, Vengsarkar is known for his mastery at handling spin through precise footwork and an economy of movement. Against pace he believes in vigorous counter-attack. According to him, "You have to get them before they get you".

Though happy over the way his career has shaped up, Vengsarkar's only regret is he is not the most athletic of cricketers. "I wish I had worked harder on my fitness when young," he said candidly. "That is my drawback. But now it is too late".

A veteran of almost 90 Tests, Vengsarkar says he does no special preparation before a match, except "the usual knocking". However, before going in, he follows the game on television to get an idea of "what the bowler and pitch are doing". Otherwise Vengsarkar prefers being alone to make his own decisions regarding strategy.

At the wicket he takes a leg-stump guard and stands with toes on middle stump, feet either side of the crease. There is no conscious attempt to play in. "The idea is to play each ball on merit. If the first ball is there to be hit, I hit it. I don't block for the sake of blocking. There is no concept of playing in a 'V' either".

Adjusting to prevailing conditions is essential. In England, he recalled, the ball was seaming and coming slowly off the wicket so you had to be careful while driving. If the wicket responds to spin and is turning appreciably Vengsarkar stands on leg-stump as there is "less chance of one going straight through".

Among pacemen he has encountered, Vengsarkar has the greatest respect for Andy Roberts. "He had everything; could move the ball in and out, bowled a slower ball, varied his pace". Vengsarkar remembers Imran's tremendous inswing in Pakistan and Marshall's ferocity in Kanpur where he knocked out the bat from Gavaskar's hands. Also Kapil's spell in a Duleep game where "he moved the ball like a champion".

Having played non-stop Test cricket for a decade, Vengsarkar is becoming weary of the grind. Wife Manali is expecting their second child in December and he wants to spend more time with 4-year old son Nakul. "We are playing like machines," he said. "The enthusiasm has gone and even important games become like any other match".

He gives himself another five years in the game. After that he would like to give something back to the game. He would also like to give something back to his office. "I am interested in public relations. I want to persue it but I am hardly ever in office".



Dilip Vengsarkar: "You have to get them before they get you"

Despite his immense achievements, Vengsarkar is modest and self-effacing. A bit of a loner, he is someone who is happier reflecting on his efforts than worrying about the drift of the game. Vengsarkar hasn't received a fair share of recognition. West Zone and Bombay have bypassed his claims for captaincy and this clearly irks him. Vengsarkar feels slighted but has prudently refrained from escalating this into a major issue.

"Leading your country is a great honour," he says in a general way, masking his personal disappointment. "It is every cricketers' dream".

He wouldn't mind becoming a selector after he has retired "I assure you," he said smilingly, "I will not make any blunders".

Another thing he'd do is write on the game. Vengsarkar is already contributing articles to popular Marathi cricket magazines. Later in the year he is poised to release his auto biography.

"The only thing decided till now is that I want to complete the book by the time the Pakistanis arrive. All other details--the publisher, 'ghost writer,' format and content remain to be finalised".

Over the years Vengsarkar has kept no records with him. But this does not bother him. "Every thing is in my head," he says confidently. "My book will not be a simple narration of what has happened. The major portion will be devoted to comments on the game like Imran's book".

Amrit Mathur, New Delhi

BURNING OUT

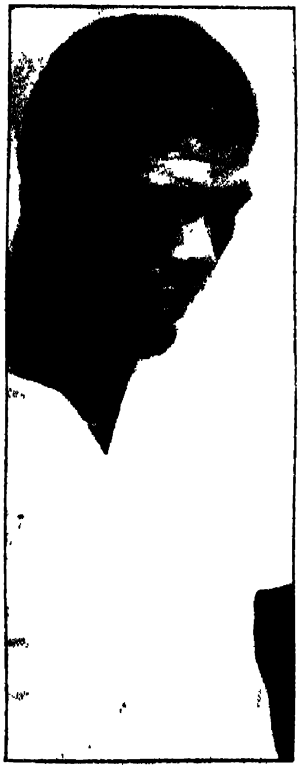


KHAZAN SINGH is arguably one of the best swimmers the country has produced. With a little luck the lanky swimmer would have come back with a gold from Seoul. But even a silver was a lot better than what his teammates could manage.

A little over a month later he has set a record of sorts doing a Mark Spitz at the 42nd National acquatic championships held at Ahmedabad. Swimming many of his events below par, he finished the meet with seven golds. In the butterfly events, quite predictably, his opponents were lengths behind. But what was a little surprising was his domination in the freestyle events. He won the 100, the 200 as well the 400 meters. Add to that both the 200 and the 400 individual medleys. And what have you?

A serious problem actually. It only proves one point--the cupboard is bare. A man who what other explanation can there be. But the disappointing part of the whole thing is that there is only going to be one loser eventually. Khazan Singh. Training for so many events will not only contribute in a big way to the swimmer burning out earlier then he would have had he concentrated on one stroke, but will also hamper his progress in his pet event too.

His seven golds weren't enough to enable Police to take the men's championships, which was won by the Railways. And even if it had, it would only be fair and wise on everybody's part to allow the young man to chose one event (the 200m butterfly) and concentrate on that only. Who knows, he might then become the first Indian swimmer to qualify for a final at the Olympic Games. Wishful thinking, but certainly worth a try!



THE BEST BIRD

YOU'RE never too good for the game. An important line for Joel Garner.

The Big Bird, thirty three, but still lethal when in full flight, has not called it a day as far as cricket in England is concerned. Garner who was sacked from Somerset along with his captain Richards, is returning to the Lancashire league. He has signed a one-year contract for Oldham. Not surprisingly, this will make him the highest-paid player in the league's history.

And a serious candidate for 'The Humblest Player of the Year Award.'

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

KARTAR SINGH, a gold medalist at the Bangkok Asiad eight years ago, made a near unbelievable comeback this year at Seoul winning the gold in a heavier category this time. He came home to a warm welcome. No where near what P T Usha received, but warm enough. He has also received awards and gifts for his excellent performance. One of them was a cash prize of Rs 5,000 from the House of Birlas. Apparently the wrestler was a trifle offended. He thought that the amount was too small. He even went to the extent of saying that he was willing to return the money to the Birlas.

Agreed, the amount was small. Agreed, Kartar's was the only other gold medal at Seoul. Besides of course Usha and her teammates. Agreed, the wrestler may have expected more from big guns like the Birlas. But all said and done that was no way to (mis)behave. An award, no matter how small, should be accepted without a fuss. The important factor is that at least Kartar was in their thoughts. After all, they were under no compulsion to honour the sportsman.

If the Asian champion refuses the award, he will not only be five thousand rupees less but, more importantly, he's going to lose a good many friends too.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

SPORTSMEN of the generation gone before may have regretted having missed out on the floodlights. The television coverage. The publicity. The glamour. But their greatest regret must be the fact that they missed out on hard cash.



Why, most of them didn't have enough money to provide the necessities let alone anything else. There have been instances in contemporary sport too.

The prime example being our very own V. Chandrashekar.

Chandra intends to play his part as far as helping Indian sportsmen, both past and present. He is making all out efforts to set up a players' body which will look after the future of sportsmen in the country. He plans to chalk out further details and chat it over with the Table Tennis Federation. He seems to be very confident and is sure that his venture will receive the ready support of all players.

All the best Chandra. Let's hope you can do for others what few others did for you.

ONE OF A KIND

TENNIS scribes will try for decades to analyse John McEnroe, the player. Psychologists will try to understand John McEnroe, the man. They will all fail. Simply because, he is the first of his kind. There will be no other. For the sake of linesmen, let's hope so. For the sake of tennis, let's hope not.

In August he came out of a voluntary six month exile. Since then he has won as many as four tournaments, and suffered two shocking first round defeats. One at the US Open, and the other recently at Wembley. He has worked his way up to number 12 in the ladder. Played some incredible tennis. Won some tight matches.

But through all this he has remained the same. Barely three months after his comeback, he has had to take a forced break from tournaments. A 3000 dollar fine in Paris has taken his total fines above the stipulated 7500 dollar mark. While the rest of the tennis world regrets this, one person seems unperturbed. McEnroe himself.

The twenty-seven year old New Yorker said he was looking forward to the rest. He regretted having played so many weeks of non stop competition but promises to do better next year. In his own words, "It's been an exciting year, more privately than professionally. But I expect to do better tennis-wise next year."

That takes care of a few sleepless nights for the Beckers and the Lendls.

I CONFESS

NO ONE, not even Maradona himself, was talked about more than the 51st minute goal that the Argentinian captain scored in the quarter final match against England at this year's World Cup. The soccer world discussed it. Referees debated over it. The British pouted. And even cribbed,. What actually happened we'll never know. Or so we thought.

Only one person knew exactly what had happened. The goal scorer himself.

The ball was in the air. Shilton went for it, and so did Maradona. Maradona's hand was faster. It all happened in a flash. A dejected Shilton could do no more than retrieve the ball from the back of the net. He knew he had lost the duel. Not fairly. But the important thing was the goal was good.

Months later, in a recent interview, Maradona, probably in an effort to get rid of the guilt—not of having deceived the referee, but more of not admitting the truth after the game—has opened up.

"Of course" he says, "it wasn't the hand of god. It was me. A lot goes on during a match and I am cunning. I know what I have to do and that time I was very lucky."

With this, the chapter on 'the hand of god goal' will probably be closed. This time for good. But one thing we will never know. *How the hell did he do it?*

Let's wait for another genius to find out.



European Football: A Few Glimpses



Ron Atkinson (right) looks thoughtful. Considering that he's just been sacked by Manchester United it's not surprising. (Below, right) Two gentleman from Wrexham and Real Zarazoga look suitably mesmerized by the ball, while (below, left) a sliding tackle from German international Rudi Voller (right) can't stop an Austrian rout

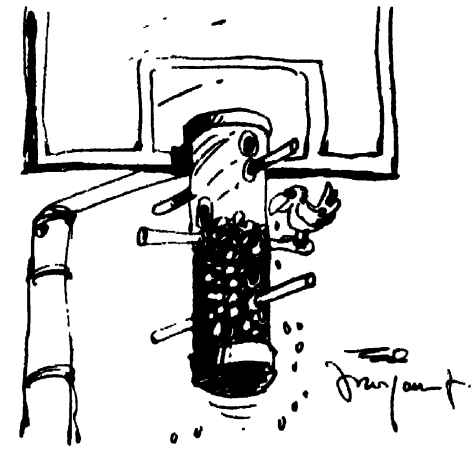




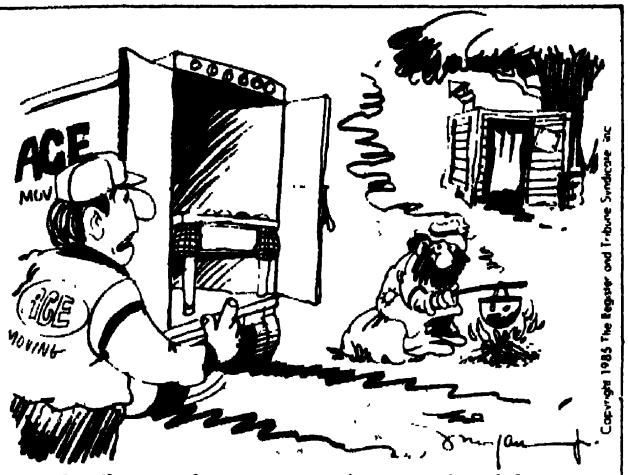
It was unfortunate that Juventus and Real Madrid should meet so early in the European Cup, but the crowd was not disappointed. After Real had won the first leg, Antonio Cabrini scored for Juventus in the second leg (right) to restore parity. But the Spaniards dominated the penalty shoot-out, and keeper Tacconi of Juventus (below) had no answer to this winning penalty.



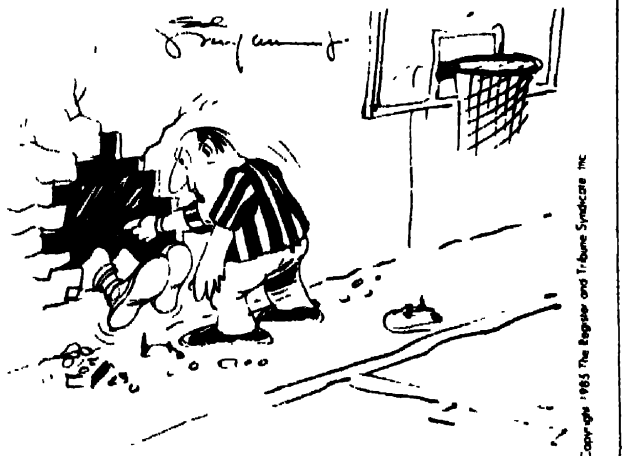




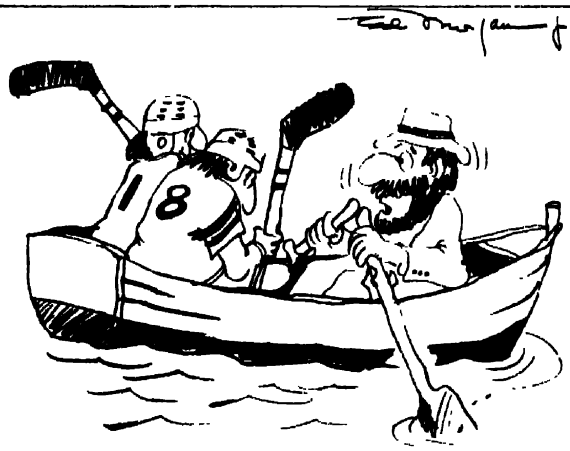
"A Larry Bird Feeder, compliments from Boston!"



"Where do we put the pool table you won?"



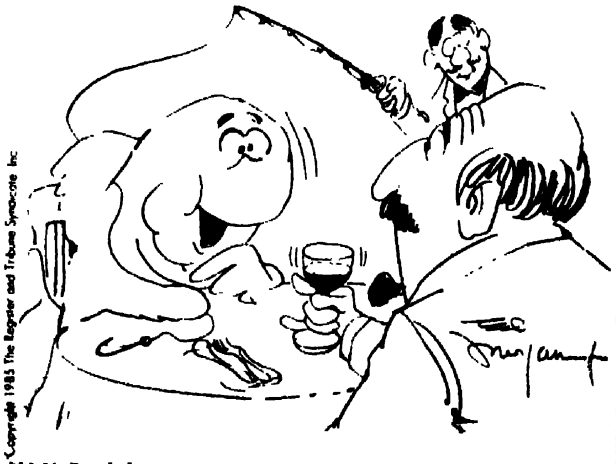
"CHARGING!"



"Glad I could help, fellas. Hope the weather turns colder."



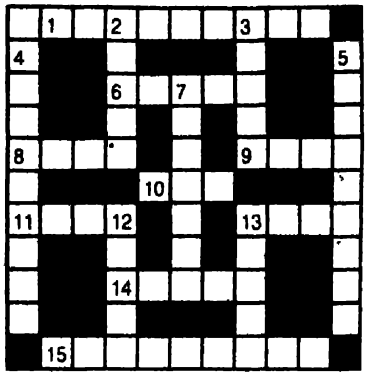
"I guarantee it Charlie,when the public gets wind of this goof-up,heads are gonna roll!"



"Hi Baldy, are you the nerd who ordered the fresh fish of the day?"

CROSSWORD

351



ACROSS

1 Footballer for Manchester United and England comprises 'tea' in the middle (1, 8)
6. One of the two women players from Britain to win a Wimbledon title between the Wars is a circular champion (5)
8. English county for an Australian cricketer (4)
9. What an umpire calls when the first ball of the match is about to be bowled, returns (4)
10. Long-jumpers land in this (3)
11. Maternal uncle for an Indian statistician (4)
13. Elongated hyphenation for a batsman with elan (4)
14. This Plate is contested for by those eliminated in the first round at Wimbledon. Note: In the singular. (5)
15. West Indian fast bowler with the middle name of Balfour (9)

DOWN

2. Australian fast bowler of the late Seventies ends in a saint (5)
3. This Tinling of the tennis world might be mistaken for a bear (5)
4. Rebel Australian fast bowler begins in an Egyptian sun god (9)
5. Yorkshire captain and England batsman might be mistaken for a County (9)
7. The latest subject of neutrality in the sporting world (7)
12. 'I like Paul—' for this English bespectacled fast bowler (5)
13. Indoor game for marksmanship (5)

Excellent: 16-15, Good: 14, Fair: 13-12

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1. What is the full name of late Frank Worrell?
2. A Weekes—not the great E W — played cricket for West Indies, and he scored a breezy Test century. Who is he?
3. What is the name of the English newspaper in which the famous "In memoriam" announcement marking the beginning of the "Ashes" battle between Australia and England was published?
4. Who is the only bowler to have dismissed D.G. Bradman in three consecutive Test innings?
5. What is the minimum length of the landing pit in triple jump?
6. What is a 'hitch kick'?
7. What is ICAAAA?
8. And what is BAAB?
9. What is the biggest margin of victory in India's Federation Cup football final?
10. When, for the first time, was a Santosh Trophy final decided by tie-breakers?

ANSWERS

1. Frank Mortimore Maglinne Worrell
2. He is Kenneth H Weekes The lefthander batsman played two Tests In the third Test against England in 1939 at The Oval he scored 137 (1x6, 18x4) at a run-a-minute rate He completed his 100 in 110 minutes
3. Sporting Times.
4. N W Yardley (England)
5. 30 ft.
6. It is a term used in athletics and means the 'leg cycling action' which long jumpers perform (to reduce the tendency for the body to rotate forward once it is air-borne)
7. Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America
8. British Amateur Athletic Board
9. 3-0 (BSF defeated Mafatlal by that margin at Gauhati in 1979)
10. 1985 (when Punjab beat Bengal 4-2 on penalties after 90+30 minutes of play had proved scoreless)

QUESTIONS

1. When was prize money introduced in lawn tennis?
2. A brother and a sister partnered to win the Wimbledon mixed doubles title Who are they?
3. Which is the quickest men's singles final at Wimbledon?
4. Who is the Wimbledon men's singles champion with the lowest percentage of losses?
5. Who is the oldest player in the Davis Cup?
6. Who won most gold medals in Olympic tennis?
7. Who won most medals in Olympic tennis?
8. When, for the first time were both the Wimbledon men s singles finalists from overseas?
9. When, for the first time was the Wimbledon women's singles final match entirely overseas?
10. When, for the first time, were all the five Wimbledon finals contested by overseas players?

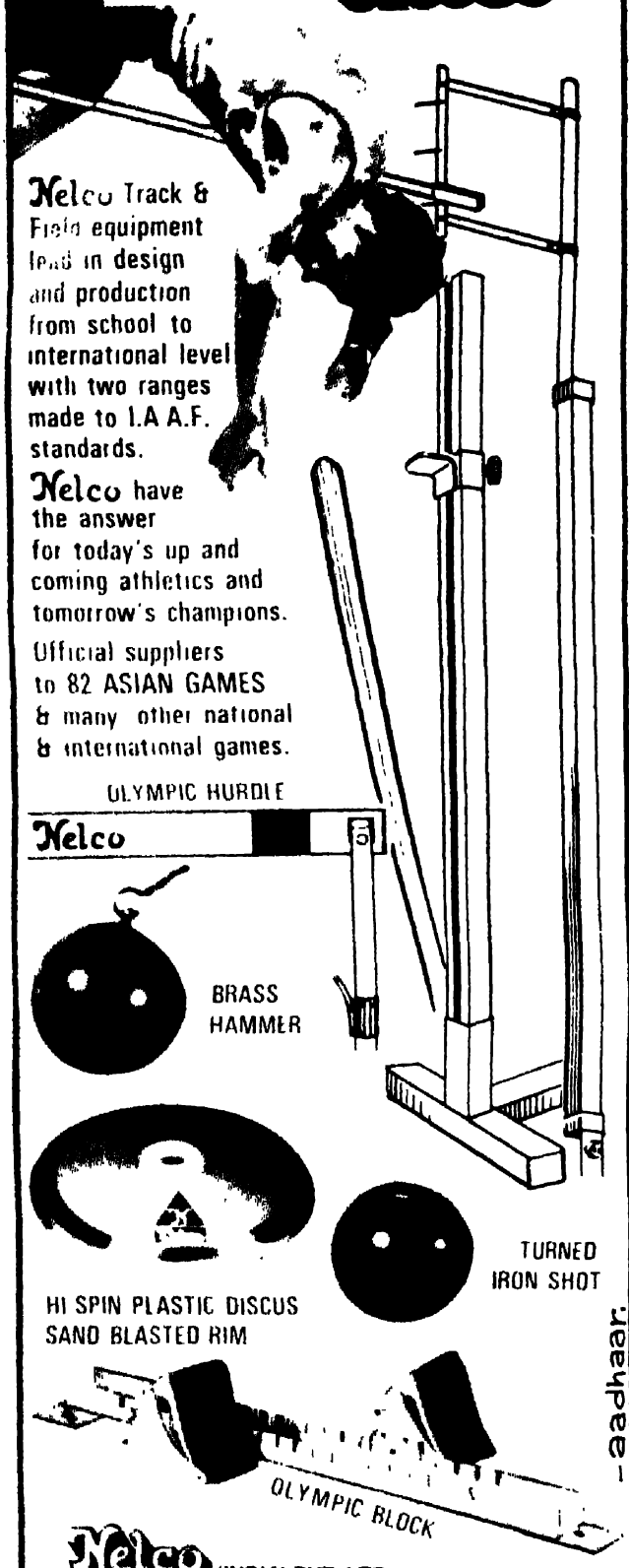
ANSWERS

1. In 1968, with the onset of open lawn tennis.
2. John and Tracy Austin (1980).
3. The 1881 final between William Renshaw and Rev. John Hartley which lasted 37 minutes (Renshaw won 6-0, 6-1, 6-1)
4. Jack Kramer who in 1947 won the title 21 sets to 1, 130 games to 37, his loss in games being 22.15%
5. Torben Ulrich. He was 48 years 11 days when he played for Denmark in Brussels in September, 1978 against Belgium
6. Max Decugis (France) who won 4 gold medals—3 in 1906 and 1 in 1920.
7. Max Decugis (France) who won 6 medals (4 g, 1 s, 1 b) between 1900 and 1924.
8. 1913: Tony Wilding (New Zealand) vs Maurice McLoughlin (U.S.A).
9. 1921: S. Lenglen (France) vs E Ryan (U.S.A).
10. 1930.

SOLUTION 351



REACH THE TOP WITH Nelco



12 November Jahangir Khan, the Pakistani squash maestro, gives the rest of the top squash players a glimmer of hope as he loses the final of the World Open squash championship to Ross Norman of New Zealand. Norman, a long time rival, wins in four games to break the Khan monotony.

13 November The Benson and Hedges Grand Prix tennis tournament in Wembley loses two of its main stars as John McEnroe and Stefan Edberg crash out in the opening round itself. McEnroe loses to Pat Cash while Edberg cannot hold out to the constant pressure from Jakob Hlasek of Switzerland.

14 November The West Indies steam-roller their way to their third win in as many matches to clinch the five-match one day international series against Pakistan. Playing at Sialkot, the West Indies overhaul the Pakistani score of 148 with four wickets and three balls to spare.

England end the first day of their first Test against Australia at Brisbane at 198 for two. Losing Chris Broad early, England steady themselves with a 61 from skipper Mike Gatting and an unbeaten 76 from opener Bill Athey.

15 November Ian Botham strikes form with a fighting 138 to lead England to 456 in their first innings in the first Test against Australia at Brisbane. By close of play on the second day, Australia are 33 for one with David Boon out for 10.

Henry Rono, the Kenyan distance running star, is facing legal action following his implication in a bank fraud case in New Jersey. Rono is at present in the Bergen Country jail in lieu of a $3,000 bail.

16 November Graham Dilley tears through the Australian batting line-up to finish with five for 68 and force them to follow on in the first Test at Brisbane. Shot out for 248, Australia have to face just one over in their second innings and end the day at 2 for no loss.

Yannick Noah of France comes alive late into the match to beat Kevin Curren 7-5, 6-3 and enter the final of the Benson and Hedges Grand Prix tennis tournament at Wembley. In the other semi final, Sweden's Jonas Svensson gets past Libor Pimek of Czechoslovakia 7-5, 6-3.

17 November West Indies win the fourth one day international against Pakistan at Multan by 89 runs. Totalling 202 for five in their turn at bat, the West Indians shoot out the Pakistanis for just 113.

Frenchman Yannick Noah stays in high gear to win a thrilling five-setter against Jonas Svensson of Sweden and win the Benson and Hedges Grand Prix tennis tournament at Wembley.

18 November Geoff Marsh scores an unbeaten 108 to take Australia out of trouble on the third day of the first Test at Brisbane. At draw of stumps, Australia are 243 for five.

One of the controversies in soccer is resolved as Diego Maradona admits that he had used his hand to score the first goal against England in their Mexico World Cup clash.

Start a workout with aerobics

LAST week we had gone into the problems faced by most of us during the year-end festivities. And we had told you to get into track suits and start pounding the road. Now, we are going one step further and are concentrating on how you can get yourself into shape for sport in the winter. You may be so satisfied with your morning jog that you find no real necessity for another workout; but there could be a few who appreciate the need for warming up.

One of the best methods of getting yourself into shape- if you are too bored with just putting one step in front of the other—is aerobics. While there is the very misleading conception that aerobics is solely for the fairer sex, those of you who can get over the MCP feelings and get into it, will find it a very satisfying experience

Aerobics can help you to build stamina. It may not seem too tough but if you are man— or woman-- enough to take the challenge and switch on the beat, you'll be the first one to have a word of admiration for all the people who stretch to the beat of the latest chartbuster. It burns calories and lowers your cholesterol intake while also improving overall health as a direct effect of smooth blood circulation.

The exercises that we are going through here do not give you an absolute view of what is covered by an aerobics workout; but they are good enough to tempt you into finding out more about the whole gam bit. If they do turn you on, and you can't get your hands on some further information, write in and we'll see what we can do for you.

In the series of exercises that we are going to run through, there are some that can be done individually while some others should be done in a gr[illegible] it's up to you to de[illegible] which method you pref[illegible] A loner might find jogging to a[illegible] his street (sorry about that one!) but working out with a group can also be very exciting—apart from adding a tinge of competitiveness.

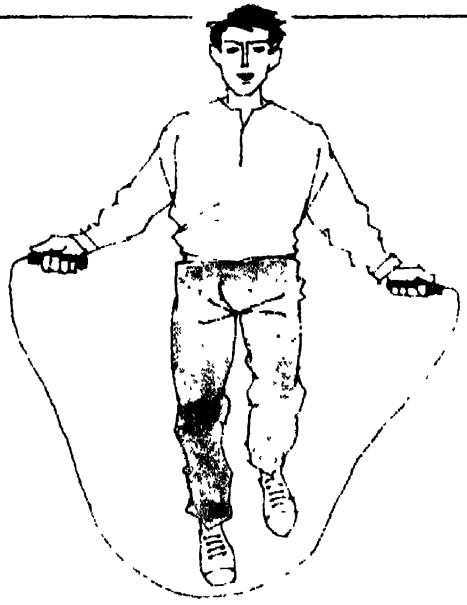
For those of you who find their tempo flagging after a week of exercising at home, training with friends might just be what the doctor ordered. The enthusiasm of the rest of the group will rub off onto you and soon you'll be going for it with the same vigour as when you started

What must be understood here is that while aerobics can comprise an entire workout on its own, what we are dealing with here is just a warm-up for any workout session that you may be into. These exercises that we are taking you into are just to get the blood coursing through the veins and make it easier for the really heavy stuff. But, on the other hand, if you do want a full workout of aerobics, go ahead and enjoy yourself.

One of the things about aerobics is that it is very difficult to build muscle with the ordinary workout. It is a great method of keeping yourself in shape and toning up the muscles. But building muscle is difficult. This is due to the heavy leaning toward stretching exercises and very little bulk-builders. In fact, if you are looking to lose weight, you should give aerobics a try.

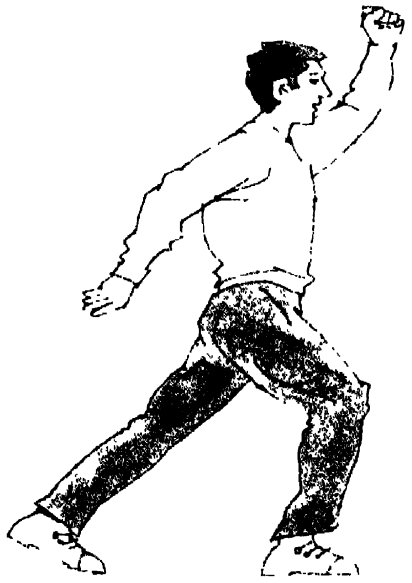
Coming back to our exercises, thrice a week would be an ideal format to set this workout to, while keeping in mind that the degree of difficulty depends solely on your present level of fitness. As you work your way up the fitness ladder, you could increase the degree of difficulty to suit yourself.

(To be continued)



Jumping Rope

Progress slowly, starting off with 20 or 30 seconds of jumping pace for 30 seconds alternating jumping and pacing for 10 minutes



Illustrations Debashis Deb

Stride Jumps

Take big strides, swinging your arms freely at a rapid rate

The Story of the DAVIS CUP

In 1976, a dogged Italy snatched the cup away. Yet Australia would not be denied again and after a gap of four years were the Davis Cup champions again. Alan Trengove's writing is as exciting as usual. Published by Stanley Paul & Co, the book is priced at £9.95

Australia, 1977

LATIN countries continued to have a great influence on the cup's destiny in 1977. Italy made a spirited defence of the trophy and America once more was surprised by a South American nation, Argentina. In spite of the wealth of talent in his country, Trabert found that he could not rely on having the right combination precisely when he needed it. In the early rounds as America beat Venezuela, Mexico and South Africa, Trabert was able to use Vitas Gerulaitis, Tanner and Ashe, but the team that lost to Argentina in Buenos Aires, was not the strongest for an encounter on clay

American hopes were shattered in the first match when Cano, the world's 121 st ranked player, upset Stockton 3 6, 6-4, 8-6, 6-4. Stockton had chances; in fact the match fluctuated so much that there were twenty breaks of service in all. But Cano, a touch player, usually produced a passing shot when he needed one most. Vilas allowed



The American tie with South Africa at Newport Beach, California resulted in the ugliest scenes ever enacted at a tennis match...anti-apartheid protestors ran onto the court and emptied a carton of motor oil over it. Trabert jumped from his captain's chair and struck two of the interlopers with a racket,

Tanner was given the chance to exact revenge on Ramirez when America met Mexico in Tucson, Arizona, and again looked shaky when he was down 1-5, 15-40. From then on his serves and volleys began to zip off the cement court and he won 7-5, 6-4, 6-4. Ashe put away Roberto Chavez 6-4, 6-4, 6-4; and Smith and Lutz also recorded a straight sets victory. The American tie with South Africa at Newport Beach, California, resulted in the ugliest scenes ever enacted at a tennis match in the States. Tanner and Gottfried put their country two up on the first day with clear-cut wins over Byron Bertam and Ray Moore respectively. Disturbances first erupted in the doubles between Smith and Lutz and McMillan and Bertram when anti-apartheid protestors ran onto the court and emptied a carton of motor oil over it. Trabert jumped from his captain's chair and struck two of the interlopers with a racquet. 'My instinct,' he



This was Guillermo Vilas's best year; he won the French and US Open titles and was compiling a record streak of fifty wins in the Grand Prix. The so-called 'Bull of the Pampas' was particularly intimidating on his home courts

said later, 'was to protect myself and my players. Who knows what these guys were up to?' The oil was cleaned up and the Americans won the match. Next day there were more ructions, and as the protestors tried to display a banner on the court, Trabert again went after them with his racquet.

Trabert knew the Buenos Aires assignment was going to be tough. This was Guillermo Vilas's best year; he won the French and US Open titles and was compiling a record streak of fifty wins in the Grand Prix. The so-called 'Bull of the Pampas' was particularly intimidating on his home courts. On the other hand, Ricardo Cano, the Argentinian number two, was hardly known, and the Americans were far superior at doubles. The results from two earlier rounds, though, should have provided a warning. In the decisive fifth match in Sao Paulo, Cano beat Carlos Kirmayr of Brazil 5-7, 6-2, 6-0 6-0, and in the clincher against Chile in Buenos Aires he thwarted Fillol 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 Trabert intended to use the machinelike clay-court experts Harold Solomon and Eddie Dibbs for the singles, but Solomon was ill and Dibs declined Trabet's invitation, saying he had other commitments. The captain settled for Gottfried and Stockton.

Gottfried only six games, and the tie was virtually over. Though Sherwood Stewart and Fred Mc Nair Delayed the Argentinian victory by winning the doubles, Stockton predictably went down to Vilas. Hundreds of flags were waved by excited fans and the stadium reverberated with exuberant sounds from horns and drums.

Argentina loomed as Australia's main hurdle after Fraser's men had won the Eastern Zone. The star of

the zonal matches was the burly Mark Edmondson, a one-time janitor from Gosford who had leaped from obscurity to win the 1976 Australian Open, beating Rosewall and Newcombe in the process. Edmondson gave his country perfect starts by outgunning Vijay Amritraj of India in the opening match in Perth, and repeating that form against the dour Onny Parun of New Zealand in Auckland. In both contests Alexander added the second singles point, and he and Dent won the doubles.

Australia had never played farther south in the American continent than Mexico City. None of the Australian players had ever visited Buenos Aires and none could remember seeing Cano play. So captain Fraser decided to do some detective work. He interviewed Trabet on the subjects of tennis in Buenos Aires and Ricardo Cano. He learned that Cano had a sound service, a rolled forehand and a backhand which he chipped but which he could also hit with top spin across court. Fraser tracked Cano to the Canadian Open at Toronto and watched him play. The following week Cano was scheduled to play at Boston. Fraser went to Boston only to find that Cano had made a last-minute change of plans and was playing in a round-robin event at Westchester Country Club, near New York. The Australian captain hurried to Westchester and, in order to avoid conveying any impression that he was worried by Cano, he and his companion entered the grounds incognito, paying at the gate to sit in the public stands. They wore hats and dark glasses. A few days later Fraser studied Cano again at the US Open. At last he knew all he wanted to know.

The tie opened with Vilas playing Dent. The Australian also had enjoyed a good year, reaching the semifinals at Rome and Paris, and the quarter finals at Wimbledon. He upset Vilas's rhythm by varying his game, but Vilas had too much faith in his strength and heavy top spin to be greatly shaken and he won 6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-3. Cano was under more pressure than in his previous cup matches because of the crowd's expectations. With Fraser aware of every facet of his game and advising Alexander accordingly, Ricardo had nowhere to hide. Alexander pulverized him 6-3, 6-0, 6-0. The demolition was so complete that it made Dent, who had to play Cano in the critical fourth rubber, supremely confident.

But Australian strategy almost went awry in the doubles when Vilas and Cano adopted a ploy that unsettled Alexander and Dent. When the Argentinians served, the net man positioned himself on the centre line two yards back from the net. By prearrangement with the server, he would dart to the left or right as soon as the ball was struck while the server raced in to cover the open space. Alexander and Dent won the first set 6-2, lost the next 4-6, and just tipped Vilas and Cano out of the third 9-7. The Australians were watching their opponents more than the ball and playing more defensively than usual. Vilas and Cano won the fourth set 6-4, and the Australians were relieved to walk off the court when an overnight postponement was called at 2 all in the fifth. Next morning the Argentinians could not win another game.

(Phil) Dent had an hour's rest before playing Cano. Though edgy, he was clearly a class above Cano, and he beat him 6-4, 6-4, 6-3 to put Australia into the final



Dent had an hour's rest before playing Cano. Though edgy, he was clearly a class above Cano and he beat him 6-4, 6-4, 6-3 to put Australia into the final. Vilas did his best to console the crowd by overcoming Alexander in the 'dead' rubber.

The strongest teams in Europe were Italy, Spain, France and Rumania, with Sweden crippled by Borg's decision to bypass the competition. The fact that both Borg and Connors for several years apparently put the amassing of tournament riches above the opportunity of representing their countries was to remain a blot on their records. With Tiriac pairing with Nastase in doubles, Rumania looked a threat to any team. Rumanian victories in Zone A were achieved over Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Britain (whose complaints about Nastase's misbehaviour led to his suspension from cup play in 1978). Further success seemed likely at Roland Garros, where the mercurial but moody Nastase led Jauffret 6-3, 6-0 and had a break in the third set. However, Jauffret pulled off a splendid recovery to win, 6-1 in the fifth set. It was the crucial point in France's 3-2 triumph. Italy

reached the European final when Barazzutti beat Orantes of Spain 7-5, 7-5, 6-1 to establish a 3-1 lead in Barcelona. Italy met stout resistance from France, with Dominguez and Jaufret each going down in five sets to Panatta and Barazzutti respectively and together losing the doubles in four sets.

There was some irony in Australia's selection (predictable though it was) of a grass court at Sydney for the final. That year the ILTF had deleted the 'Lawn' from its title—so becoming the ITF—in recognition of the decline in grass-court tennis. Captain Fraser had a trump up his sleeve. He brought back Roche into the Australian team as a singles player. As Newcombe's doubles partner, Tony had played his part in Australia's victories from 1965 to 1967 before turning professional in 1968, but he had never played singles for his country, and, what with his frequent injuries, it had become increasingly improbable that he ever would. Now, at the age of thirty-two, he was asked to make his singles debut in a final. He was an ideal choice, for the prevailing breezes at White City favoured left-handers and he always had played well there.

Sure enough, the craggy-faced Sydney player laid the foundation for an Australian victory by producing the form that took him to the 1968 Wimbledon final. He beat Panatta 6-3, 6-4, 6-4 in the first match. Tony gave a perfect exhibition of inteligent serving, relying on spin and swing rather than power and following up his awkward deliveries with deep volleys that gave Panatta scant opportunity to attack.

It was a tall order to expect Barazzutti to strike back against Alexander. He had played only six previous matches on grass and lost them all. Yet he kept Alexander at full stretch and even won a few points by daringly going to the net behind his 'powder puff' service. Alexander finally won 6-4, 8-6, 4-6, 6-2.

The doubles seemed certain to go Australia's way, but Panatta and Bertolucci did not think so. Playing with flair and resolution, they had the Wimbledon finalist Alexander and Dent struggling for points. Bertolucci was omnipotent. He flicked deceptive ground shots and intercepted brilliantly. Panatta provided the muscle and they won 4-6, 6-4, 7-5

A strong wind troubled Alexander and Panatta in the next match, a clash between two powerful and courageous men, one stolid and phlegmatic by temperament, the other, Panatta, inspirational and adventurous. After Panatta had adjusted his game to the wind and led 4-6, 6-4, 6-2, his top spin looked to be the match-winning factor. Italian migrants in the crowd played bells and klaxon horns and chanted *'Italia, Italia'* to encourage him. Then, when Panatta broke through for a 2-1 lead in the fifth set, an Italian supporter leaped to his feet and gave a rendition of the song, 'It's Now or Never'. Alexander had led 3-0 and 4-1 in the fourth set, but only just managed to win it 8-6 after Panatta served for the match at 6-5 only to double-fault at 30 all. The fifth set see-sawed as Panatta immediately lost his 2-1 (and 40-15) lead, and then dropped a further three games, only to surge back when Alexander served for the match at 5-3. The score went to 5 all. Neither man now showed any sign of cracking. But Alexander, serving first, was able to apply a bit more pressure to the Italian's service. Also, he used the lob cleverly. Panatta had little margin for error with his smashing and missed a few overheads that proved costly. At the end, after nearly four hours' play, Alexander's ability to scramble and rally helped to wear Panatta down. When Alexander went to 40-love on Panatta's serve in the twentieth game, Panatta flung himself around the court in a valiant bid to avert defeat. He saved one match point, but Alexander took the set at 9-7 with a winning volley. The cup once more was Australia's.



...Panatta flung himself around the court in a valiant bid to avert defeat. He saved one match point, but (John) Alexander took the set at 9-7 with a winning volley. The cup once more was Australia's.

freewheeling

HOW fast is fast? Something which has fascinated me. I mean, we all know that this is fast and that is very fast. But, how fast?

Inquisitive. And with a natural flair for speed. That would explain my predicament as I aimed to equate sport to speed. After all, we do involve speed in sport. But it is always in relation to time or distance. Very rarely—if ever at all have we sat down to find out how fast.

For those of you who are still wondering, let me explain. An Olympic 100m final. Eight men cleave through the air to hit the tape in exultation. The world hails a champion. And the primary factor is obviously his timing: 9.9 seconds. That's it. Okay, so he timed 9.9 but how fast did he actually run? What was the speed he reached?

Even as these queries zipped around in my head, I chanced upon a book that was obviously written by someone on the same wave length as me. It had the eleven top sporting speeds listed! I couldn't believe it.

What were we talking about a little while earlier? Oh yes. The speed a sprinter hits in full stride. It's 27 mph over a distance of 100 yards. And if you aren't impressed enough, try it. You're gonna lose. Obviously.

That's one end of the scale as far as speed goes. At the other end lurks a lean, mean Porsche 917/30. An out and-out racing car, this beauty can scorch the track at speeds over 250 mph. Human effort doesn't have much to do with this, although. But...think about it. How many of you would have the guts to trade places with a Formula One driver? I start searching for the brake every time the needle knocks eighty. And if there's someone else at the wheel, I'm screaming at sixty!

And to shoot another popular myth down; all that horseplay about Jesse Owens racing a horse is all humbug. He may have kept abreast for a couple of seconds, but the moment the horse gains momentum, it's bye bye Jesse. I'm sure you'd agree with me when you know the top speed that reacehorse can touch in full stride. 60 mph! That's almost as futile as Daley Thompson trying to outsprint a greyhound. He did it, honest. But it was more in jest than anything else. As he put it—after following the paw marks to the tape—"One more leg and I would have beaten him."

And as if to prove that anything done on the ground can be done better in the air, the racing pigeon can whiz past a galloping racehorse with miles to spare. The timing taken in full flight: 90 mph.

There were other things that had me wondering. Knocking around on a tennis court the obvious question is: how fast does this ball travel? A mind boggling 140mph! But then that's unique. That's Roscoe Tanner. How did I ever get to the ball? But then thank God, I never have to bounce in anticipation of Tanner's first serve.

Tennis balls we can imagine. After all it is the net result of high-tension cat gut slamming against a pressurised ball. But a small plastic ball rebounding off soft rubber pasted against a paddle? Must be way slower! That's where you go wrong. Surprise surprise. A table tennis ball is just 20 mph slower than its rubberised cousin.

Another place where I have often wondered about speed is the cricket pitch. There isn't much time to think really if you're facing Malcolm Marshall. If you do need any further reason to respect those men who go out there and stand up to the likes of Marshall, Thomson and Imran, here it is. That red cherry whirls through the air at speeds near 100 mph and what it does after seam touches pitch is their business. Me? I'd much rather prefer the safety of a typewriter.

Surprisingly, the place where speed is actually flaunted is in the comparative safety and quiet calm of a golf course. The impact of a wood striking home, the shaft bending with the swing and viciously straightening out to propel the ball into the distance. Pay heed, we're not talking about direction. You might have hooked into the tank or even sliced out of bounds. But if you're big enough to really lay on the power into a well timed drive, the ball can rocket off the tee to a speed of 250 mph! The next time I hear someone shouting 'Fore', I'm running for cover!

And how fast can man go? We know how fast he can run. But strap him to a set of skis and point him down a snow-bound slope and you'll have the speedo meter clocking 125 mph! Fortunately, they don't fine you for speeding down the Alps. It's even more frightening on water. Keeping your balance on a pair of water skis is achievement enough, but skimming the water at 128 mph is pushing things a little too far. Now I'm wondering how fast those little speed boats go on their own?

But the fastest of all is human vanity. Henry Cooper claimed that his left hook was timed at 30 mph. That was nowhere as fast as Sugar Ray Leonard getting to a mirror after a bout to see the damage to his pretty face. Admit it, when you fell off your cycle, weren't you more bothered about who saw, than how fast you were going?

Pradeep Paul



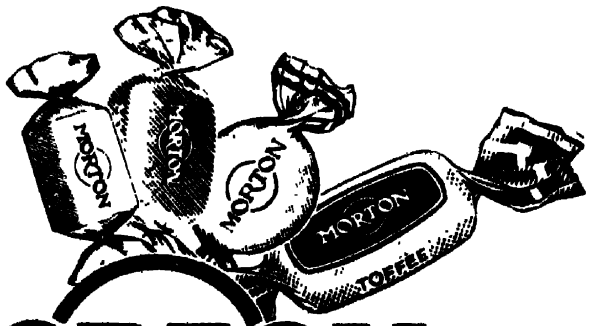
Thank God, I never have to bounce in anticipation of Roscoe Tanner's first serve

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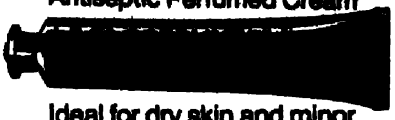
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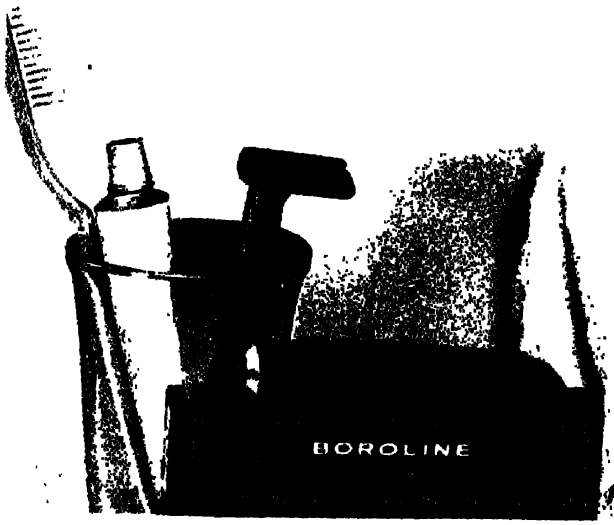
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Sportsworld

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6

Carribean Champagne

The West Indians, with a near perfect blend of youth and experience called all the shots at the Sharjah Four Nation Tournament. Mudar Patherya reports



22

Dempo Overcome Calcutta Challenge

Dempo Sports Club played at their best to win the title for the fourth time. Mohun Bagan and East Bengal were beaten by a better team



30

Body Music

Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean have staged a revolution on ice. They now tour the world not as competitors, but as entertainers

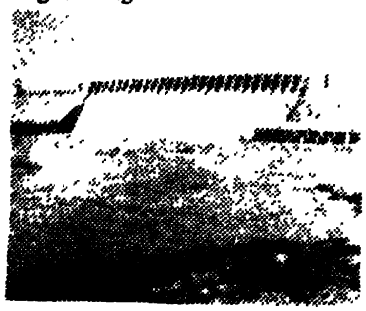
Cover transparency of Vivian Richards and Kapil Dev by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor: David McMahon **Editorial Staff:** Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul, Barry O'Brien, Rohit David Brijnath
Madras Correspondent: Partab Ramchand **Staff Photographer:** Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director: Bipul Guha **Staff Designers:** Santosh Dutta, Ali Akbar Mirza

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NAGARJUNASAGAR-once the revered seat of Buddhist learning, is just 150 km. away from Hyderabad. Here the tourist will find the most vivid manifestation of ancient culture and modern engineering

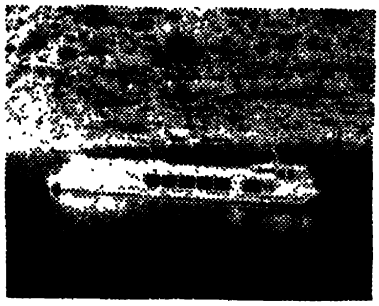


The Nagarjunasagar Dam. Named after the Buddhist philosopher Acharya Nagarjuna, is the tallest masonry dam in the world. A tremendous feat of engineering, a magnificent spectacle.

The precious wealth of Buddhist culture, is preserved in the island museum in the middle of the man-made lake, which can be reached by a motor launch. Excavations in 1926 here, revealed an entire township. A university, monasteries, stupas, religious scriptures, coins etc. These finds are carefully preserved.

A few kms away from Nagarjunasagar, is the picturesque Ethipothala waterfall. A scenic spot where the tourist can delight in the marvels of nature. The crocodile farm is an added attraction for the tourist.





A cruise by launch up the river Krishna, is a pleasurable experience. The motor boat ride between Nagarjunasagar and Srisailam across a 110 km stretch of water, is exhilarating. The thick forests all around, are a well protected sanctuary for various species of wildlife.

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Akshara H/362/APT

In a coma

IT was very sad, and at the same time annoying, to see the Indians to put up their worst performance in the World Cup hockey. Sad because Indian hockey cannot get any worse as far as performance is concerned. And annoying because they did not play as well as they are capable of playing.

The selectors should have shown confidence in a few of the older and more experienced players for this major tournament. The most glaring omission being the former captain Zafar Iqbal. Pakistan recalled old horses Kalimullah and Hasan Sardar and it was well worth it. The Aussies too had Charlesworth. I do agree that the game has changed, but there is no reason to believe that the Europeans and the Aussies are physically stronger today than they were a decade ago. Therefore, the argument that we are losing because we are physically weaker doesn't hold good. I am sure that the Indians can climb back to the top once again. What they have to do is stop making lame excuses and concentrate harder on their game. More importantly, they should try and work as hard as the Europeans and others do.

Our hockey is in a state of coma at present. With cricket gaining in popularity, the performance at London will further damage the 'not so healthy' image of the game. Something constructive must be done immediately to revive this traditional sport of the country. Officials and players will have to forget or at least shelve their differences for the moment, if there is to be an upswing as far as the popularity of the game is concerned. Then, and only then, will an improvement in the standard come about.

ABDUL MONIM,
Kalyan.

Spin specialists, please!

WITH the year 1986 coming to an end, one can say that the Indian cricket team has had mixed fortunes. In this period, India failed to win a single Test match against Australia out of six and recorded two victories against England. A one-day series win over Australia at home is the only consolation in instant cricket.

How do we go about the task of building a winning side? In England our medium pace bowlers spearheaded by Chetan Sharma, came to terms with the condition with sterling performances. But, on our home soil, we failed as a team. We could not produce a spin bowler of the calibre of Prasanna, Venkat, Bedi on Chandrasekhar. The lack of strike bowlers in the spin department is felt very much. The present set of spin bowlers are only part-time bowlers and their strike rate is very poor. They must learn to exploit wickets, like say Abdul Qadir did at Faisalabad, and John Emburey at "Gabba" (Brisbane). Our spin bowlers lacked imagination and foresight. Dean Jones notched up a double century despite his illhealth recently at Madras. Our spinners were ready for the leather-hunt rather than dragging Jones from the crease for a stumping chance. Emburey inviting Jones out at *Brisbane* should serve as the final notice for our spinners. India has only managed four Test wins in the last four years. It is now or never: India's spin combination requires a drastic change.

C.K. SUBRAMANIAM,
Madras

Two good

THE interviews of Arun Lal and Mohinder Amarnath by Barry O'Brien and Mudar Patherya respectively were very well done. It is true that the East Zone captain has done more than enough to come back into the national team. Let's hope that with Raman Lamba's poor showing in Sharjah and Lal's two successive double hundreds is ample proof that there should be an immediate change.

Jimmy Amarnath's views on cricket and fellow cricketers are as consistent as his performances on the field. Whether he will play for India again one really doesn't know, but one thing is for sure: he has done more than enough for Indian cricket. Youngsters should follow the example set by this 'Peter Pan of Indian cricket'. His greatest assets being patience, perseverance and willingness to stay at the wicket.

G KRISHNAMOURTHY,
Hyderabad.

Time's running out

IN less than two years from now, India will be taking part in the XXIV Olympic Games. Following India's performance at the Seoul Asian Games, the sports authorities should do something drastic in order to improve the performances. A seminar would be a good idea. They could invite sports-minded members of the community, former sportsmen, national coaches and sportswriters to discuss the situation and make suggestions as to what the most feasible steps would be.

Four training centres should be set up in the north, south, east and west. It seems most of the centres are in the north. This does not help a great deal in unearthing new talent, and something must be done in this regard immediately.

MELSON FM LOUIS,
Goa.

Calling Usha

CHIEF MINISTER of Punjab Mr Surjit Singh Barnala and Pradeep Paul need to be congratulated for taking the pains to write personal letters to India's track queen PT Usha. She is obviously world class but she requires encouragement and advice. This will help her to improve even further.

I came across Mr Barnala's letter in a local daily and I thoroughly went through the letter to her in *Sportsworld* (29th Oct—4th Nov). I fully agree with this opinion. It is indeed true that if the Asian champion goes to the USA for further training she will stand a good chance of winning a medal at the Olympics two years hence. The essence of the letter is invaluable and should be a great source of inspiration and guidance for the young athlete.

Let's hope Usha takes the advice and gets on that plane. It's her best chance.

S. HUSSAIN,
Dibrugarh.

What more?

"A HUNDRED wouldn't have been enough" *Sportsworld* (12th-18th Nov) says Arun Lal. But as it turned out, two double hundreds proved inadequate. He failed to make it to the team for the Sharjah tournament.

I agree with the former Test player. He has been unfairly branded as a failure in Test cricket. To the discerning eye, it has always been apparent that he has the class and the technique to shoulder the responsibility of opening the batting for the country. Besides, it should not be forgotten that he is the possessor of one of the coolest heads in Indian cricket.

I only hope that his omission brings to the fore the fighting qualities of the talented Bengal skipper. Keep going Arun. And all the best.

BASU DEV SANYAL,
Howrah.

Four-Nation Champions Trophy

Carribean Champagne

The formidable West Indians, gradually but surely, booked their place on the victory balcony at Sharjah. **Mudar Patherya** reports

India versus Sri Lanka, 27 November

Duleep Mendis's Sri Lankans are the best behaved young men you can hope to find in the business. Soft spoken and well mannered. They never let a day go by without doing good to someone. The trouble starts when they stretch their generosity to cricket.

At two stages in their match against India they appeared to be setting the pace. A score of 125 for two in the 28th over was the ideal launching pad for an unassailable total. Sri Lanka floundered.. Ranatunga was bowled and the Sri Lankan run rate immediately lapsed.

They did well to recover, scoring 214 for nine off 45 overs. Quite ordinary, you might say.

But each match that Sri Lanka plays is worked around different plots with the same end. De Mel yielded 32 runs in nine overs; Rumesh Ratnayake, 44 in seven; spinner Anurasiri, 30 in five; Ranatunga 28 in four, Labrooy 32 in eight and Gurusinghe 45 in 8.3. For the dramatic effects of a fairly predictable tragedy, wicket keeper De Alwis dropped Srikkanth at 37, Gurusinghe floored him five runs later while Aravinda De Silva dropped Azharuddin at 35. Jaffna was not alone in its curfew that evening.

Mediocre bowling seemed to characterise proceedings. The Indians seemed to compete long hop for long hop. With the exception of Kapil Dev—two for 28 in nine—Binny was hit for 42 in nine overs, Sharma 40 in eight, Maninder eight in two overs, Madal Lal 37 in nine and Shastri 40 in eight. Only two maidens were bowled. The Indian bowlers seldom in the last year and a half looked as ordinary.

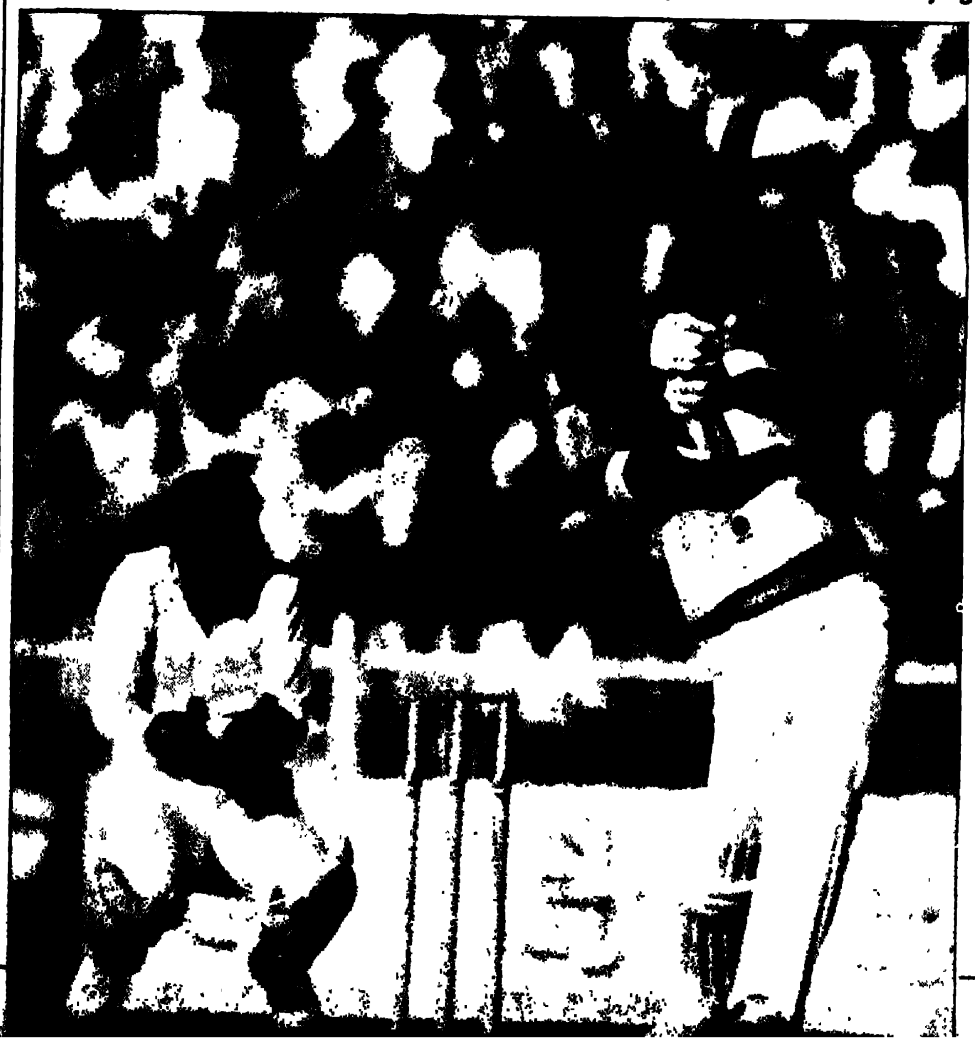
India had little difficulty in getting past the Sri Lankan total. Twenty-one balls remained to be bowled

Gus Logie was the star of the show, both with bat and on the field





Azharuddin (above) and Kapil Dev (below) steered India to victory against Sri Lanka



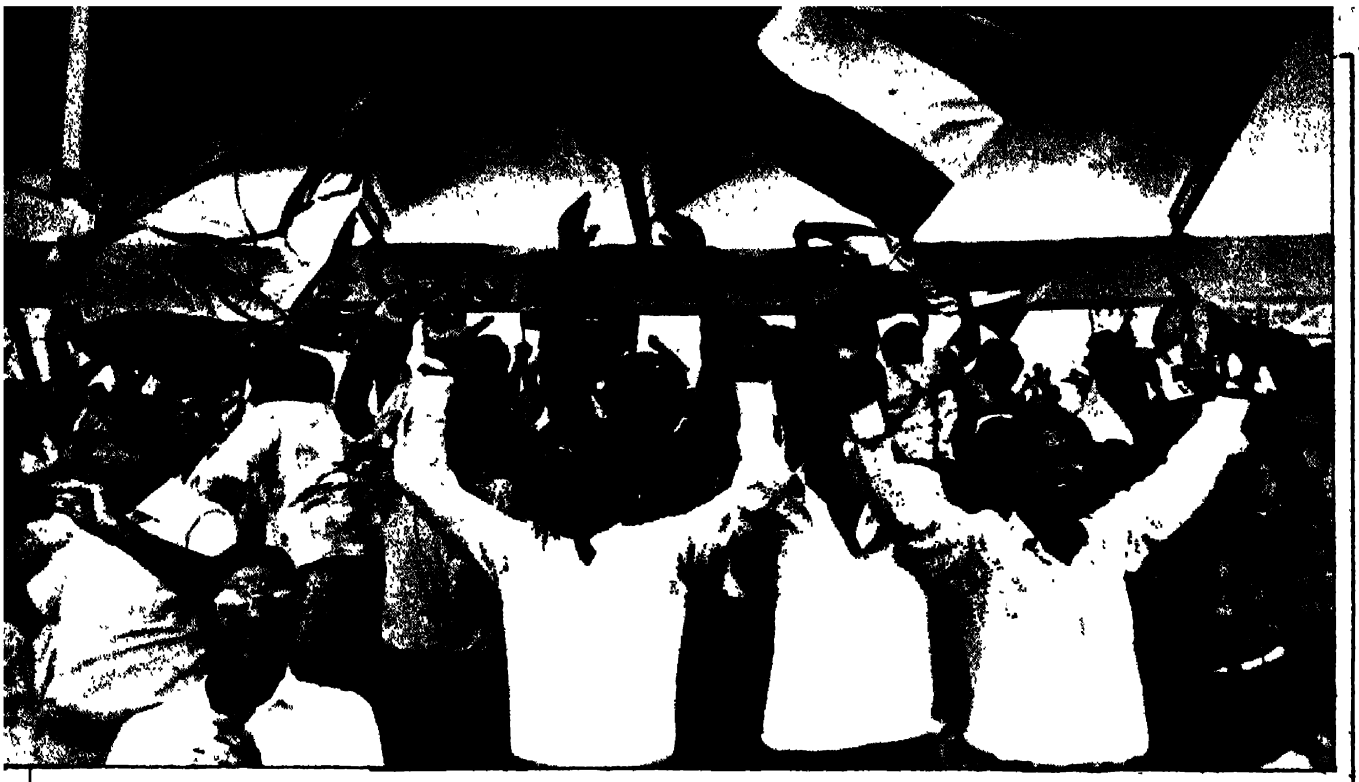
when the winning run was hit. But for the scorebook, India had won by seven wickets.

Two particular points remained dotted on memory's pad even beyond the halfway stage of the tournament. Ranatunga's six off Shastri sent the ball out of the playing arena and the stadium. Fifteen minutes passed before the ball could be recovered and the match resumed. If Ranatunga was bowled for 39 immediately after, it was, amusingly as much, his handiwork as Madan Lal's.

I can still picture Labrooy's first over in international cricket as I write. His first ball to Gavaskar was square driven, no run. Gavaskar fatally edged behind off the second. Lamba was beaten next ball. The batsman preferred to leave the fourth. Labrooy bowled him on the fifth. Azhar shakily survived the last.

If the Sri Lankans had stuck to a similar pattern for the remainder of the match, the tournament would have had a different script altogether.

Photographs: Ratan Peter Gomes



Indians celebrate the fall of a West Indian wicket...

Pakistan versus West Indies, 28 November

Pakistanis gave their country a chance against West Indies in the second match. To convince a disapproving audience they used two arguments: one, they cited the cliche that in this form of the game anything could happen. For the more demanding, they cited the semi final of the World Championship as a relevant example that the West Indies were indeed beatable.

The West Indies reduced Pakistan to a nine-wicket defeat. They bowled Pakistan out for 143, eight balls before the stipulated close. The winning West Indian reply took 62 balls less and was put up for the loss of only one wicket. Not even the Missing Persons Bureau in Sharjah could have helped the Pakistanis find themselves. They had that certain nothing.

But there was little the Pakistani batsmen could have done anyway analyse this over bowled to Mudassar, Marshall's slow one cut away as Mudassar stretched forward. The slightly faster one nipped back as Mudassar went half-cock. The one that Mudassar didn't see, missed his nose by inches. Marshall did a re-run of this three balled formula each over. Only he juggled the order.

Gray at the other was just as tight. At six inches, the ball comes out of the multi-coloured jerseys above the sight screen. Raja attempted to glance him but took it on the pad. Mudassar played two superb square cuts in an over—only if they had connected. The Pakistan batsmen were reduced to running singles after the defensive push to silly mid off. Their first boundary was scored in the 20th over!

Mudassar ended his embarrassment by pulling Benjamin. He top-edged and was caught at silly mid off by Gus Logie running in from cover. The fielder later played a part in three other dismissals, taking his involvement in dismissals to five. He ran Miandad out for 32 at 87, caught Ejaz Ahmed for four and ran out

One more over

DID Courtney Walsh bowl ten overs, instead of the stipulated nine, against Pakistan in the second match?

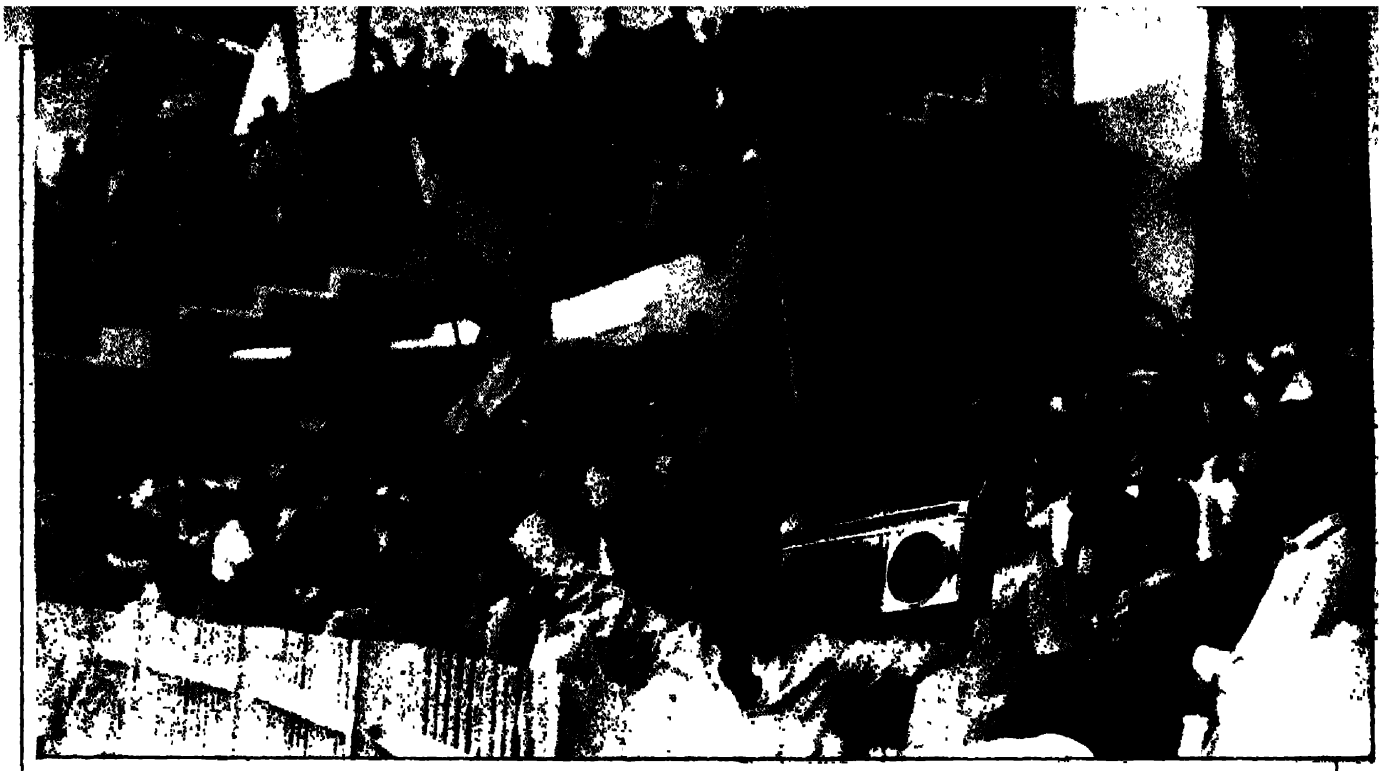
The television and radio commentators felt so and aired the comment during the "live" telecast to India and Abu Dhabi. The scorers and statisticians supported the claim. The umpires strongly denied the allegation.

"I would have been the first to accept it if there was any mistake," said Dickie Bird. "We checked our record and according to our calculations he bowled 8.4 overs and not nine. We have got proof that we are right. The ground scorers are wrong. The TV scorers are wrong and if they want to play the film back, let them," said Bird.

Umpire Shepherd was of the opinion that the confusion arose in the 35th or 36th over. "Walsh was bowling from Dickie's end. He came to my end and bowled one over before he was taken off. Then Gray bowled his last over from my end. I think the confusion arose there. The scorers did not realise that there was a change of bowlers. Maybe it was because both are tall men. That is where the scorers went wrong," explained Shepherd.

The umpires provided the following break-up: pavilion end: Marshall eight, Benjamin nine, Gray four, Walsh one (22). other end: Gray five, Harper nine, Walsh 7.4 (21.4)

Asif Iqbal said, "Being professionals of a high standard it is not difficult to understand their disappointment over the confusion which they think was incorrect."



...But the joy was short lived

Mujtaba with a throw to bowler Gray. In addition, he twice hit the stumps from the outfield while the batsmen were desperately trying to get home. Logie seemed to be functioning on a battery pack that morning. Only Viv Richards during the World Cup final in 1975 could have made as much difference to another side's prospects with his fielding.

India versus West Indies, 30 November

The match between India and West Indies was the most interesting of the first three of the tournament. More wickets fell (16) while the runs per wicket ratio (23) was the lowest from amongst the first half of the tournament.

The fact that India restricted West Indies to 198 in 45 overs was taken as a factor in India's favour. A Pakistan television commentator presided over my luncheon pessimism and chuckled to himself. The match was good as won, he mantained. "Even with the West Indian bowling," I asked. And, perhaps, the slow outfield? "The batsmen can always hit over the top," he said. Compared to him, Micawber would have looked a doubting Thomas.

And so it transpired. Srikkanth fleeced Marshsll for ten runs in two balls. Marshall then produced the ultimate in nip backs. He had barely got the bat out of the block, when his leg stump was gone. Forty per cent of India's chances of winning the match went with that one delivery.

After scoring 17 in 15 balls, India's run rate never exceeded the demand. It had slipped to 2.9 after 10 overs, 2.8 at the end of 20, 3.1 after 30 and 3.6 at the completion of the 40th over. India needed to bat a shade above 4.4 runs an over to win the match. And, perhaps, the trophy.

Once again, the difference in bowling strengths between the two sides dictated the outcome. Consider the individual progress rates of four batsmen during the match: Richards' 62 took him 66 balls. The other three batsmen to have a bearing on the final result almost produced identical ratios: Azhar's 38 took 67 balls, Logie's 58 consumed 96 balls while Gavaskar lasted 109 balls for his 63. That innings by Viv Richards had a more direct individual bearing on the result than anything else in the match.

Richards found himself under attack. Three wickets had fallen for 43. Had he gone then—he edged past a diving Pandit first ball—it could have been a different proposition. West Indies might have struggled to save it.

The ball streaked for four instead. Two balls later, he had glanced Binny to the boundary again. He top-edged Shastri to where leg slip might have been off the bowler's first ball. In his next over, the prototype Richards emerged. He lifted Shastri for a six over long on. The score moved to 53. In Shastri's following over, another six resulted. 67 for three, Richards 30. He singled out the suffering Shastri for a four and then heaved him over mid wicket for yet another six. 81 for three, Richards 42. A spectator in the stand to our left cried: "Richards. mercy!"

West Indies found themselves with 198 to protect. Indian optimism once again made the elementary error of failing to take the number of overs into account. For a 60-over match the score would have worked out to 264. Not every side can score that many to win against the West Indies.

India proved no exception.

Condensed scores of matches:

Sri Lanka 214 for nine in 45 overs (Ranatunga 39, Sharma three for 40, Kapil Dev two for 28) lost to India, 215 for three in 41.3 overs (Srikkanth 92, Azharuddin 50 not out, Kapil Dev 34 not out, Labrooy two for 32).

Pakistan, 143 in 43.4 overs (Raja 44, Miandad 32, Walsh four for 31) lost to West Indies, 145 for one in 33.2 overs (Greenidge 74, Haynes 59 not out).

West Indies, 198 for eight in 45 overs (Richards 62, Logie 58 not out) beat India, 165 for eight in 45 overs (Gavaskar 63, Azharuddin 38, three for 32).



The ball that was described as the best ball ever bowled. Srikkanth never even saw it! Notice one ball about to hit the ground?





The Indian tricolour in full glory. Must have been before that unplayable delivery from Marshall!

TIMBER!

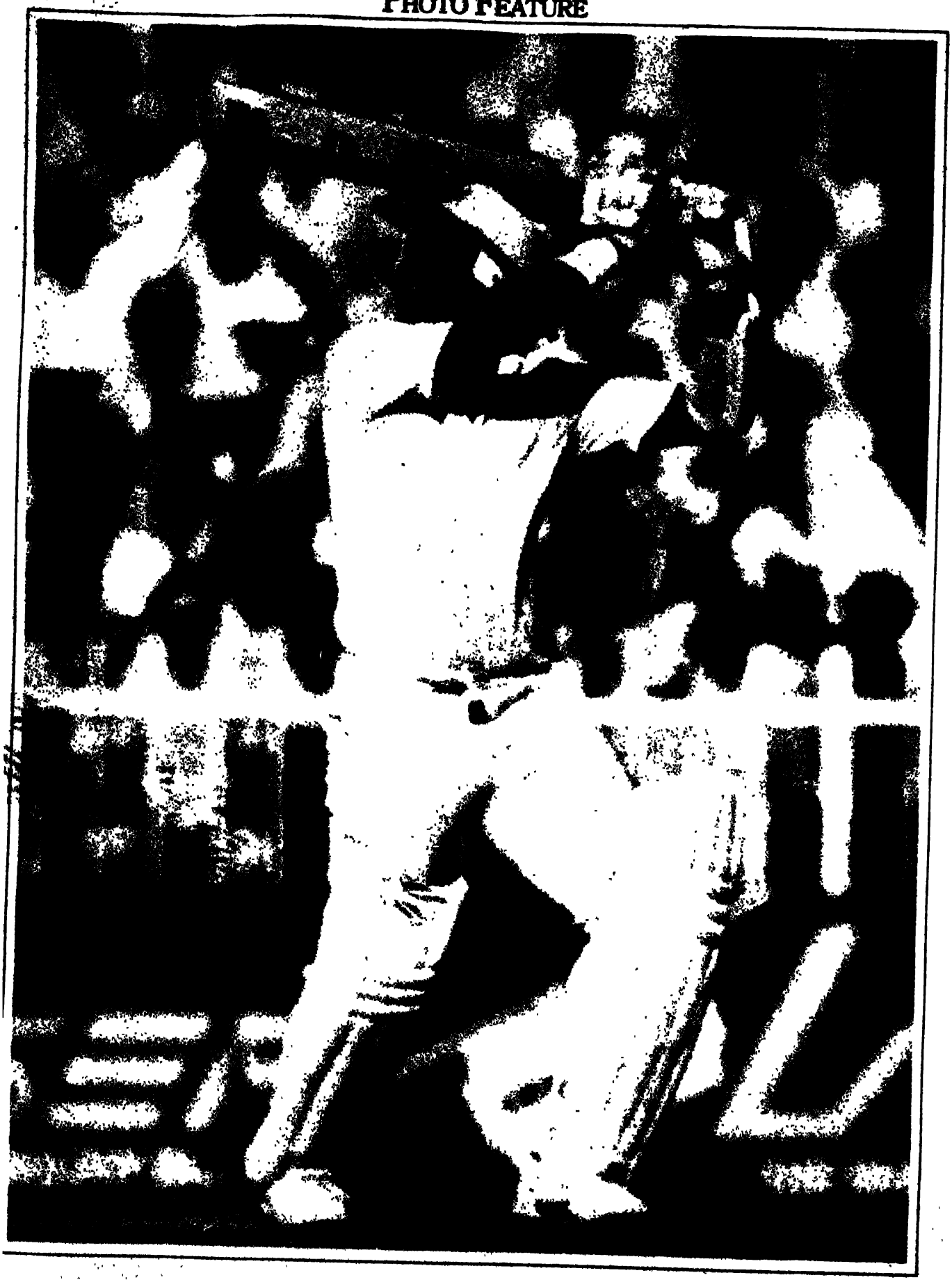
With the West Indian pacemen cleaving through all resistance, the fall of wickets on the Sharjah cricket pitch reminded one of trees in a forest infested with hack-saw armed lumberjacks. **Ratan Peter Gomes** picks his way among the splinters to collect some of the evidence





Srikkanth grimaces in astonishment as Marshall begins his war dance. Fitting revenge for a man who had just been hit for a six and a four

The start of the long walk back. Marshall looks back in triumph and the Indian challenge is almost over

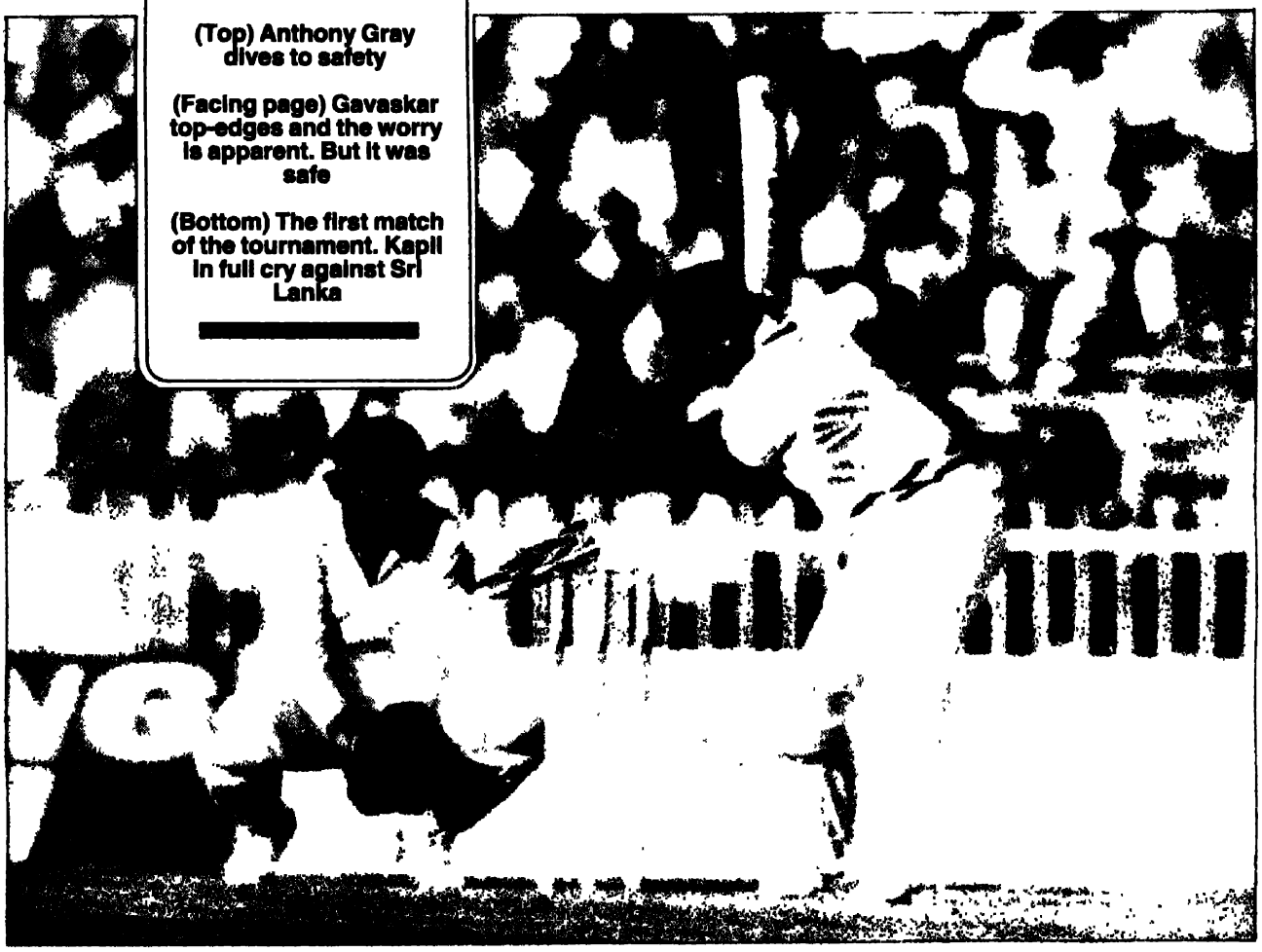




(Top) Anthony Gray dives to safety

(Facing page) Gavaskar top-edges and the worry is apparent. But it was safe

(Bottom) The first match of the tournament. Kapil in full cry against Sri Lanka





SHARJAH DIARY

IT's the lobby of the Sharjah Continental Hotel. I've had a hard day at the desk pecking away at a typewriter for what must have been hours. Eventually I tore the last sheet of the roller, packed the loaned machine into its clumsy case, knocked back a drink (soft) and decided to afford myself the luxury of stretching my legs and living a little. Can you imagine slogging indoor when the option is a relaxed walk down a sunlit boulevard.

"Assalamoalikum, janaab," I looked up. The name Razullah Khan, BCCP member, seemed familiar. I mumbled a reply. "Aapke umpire ne to Pakistan mein bada fadda kar diya," he said as he screwed up his face. Our neutral umpires you mean, I asked. "Poorey match ko barbaad kar dya" he continued. I shook my head.

The lobby of the hotel goes up as high as the sixteenth floor. The 350 rooms stand piled up on one side. The front of this remarkable 'home' is glassed; at any given time of the night, while the elevator is responding with its whoosh to your call, you can catch the highway glimmer running its own arc some 20 miles away. But here and now, it is agreeably mellow within. I decide to bask awhile, to slouch into a sofa that goes oomph and watch life go by.

Debashis Datta of Aaajkal jerks me out of my reverie. "Mama, khabar mila? Vengsarkar has injured his foot and may not be playing Sunday's game." Uh, I say.

"See you...er wait, I have some news. Jeffrey Dujon has been divorced. Don't tell anyone". And he's gone.

Farooq Usman has just arrived from Karachi. He breaks into a bear hug and mildly accuses God of letting him down the last time he was in India. Farooqbhai flew in to photograph the Delhi Test after the previous one in Madras had been tied. It rained for three days and the match was ruined.

Andy Gray and Courtney Walsh are so thin that it would take two of them to make a shadow. When they gave their cool ones, hips wiggling and shoulders matching the rhythm, it appeared as if they were actually looking down on us folks. Roger Harper's six-and-a-half foot presence saved the situation: Walsh and Gray at last found somebody to see eye to eye with and the conversation that followed was for the quotebooks. "Maan, de stuff dat de fellows wear maan. Maan dey look like dem blankets we yoos at home, maan". Or perhaps, craning my neck, I only imagined it.

The Khans, Imran and Zakir, are dropping their keys and waiting for the car that will take them to Dubai. Dickie Bird, in shorts and sans hat for once, is sneaking off towards the beach at the back. "Yu allus fi' me there on an ov' day," he unwinds in his Yorkshire lingo.

Shahnaaz, the one-man (sorry woman) liasion with the invitees, press and participants, has taken over. If after five hours of banging away on the typewriter I have reason to be wearily satisfied, I have a lesson in store for what man—oh, forget the gender— can do in five minutes. She has just issued our press cards, there is somebody at her table asking for the address of the CBFS office, there is a phone call from the airport from a stranded arrival demanding to know when the immigration formalities are going to be cleared. She is attending to all these queries and running off to arrange for the car that will take Mr Sriraman to the administrative office of the organisers. Er wait, the phone has begun ringing again, she's back: Asif Iqbal has appeared on the horizon, she's off to have a word with him... The other day, someone told her: "The last thing I saw the previous night was you running around for something. The first thing I saw in the lobby this morning was you dashing off orders from your desk. Tell me, do you ever sleep?"

My subconscious blushed. It took a moral beating after the hours with the typewriter. I got up and left.

THE whole world was cricket in Sharjah from the moment the matches began. The waiters in the restaurant where I lunched were from Kerala and Sind. The delayed response to my order for 'Kheema naan' was more out of serious differences in opinion about the outcome of the tournament than the intricacies of culinary preparation.

Standing around with my plate, even after having finished, did wonders for my knowledge of cricket betting at the ground. The match would be half complete by then: expatriates would eruditely preside over the possible outcome. Bets would be placed. Hedged. 'Eaten'. At 280. *Saarey teen* (3-1/2). Or 'paanch ka Bhaav'. As I said, I picked up a lot between nibbles.

Mudar Patherya



The whole world was cricket from the moment the matches began

Indian women in England

Aggarwal and 'Aggro'

INDIA's first tour of England was regretably upset by unsporting tactics and a rather hasty over-reaction by officials from the governing bodies of both countries. The incidents which caused rancour occurred during the first Test at the picturesque Collingham Cricket Club, just outside Leeds.

Initially the Indians complained that the ground was not up to first-class standard for a Test, which was hardly the way to win friends after the officials of Collingham had gone to every imaginable length to stage the match professionally. The more serious incident, however, occurred during the match itself; on the final day, with England chasing 254 for victory, the Indians suddenly realised that defeat was on the horizon, so in order to slow England's progress they contrived to bowl just eight overs in the penultimate hour—having bowled between 13 and 17 overs an hour previously in the Test.

The Indians requested that all cars by the pavilion should be moved—they were being dazzled by the sun reflection on windscreens—and yet the batsmen were therequite happy with the situation! The touring team sat down on the pitch and refused to continue until *all* cars had been moved. The umpires were powerless to insist that they played on, for no special regulations had been drawn up for a minimum number of overs in a day (this has never been necessary in 52 years of women's Test cricket throughout the world).

England were just 25 runs short at the end with five wickets standing, and were naturally incensed by the visitors' behaviour. The Indians then slow-handclapped the umpires off the field, and this last indignity led to England's chairman, Cathy Mowat, publicly criticising the Indians in her post match address over the PA system.

Ms Mowat commented that the crowd would be able to see real cricket when the Australians visited in 1987—and then followed up this rather undiplomatic outburst by entering the Indians' dressing-room and giving them a piece of her mind.

Understandably, the Indians were annoyed at this strong over-reaction and threatened to boycott the rest of the tour unless Ms Mowat withdrew her remarks and apologised officially, the chairman refused and the whole series was genuinely under threat until the WCA president Miss Audrey Collins poured oil on troubled waters and placated the angry Ashutosh Sharma, the Indian manager 24 hours before the start of the second Test in Blackpool.

Although the Indians' action on the field were inexcusable, the desire not to lose is understandable, for they were under enormous pressure to do well on the tour. They are entirely funded by the Government, to such an extent that they are almost professionals; several of the players have jobs because of their cricket prowess (working for the railways and banks), therefore their livelihoods depend on cricketing success. This is just another example where the intrusion of financial gain within an amateur sport leads to the breakdown of the spirit of the game.

The sad fact behind the upsets was that there was no animosity between the players of the two sides. All they wanted was to get on with the cricket, but the outside influences did little to boost the image of women's cricket in this country, just at the time when sponsorship of the women's game is so desperately needed.

Even the third and final one-day encounter was not without a problem; the coach transport booked to collect the Indians from their hotel went to the wrong establishment; this caused an after-lunch start, with the game reduced from 55 to 40 overs; many of the large crowd around the Banstead ground left disgruntled.

In the final Test, at Worcester, England sparkled on the first day, making 332 for 7.

Predictably, India ignored the challenge on a bland New Road pitch and proceeded to bore the crowd into submission: they reached 232 for 6 by the end of the second day, with Aggarwal 114 not out in six hours' stoic occupation.

England dropped her in the last over of the second day and were made to suffer the next as she ploughed on, with no effort to raise the tempo of her scoring. Inevitably she passed the world's highest Test score by a woman—189 scored by Betty Snowball (Ev NZ, Christchurch, 1935). At 190, a head high beamer from Gill Smith miraculously removed Aggarwal and India were all out for 374. Miss Snowball's record was achieved at a run a minute, and after she had completed her century 'I was trying to get out because I thought the crowd would like to see someone else bat!'

Aggarwal gained the Player of the Series award for her massive and consistent run accumulation.

Aggarwal: Teaching the Brits a thing or two



Rachel Hayhoe Flint

Wisden Cricket Monthly

We need a Research and Development Department

Raj Singh Dungarpur, one of the more accomplished cricket managers spoke to **Mudar Patherya** about the different aspects of the game in the country

SPORTSWORLD: The obvious question relating to Indian cricket is whether we are overdoing the frequency of matches.

RAJ SINGH: The answer is that we are playing too much international cricket, and not enough of it at the lower level where the resources are getting dry. Perhaps we are also not conducting our cricket in the right manner. For instance, we selected our team for Sharjah by denying younger talent in the country the opportunity of places in the side. This is because we did not play any of the domestic one-day tournaments before the Sharjah competition. Either the Deodhar or the Wills Trophy ought to have been organised before we left for the Champions Trophy.

You mentioned that we could have given younger talent the opportunity of being blooded in Sharjah. Could you elaborate on that?

There are some youngsters in India who should specifically be played in one-day matches. In view of the World Cup in 1987, it would have been in the fitness of things to try some younger bowlers. We have played almost the same team that went to England and played against Border's Australia. It seems that we are so keen on winning that we are denying ourselves the opportunity of trying fresh talent. A time may come when we shall cease to win because there will be no stock of players to choose from



Nikhil Bhattacharya

You just mentioned 'blooding some players'. Could you specify which players?

Frankly speaking, I wouldn't be able to do that because I do not watch sufficient cricket all over the country. It is for the selectors to do so and they would have liked to do it if they had the opportunity of seeing fresh talent. As such, there has not been a single one-day match played in India since February or March at the domestic level.

You feel that the policy decision is inflexible...

It definitely lacks the cricketing aspect. The fixtures committee comprises cricket administrators but does not reflect enough wisdom as far as planning of Indian cricket is concerned. That is why we have jumped onto the junior committee which came out of the cricket committee, which sat for about three to four very long meetings. Some of the best cricket brains in the country were present, and this is not because I was involved...

Well, you see what is required these days is not just talent but also fitness. You have to inculcate this athleticism, which is the

ability to sustain the high frequency of international matches. Even our young side appears to be cracking up. I don't think that we have ever gone into a match with our players 100 per cent fit. And they will not be 100 per cent fit because the athleticism and the muscular build needed to withstand the stress and strain is just not there. This may be partly due to the climatic conditions in India as well as the hard outfields, where the wear and tear is much more than in England for example.

You mentioned that our sides should be chosen with the World Cup '87 in mind. The BCCI president clearly issued a guideline to the selection committee early on in the season to restrain from selecting sides with the World Cup in mind.

Perhaps the statement of the BCCI president was more as a result of the hue and cry that followed Gavaskar's dropping. I have a very healthy respect for board officials but at times I feel that a cricket committee sorting out problems only by way of a recommendatory committee would do a world of good. All cricket playing countries have a very large part of their cricket dealings done through the cricket committee. In India we also had one but it was more in the nature of a fact finding committee. What we need is a research and development committee, which can only be brought about by people who have gone through the grind themselves. The administrators could keep the administrative part of it on their side. The cricket aspect of running the show should come from those who have had the opportunity of playing the game.

So you feel that the cricket committee should be revamped?

It should be a consultative committee. I know it is a tremendous cost of the various sub committees of the board meeting, but much of it can be cut if we have only three meetings a year; one mid season, a stock taking one at the end, and the other a curtain raiser before the next.

Getting back to the earlier question—are we playing too many limited-overs matches or too many Tests?

Both. We are beginning to reach a stage when there are empty stands for Test matches.

It's an amusing situation really; you have a jampacked crowd for a limited-overs match, whereas a couple of days later the ground could be empty for a Test at the same venue. It represents a change in public taste. Are we catering more to one-day matches?

Players should treat the umpires better



The Board is catering to both types of the game. It is the acceptibility of one-day cricket which is much higher among the spectators. There are two or three reasons for this. One, Test cricket is time consuming. You'd rather watch it for all five days or none at all. Two, people would rather see result-oriented games than draws. We have neglected our wickets for far too long. I have always maintained that those 22 yards have been neglected more than any other urban patch in the metropolitan cities of India! Three, because of the success of the Indians in limited-overs matches people would rather see that type of cricket. Even after the tied Test in Madras, people insisted that Test cricket was no good! I suppose we are also lacking in the presentation of Test cricket. To top it, the live coverage of Test matches is driving people out of the grounds. Apart from these, we have paid more attention to limited-overs matches; we did not show any of the three Tests in England 'live' even last summer, even though we did our best there in 54 years. On the other hand, the number of one-day games to be telecast has been quite high. Cricketing India is overemphasising limited-overs cricket. As a result, the traditional format will suffer.

Considering that the market for one is dwindling, we ought to do a good job of marketing the other at least.

It would be very sad if Test cricket was to disappear. It would be like having cockney as the official language of England, replacing the language that is taught in the universities and spoken in the House of Commons. I feel that there is room for one-day matches and Tests side by side,

provided they are not intermixed and we lay out balanced wickets. If we prepare the right surfaces, Test cricket interest could even revive in India when we play Pakistan this winter. Cricket has rejuvenated as a result of the excitement in the series between Pakistan and West Indies.

You mentioned intermixing. What would you mean by that?

There is no cricketing nation which has exploited limited-overs cricket as well as Australia. We have a readymade situation in the sense that we have Sri Lanka and Pakistan as our neighbours; all we have to do is to keep inviting them alternately in addition to any other touring team. That way we can have a triangular series at the end of each Test series The cricket committee has recommended this to the Board, which has more or less accepted it. One has to only come to Sharjah to see how well they have got the act together amongst limited expartriates.

From what appears to me, we have been the followers rather than the trend setters.

Not quite. We have the ability though. People are geared up for the World Cup next year. A big change will have to come after that. The cream of limited-over cricket will have been whipped away because every team will have been on display physically or on the screen in the country. Once the World Cup is over we shall be exposed to a very naked situation. We should start planning how we are going to conduct the programme after the World Cup is over. The '87 championship should be the climax in India, I fear that following that an anti-climax of sorts might set in. What I dread even more is that if we do not do too well—there is a possibility of this happening keeping our limited bowling resources in mind on Indian wickets—disenchantment might set in. We would then have to present the game with a new format.



Ashoke Chakraborty

The demand for tickets at Eden Gardens

The 'new format' that you talk about...would it be night cricket and coloured clothing?

I haven't heard of this. There are very few people who talk beyond a season or two in Indian cricket. The Indian Board lives from September to September. Come September and your very existence is challenged. I think we need to have a professional, accountable form of cricket management not honorary. The volume, cost-pull, the intricacies and the administration of the game have grown almost five-fold. There has to be a managing director with managers who are accountable. You can't turn round and say 'I forgot'.

SPORTSWORLD: You have been closely associated with Indian cricket for quite some time now. Do you find the grip of discipline and tradition somewhat wilting today?

Yes. The crux of the matter is that we have never been able to give the umpires the social status of judges. If the umpire is elevated and the manager is not a ceremonial head who carts the team between the hotel and ground, the overall discipline will definitely improve.

Are you referring to monetary 'elevation'?

Monetary elevation has come and I would like to compliment the Board for that. The social elevation is however missing. No umpire in the country is treated at par with the Board officials or the players. The player is a big entity, the board official is a far greater entity while the umpire is a non existent man.

This is not evident in the other countries. The other day in Sharjah I watched the West Indians go up to Dickie Bird in the lobby of the hotel where the teams were staying; they started unfolding their woes about the umpiring in Pakistan. You could see that he was treated with great respect. If two Indian umpires were sitting there and a couple of Asian teams came in, they would take no notice of them!

Partly to blame is the policy of selecting 18 umpires for a series against Australia. It was pathetic; you should select the best four and stick with them for all the matches. If they were allowed exposure for three years or so, they would gain in confidence. Maybe the improved stature would induce other first-class cricketers to become umpires later on.

How bad has the indiscipline become?

It's never been worse. I find that the 16 Indian cricketers are a wonderful bunch of cricketers provided you have got your priorities right. Firstly, your commitment to the game must always be there, secondly, the welfare of the players must be paramount. Thirdly, you must exert a certain amount of authority, which again can only come if you have the fullest backing of the Board and not because someone is 240 pounds and 6 ft 3 ins.

But obviously the social position of the umpire alone cannot be the cause of indiscipline?

It's got much to do with the media as well. The players use it to demonstrate that the umpire was wrong. The world has become very demonstrative; the heads of state are on

the screen from the time they land on the tarmac to the time they leave it. It's a television world. The prize money at stake is another factor.

The administrators are also to blame for not taking punitive action.

The administrators are alone to blame. The longer they take to come to a decisive situation, the worse it will get. At times I get the feeling that our Board suffers from being too democratic because you have to live from September to September and make some unhealthy compromises.

Would you be able to pin point a couple of instances when players have been allowed to get scotfree by the administrators?

If you say that I have to highlight only a couple of instances, then I can touch the tip of an iceberg and ask how you can allow cricketers to write books and criticise contemporary cricketers? The Board is turning its back on it. All this eventually snowballs into a reaction; don't tell me that it is all pleasantness, it is all window dressing. There is always an undercurrent of resentment. If we don't stop this practice of writing it will be like the film world being reported in the gossip magazines. I don't think the flannelled gentlemen were expected to come down to this level. But as I said, there is a lot of money involved...yet I maintain that if you sit across the table with the present Indian side and highlight the do's and don'ts they can be a very manageable lot.

SPORTSWORLD: Do you think that umpires are capable of cheating?

Yes, I do not think that they are beyond that. However, I do not believe that of late there have been umpires who have heated. Sometimes with the heavy betting involved aspersions have been cast on the judges of the high court being influenced in their decisions apart from the letter of the law. Sometimes a weaker umpire—by way of knowledge, integrity and the plain economic sense—can be influenced.



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Gavaskar can become quite critical about umpiring

The reference is to the Pakistani umpires during the 1984 series. You were the manager and the captain issued one of the most controversial statements about the umpiring for the Lahore Test, stressing that it had been biased in favour of the Pakistanis.

Now that it is in the background and Suunil is no longer the captain, I would say that he had a chat with me before he issued that statement. While I was of the opinion that I did not believe in criticising the umpires publicly, he felt that it would be in the best interests of the side if he did so. Then I told him that if he was going to criticise the umpires he shouldn't mince his words. I arrived at this painful permission because one decision was arrived at even without an appeal! Gavaskar's outburst created quite a few ripples. I am given to understand that the BCCP was questioned by the highest authority in their land regarding what was going on. The team was quite bugged by it. The boys felt that something sinister was definitely on.

Did you at that stage think of giving up the series and returning home?

A cricket series between India and Pakistan is not merely a sporting contest. I was in touch with the Indian embassy and even if we had decided to call it off, it would have been more of a diplomatic decision than anything else. Personally I had not given it a thought. Since the boys had managed to see off the Lahore Test, they were even keener to fight their way through the following two Tests.

In this context, the move by the BCCP to invite Indian umpires is a laudable move.

Yes and no. It can also be seen as a confession by the Pakistanis that their umpires were not up to it. Maybe Imran didn't want to live with the allegation of biased umpires towards the end of his illustrious career. But the move wasn't a great success. You could make out from the reactions of their commentators and pressmen that it was not a happy situation there. But I suppose Imran had the strength of his convictions and personality to overrule any objections that may have been within their Board to this move.

What was the reaction of their commentators and pressmen like?

I suppose they didn't like it, because the matches in which the Indians officiated were not the two greatest matches for Pakistan. The will of a Pakistani to win is greater than the will of a supporter of any cricketing country that I have seen.

Perhaps for matches between India, Pakistan and Sir Lanka we could have neutral umpires to avoid accusations of bias.

My uncle is a judge in the International Court of Justice in the Hague; when he gives decisions, even countries like America complain that it has a certain slant to it. So appointing neutral umpires for a match between India and Pakistan may not be the solution. Better umpires would be the key. If we can have a series in which Kapil Dev cannot take a wicket or Gavaskar cannot score a hundred, then an umpire can also commit half a dozen mistakes in three Tests matches!

No curtain calls for the last show

THE news was out long before the draw was announced. Chris Evert Lloyd was out of the 1986 Virginia Slims Championships, which marked the end of the season in women's tennis. Up moved Steffi Graf to the No 2 spot in the draw promising a replay of U.S. Open in the finals. In spite of a glorious year during which she captured all the eight tournament titles of her career, she was not favoured to beat the woman who has patented the tournament. But a replay of the Open final was more than welcome to the New York crowd, however predictable it might be.

Somehow, it turned out different. Madison Square Garden turned into a valley of tears as the follies and errors of the officials ruined the tournament and shattered the dreams of a few inspired challengers. Had the officials done their jobs efficiently, neither Martina nor the 17-year-old German challenger could have appeared on the court on the final day. It would have been a final featuring Manuela Maleeva or Helena Sukova, and Hana Mandlikova or Pam Shriver.

The fiasco began in the quarterfinal match between Hana Mandlikova and Pam Shriver. Hana, who felt very strongly that she was "cheated," converted a fourth game break of the first set to her advantage, had taken control of the second set and was serving for the match 5-3, when she double-faulted twice. A brilliant attempt in avoiding the break point with an unreachable backhand cross court volley, ended up with the linesman calling out. Mandlikova appealed. "Too close to overrule," ruled the chair umpire.

"It landed right on the line," Shriver said later. "It was bad luck. I felt rotten, but you have to take the game." Mandlikova just fell apart from that point. "I've played a hundred matches and never have been cheated like that before," she said. "I could fight to a certain moment, then it was too much." She could only slam her racquet and curse her fate. Shriver went on to win the set.

From then on it was all over. The first blow came in the third set. Mandlikova walked to the umpire's chair and threw her racquet at it. Then she picked it up and hit the net pole. Mandlikova got warned for "abuse of officials." Shriver got the set 6-1. "I could have given her that point in the ninth game and everyone would have applauded me," Shriver said later. "Then, she probably would have won the next two points and I would have been out of the tournament." Little did she know that two days later, she would have a taste of the same bitter pill for her partner and friends Martina Navratilova.

In the meantime, there was another broken heart in the Garden. Manuela Maleeva of Bulgaria played one the best matches of her career to be within the reach of a win over Steffi Graf. Splitting the first two sets at 6-3, they were tied 5-5 in the final with Maleeva serving at 30-40. The usual long baseline rally between the two teenagers was on when Graf hit her favourite forehand topspin which seemed to

"That's fate, my friend". Navratilova pacifies a seething Shriver



Associated Press



Colorsport

One bad net call and Shriver was out of the match

land outside the baseline. The linesman did not call and the chair umpire did not overrule. The crowd booed and whistled in outrage. Maleeva kept playing the point and finally landed the ball on the net to give Graf the crucial break.

Maleeva threw her racquet on the floor as her mother, who still represents her country in international matches, watched the match slip away from her daughter. The umpire promptly issued an "abuse of racquet" warning and Graf held serve to win. "After the match, it was difficult to realise I was cheated at the most important moment of the match," Maleeva said. "Five all and deuce is a big difference than 6-5." Graf, who has given points away in the past said that it was too far for her to judge.

In the normal case, Maleeva would not have had a chance against Graf. In the first round, American Lori McNeill, the 23-year-old making her debut at this tournament, stretched Graf to 7-5 in the first set and claimed the second at 6-4, before folding in the third. Against that background, the young Bulgarian and the crowd were justified to feel cheated.

Pam Shriver has been improving ever since this year's U.S. Open. And the motivating force behind that has been her doubles partner Martina Navratilova. "Martina said I wasn't getting any better," Shriver recalled. "She said I wasn't trying to improve." And she knew that Martina was right. She realised that it was time for her move up from the sixth spot and shoot for the third place she maintained for a long time. She has been a different player for the past two months—her best two months ever, she calls them. Her win over Mandlikova, although aided by a bad call, was no fluke at all.

Finally it was time for the 'Martina test.' Shriver passed it with flying colours, but the 'guru' won the match. It was one of Shriver's most memorable matches, comparable only to her win over Martina at the U.S. Open 20 encounters ago. Ever since, Martina has won the all to have a 30-3 record over Shriver.

The match, which turned out to be the best and the most exciting match of the tournament was a tough test of friendship as well. For a moment fate seemed to play a cruel joke and almost broke it up. Even as they hugged each other at the net after the match, Shriver seemed to shrug her friend off with a gesture which seemed to indicate that everything was not okay.

After a routine 6-2 set by Navratilova, Shriver began to attack repeatedly. Both players were fired up in the second set; Navratilova was angry and frustrated while Shriver presented her trade mark portrait with grit teeth and clenched fist. She puffed and Navratilova steamed as they tied at 4-4. Shriver broke in the ninth after two deuces and held on to win 6-4.

The best friends looked like worst enemies by now. The motivation that Navratilova gave to her partner over the past three months seemed to backfire on her. Shriver raced off to a 3-1 lead. In the fifth game, Navratilova had the advantage after two deuces and both players were at the net during the course of a long rally. A backhand shot from Navratilova hit the ribbon at the net and she thought she had lost the point and began to yell. However, the ball fell over to the other side and a distracted Shriver could only hit it low into the net. Shriver asked for replay and was turned down. The chance for a double break was gone forever and with it, the match and perhaps the tournament. She was broken in the next game after leading 40-0. Then on, it was Navratilova all the way.

George K. George

Rovers Cup 1986

Dempo overcome Calcutta challenge

The lazy grace of Goan football has always enthralled spectators, but hardly ever won trophies. This year it was marvellous to see Dempo Sports Club walk over East Bengal and Mohun Bagan to win the Rovers Cup. **Debashis Basu** reports



Smiling faces and contentment. The Dempo players with the Rovers Cup

COACH Amal Dutta had done his homework well. He had closely observed Dempo Sports Club and marked the fountainhead from which their fluid play flowed. This was evident from Mohun Bagan Athletic Club overwhelming the Goa challengers in the first half an hour of the final.

Then Mohun Bagan virtually gave the licence to Dempo, so to speak, to pick their pocket and get away with the Rovers Cup. Not merely the front door but all points of entry were left unmanned. And Dempo didn't spurn the chance to strike. Twice at that in the space of five minutes towards the interval.

Perhaps the battle going according to their plans and dictates made Mohun Bagan relax their vigilance at the back. And this complacency proved the denuding force, proved to be the undoing of their hopes of adding the Rovers Cup to the Sikkim Governor's Gold Cup, the Federation Cup and the Durand Cup adorning their cupboard.

Dutta's wards were a far cry from their predecessors. In neither their two quarter-final group matches nor in the semi-final had they done much to shorten the odds on themselves. The team's biggest failing had been the inefficacy of the midfield manned by seasoned internationals Prasanta Banerjee and Victor Amalraj. Indeed so below par were this duo that Satyajit Chatterjee's display took on some sheen.

By contrast Dempo's midfield was getting into ominous form, with the performance in the semi-final against East Bengal installing them as favourites. So Dutta's strategy aimed not merely at nipping in the bud Dempo's midfield but even more at not even allowing it to take root. The bypassing of the area where Dempo lay the basis of their moves was achieved by long punts for attackers moving towards the Dempo penalty area and taking with them their rivals. Had this relentless pressure yielded a goal, the final may have taken a different turn. But Rosario Rodrigues volleyed clear a header of Debasish Roy that had beaten goalkeeper Chandrakant Naik.



Subrata Bhattacharya goes up in style but just can't stop the Dempo attack

Mohun Bagan were far more assertive in the final. Determined to put behind his failure to take earlier matches by the scruff of the neck, Prasanta drove himself to move the entire width of the field and prompt his forwards. His operating more frequently from the right did cramp Satyajit, sort of trod on his toes. But it also kept the other flank clear for Aloke Mukherjee to overlap, though not very often was the left back given the scope. Maybe Mohun Bagan felt too many such passes will put Dempo wise to the threat.

However, twice Mohun Bagan dropped their guard and suffered the two blows that caused their being counted out. Baptist Fernandes, Goa's outstanding forward when they won the Dr B.C. Roy trophy in the Junior National four years ago in Kerala who had been kept out of the game by a knee injury for some time, delivered those two punches. The tall, well-built striker showed admirable cool despite Subroto Bhattacharya for the first goal and Amit Bhadra for the second being in hot pursuit and breathing down his neck. For the first, as Tanumoy Bose also came out of his goal area, Baptist was not ruffled even by the bounce of the ball. He placed his volley to Tanumoy's right hand with clinical precision. For the second he displayed similar aplomb, flicking with his right outstep the knee-high ball from the top of the penalty box to Tanumoy's left hand corner.

Mohun Bagan never really revived. All efforts of Prasanta at resuscitation were not really convincing. For the two-goal lead provided their rivals the cushion and assurance to hold out in the second-half.

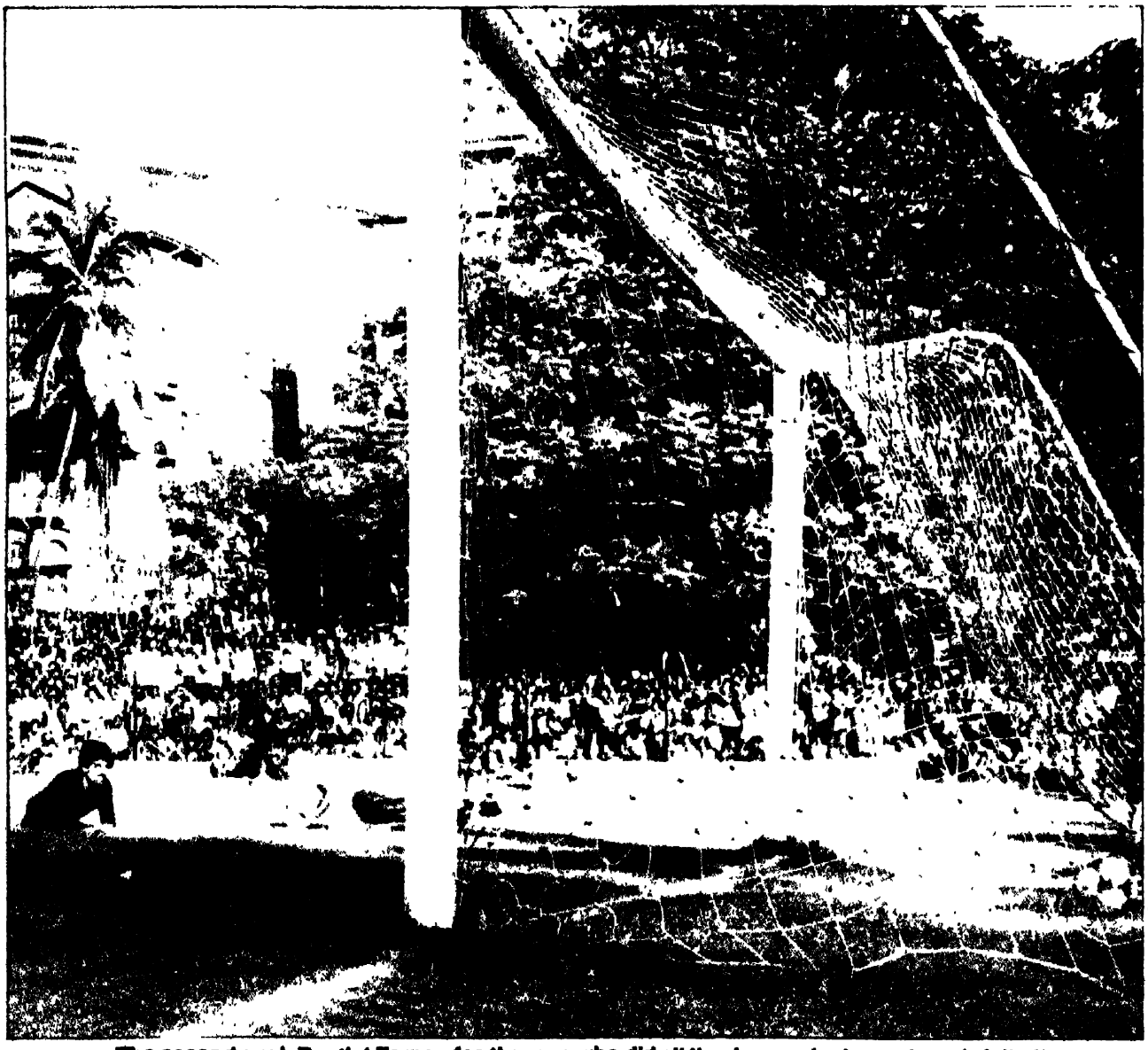
But there could be gainsaying the fact that Mohun Bagan's show in the final and in earlier matches were the best by any of the four teams from Calcutta. Kidderpore fell at the first hurdle, after winning some friends through some pleasing display of skills. Tollygunge Agragami squeaked past Sesa Goa, Madras XI and Hindustan Aeronautics Limited of Bangalore before falling to Hyderabad XI, who went on to reach the quarter-final groups. But Tollygunge did not make a real impact.

As mentioned Mohun Bagan this year was not a patch on some of their predecessors. Their advance was in part due to the poor field. Maybe not in name, but certainly in quality of play. Still it was nice to see Babu Mani reveal some of the speed, turns, stops and accuracy of passing from deep on the flanks that had made him an outstanding prospect with Karnataka four years ago. He showed his appreciation of the fine service that linkman Satyajit Chatterjee gave him. The two combined to make the plays for Debashish Roy to swoop into the penalty area menacingly. Though Debashish did not get a goal in the four matches, he was the one forward who demanded eternal vigilance from the rivals defences and goalkeepers.

But not much could be said for the rest of the pack. Nor much for the East Bengal attack in which Ranjit Karmakar on the left flank and Bangladesh's Wasim on the right were the only incisive ones. In the middle the attack had no fangs, neither Bangladesh's Aslam nor Nigerian Chibuzor nor Biswajeet Bhattacharya being a lethal weapon. In fact, their best bet for coming through the middle for a strike at goal was international linkman Bikash Panji, who played only in the semi-final. He made the probes of Sudip Chatterjee meaningful.

But East Bengal, who have won this Cup six times, never hinted that they would crown their return after a three-year ban with success. This despite their veteran stalwarts doing fairly well, especially Bhaskar Ganguly in the semi-final, the only match he played. The defence, with Tarun Dey and Manoranjan Bhattacharya in the middle, looked competent. But there were moments of aberration that were punished. Particularly by Dempo in the semi-final. And they had not the attacking force to retrieve lost ground.

Thus the two Calcutta giants, who have had a big say in the destination of this Cup in the last two to three decades, were both subdued by Dempo. The first and thus far the only Goa team to win this Cup—they had emerged successful in all their previous three finals, 1974 against Tata Sports Club, 1978 against Orkay Mills and 1979 against Jagatjit Cotton and Textile Mills—lean heavily on their intermediate line. Frankly though it has not been the juggernaut it was in their previous successful campaigns. But the fact that they were the best of



The second goal: Baptist Fernandes the man who did all the damage looks on thoughtfully (far right) at his handiwork

the lot reflects on the overall standard of the field.

Dempo skipper Alex Miranda had played in the 1979 winning team. He played no mean part this year too. As effective was the fine touch player Lector Mascarenhas, who revealed fine perception to play the quick one-two with Jose Fernandes to further tear apart the Mohun Bagan defence .before laying the ball for Baptist Fernandes to score the first goal. But Lector suffered in pace and ability to perform at the same level of the full 90 minutes.

Both, however, were overshadowed by Mauricio Alfonso. The linkman who captained India at the last Nehru International in the absence of Atanu Bhattacharya is the real dynamo of Dempo. It was he who lifted his colleagues against East Bengal, after the latter had gone ahead midway through the first-half. His courage, tackling, shooting from outside the box and penetrative passes made him the outstanding linkman of the tournament.

Two others stood out in the Dempo ranks. First goalkeeper Chandrakant Naik showed the reflexes, judgement in coming out, safe collection and positioning that got him into the national side three years ago. His saves from Debashish Roy in the group match against Mohun Bagan and in the semi-final and the final should quieten Dempo's worries about the goalkeeping position.

The other was Baptist Fernandes. Played first as substitute for a disappointing Francis D'Souza, Baptist justified the faith of his club management in nursing him after paying for treatment of his knee injury. Deceptive in pace and the trimmings of ball control, Baptist has a temperament that makes for successful attempts at the target. Besides, he willingly drops back to not only bolster his defence but also to be in the clear for the outlet pass from his hard-pressed defenders. Dempo's real gain from this tournament is Baptist.



Debasis Roy and Mahesh Lotlikar: Mohun Bagan was stopped for once

Salgaocar were not the force of last year. Injuries and illness hampered their preparations. To add to their problems Brahmanand was not so sure in his sorties and collection of the crosses from the flanks. Frequentiy he had to scramble the ball away. Or one of his deep defenders had to. Further Lawrence Gomes, Salgaocar's principal playmaker, found that his slowness in release of the ball saw many of their moves scotched at the outset. Men to impress were Johnny Pereira in deep defence and hard-running Cyril Dias in attack.

J.C.T. Mills also seemed out of sorts. The defeat they suffered at the hands of Dempo put them under severe pressure. Though they do not wilt normally and fight to the last, two silly lapses resulted in goals and their elimination by Mohun Bagan. Injury to Deepak Kumar handicapped them against Mohun Bagan. The last team in the quarter-final league, Hyderabad XI, had promised much in the qualifying stages through winger Munnawar and veteran linkman Anwar Ali Khan. But they did not sustain it in the group matches and lost much sympathy by rough methods against both Salgaocar and Hyderabad.

Of the Bombay entrants, a junior outfit, Hotel President—they have earned promotion to the Harwood League of next season—made the best showing. They took in their stride Harwood League's Central Bank, Rashtriya Chemicals and Fertilizers, Bombay Customs and Tata Sports Club before going down to Hotel SeaRock in the final of the first phase. None of the teams from Kerala, Bangalore, Madras, Delhi and Goa (Varca, Salcette, Sesa, M.P.T.) did anything beyond helping the tournament gain in momentum and tempo for the final stages.

They're good...and getting dangerous!

The Sri Lankans, currently touring this country, have a considerable cricketing reputation to defend

SO what if you can't pronounce half the names of those in the touring side? Things could have been worse. I mean you could have been one of the commentators at the Test matches. You would have been so tongue-tied that by the end of the series, you would have acquired a harelip.

Be patient. Don't let a few six-syllable surnames deter you, because this side brings with it the promise of a surfeit of positive cricket. Mendis has a valuable psychological advantage (and a permanent niche in his nation's cricketing folklore) in the fact that he led Sri Lanka to a maiden Test win that ultimately sealed the fate of the last series against India. The day we lost that Test turned into an evening of noisy carousing all round the island; but whether you drank champagne or ate humble pie depended on which side of the Palk Straits you had been born.

Mendis brings to our shores a team that is eager to prove itself worthy of that status. I sometimes wonder if he ever stops to think about how vital a role he has played in the development of Sri Lankan cricket. After the historic defections to South Africa and the decisive governmental ban on the deserters, Mendis found himself cast in the mould of the only man who would spark the revival. Those who had opted to play for South African Breweries were swiftly replaced, not mourned and so the island still had a cricket team. A few old hands, a number of raw recruits unfamiliar with the tense perspiration of battle; but the commitment was no less fierce than it had been before. Mendis was the pivot of the revival.

The talent was never in question; the determination neither. It was just a question of getting the entire act together. They came close to winning a Test in England and the promise that manifested itself so clearly then, emerged from the chrysalis last year against India.

They have contributed their own glowing moments to the development of the game; they have produced their own heroes. Having progressed rapidly along the road to excellence, they have much to offer the world of cricket in general and the paying public in particular. Like their illustrious counterparts in the West Indies, they play the game the adrenalin way.

One fears that potential fans will treat the Sri Lankan tour as the poor second cousin of the Pakistan series that follows immediately after. The tragedy is that the former have more established stars in their lineup than the current Pakistani

The umpiring in Sri Lanka was controversial, but the first home win was celebrated in a fashion that no cricket follower will ever forget.



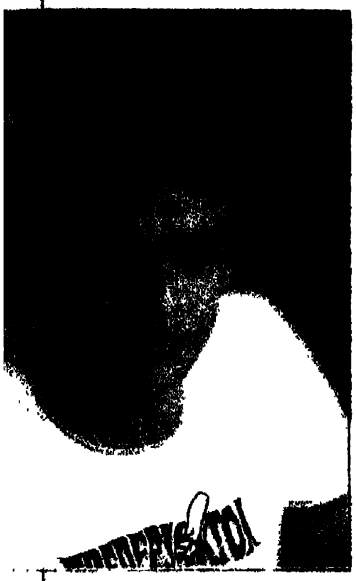
Dulsep Mendis (right and middle) leads in the psychological stakes. Roy Dias (bottom right) should thrive on indian conditions. Ranjan Madugalle (below) will look to enhance his reputation

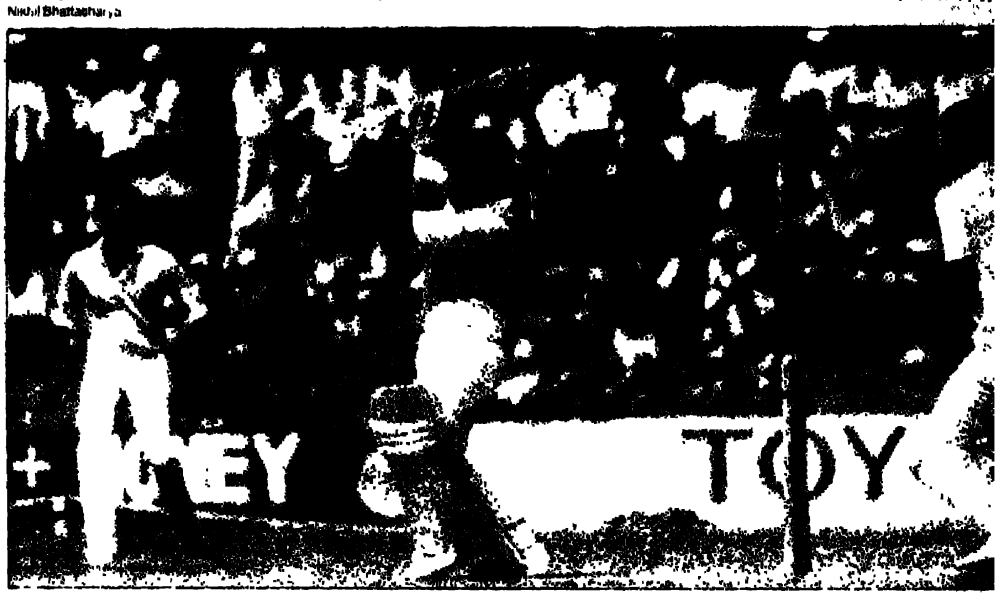
squad, although it is axiomatic that none of the Sri Lankans has the individual aura of Imran Khan, Javed Miandad and Abdul Qadir.

However, they have the dash, the panache, the almost indefinable quality that separates cricketers from showmen. Their



Nikhil Bhattacharya





Nikhil Bhattacharya

years under Sir Gary Sobers have resulted in the obviously acquired West Indian exuberance for the thrill of the chase. They admit their fallibility, but have the exultant talent to pull crowds. And, more important, the Sobers contribution was not solely confined to the established stars. The youngsters, aged between nine and eleven, whom I saw playing immaculately groomed strokes in the noonday Colombo sun two years ago, will provide the backbone of a national side that must surely produce a team of world beaters one day.

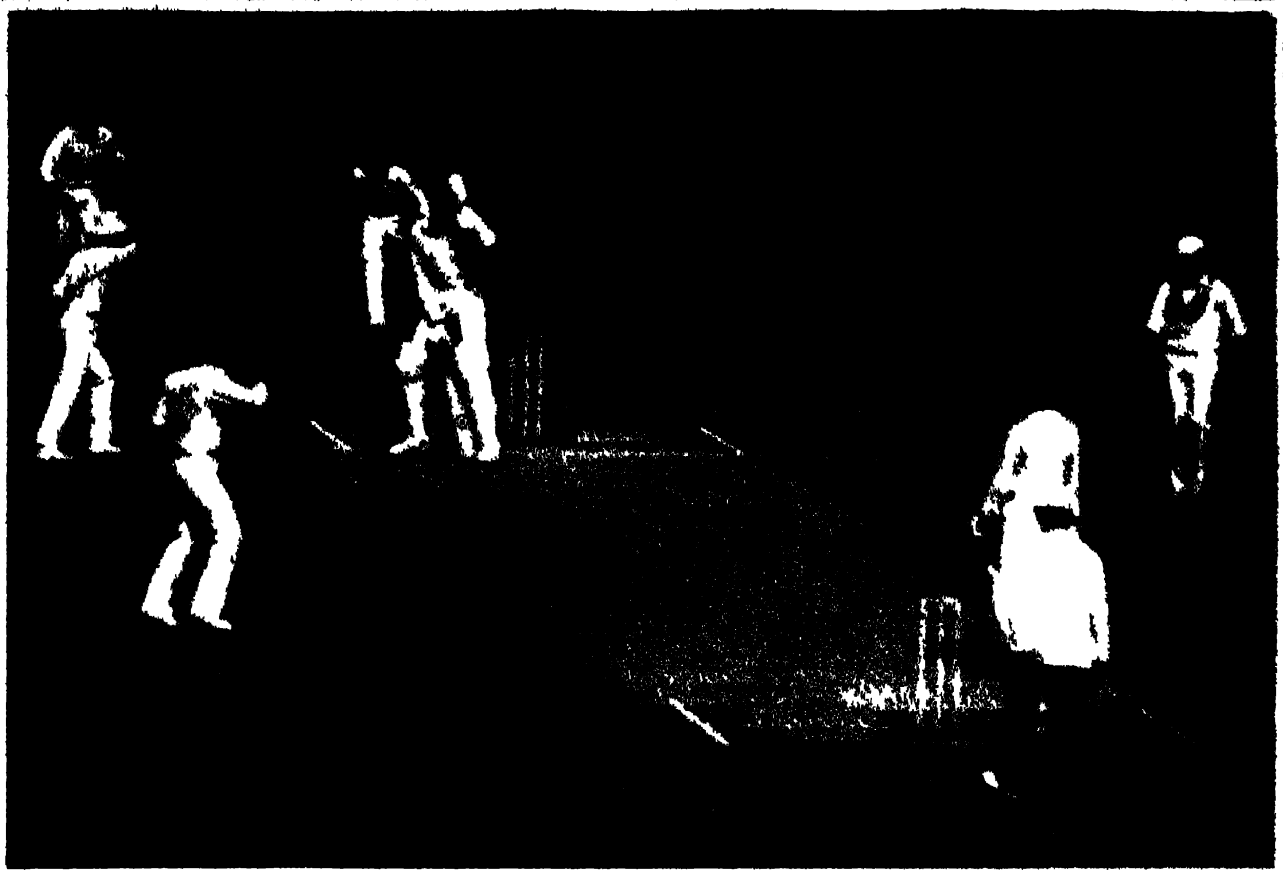
David McMahon





Men of the series, Malcolm Marshall (above) and Imran Khan (left). A superb exhibition of fast bowling

The Tightrope Series



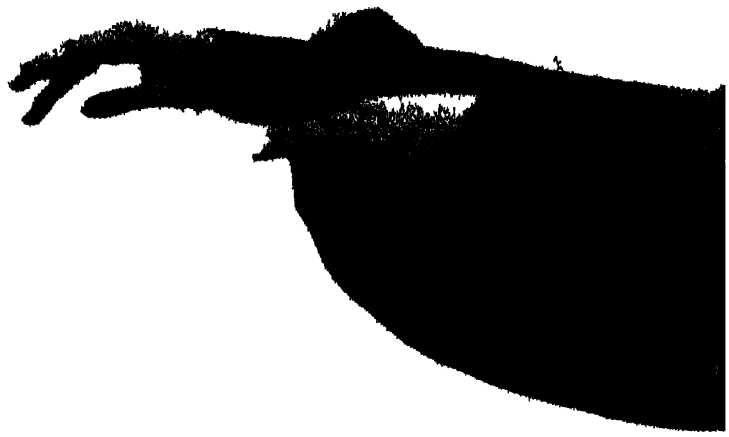


...tured here with Manzoor Elahi)
...st in the series, and Pakistan m...
...not to have him at Sharjah



Even the English language has its limitations. You don't agree? Try describing in one word the performances of Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean. Even 'perfect' isn't good enough.

He was a policeman, while she worked in an insurance company. They were two ordinary people from Nottingham, struggling with their ordinary careers; in an ordinary world; doing ordinary



BODY MUSIC

Jayne Torvill and **Christopher Dean** have given birth to a new art form. With costumes, lights and music as their allies, they have brought about a revolution on skates. They are no longer competitors; they are performers. The rink is their stage. The spectators, their audience



thought, being ordinary people, earning ordinary money.

But they knew that there was something out of the ordinary within them. A talent which, no matter how hard they tried, they would fail to suppress. All because it was more than just an ordinary talent. It was a gift. Marked: Very, very special.

And today they are two very, very special people. Touring the world, skating and dancing. Making money. Winning friends. And loving every moment of it.

And how well they deserve it. It's taken years of physical and mental strain, loads of self-confidence and determination, dedication and innovation to make it to





92

the top. And, what is more difficult, stay there.

The couple swept to ice dance prominence in 1981, winning both European and World titles. But that was only the beginning. The timing, grace and understanding was apparent. But there had been others in the past who would have matched them.

But what was to follow was something the world had never seen. The rink was now a stage. The competition, a performance. The spectators, an audience. The cheering, an applause. The points, only incidental. A new art form was born. Only this time there was one parent: Torvill and Dean.

They regained their world title in 1982 and were soon household names. Not just in the skating world (if there is such a place), but in the world of art, of culture, of sport, of dance, of music. They couldn't get better. Or so the world thought.

But then came the 'big one'. The compulsory bit of the competition/performance was over. The free dance (where the pair dances to music of their choice) was about to start. The announcer took over, "Ladies and Gentlemen. We give you the reigning world champions Miss Jayne Torvill and Mr Christopher Dean." The spectators/audience waited. Silent and tense. Not because they weren't sure of the favourites winning again—that was obvious—but because they did not know what to expect. They seemed to think that there was no room for improvement. No one, not even Torvill and Dean, could get any better. How wrong they were.

In a performance, defying the very laws of capability, they stole every heart. And as the crowd gave them a standing ovation (which, some say, lasted longer than their actual performance) the electronic scoreboard beamed: 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

That, very simply, means, you couldn't do better. All nine judges, for the first time in the history of the sport, had given a 'perfect' verdict. People started thinking in terms of introducing a '6 +' score, the simple logic being: how will you mark them, if they get better?

Torvill, 29 and Dean, 28, have already retired from competition. But the skates are still on. Wherever they go for exhibitions, the money is good; the response better. Not surprising, since theirs is a dance. And much, much more.

They use costume, lights and music unfamiliar to this sport. Whether they are keeping in step to a standard waltz piece or Ravel's Bolero, they look timeless.





skills and graceful. Torvill never forgetting to smile as she completes the most daring of twists; Dean keeping his cool, as he turns on one knee to guide his partner through a breathtaking sequence.

Obviously this means they spend a lot of time together 'off the ice' too but there's is a strange relationship; as Dean puts it "a mystery to most people, including ourselves." Yes, they do care a great deal for each other, and they share a very special relationship. In Torvill's words, "It is like a marriage. Apart from the fact that we spend the nights separately."

Whatever their relationship, one thing is sure they make a perfect match If one were to analyse them separately Torvill—a perfect combination of Ginger Rogers and Nadia Commaneci, Dean—an unusual mixture of Fred Astaire and Alexandr Dityatin

But, needless to say, this analysis can only be theoretical For Torvill and Dean are one Joined together for better

Barry O'Brien

Soccer News Soccer News Soccer News Soccer News

THE star of Mexico, Diego Maradona wishes to end his scintillating career back in his own country, if possible after a successful spell in neighbouring Brazil.

Playing soccer in the land of King Pele is obviously the ultimate goal for footballers' life and Maradona wants to be a part of the samba exuberance in the 'mecca of world football.

'I would not mind playing in Brazil. I like their style and have a lot of friends there' the 25 year old striker said in an interview. "I would really like to finish my career back with Boca Juniors to help them regain both the Argentine championship and then go on to regain the South American Club Cup.

Maradona also refuted rumours about his intention to play in Germany and Britain. "I've no plans to play in Europe after my stint with Napoli" which he has helped guide to the top of the Italian League Championship.

Maradona however admitted that there was an inquiry from an English club, Tottenham. "But again that's not for me to comment and at one time I would not have ruled out the possibility of England, he said, "but now it's unlikely."

Meanwhile, the readers and contributors of *World Soccer* magazine chose Maradona the Footballer of the Year and Belgium's Guy Thys the best manager of 1986.

It was certainly not a difficult job choosing the best footballer of the World Cup year. Diego Maradona, who else? And the verdict was clear. Maradona collected an overwhelming 35.8% of the votes almost 30% more than the runner up Igor Belanov who starred in Soviet Union's excellent performances in Mexico. Belanov received only 6 per cent of the votes, while to everyone's surprise the highest scorer of the Mexico Mundial Gary Lineker found himself at the third position followed by Emilio Butragueno of Spain. In Centenarios of Belgium and Michael Laudrup of Denmark.

There have been more news from South America. And real sensational stuff.

Joslmar in his scintillating form at Mexico. Guilty or not guilty?



Brazil's brilliant world Cup soccer defender Josimar Perreira reportedly lapsed into a fit of violence and was eventually detained on charges of assaulting a woman companion. It was said that the woman accused Josimar of refusing to pay her $140 that had been agreed for the night out. The Brazilian was taken to a police station questioned and later released on a recognizance bail.

Josimar became an overnight celebrity when he scored spectacular goals against Northern Ireland and Poland in Mexico. And in this case he thinks it was his popularity that his woman companion was taking advantage of. "Now how the hell am I going to convince my wife I am innocent of the charges" Josimar wondered.

Back home in India meanwhile the situation remains as depressing as ever. The Indian contingent for the Asian Youth Championship at Riyadh ran into trouble when the NSNIS authorities failed to get some of the boys in order on the eve of their departure to the South Arabian capital. Five members of the team did not have certificates and a number of others did not have their passports ready not to speak of their visas. At Press time it was gathered that the Asian Football Confederation had been asked to make special arrangements to give the team members visas at the Riyadh airport.

In the meantime Bombay was witnessing some good competitive soccer as the Rovers Cup approached an exciting climax. The spirited Dempo boys ousted the favourites East Bengal, while Mohun Bagan anticipated stiff challenge from Salgaocar who had earlier held East Bengal to a goalless draw. The city looked forward to an explosive final.

Capital Notes

IN a friendly fixture recently against the Delhi Sports Journalists' XI Bishan Bedi was seen smashing the gentle bowling all over the place. Full tosses were struck over mid-wicket, short balls coolly despatched to the fence. Bishan raced to 60 odd in less than 15 overs. Later, explaining his fury with the bat, Bishan said with a smile: "Right through my career these gentlemen have been tearing me to bits. Today was one occasion when I got a chance to return the compliment".

THE obvious solution for a retired cricketer with plenty of financial worries is a benefit game. Actually it is only half the solution. Organising a benefit is difficult and requires money, effort, contacts and leg work which the player is not capable of.

To bale out cricketers trapped in this predicament, and no doubt spurred by sound business considerations, have arrived playmakers limited, a private company. They 'sponsor' the game and the player is guaranteed a specified amount. Profit or losses—are Playmakers. They make all arrangements for the match and pick up the bill.

The first such venture would be held in Delhi in January for William Ghosh, former Railway Spinner. Said Satish Dayal, Managing Director of Playmakers: "I have organised (hockey players) Charles' benefit earlier, apart from sponsoring other sports events. I am sure William's benefit, with India and Pakistan playing, will be a success".

FOR Hanumant Singh, Chairman of the National Selection Committee, one abiding passion, apart from cricket, is golf. Quite frequently, early in the morning, he leaves his Cuffe Parade flat for a game at the Navy Nagar Course. His game is consistent, as suggested by a single digit handicap. "I could do better," he says "but where is the time? I hardly get to play these days."

SURINDER KHANNA, Delhi's wicket-keeper batsman, has ventured into business. His shop, selling power sports equipment, was recently inaugurated by Kapil Dev. "It is a good break for me," said Suri, an officer with SAIL. "Till now everything is very encouraging".

Azharuddin, however, is not impressed by power. The only player a part from Sunil Gavaskar to rebuff all overtures, Azhar insists he hasn't signed on because he does not like the stuff. "Money is no consideration", he says "I would like the freedom to wear and use whatever I feel most comfortable in. I don't want to be restricted by a contract".

WITH the North Zone Ranji season under way, several players have shifted loyalties. In the latest reshuffle mastermover Rajinder Amarnath has attached himself to Haryana, a homecoming of sorts because he had earlier also played for them. In the last ten years Rajinder "Johnny" Amarnath has moved from Delhi to Haryana to Punjab to Vidharbha and now again to Haryana. This staggering mobility, though admirable, underlines one sad fact: the youngest Amarnath has not been able to hold his place in any of these teams.

Gursharan Singh, sacked by Delhi after a string of disappointing scores last year, has gone to Punjab, knowing full well that the only way to revive a stalled career is to keep playing The shift has delighted the Punjab association. Exclaimed one official, "We are happy to have him.

Another player dropped by Delhi and presently at a loose end is pacer Sunil Valson. "It is very strange" wailed a visibly disappointed Vally. "I was bowling better than ever for a long time. This has been a shock" Wisely, like Gursharan, he has opted to move instead of merely waiting for a recall and risk losing out on a precious year. He has joined Orissa via his association with the Rourkela Steel Plant. Adjustment with the new team should be no hassle: Vally will find plenty of familar faces in the dressing room. Orissa regulars Karun Dubey, Asjit Jaiparkash, Anil Bhardwaj, Debashish Mohanty are Vally's old friends and Delhi colleagues

Rakesh Shukla, longtime Delhi dependable, has failed to find favour with the selectors this season. The advent of young legspinner, Sri Srivastava, has closed avenues for the affable Shukla respected universally for his gritty performances. And innumerable rescue acts. A very useful cricketer, Shukla is quite capable of bouncing back, and rescuing himself also.

One veteran batting on is Railway's Hyder Ali. Captaining the team once again this season, Hyder first played Ranji twenty years ago Today he is one of the senior-most cricketers around whose persistent left arm spin over the years has yielded 300 plus Ranji wickets. He is still bowling well, and what's more, is somehow still able to retain enthusiasm for the game.

Amrit Mathur, New Delhi

Bedi: knocking them from the other end



Pune International Marathon

But for the want of better organisation...

....this year's event was an encouraging success. **Rahul Chandawarkar** followed the race in the press van, note pad in hand and camera slung over shoulder

SAVIO D'SOUZA ran the race of a life-time. Approximately two kilometres away from the Nehru stadium finish, he was still about 400 metres behind the Tanzanian Stephen Marwa the 1984 winner. At that stage there was wild speculation in the press bus a little ahead of the runners.

Savio sprinted the last lap to finsh 23 seconds and 150 metres ahead of the dejected Tanzanian. It was a sweet two-in-a row for Savio. He clocked 2:31:28 this time, in comparison to last years 2:35:11 and also took home the Charminar Challenge prize money of Rs 35,000 (Rs 25,000 for Open and the glitterring Charminar trophy.

Incentives such as these, do stretch the athletes to the limit and beyond. Savio told me the evening before the race "I have won last year and I am confident of winning this year too. My 2:24 timing at the January '86 Hong Kong marathon has given me a lot of confidence (he finshed ninth there) The prize money is also a major motivating factor.

Savio had finished third to Tanzanians Marwa and John Bura in 1984 and finished winner last year.

Certain very crucial questions cropped up at this years Pune marathon. First and foremost, the Maharashtra Amateur Athletic Association, the organisers of the meet, have not improved one bit on the organisationsl aspects of the race. There were still far too many-official cars, buses, motorcycles, scooters and what have you along the entire route throwing up enough dust, smoke and pollution, to suffocate the runners. Most of these vehicles carried people, who were of no use to the marathon and were merely on a joy ride.

Most of the medical support kept close to the leaders of the race. Who was there to protect the runners who were left behind against injury and other inconveniences?

Another extremely glaring faux pas of this year's race was the incidence of vehicular traffic being let loose at the 30 kilometre mark in the Khadki area. Just as Stephen Marwa and Savio D'Souza went past the 30 kilometre mark. all hell broke loose. Hordes of scooters, motorcyles, cycles, auto-rickshaws joined the 4th Pune International Marathon and started giving Savio and Stephen a run for their money! In reality it was hardly funny yet no newspaper in Pune or Bombay stressed this angle and interestingly the Bombay Doordarshan crew also gave this glaring traffic intrusion the slip in its National network coverage.

"I hastily removed my camera to capture Savio overtaking Marwa"



The organisers cannot be forgiven such mismanegment which has reduced the worth of the marathon considerably.

Instead of laying emphasis on these organisational flaws, Suresh Kalmadi, President of the MAAA in his prize distribution boasted of sheer numbers and big prize money in the following years. But these are not going to make the Pune International Marathon, one of the better marathons in the world unless the organisational aspects are spruced up. This correspondent saw many athletes limping and struggling towards the medical room on their own long after the race was over. There were no volunteers to help them, as they were busy watching the glittering prize distribution ceremony.

The organisers, of course, can consider themselves fortunate that the VST Industries have signed a three year 'Charminar Challenge' contract with them. Mr K. Mohandas, the Marketing Operations Manager VST Industries said," starting next year, we hope to infuse good organisation techniques and assist the organisers in making it a much better marathon race. This marathon has great potential and can bring sport to the masses"

The organisers should also refrain from taking the press and public for a ride in quoting imaginary sub two hour fifteen minute timings for the foreign participants. We can understand the difficulty in getting an Alberto Salazar or a Robert de Castella for the Pune Marathon because of the huge appearance money involved. International marathons are a big money game.

So the organisers should be modest enough to admit

that the foreign participants are no 'big guns' and are at best good runners.

Coming to the positive side of the story, the race is definitely catching on in terms of popularity, with more and more local people, runners from other states, athletes from the Railways (the Railways converted this years race into the All India Railway marathon meet), and the Services taking part enthusiastically. It was heartening to see hordes of school children and senior citizens taking to the roads full of spirit.

Till the 20 km mark, the dimunitive John Kanga of Tanzania led the front pack of runners followed by Stephen Marwa, Savio, Peter Omollo (Kenya), James Njeru (Kenya), Udo Englebrecht (West Germany), Calum Barm (England), Peter Russel (England), Thomas Han (W. Germany) and Sitaram (Railways) in that order. After the 25 km mark, the heat started to take its toll on the Europeans and Sitaram movd upto the sixth place behind the seasoned Africans and



Karolina Szabo: always cheerful and confident

"They came from all age groups. All in good spirit."



Traffic in the midst of the run: "I was simply horrified as I went click click...."



Savio. Kanga had crossed the 21km half way mark in a modest 65 minutes followed by Savio and Marwa.

It was here tht the womens half marathon was flagged off and the favourite Karolina Szabo of Hungary in the absence of Indian ace Asha Agarwal took complete charge of the proceedings and ran very strongly, followed by local girl Charulata Naigaonkar (winner of the Indira Gandhi marathon at Allahabad on Nov. 19, where she had beaten Asha Agarwal) and Jill Rothwell of England.

It was a pleasure to see the cheerful and confident Szabo, who kept waving to the thousands who thronged the roads on either side. She even overtook the male runners Marwa, Kanga and Savio at the 35 kms mark. She enterd the stadium first in 1:17:09, some full five minutes before Savio D'Souza. People who thought, she was participating in the full marathon literally rubbed their eyes in disbelief!

Szabo had finished tenth in the 10,000 metres race at the recent European Championships at Stuttgart. She has so far run 19 full marathon and five half marathons and was third both in the last World Cup at Hiroshima and at the Osaka marathon. Talking to *Sportsworld* after the race she said "It was an extremely comfortable run and I simply loved the spirit of the Pune people, who kept cheering me all along. It is simply fascinating. There were small children, mothers with babes in arms, the young and the old all along the route"

Yet the Pune Marathon can scale great heights if organised more professionally. The sight of fatigue runners completing the gruelling 42.195 kms, even when the sun had nearly set behind the Pune hills, is ample proof of the spirit of competition that exists among the brave participants. They deserve a better deal.

Results Men Marathon 1) Savio 2:31:28 2) Stephen Marwa 2:31:51 3) James Njeru (Kenya) 2:32:44 4) Udo Englebrecht (West Germany) 2:32:5; 5) K. Sitaram (Railways) 2:32:57 and 6) Calum Bark (England) 2:33:32

Womens Half Marathon— 1; Karolina Szabo (Hungary) 1:17:09 2) Charulate Naigaonkar (India) 1:26:08 3) Jill Rothwell (England) 1:28:25 4) Sangita Satpute (India) 1:33:05 5) Prabha Thakur 1:38:54 6) Anita Kurde 1:39:56

Photographs: Rahul Chandawarkar

The Height Of Sport



SPORTSMEN all over the world are looking for something different. With conventional sport having lost their initial challenge, the adventurous are experimenting with different, arduous and risky games that will re-instil the spirit of adventure in modern day sport.

Even as people are taking to trekking, hiking and skiing with a zest that can only equal the one with which soccer boots and tennis rackets are being thrown in the closet, there is a small group of daredevils who are looking for that something extra. For those few, hang gliding is just what the doctor ordered.

A few spirals of springy metal, some wire attached to a couple of levers. All bolted onto a frame made up of steel pipes. And a piece of cloth over it as the final touch. That's all that goes into one of the things that these daring few strap onto their backs and plunge off the steepest cliff they can find in the neighbourhood. First seen—almost disbelievingly—almost 16 years ago in faraway America, people in India have also risen to the challenge of doing something different. As different as it is dangerous.

Transporting the flimsy rig to a hill top, all you have to do it strap yourself in, get a bearing of the wind direction—not too tough, just watch the birds—and take the plunge. A few steps and off you go. Soaring on the currents, as free as the birds. From then on, it's just you and the glider. Manipulating the currents that criss-cross the surface of the earth, taking maximum advantage of one stream only to switch and gently waft into the heights. There is no engine to keep in trim, no fuel costs to worry about. All you need is your glider and your daring.

First seen in India almost a decade ago, hang gliding was brought to the Western Ghats by Bombay's Deepak Mahajan and Armyman Mundukar who had a lot of help from Neil Kinnier. Even as people feasted on the beauty of the Dhauladhar ranges in the Western Himalayas—a veritable paradise for mountain climbers, trekkers and hikers—an innovative foreigner took off from Triund for the first Indian flight. Very popular with trekkers, Triund was not the ideal place for hang gliding. Some time later, enthusiasts discovered the Kangra Valley in Himachal Pradesh to be the best suited place to practice their daring sport.

Set at an altitude of 8,000 feet above sea level and about 90 km from Dharamsala, Biling was chosen as the ideal place to

launch the sport with the First World Himalayan Hang Gliding Rally. Since then, every hang gliding meet has found the exponents of this sport winding their way up the narrow road from Dharamsala. Even as the first meet introduced Indians to the pleasures of riding the thermal currents, it simultaneously introduced the rest of the world to the potential of the Himalayan ranges as a gliding site.

But since then, it hasn't all been smooth gliding for the sport. True, the intitial efforts were lacking in cohesion and the unfortunate death of a German enthusiast did not help matters any. The Himachal Pradesh government formed the Aero Sports Society to organise the sport but even that has not been too helpful. Lack of transport facilities coupled with pathetic approach roads have made sure that getting to the launching site can take the wind out of most people.

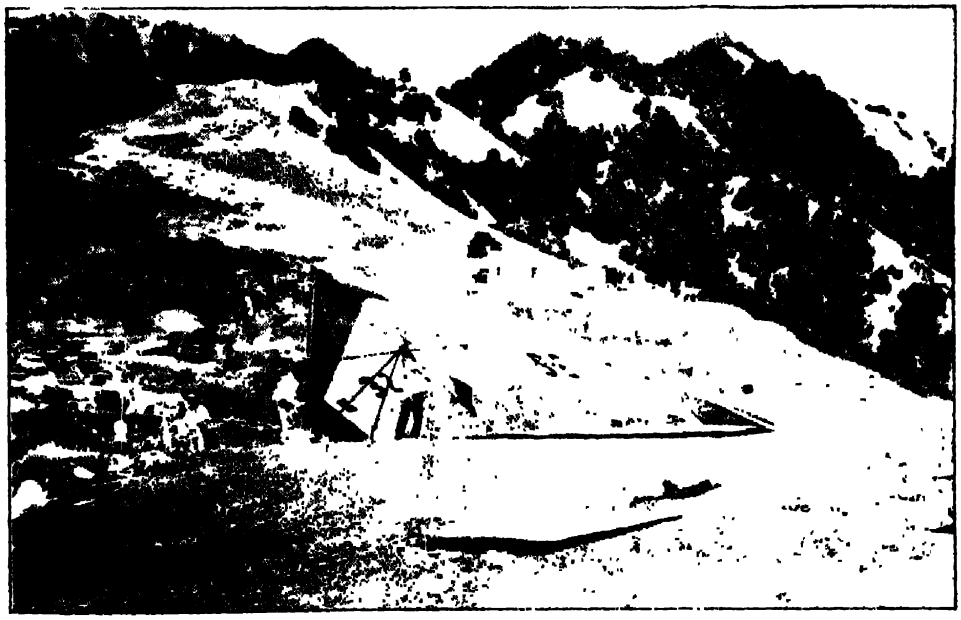
Yet another hurdle is the weather. While the 1st National Championship held last year was plagued by inclement weather this year we were lucky to have perfect weather as well as sufficient wind velocity to keep the kites up. As many as 16 competitors vied in three categories—spot landing, cross country pylon race, speed flying and duration flight—in the nationals this year. After hours of gliding, top honours were Joel Koechlil's.

A Frenchman living in India, Koechlil is one of the many foreigners who patronise this sport in India while the Indians themselves look on in awe. The few Indians who do partake are severly limited by lack of equipment and almost nonexistant training facilities. The Sports Authority of India have overlooked this sport totally. There is no basic facility for training unless you are with the armed forces. And while the necessary equipment if neither manufactured indigenously, nor are adequate incentives allowed for its import.

These could be the reasons why India can only boast of just 50 skilled hang gliders as yet. Even the news that a foreigner has recently opened a private training school in the Ooty hills does not seem too encouraging. It is left to the Indian sports authorities to nurture this sport which could eventually develop into a world-wide attraction.



Communing with clouds, a glider in full flight



Preparing for flight. A hang glider straps himself in

Anil Soni, Dharamsala

Photographs by P.R. Bali

Credibility takes a beating

WHEN an author is at pains to project his biographical subject as something which he is not, it is credibility that takes a nosedive No one would deny that England s Test cricketer Phil Edmonds is an articulate good looking, intelligent person But to herald Edmonds as a 'great all rounder , or as a 'blond Adonis or as an intellectual takes some doing To my knowledge no girl has swooned at the sight of him, nor have we heard or read anything deeply thought provoking or original from Edmonds so far He is surely no modern Charles Fry

Yet author Simon Barnes goes head over heels to proclaim his subject s supposed virtues in superlative terms The halo around Phil Edmonds is only in the author s mind The hysterical obsession to think of him as a demi god as a rebel as an intellectual or as an eccentric may serve the purpose of creating a controversial image If that was the sole intent then it has been more than adequately served

From the quotes and the contents it is apparent that to Edmonds his Cambridge background hangs heavy He gives the impression of being vastly superior to the man (or men) beside him If he had had a scholarship to Cambridge as Brearley did then he may have with some justification walked on clouds But it wasn t so He was like hundreds of others who had the academic ability and more importantly the funds to go through the portals of Oxbridge

Nor did he complete his stay at the university with a first as again Brearley did He merely pursued a course on land economy for which Cambridge has not really been internationally acclaimed Yet so deep rooted is his inferiority complex with regard to Brearley, the man he sarcastically calls 'the guru of captaincy' that on almost every page he makes a desperate attempt to run him down If anything the memory of Brearley is the perfect nemesis for all his failures

What Phil Edmonds and Simon Barnes would do well to remember is that in the world of men one must stand head and shoulders above the rest in order to be counted Nothing rubs off by merely hobnobbing with the rich and the mighty There is no point in moaning about lost opportunities, unfavourable circumstances No point looking around for sympathy by claiming one's naivete No point blaming others for one's own weaknesses No one has the time for a squealer

Nevertheless cricketer Phil Edmonds is a gifted individual Farsighted and well read, he has the advantage of a Zambian childhood which has more than refuelled his love for life, his quest for adventure his liberal values and his deep suspicion of political motives If he is a singular person, he is certainly no introvert He is perceptive to the variety that life has to offer He genuinely loves touring. The cuisine and the culture of the subcontinent captivate him

If he is a loner and on his own admission a voluntary outcast in the England dressing rooms, it is understandable, for his tastes and lifestyles are not of an average English Test cricketer But his impatience with others cannot be excused, nor the unwarranted caustic comments he makes of them It appears to be camouflage for his own shortcomings

Phil Edmonds has been made into an ambitious entrepreneur No harm there surely But then to think of him as a superior being just because he reads *The Financial Times* would surely cut no ice with the knowledgeable readers If need be Bombay University product Sunil Gavaskar could teach him a thing or two about finance and about intelligent authorship Even Dilip Vengsarkar upstaged him at his own favourite game of gamesmanship

Contrary to what Simon Barnes would like to have us convinced, Phil Edmonds is far from an extraordinary person He has basically been just an average achiever at cricket In other activities presumably still less However if you dear reader, would care to go through some really controversial matter then *Phil Edmonds A Singular Man* is most certainly the choice of the year

Phil Edmonds A Singular Man (The Kingswood Press) Simon Barnes Rs 197/
Available from The Marine Sports
63A Gokhale Road (north)
Dadar, Bombay 400028

Raju Mukherji



"A blond Adonis A great all-rounder." Who? Phil Edmonds!

Wills Open Golf Tournament '86

A winning prescription

FOUR Bangladeshi golfers followed their doctor's orders perfectly when they walked away with the Wills Open Golf Trophy this year. Playing under an imaginative team name, 'Our Doctor Orders—Live On Greens,' S. Zamman, S. M. Ali, S. Shamim and D. Shamim made sure that most of the time they spent on the Tollygunge Club golf course was spent on the greens. Not hacking away in the rough or fishing in the pond.

Shrugging off the pressures of an alien course, these talented golfers brought in a cumulative nett score of 436 to edge their way to glory in the 3rd Wills Open golf tournament.

Lurking well within striking distance—but never in the limelight—till the later stages of the tournament, 'Our Doctor Orders—Live On Greens' carried out their prescribed duties a little belatedly. In fact, the final burst was what carried them to the trophy. It was left to the scores of the fourth round to decide whether they would take the trophy or play second fiddle to 'Lonely At The Top' who also finished the tournament with a cumulative score of 436. Rather aptly named, weren't they? Well, the company they had also proved to be their undoing.

The Bangladeshi quartet, playing at Tollygunge Club for the first time, had two single handicappers in brothers S. Shamim and D. Shamim; the former having a particularly good round in the fourth with a nett score of 71. But it was left to T. Tashi of 'Dukes of Phuntsholing' to score consistently and win the prize for the best individual nett score with 136.

In George Philip and Vandana Agarwal, Calcutta golf has two talented youngsters who perform consistently well. It was, therefore, no surprise when Philip walked away with the best scratch score by a gentleman over 36 holes. Vandana Agarwal, too, made sure of her share of the limelight when she notched up the best score by a lady golfer over 36 holes.

Considering that the sponsors advertise this tournament as the largest golf tournament in Asia, it was probably fair that the trophy moved out of India for the first time. But the best thing that has happened to this tournament is the inclusion of a prize for the best team name. Ever since its inception, this tournament has always inspired teams to come up with witty names. And this year it was 'Power Hooks A Birdie' that caught the judges' fancy.

Indrajit Bose



The winners hold the trophy aloft

PASSED AWAY

YOU may not have agreed with all his ideas, but you will concede that he knew the game and the intricacies that come with it. The unfortunate thing was that he left India a disappointed and disillusioned man. Today he is no more. Ciric Milovan, the Yugoslav who coached the Indian national football team, according to a message, passed away in London last month.

There can be no doubt about the fact that he had Indian soccer at heart. He spent many a hot afternoon, sweating it out in the sun, trying to impart a better understanding of the game to the limited national team. He coached the team for all major tournaments—the Asian Cup, the pre-



Olympics and the Nehru Gold Cup. Agreed, he wasn't very successful, but then who has been? But there was no reason for just dumping him without explanation. Surely he could have been sent off an unsuccessful, but happy man.

But let the past be forgotten, and his soul rest in peace.



THE RANJI KING

BRIJESH PATEL will not go down in cricket history as a high class Test batsman. He may not even be remembered twenty years from now. But he has been one of the greatest enigmas in Indian cricket.

The famous Brijesh Patel moustache. (See photograph taken twelve years ago). The attacking fielding in the covers. The superb drives in front of the wicket. All made the Bangalore batsman a colourful, some say dashing, cricketer. But sadly, Test cricket and the man just didn't blend. Domestic cricket was right up his street. Runs coming effortlessly

Patel, well into his thirties, is far from a former cricketer. He has, in fact created Ranji Trophy history. In Karnataka's first innings against Andhra Pradesh, Patel scored 155 in 161 minutes, which included 20 fours and a six. An innings typically Patel in character. But this one was far more special. It was his twenty-third century in the tournament. The highest number to date. (Ashok Mankad and Vijay Hazare had twenty-two each). Patel, in all probability will keep playing and continue to make big scores. And people will continue to wonder: whatever happened to this man in Test cricket?

HIGH ON VOTES

ANYONE interested in hazarding a guess: Who is the most popular footballer of the year?

No, don't ever ask it at a quiz contest; not even one for five-year-olds. They'll cock-a-snook at you as they answer: "Diego Armando Maradona!"

World Soccer, the most prestigious football magazine in the world, has voted him 'Player of the Year'. Readers and contributors gave the Argentinian captain the verdict by a margin of about 30 per cent over the runner up Igor Belanov who polled only six per cent. England's star striker, Gary Lineker came in second runner up with 5.7 per cent of the votes. The next three were Spain's Emilio Butragueno, Jan Ceulemans of Belgium and Michael Laudrup of Denmark.

Hard to believe, but there were no Brazilians in the first six. But none of them really deserved to be amongst the top. In fact ever since its inception in 1982, only one Brazilian has been voted Player of the Year: Zico in 1983. In 1982 it was the man of the World Cup, Paolo Rossi; and the last two years it went to that French genius Mitchel Platini.

What was a little surprising was the fact that the manager who polled the highest number of votes was Belgian, Guy Thys, the man who has transformed Mexican soccer. But a closer look will reveal that *Soccer World* readers know their onions; no one deserved it more than him. The hosts almost made it to the last four, remember?



GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

DOVEY will be flying high next year. He or she (the sex has not be 'selected' yet) is a white dove in full cricket gear with the globe behind it and on the edge of its left wing; the official mascot for next year's World Cup cricket tournament to be played in India and Pakistan.

The sponsors, Reliance, will make all efforts to ensure that their message of 'Cricket For Peace' will be spread all over the world. For very obvious reasons they want to package the most important event in the cricketing world as well as they possibly can. Their first major step in this direction has been producing a video on India and the last two World Cups. We are sure they have other, bigger things in mind. They've spent a lot of money, you know!

TENNIS ACADEMIES



MAN, machine, robot. Call him what you like, he's the best. Getting better. Even his fellow professionals think so.

Ivan Lendl was voted Player of the Year in an ATP poll, with the French and the US titles to boast, besides of course a host of other tournaments. His only regret: Wimbledon.

With the Swedes producing world beaters as though they were going out of fashion, it was not in the least surprising that they bagged the 'Player who has made the most progress' title, thanks to Mikael Pernfors. Pernfors who is in his first year of big tennis had a very good year, losing to Lendl in the finals of the French Open. What makes Pernfors more noticeable is his un-Swedish-like get-up. His tennis is different. As is his hairstyle and the collar of his T-shirt.

TEACHING THE TRADE

THE Australian under-19 cricketers are doing quite well. They drew the second Test against the touring Indian youngsters, having won the first. But this isn't surprising since they have former Test wicketkeeper Brian Taber as their manager and coach. And helping him out at a training camp before the tourists arrived were Dennis Lillie, Greg Chappell and Ashley Mallett. A handy little trio.



Patrick Eagar

WHAT'S UP DOC?

THERE have been plumber/cricketers; there have been teacher/cricketers. But never has a cricketer been an optometrist. And a qualified one at that. Geoff Lawson is the first.

The Australian fast bowler attended a high-powered sports medicine conference in the United States earlier this year. He soon found out that for a batsman, vision training is crucial. Most baseball teams put their batters through various eye exercises. Lawson returned home and put some of these into practice and to his (pleasant) surprise his batting average improved from its usual 15 to 32.

Lawson's non-cricketing professional skills have become quite popular with fellow cricketers. Wayne Phillips and Dirk Welham are among those who have sought the advice of the eye specialist.

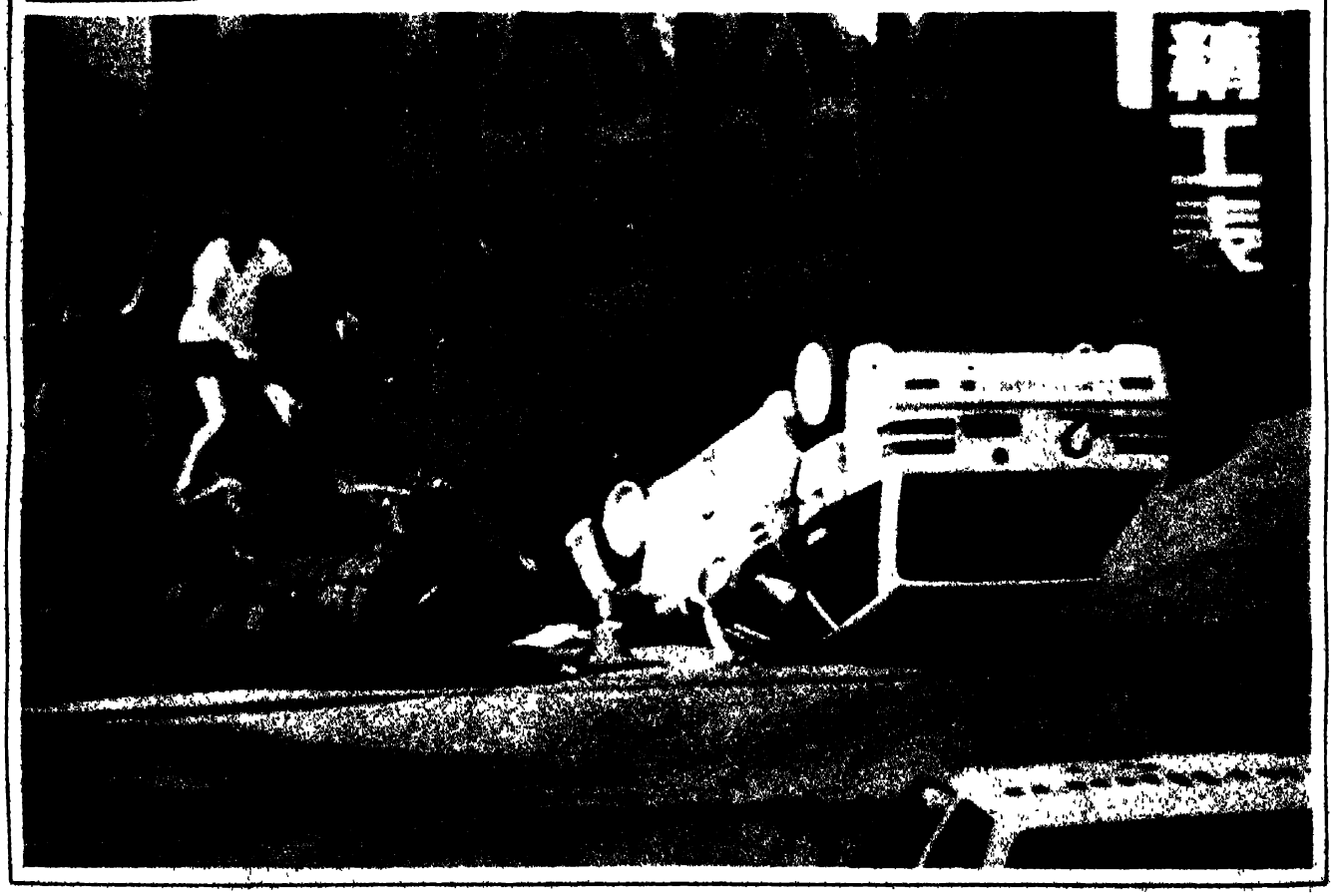
His persisting back injury has helped his practice. He has even been able to study further and has started importing new high-tech equipment from America. He intends to set up a specialist sports vision clinic in the near future.

How near, will be difficult to say. It all deoends on how much cricket Lawson will play. Well, for starters, he's back in the Test team. And if he does well I'm sure he'll shelve the 'doctor' idea for the time being. Though he seems to be one up on most others. 'If the bowler can't make it, the doc must'.



Left: Martina Navratilova with the Virginia Slims trophy after beating Steffi Graf in the final at New York's Madison Square Garden

Bottom: Japanese Kiohiko Ito escapes unhurt when his Mishubishi Colt Turbo overturns while practising for the 33rd Macao Grand Prix





Left: League toppers Arsenal's top scorer Martin Hayes sends two Manchester City players the wrong way.

Below: Employees of an Asthma Centre enjoy a hockey game in the higher ice regions of Switzerland

Photographs: AP



The good, the bad and the inbetween

1986 has not been a particularly enthralling year tennis-wise. Yet at this juncture three individuals are in the news. One success, one failure and one caught in the fine line inbetween.

Martina Navratilova capturing her fourth consecutive title in the Virginia Slims is as usual the success story. Her game continues to improve, yet while she is probably the greatest ever woman player she has taken the competitive edge out of women's tennis. Her statistics are terrifying.

Her 1000th victory came this October (no guessing what it is now), her match winning streak at the moment is 54, only rivalled by her own record of 74 straight wins. She has already won $2 million in prize money. She won the French and Wimbledon which took her Grand Slam events tally to 15 (7 Wimbledon's, 3 US Open's, 3 Australian's and 2 French), and her year's match record stands at 89-3. There can be no more praise...tennis writers have run out of suitable adulatory phrases regarding her game.

The failure of the year was Mats Wilander. The monotonous Swede, with four Grand Slam events in his pocket, managed to win a measly two tournaments this year. It looked in many ways like the Yannick Noah phase. His interest in the game diminished, which resulted in a seven week lay-off, his only positive thought being his impending marriage to South African model Sonya Mulolland in January. Noah's wife Cecilia had a major impact on the young Parisian's revival. Hopefully the Swede too will find his inspiration in his woman.

The man on the thin line is John McEnroe. A stuttering start to his comeback was overcome by four tournament victories, but a late second stutter found him unable to qualify for the year-end Masters. He's reasonably content with his performance and has ended the year in classic McEnroe fashion: a 42-day suspension because of exceeding the fine limit and problems with the Internal Revenue Service who claim he owes them $900,000. Look for him in during the Aussie Open in January.

Players burnout?

DURING a recent tournament lowly placed Jacob Hlasek upset Stefan Edberg without much hassle. Yet as Hlasek celebrated he did admit that Edberg looked jaded and tired. And perhaps had the Men's International Professional Tennis Council looked a little closely at that match, they would understand that players are being forced to play too much tennis.

It is mandatory for players to play 14 Grand Prix tournaments which include five two week ones (the four Grand Slam events and the Liptons tournament). In addition they have the WCT Finals and the Masters. "...I think that is far too much" said Edberg. "People who make the rules are not tennis players and do not understand what it's like to play so much."

The MIPTC countered by saying that, when 20 million dollars plus bonuses were up for grabs the players shouldn't be cribbing. Perhaps. Yet if the standard of the game degenerates the MIPTC will have to change the mandatory into optional.

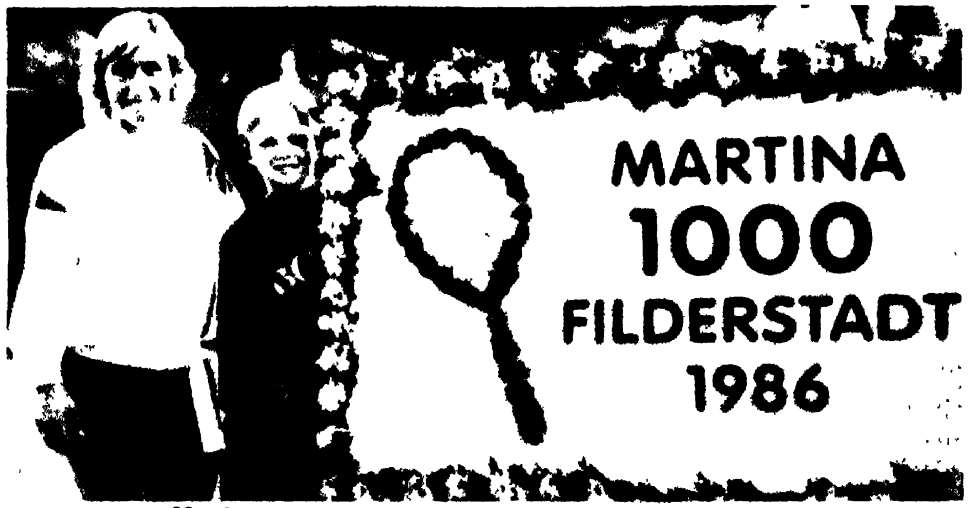
Pimek's czeching out

IF Miloslav Mecir needs a new pair of shoes, he can't stroll down the street and buy one. He has to ask for money from the Czechs before he can do so. This is a minor example of the condition of players from behind the Curtain.

Thus in the same context, to find Martina and now Lendl crossing over and looking for a new life was not surprising. Mandlikova preferred to stay behind as has Mecir. But the latest member of the talent pack, Libov Pimek is also making his bid for freedom.

Pimek a product of a conditioning school where life is restricted to eating sleeping, drinking and tennis (the 20th century success formula) asserted that the Czech authorities were unaware of their proteges international standing and thus were not correspondingly respectful. Pimek, continued his tirade on a well known note...'there should be freedom and people should be able to choose where they want to live'. His choice concerns his Belgian girlfriend with whom subsequent marriage could prove to be his passport (literally) to Belgian citizenship.

Well Pimek better hurry because his ranking has fallen from 25 to 34 to 56.



Martina as usual has been the success of the year

Eat Your Words

And your hat

THERE is no such thing as a safe bet. How one Swedish journalist wished he remembered that.

But so convinced was Steffo Tornquist, of Stockholm's Expressen, that Jahangir Khan would retain his world squash title against Kiwi contender Ross Norman, he volunteered to eat his hat should the result go the other way.

Well, not just one hat. Actuallly...12 hats, one pair of Wellingons one sweater and a winter coat.

As we all know, the indigestible happened. Incredibly. Khan lost and now tornquist is in consultation with top Scandinavian chefs to make his loss more palatable. So far he has eaten one hat, plans sweater with spaghetti and takes an ancious expression whenever the wellies are mentioned.

One thing is for sure, he didn't drink squash to wash down his 'food'.

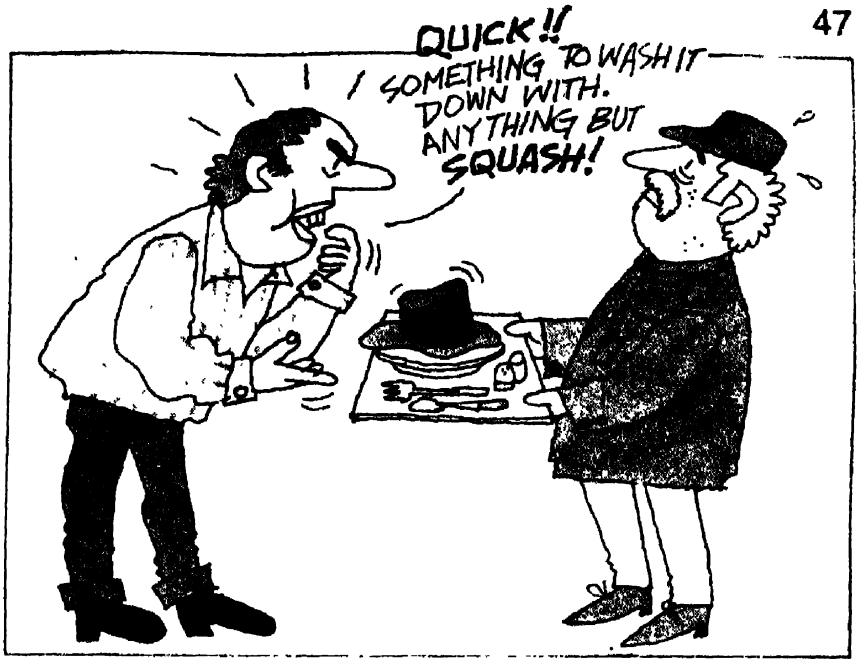
Dicey

Not that good

NEVER be let it said the Aussie cannot make fun of their own.

Viewing the batting of bowler Merv Hughes in the first Test of the current Ashes series, Tony Greig (honorary Aussie) was forced to say, "Hughes is looking a bit dicey here, Richie."

To this, Australian commentator Richie Benaud replied: "No he doesn't look that good, Tony."



Bailed Out

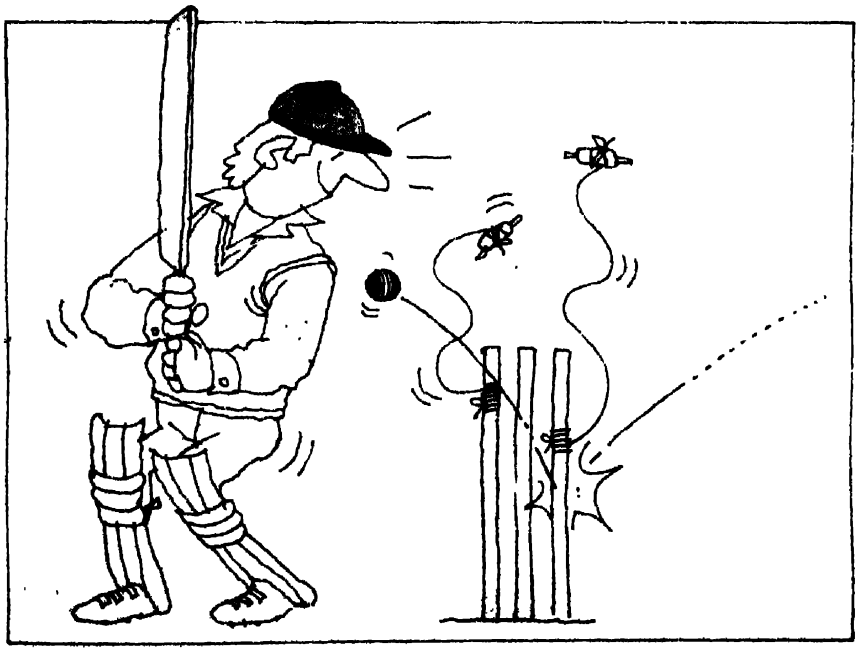
Stroke of luck

SOME people have the luck of the devil. Michael Haysman, a member of the 'rebel' Australian touring team in South Africa is one such person. His was perhaps the luckiest escape any batsman had in the history of cricket.

While playing against the South African President's XI, Haysman was well out of his crease when a throw from Rushmere, one of the South African fielders, hit the stumps. The bails flew into the air, but fell back perfectly into place on top of the stumps by the time Haysman had made his ground. Under the laws of cricket, the disturbance of the bails was considered temporary and he was therefore not out.

Haysman was on 15 then and went on to score 54 and to share an opening stand of 107 with Shippred.

If any reader knows of any such strange dismissals please do write in and let us know.



Due Reward

Heart to heart

FRANCES EDMONDS, wife of English cricketer Phil Edmonds, was only second behind Ian Botham in making the headlines this summer in England.

Now she is still doing that, but in a different manner. In Australia with the touring English cricket team she is writing for British tabloids.

In one piece for *The Sunday Times* she wrote:

"Before the First Test, I ventured to suggest to the England team's disciplinarian assistant manager, Micky Stewart, that he should scrap the pre-match team talk and send his hitherto beleaguered higher-order batsmen to the Queensland Performing Arts Centre. There the Australian Opera Company was putting in a usefully didactic performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience!"

The advice, it would appear, was taken to heart.

Illustrations by Debashish Deb



I have always felt that Peter Shilton tends to get a lot of decisions because of who he is
Andy Gray, Aston Villa soccer star



I feel that goalkeepers are over protected by the officials. There is a very thin line between what is fair challenge and what is a foul
Clive Allen commenting on whether Peter Shilton gets special treatment from referees



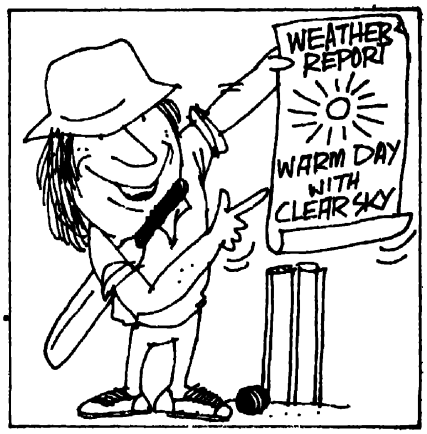
In Brisbane he Border) seemed exhausted....So tired was he that after the game he snapped.
Peter Roebuck in Sunday Times



Those who got in with Joe Louis froze; those who get in with Tyson turn into icecubes
Jim Jacobs, manager of boxer Mike Tyson



Wingspan is for birds, this is for fighting
Boxer Mike Tyson about his arm muscles



For them (England) the clouds have lifted from the hill, the long cold night is over...
John Woodcock after England's comeback victory over Australia



There perhaps is a similarity between performing an operation and fighting a fight.
Terry Christie, renowned professional boxer who is also a qualified surgeon



I can fight to a certain moment, but then it's just too much
Hana Mandlikova after losing her temper over some dubious line calls during a match in the Virginia Slims Championship



Maradona, very properly, had a floating kind of role. One never knew where to find him.
Brian Glanville recalling the performances of Argentina's soccer maestro

Illustrations by Debashish De

LUDHIANA

Punjab State Games

THE five day Punjab State Games 1986, the first of its own kind ever held in Punjab drew large crowds. The State Governor, Mr S.S. Ray, inaugurated the games, while state chief minister Mr. Surjit Singh Barnala, gave away the rixes at the closing ceremony.

Four thousand sportsmen and women drawn from all over the state participated in the events: football, athletics, volleyball, shooting, judo, hockey, gymnastics, basketball and kabaddi. The state exchequer and District Olympic Association, Ludhiana, spent as much 25 lakhs of rupees on the Games.

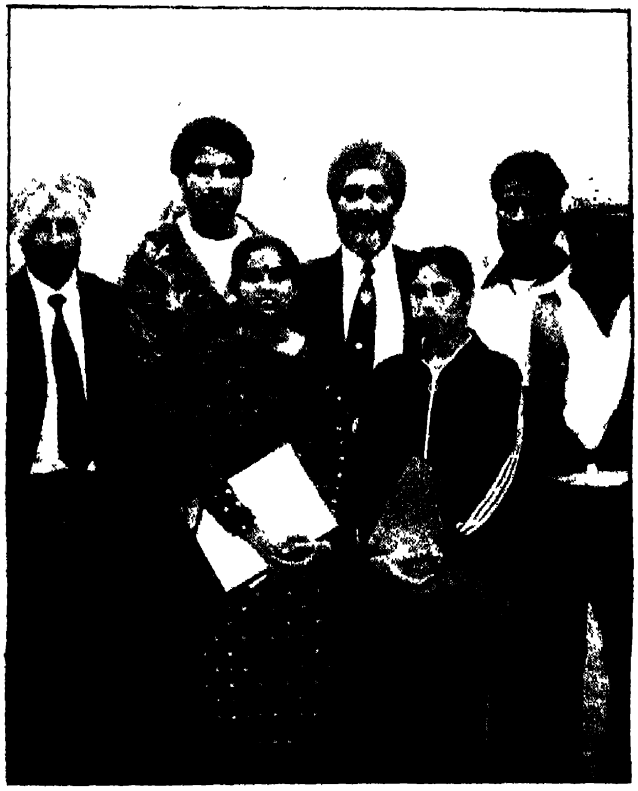
Kartar Singh who had won a gold medal at the Seoul Asiad, was presented a Maruti Deluxe car by the State Chief Minister. While his coach Gurvel Singh was given a motorbike. All sportsmen and women from the state who had won silver and bronze medals at Seoul Asiad were also honoured with prize money of Rs 25,000 and Rs 11,000, respectively.

International stars Dharm Singh of Ludhiana and Surjit Kaur of Jalandhar were adjudged best atheletes of the Games.

Rajesh Bhambi

RESULTS

Boxing	: Ludhiana
Weight-lifting	: Kapurthala; Ludhiana (runners up)
Wrestling	: PSEB, Jalandhar (runners up)
Basketball	: Punjab Police; (Men) (Women): Amritsar.
Judo	: Hoshiarpur (men and women)
Kabaddi	: Kapurthala (men and women).
Volleyball	: Punjab Police (men); Amritsar (women).
Gymnastics	: Patiala (men); Gurdaspur (women).
Hockey	: Patiala Kapurthala (joint winners in men's;Patiala (women).
Hockey	: Punjab (men) Jalandhar (women)
Shooting	: Ludhiana
Football	: Hoshiarpur
Athletics	: Ludhiana

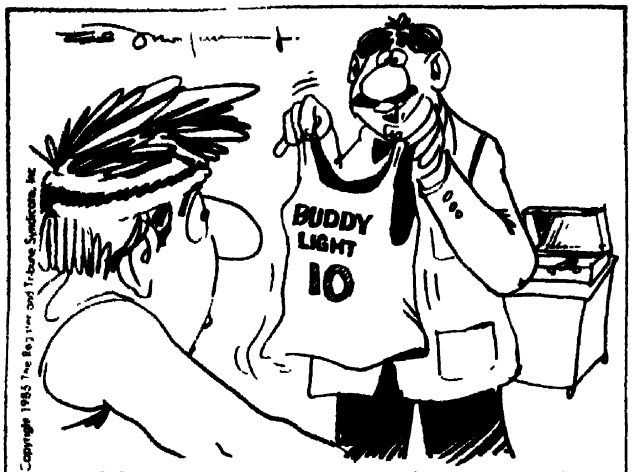


Rajesh Bhambi

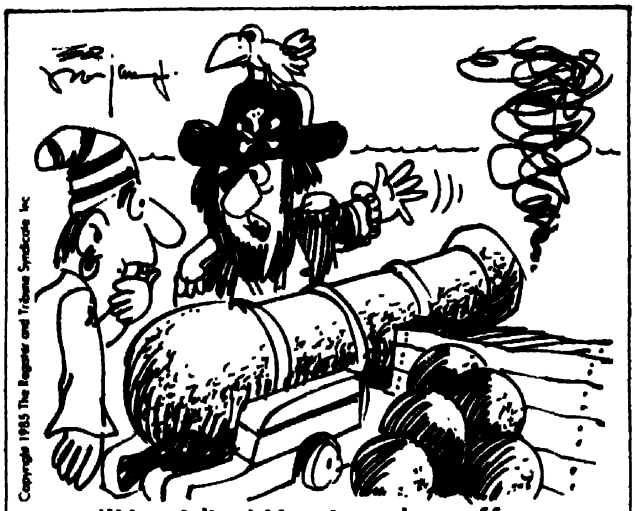
The silver medallists received cash prizes of Rs 25,000, while the bronze winners received Rs 11,000. They are pictured here with the secretary of the Punjab Olympic Association after the award giving ceremony at the Games



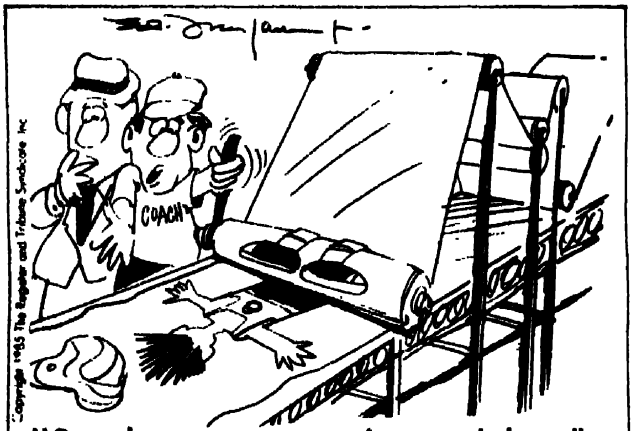
Kartar Singh, gold medallist at Seoul, with the Maruti Deluxe car.



"Buddy, as your agent, I'd suggest, for endorsement purposes, that you change your last name to Light!"



"You idiot! You just shot off my custom-made bowling ball!"



"See there, some guys just can't handle the press."



"Excuse me, but are you the folks who ordered fresh duck?"



"Don't let him bother you! Making soccer balls used to drive me nuts, too, but you'll get the hang of it!"



"Clyde plays his barbells with the Chicago symphony!"

Strong stuff

ONCE you have warmed up properly, you can get stuck into your routine proper. Whether you prefer to train for strength or flexibility, you have to get the blood pumping before you can move onto the really heavy stuff.

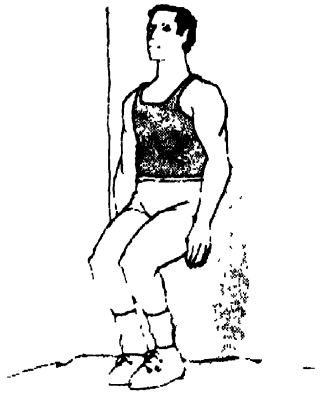
The next thing that we are going into here is light exercises ,which will enhance strength as well as contribute to your general level of all-round fitness. Strengthening the muscles helps provide stability and coordinates integration of the joints. If you are a sportsman, muscle strengthening and its subsequent effects are especially important for the individual muscles or the muscle groups you rely on in your particular sport.

The exercises that we are detailing here are designed to build endurance strength, cutting out the need for heavy weights. In fact, most of them don't require you to ladle on any extra weight at all. The first one—Double Leg Wall Sit—is great for the thighs while also toning up the muscles that bind the knee joint. You might find it a little difficult to hold this pose for a long time, so don't get discouraged early.

Now, it gets tougher. If you gritted your teeth with the earlier exercise, here's something to have you almost yelping in agony. One piece of advice: although we are recommending this exercise with the 30-pound weight, try it without the weight first. If you find that you do it without too much of strain, then get ambitious. The Single Leg Wall Sit can do wonders for your legs. It can also do terrible damage to your ego.

The last one detailed this week—Vertical Double Leg Jump—is a take off on the aerobic exercise that we gave you a week ago. This time it requires more concentration on the jump rather than the clearance of the object. It's strength that we're after this time.

(Continued next week)



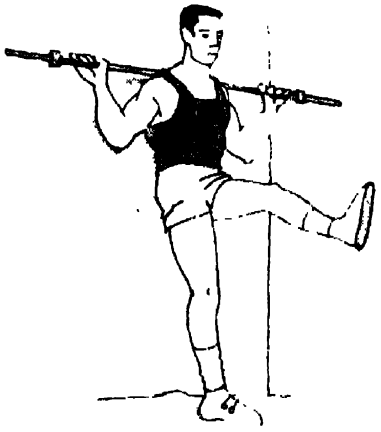
Double Leg Wall Sit

Support the head and trunk by leaning against the wall, legs parallel, feet 6 to 8 inches apart, heels down. Bend the knees until the thighs are parallel to the floor; hold for 1 minute. In time, work up to 3 minutes



Vertical Double Leg Jumps

Bounce on the balls of your feet for three counts On the fourth count, jump straight up with knees tucked high. Work on a well-placed, resilient landing; repeat at least 20 times to improve trunk/leg strength





Single Leg Wall Sit

Beginning with a 30-pound weight, stand with the trunk tilted slightly forward, one leg extended straight out, the opposite foot 8 inches from the wall. Bend the nonextended knee until that thigh is parallel to the ground, rise slowly to a count of 8. Repeat 10 times with each leg

Illustrations Debashis Deb

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-aahaar.

26 November Josimar Pereira, Brazil's star defender who played brilliantly at the Mexico World Cup, makes the news again; this time for assaulting a woman. Charged for assault by a woman who claims that he agreed to pay 2,000 Cruzados for a night out, Josimar is arrested by the Rio De Janeiro police but later released on bail

27 November Srikkanth sends the Sri Lankans on a leather hunt with an explosive 92 as India cruise to a seven-wicket win in the opening match at the four-nation cricket meet at Sharjah. Chasing the Lankan score of 214 for 9, India score 215 for 3 in 41.3 overs.

Readers and contributors of *World Soccer* vote Diego Maradona of Argentina the 'Player of the Year' for 1986. The 'Team of the Year' award goes to Argentina while Guy Thys of Belgium is voted the 'Manager of the Year.'

28 November West Indies thrash Pakistan by nine wickets in their 45-over match at Sharjah. Making history of sorts is Gus Logie who wins the Man of the Match award without batting or bowling a single ball. His three catches and two run-outs are enough to give him the award.

England start the second Test against Australia at Perth on a strong note as Chris Broad scores an unbeaten 146 to takem them to 272 for two at stumps on the opening day.

29 November The English skipper David Gower and Jack Richards help themselves to a century apiece as England pile up 592 for eight declared in their first innings of the second Test against Australia at Perth. At draw of stumps on the second day, Australia are 19 for one.

30 November The Indian challenge fails to materialise as West Indies march on toward the top spot in the four-nation cricket meet at Sharjah. Chasing the West Indian total of 198 for 8, the Indian batsmen give up the fight to end the match at 165 for 8.

Australia fight back to 309 for six on the third day of the second Test against England at Perth. Leading from the front is skipper Allan Border with an unbeaten 81 backed by a helpful 71 from Steve Waugh.

Andrez Gomez, seeded first, upholds the confidence placed on him by winning the Brazilian Open tennis tournament in Itaparica.

1 December Boris Becker fights back from one set down to beat John McEnroe 3-6, 6-3, 7.5 in the Atlanta challenge exhibition tennis tournament.

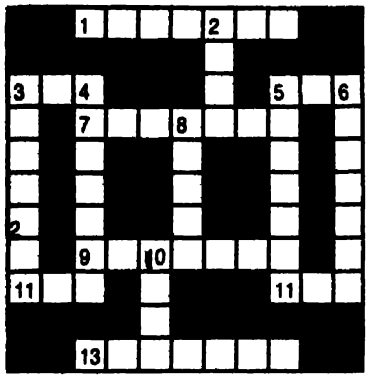
The Rovers Cup goes to Goa as Dempo Sports Club beat Mohun Bagan 2-1 in the final at Bombay. With Baptist Fernandez striking twice in the first half.

2 December Pakistan's four-wicket margin over Sri Lanka is not as convincing as it sounds as they edge home with seven balls to spare. Set a target of 164 for seven by the Sri Lankans, Pakistan score 165 for six.

England fail to force Australia to follow-on the fourth day of the second Test at Perth as the Australians manage 401 in their first innings. By draw of stumps, England score 199 for 8 to take their overall lead to 390.

CROSSWORD

354



ACROSS

1. New English fast bowling hope with the initials 'PDF' (7)
3. Chinese table tennis champion who carried off in a World final with an injury (3).
5. 'Sorry, can't stop. I'm training', this athlete told Idi Amin when Amin's car pulled up beside him (3)
7. Type of cricket delivery squeezed out from the lower palm, which scurries off the ground upon pitching with a marginal movement to leg instead of the off (7)
9. Left arm bowler's surprise ball that does not deviate (3, 4).
11. Indian born commentator who occasionally does the commentary for BBC (3).
12. This Pardivala, writer on athletics, may be confused with an international airline, returning (3).
13. International sports wear inspired by a French tennis player between the Wars (7)

DOWN

2. Ambush for a form of shooting (4)
3. West Indian bowler with a high number of sixes in 1985 to his credit (6, 1).
4. When the lunch interval is going to be longer than usual in Pakistan (1, 6).
5. Sheffield's cricket venue was this Lane (7).
6. Policeman, wine expert and cricket commentator (6, 1).
10. Middle distance runner ends in a Hindu figure of worship, ascending (4).

Excellent: 14-13, Good: 12, Fair: 11.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

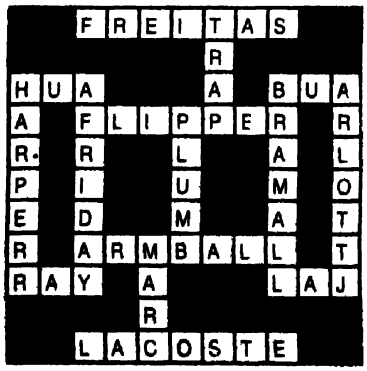
QUESTIONS

1. On which date was the first game of basketball played?
2. Which country won the first world championship (men's) in basketball?
3. Who are the 'Knicks'?
4. Who was the first man to score 100 points in a single basketball game?
5. Who is the tallest ever basketball player so far?
6. Who is the 'Rookie of the Year'?
7. Who was known as "the Houdini of the Hardwoods"?
8. Who is George Mikan?
9. Which player of the USA's 1956 Olympics gold medal-winning basketball team turned professional with the Boston Celtics and gained a reputation as the greatest defensive player in the history of the game?
10. Who is Gennadi Volnov?

ANSWERS

1. On January 20, 1892
2. Argentina (1950)
3. New York Knickerbockers, a team in NBA, the USA's pro basketball league.
4. Wilton Norman Chamberlain, better known as 'Wilt' Chamberlain achieved the feat on March 2, 1962 against the New York Knickerbockers.
5. Suleiman Ali Nashnush. He stood 2.45 m (8 ft) when he played for Libya in 1962.
6. The 'Rookie of the Year' award (introduced by the NBA in 1952-53) is given to the best 'rookie' (recruit) of the season in the US pro basketball league.
7. Basketballer Robert ('Bob') Cousy (Boston Celtics) who was a famous play-maker.
8. American basketballer who played for Minneapolis Lakers and helped them to win five NBA championships. He was elected to the Hall of Fame.
9. William ('Bill') Russell.
10. Noted basketball player of the USSR who earned the Best Player award in the 1967 world championship.

SOLUTION 354



QUESTIONS

1. What is the 'Achilles Club'?
2. What is the 'Primavera'?
3. What is the 'Podoloff Trophy'?
4. Where was the first indoor athletics meet ever held?
5. Which was the first nation to hold indoor athletics championships?
6. What is the 'NAIA'?
7. What is the 'World Maccabiah Games'?
8. When, for the first time in the history of World Cup football, did an African team top their group?
9. In which World Cup football finals the goal average per game has been that lowest so far?
10. A footballer whose total scores in the World Cup finals reached double figures and an extremely successful Olympic champion boxer have the same first name. Who are the two?

ANSWERS

1. A club of British athletes, based on Oxford and Cambridge Blues. It was founded in 1920.
2. The first classic road race of the professional cycling season in Europe. It is run from Milan to San Remo. It takes place in March. Hence the popular title Primavera which means spring.
3. The trophy awarded to the 'Most Valuable Player' in the USA's National Basketball Association League.
4. At the Ashburnham Hall, London (on November 7, 1863)
5. The U.S.A. (in 1906).
6. National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (USA)
7. Games for athletes of the Jewish faith, first held in Tel Aviv in March-April, 1932.
8. In 1986 Morocco topped the 'F' Group with four points from three games. The other teams were England, Poland and Portugal.
9. In 1986 with an average of 2.53 per game (52 games produced 132 goals).
10. Teofilo Cubillas (Peru) who scored 10 goals in the 1970 and 1978 World Cup finals and Teofilo Stevenson who won the gold medal in three successive Olympics.

BOB HOPE CONFESSIONS of a HOOKER

My Lifelong Love Affair with Golf

JUST the other day someone asked me how often I play golf. I was curious myself, so I went through my files of the previous year and it turned out that I had either played or hit balls nearly three hundred times With all that practice I really should play better, but I actually hit my most creative shots with a pencil. I need scorecards that are not allergic to erasers

Most of my golf is over the 9-hole route, because I simply don't have enough time for more Occasionally I'll go 18, mostly at pro-ams on the PGA Tour or in Gerald Ford's tournament each year at Vail.

My lifestyle hasn't changed much over the years. When I'm at home in North Hollywood I work nearly every day. But unless I'm taping a television commercial, which consumes an entire afternoon, I'll drive over to Lakeside, five minutes away, and either hit balls or play 9 holes. On Sunday afternoons I generally play 9 with Dolores

At Lakeside my most frequent golfing companions are old pals like Bob O'Brien, Glen Campbell, Bobby Hamilton or Dick Gibson. Gibson is a broker. He sometimes gets the stock prices mixed up with my score He also has the longest golf clubs I've ever seen, even longer than Crosby's Dick could stay home and still play I can't overlook Bones Maloney, who's another Lakeside crony.

We usually play the 9 holes for $5 00, just enough to keep your interest sharp Ford and I sometimes play for $5 00 a hole The President has to give me two strokes and I can tell you that there are easier ways to make a living than playing against him

While it's true that I play for modest stakes on the golf course now, there was a day when big money was riding on the line Years ago Crosby and I were going to play in the pro-am of the Phoenix Open He suggested we travel to Phoenix by train, since Bing didn't care to fly at the time He introduced me to a friend who would play with us the next day. It was Del Webb, the industrialist who would later build Sun City in Arizona, a couple of big hotels in Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe and become part owner of the New York Yankees I had never met him "Don't worry," Bing assured me "He's a pigeon You'll beat him like a drum "

We played a $100 nassau, meaning $100 for each 9, with automatic presses. Del shot 73 on the Phoenix Country Club course and I took a bath

That was the beginning, however, of a long friendship with Del Webb. We played a lot of golf all over the country, mostly for big stakes. Our standard game was for $25 a hole with all sorts of little side bets and we usually went double or nothing on the 18th tee I got even with him but good one day at Lakeside. After 17 holes he owed me $875 and on the 18th, of course, it was double or nothing.

The 18th hole at Lakeside is a strong par 4, measuring about four hundred yards. We both hit good drives. On my second shot I hooked a 4-wood just left of the green, and a little

In the second extract from his book, Bob Hope goes into the betting that abounds on the golf course. A man whose foursomes have included Presidents, Kings, top golf pros, comedians and film stars, Hope's anecdotes make very interesting reading. The book is published by Stanley Paul & Co. and priced at £9.95

short. Del was on the front edge of the green with a 3-iron. I was going to hit a wedge for my third, but I switched to a 9-iron and rolled it into the cup for a birdie 3. Del, who hardly ever swore, glowered at me and said, "Hope, you sunnuva bitch!" I got him for over $1,700. (If the IRS is reading, they should figure this as fiction).

Jackie Gleason likes to gamble on the golf course. The first time we played, for $100 a hole, he took me pretty good. But I got so I could beat him nearly every time. One day we were playing in the pro-am of the Memorial Tournament at Muirfield Village near Columbus, Ohio, Jack Nicklaus' tournament. On the 14th hole, a short par 4 with water on the right, Gleason was on the green in three. I was knocking around in the traps and finally got it on 4. I made the putt for a 5, Jackie 3-putted for a 6. The carryover bet on that hole was $1,000. I tapped him for about $1,400 that day, which almost got me even with him for the year. After a while we started to pay off after each hole, because we tended to get our score and our finances confused. We'd whip out the money on the next tee, much to the delight of the gallery.

SPEAKING of golf gambits, I learned a new one recently. It's called Free Throw. A guy I was playing with said to me, "I'll give you a stroke on this hole if you'll give me a free throw." It sounded like a pretty good deal to me until we arrived on the green and he picked up my ball and threw it into a lake. I never forgive Crosby for that.

There's nothing like a round of golf to take your mind off shows, business deals or taping television commericals. I love to play anywhere. Hot weather doesn't bother me, as long as I'm riding a cart. In September of 1983 I played the Fox Theater in St. Louis for a week and I was out on the golf course nearly every day, even when the temperatures were pushing a hundred degrees. I've also played at Vancouver in windbreakers, the Crosby in ski jackets and in Korea in a coat so heavy I could hardly swing.



Getting a little help on a tough putt from Del Webb. Hope, the eternal clown, plays to the crowd

Speaking of finance, *Forbes* magazine reported in an article about the four hundred wealthiest people in the United States that I was worth $200 million. Now that's really ridiculous. They put the decimal point in the wrong place.

It made about as much sense as the bit in *Time* magazine's cover story on me in 1967 when they asked a fellow backstage what he thought I was worth and he said about half a billion dollars. Les Brown showed me the magazine in Bangkok, when we were doing a tour show. I wired the editor and said, "If you can find it, I'll split it with you."

If I had that kind of money I'd have bought my own jet long ago. I did think about it. Now when I get on a commerical flight some guy, who has obviously read *Forbes* and *Time*, will look at me and ask, "Is this your plane?" I'll say, "Yes—one seat."

I try to squeeze in short vacations here and there, like stopping off in Hawaii for a few days on the way home from a tour in Australia last year. That was terrific. Recently Dolores and I spent a wonderful R and R at the Lodge at Pebble Beach with Dr. Bob Ellsworth and his wife Gracie. Dr. Ellsworth is my eye man at The New York Hospital and a member at the Knickerbocker Club in New Jersey. I shot a 92 at Cypress Point and a 93 at Pebble Beach.

It was the fulfillment of a longtime wish. I've always loved Pebble Beach, although it's just too much golf course for me. I've been a member at Cypress Point for about thirty-five years and except for my appearances there in the Crosby tournament I doubt if I had played the course five times. It's a beautiful spot, best eulogized by Frank ("Sandy") Tatum of San Francisco, former president of the United States Golf Association, as the Sistine Chapel of golf.

Usually we play these rounds in privacy, but there was the time not long ago

Hope teaches a friend the advantages of playing with a bent club. The attentive friend—Arnold Palmer



when I traveled to Meadville, Pennsylvania, to perform at the country fair. Ray Shafer, the former governor of Pennsylvania and now the head of the USO, had arranged a golf game in Meadville. The local populace had apparently been tipped off, because when we got to the golf course there were four hundred people surrounding the 1st tee. Ray apologized to me about the crowd, but I didn't mind. A crowd always brings out the ham in me, and some of it even gets to my clubs.

People often ask me about my golf equipment. Well, for about thirty years I was a MacGregor man. I got them from Toney Penna, who was MacGregor's top club designer and later founded his own company. Then Ben Hogan gave me a set. And Jack Nicklaus. Now I've got about twenty sets and I try them all, still looking for that miracle set.

ON my trips to the Washington, D.C., area I always look up my son Tony. Tony was a fine golfer as a youngster. He took lessons from Ed Dudley at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs. Tony could drive the ball 250 yards or more. Then he sort of lost interest in golf, because his girlfriend loved tennis. And Tony loved her, so now they have two of my grandchildren. Tony is playing golf again since his teenage son Zachary has taken up the game. Zachary is going to be a really fine golfer. You feel the years catching up when you have to play like hell to beat your grandson.

Which reminds me of the guy sitting in the dining room at his golf club looking out the window at the practice green, where his son was putting. The man said to his lunch companion at the table. "Look at my son out there. He made me a millionaire." The other man said, "Really?" and the fellow replied, "Yes I used to be a multi."

For many of the show business people who live in the Los Angeles area, Las Vegas is a popular place to work. It's close by, the money is good and there is plenty of diversion at the casino tables. I've played a lot of golf in Las Vegas, but I've always resisted the offers to work a show there. I wouldn't take those silicone shots for anything. Besides, I'm a lousy gambler. When I'm $4.00 down I look like I'm in the middle of open heart surgery.

I have mentioned the problem of signing autographs in public places, like airports, theatres, restaurants or on the golf course. Lakeside is one place I never have to think about that. I'm one of the guys there. Away from the club I must sign 350 autographs a day, which is not really difficult. The hard part is trying to give them to people.

The strangest place I've ever been asked for an autograph is at the urinal in the men's room. I looked over and told the guy, "Pal, if you'll just let me finish, I'll sign it for you." But I'm always nice to my fans. Without them I'd have to do it the hard way...with talent.

SPORTS has always been a big part of my life. I watch all the pro football and baseball I can on television, and just about every golf telecast. I used to attend many of the games, but not so much anymore. It's just too much of a hassle.

Years ago Dolores and I chartered two buses to the Rose Bowl game every New Year's Day. After the game we had about two hundred of our friends over to the house for food and drinks. One time I noticed there were several people I didn't know. I walked over to a guy wearing a sweatshirt nibbling on the shrimp and asked him who he was and how he happened to be there. "I'm a friend of the bus driver," he said. "He asked me." That was our last Rose Bowl party.

I used to be a part owner of the Los Angeles Rams and I still kick myself thinking about the chance I turned down to buy the entire thing for $72 million. When Dan Reeves and Ed Pauley were majority owners I had 11 per cent. Dan and Ed weren't getting along very well, they wouldn't even sit together at the games in fact, and eventually Dan bought out Ed's share for $7 million. Dan asked me to be his partner, but I was a friend of Ed and Dan both and I just didn't think it was right to side with one of them. Then Dan died and I had the opportunity to become sole owner. But I was so busy doing this and that and I never got around to it. Dumb, dumb. Now the franchise is worth about $60 million.

That was about twenty years ago. What I should have done was to buy the Rams and sell my share of the Cleveland Indians baseball team. The Indians haven't had a winning team for a long time. But I still follow the Indians and maybe someday they'll be back up there, like they were in 1948 and 1954.

Being a club owner gives you a feeling that you're competing, which is one thing I really don't do much more in golf. I mean on a tournament level. I remember a particular round with Ben Hogan and General Omar Bradley at the Army-Navy Golf Club in Washington. The general was keeping score for our group and when the round was over he said, "Bob, I've got you for a 73. That's terrific." 73? I said, "General, did you count them all?" He said, "That's what I have

A quiet dinner with the Fords. This one was sent to Hope with best wishes



for you."

General Bradley was a fine player, very strong. He was about a 9-handicapper and very competitive on the course.

For several years I played in the Lakeside club championship but don't remember ever getting past the first round. But now I prefer just to play social golf with friends unless I'm in a pro-am or something. I love golfing in L.A. because there's always someone interesting to play with. Not long ago I had a game with Burt Reynolds. Burt wanted to make it a foursome so he called Dolly Parton.

I miss so many of the guys who aren't around anymore...Bing, Ike, General Bradley, Pardee Erdman, Bill Stern, Ted Husing and writers like Grantland Rice, Bill Corum, Red Smith, Linc Werden, Braven Dyer. Rice spent a lot of time around Lakeside. Everybody liked him.

Tennis has become a popular sport for many of my pals in show business. I played tennis as a kid, but I probably haven't been on a court in sixty-five years. I'm not sure if it's all that beneficial for a man my age. The beauty of golf is that you can play it long after you have to give up other sports.

I like the story of the old-timer who could still hit the ball pretty well but couldn't see where it went. He had a hard time getting a game. One day the pro told him, "Charlie I've got just the right partner for you. Tom's about your age and he's got eyes like a hawk."

So the two guys got together and on the 1st tee Charlie hit his drive, turned to Tom and asked, "Did you see it?"

Tom: "Yes."

Charlie: "Where did it go?"

Tom: "I forgot."



Hope succumbs to an irresistible urge during an exhibition at Ansley Park in Atlanta

SOME consider it remarkable that at this stage of life I'm able to maintain such a busy pace. They ask me when I'm going to retire. Retire? This is work? Play golf, tell a few jokes and have so many friends all over the world? My whole career has been a round of golf.

I gave some thought to retiring about twenty years ago when I developed problems in my left eye. I was sitting with Jane Russell backstage in Long Beach one night and suddenly I felt dizzy. The eye was hemorrhaging. I had four operations, and missed a lot of golf.

In 1979 I was appearing on a television show in Columbus to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Ohio Theater. Gerald and Betty Ford were there along with Ginger Rogers, Vic Damone, Lillian Gish, Woody Hayes and governor Jim Rhodes. I was doing my routine of the song "Lazy," which calls for me to lie back on a chaise lounge. As I got up I felt dizzy and my heart was pumping like mad. I cancelled my next routine, a dance with Vic Damone, and went offstage back to my dressing room.

I knew I had been pushing myself very hard for the past few months, and I didn't like the symptom of a palpitating heart. But I was able to move around, so I walked two blocks back to the Sheraton Hotel and in the lobby I asked the manager if there was a doctor in the house. He panicked, and called the paramedics. They came into my room and strapped me to a bed, while checking a heart monitor. It was all pretty hectic.

Meanwhile, Elliot Kozak, my manager, had gone to a reception after the show—a reception I had been scheduled to attend—and corralled a doctor, who rushed to my room. The doctor pressed hard on the carotid artery in my neck and my heart returned to its normal beat instantly.

The next day I drove down to Cincinnati to do a television show with Bob Braun, and then flew down to Pensacola, where I had promised Jerry Pate I'd play in the pro-am of the Pensacola Open. Jerry lives in Pensacola, and since winning the U.S. Open in 1976 has been one of the top players on the PGA Tour. Colonel Bob Gates had meanwhile lined up a group of doctors from the Eglin Air Force Base near there to look me over, and I was able to play in the pro-am. But it was a scare, and it told me to slow down a little.

In the late summer of 1983, while shaving, I felt a sharp pain behind my right eye. I didn't think too much about it. A few weeks later I flew to England for the Bob Hope British Classic. I had planned to stay in England for another week, but the eye flared up and I took a Concorde to New York to have it checked out by Dr Bob Ellsworth. The headline in the New York *Post* that day read, "Bob Hope rushes to N.Y. for eye surgery," but no surgery was needed. In a few days I was back on the road again.

You can't ignore these warnings, so I watch myself carefully. Nightly rubdowns keep my muscles supple. I get plenty of rest. I haven't smoked in over forty years. I used to love to drink, but several years ago I had a bladder problem that was aggravated by liquor, so I quit drinking.

About the same time I also had a back problem and the doctors were talking about worn out disks, but my masseur installed a set of exercise rings for me at home and I never heard from back again.

Dolores deserves a lot of credit for keeping me happy and healthy. She's always been a strong supporter of me as a comedian and as a lover. I only wish she'd learn when to stop laughing.

freewheeling

At Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, you can never tell who'll be sitting next to you at a Shell Shield cricket game. It could be the briefcase-toting, bespectacled young executive. Or perhaps, if you're in the stands next to the commentary box, you might have Mrs Larry Gomes a couple of seats away from you. Or it could even be a rotund self-styled pundit of the game, clad in a pair of frayed shorts and a T-shirt bearing the pithy legend "Cockspur Rum...The Bionic Cock That Spurs You On".

Life in the West Indies, like cricket, is full of surprises. Like for instance the immigration officials who came aboard our 23,000 ton vessel, the *Pointe Noire*, when we docked at Port-of-Spain. We were asked to produce the passports of all on board in order to complete the necessary formalities. But the moment I mentioned that all of us were Indian nationals and that most of us were interested in watching some cricket while the ship was in port, we were treated like privileged guests.

The rubber-stamping was completed in less time than it takes to tell the tale and then we got down to the more serious business on the agenda. This involved nothing more complicated than breaking open a case of beer and catching up with the latest scores in the Shell Shield. Could we invite some of the cricketers on board for a meal? No problem, we were told. Just look up the telephone directory and give them a call.

To us Indians, accustomed as we were to the fact that our own Test cricketers are unapproachable, this information left us slightly incredulous. In actual fact, it turned out to be even more straightforward than it sounded. Our local Trinidad agents gave us the number of Larry Gomes, so without any delay we dialled his home. His wife answered the phone, but informed us that he was at The Oval, playing for Trinidad against Jamaica. On his return home that evening, she promised, she would pass on the invitation and would also find out whether Gus Logie would be available.

Much to the delight of all on board, we were told later that day when we called a second time (have you ever spoken on a phone with seven people crowded around you, trying to listen in to the conversation?) that the invitation had been accepted. The steward and chief cook were swiftly told to do their best, but there was much good-humoured stalling by the galley staff until they were assured that they would have their photographs taken alongside the cricketers. Everything was arranged: we would watch the next day's play, after which Logie, Larry Gomes and his wife would spend the evening with us.

We were not at the ground when Gomes was dismissed for a duck, which was perhaps just as well, because the steward would have given him an hour-long lecture on the need to play a long innings. However, we did see Logie, our other dinner guest, score a memorable 79. The atmosphere was unique; now and again there would be a shout of "Put Dujon on for a bowl". The West Indian brand of humour, so refreshing in its irreverence, must surely stem in part from the seemingly endless quantities of alcohol consumed at the cricket. Tony Cozier was among the commentators that day and was quite happy as long as radios were not loud enough to disrupt play.

That evening, our guests arrived promptly at seven o'clock, to be greeted by an immaculately dressed set of hosts (our dress code was simple. tennis shorts were not permitted, vests were just not on, and straw hats were infra dig). Larry Gomes, his morning's contribution to poultry farming forgotten, agreed with the theory that the only sensible thing to do with liquor was finish it. He and Logie were immediately given honorary status as ship's officers and the carnival atmosphere that had prevailed at the cricket throughout the day continued into the evening.

Later that night, as we made our way to the dining saloon—some of us with steps that swayed a trifle—we encountered our first and thankfully the last crisis. Two of our guests chose that moment to arrive. That they were late was no embarrassment; that the gentleman's wife was wearing nothing more sophisticated than a gaudy T-shirt, purple shorts, a string of beads and a floppy cricket hat was cause for much spluttering into handkerchiefs.

Gulping nervously, I stole a sidelong glance at Mrs Gomes to see if she had noticed anything amiss. She obviously had, because her jaw had fallen and her eyes were like saucers. The two cricketers, accustomed perhaps to unexpected bouncers, either saw nothing wrong, or perhaps pretended that they had seen nothing at all.

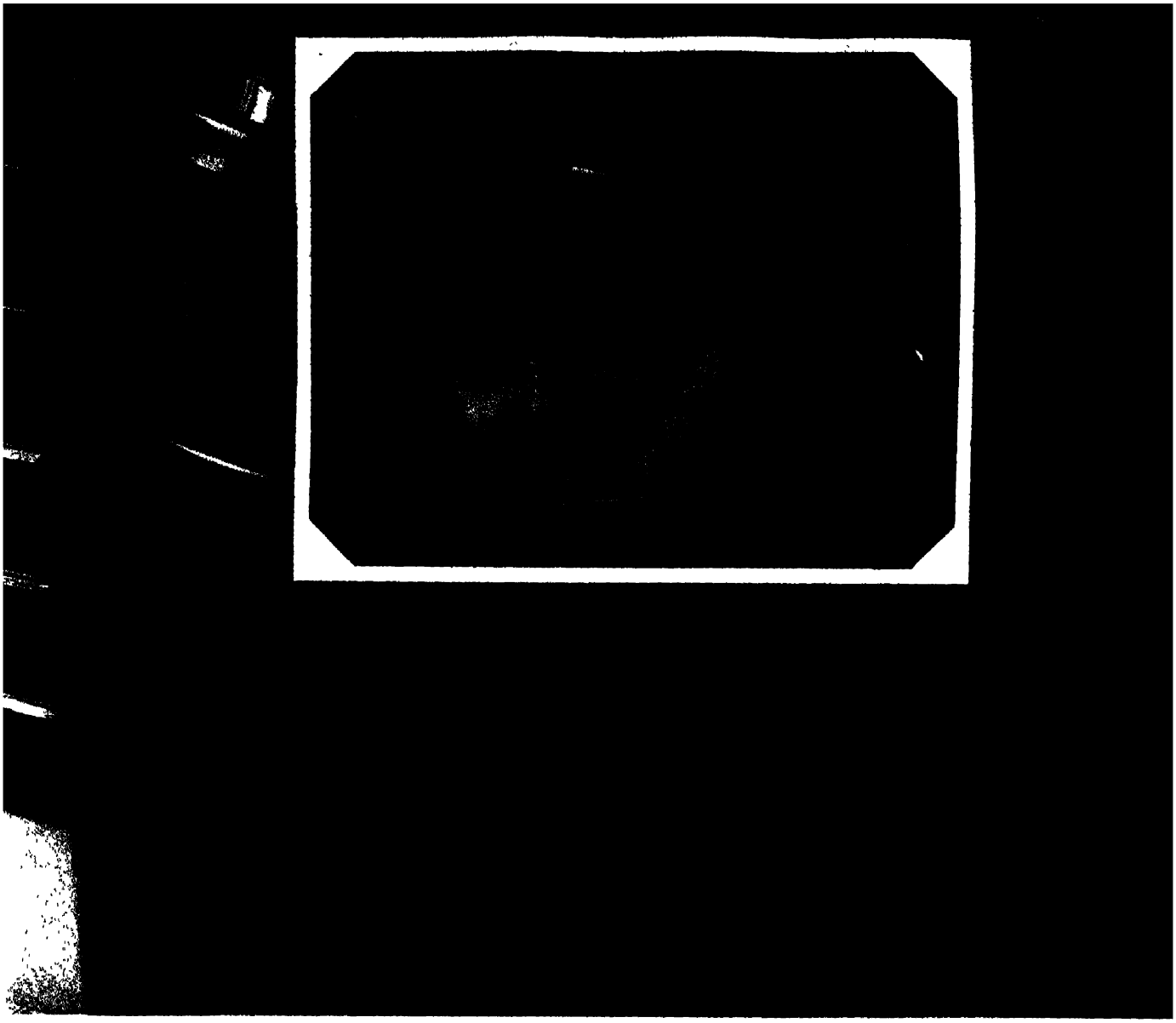
Dinner over without the hint of a crisis, I held my breath once more as the time came for the inevitable round of photographs. The rest of the ship's crew, as promised, were called in to pose for the camera and I kept my fingers tightly crossed that no comments would be made about our strangely-attired guest. Thankfully, everyone ignored her and stood as close to the cricketers as possible. Maybe, I reflected later, they were just playing safe.

Or maybe they were not as bionic as they thought.

Brian McMahon

Gomes and Logie were given honorary status as ship's officers and the carnival atmosphere continued





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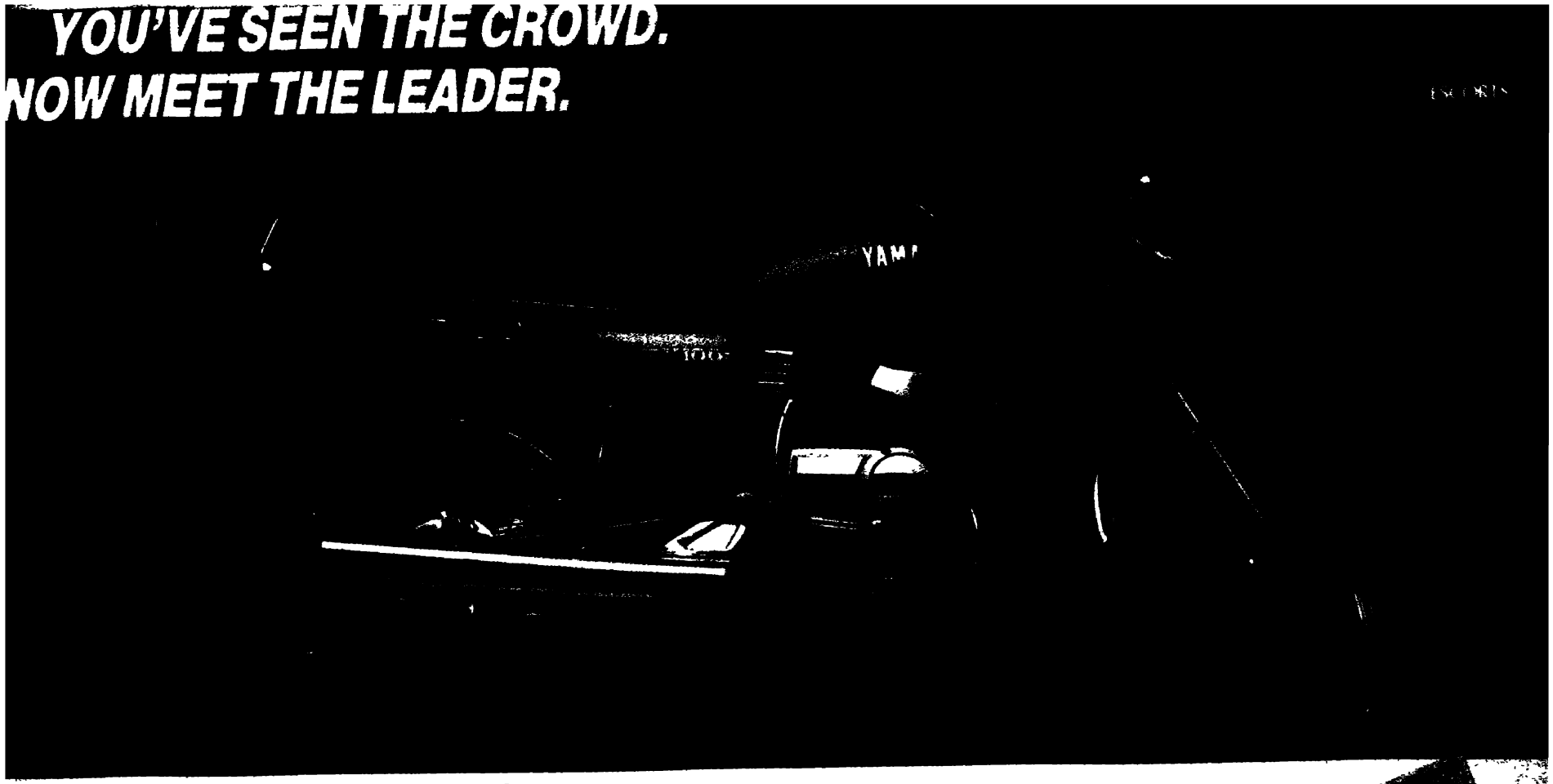
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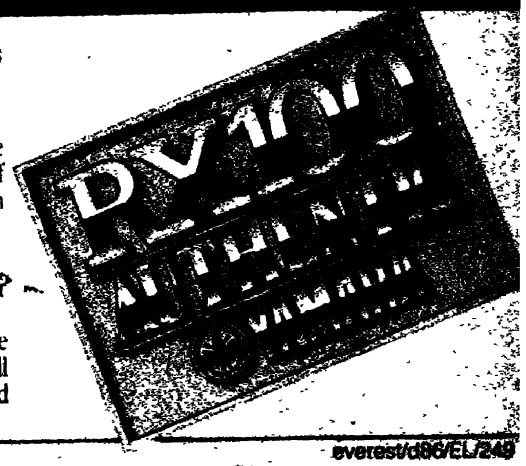
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Editor Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi
Associate Editor: David McMahon **Editorial Staff:** Subhash Sarcar, Suprakash Ghoshal, Mudar Patherya, Clive Andrew O'Brien, Pradeep Paul, Barry O'Brien, Rohit David Brijnath
Madras Correspondent: Partab Ramchand **Staff Photographer:** Nikhil Bhattacharya
Art Director: Bipul Guha **Staff Designers:** Santosh Dutta, Ali Akbar Mirza

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Time-saving tactics

THE World Cup cricket to be held next year in Pakistan and India will in all probability run into a couple of problems; time being the most serious. The tournament committee should try and devise a few time-saving tactics. Here are a few suggestions: Ball boys should be positioned all around the boundary line, to assist the players in retrieving the ball. The game should be played with two balls.

Umpires should be strict and not allow captains to resort to the regular time wasting tactics that are so very popular in contemporary cricket. All this would ensure that the pace of a one day game is maintained and the public gets their money's worth.

VIJAY KUMAR,
New Delhi.

Don't let it happen again

WHILE one agrees with Mr Pataudi ("India's national pastime is politics" 26th Nov.-2nd Dec) that competing with superior athletes will demoralize rather than encourage and that India is given to make an ass of itself in many disciplines, one thinks that more than the athletes, it is the laissez-faire policy of the government which is to blame for this. When we set standards for choosing athletes for international competitions, it never ceases to a maze one that the timings of the fourth, fifth and sixth places of the previous tournaments enough to book an athlete for that event. Do the sports authorities and the government think that the standards world over actually fall as time progresses? Or what do you say of a government which is so immune to dents in national prestige that it clears athletes at "no-cost-to-government-basis"? Is cost the prime criterion for donning national colours?

Every country aspires to be represented in international sports bonanzas. But it has to be recognized that there are always two sets of athletes in a country. One set is that which is the best in that country and is on the brink of producing world class performances, given proper training and timely exposure. In our own case, this set is represented by the ladies from Kerala, Soma Dutta, Kazan Singh and the like. This set may be still-born if not nurtured properly. The other set is the one which is trying to earn its spurs in domestic field. In India, this set has become the pretending and usurping set. Sub-standard results on domestic fields are overlooked due to heavyweight godfathering and one-upmanship of associations and these also-rans cut a pathetic figure on international fields. These pretenders also demoralize the pioneers from the first set. A comprehensive sports policy is a must if we wish to prevent recurrences of the disaster that was Seoul.

SUNIL GARODIA,
Calcutta.

The Computer 'Test'

In the November WCM, John King's article on a computerised Test series between England and Australian XIs from the past 25 years aroused much interest, but also drew enquiries as to how the program was arranged. The author now explains:

THE Computer Test was written in Basic language for the IBM Personal Computer. It was based on a statistical analysis of the actual Test performances of each player. Each player's batting record was analysed by determining the probability of his scoring a duck, and then the probability of his increasing his score into the next range of 10 runs. That is, once a batsman had opened his score, what was the probability of his reaching 10? Then when a batsman had between 10 and 19, what was his chance of reaching 20, and so on? The scoring rate of each batsman was also determined.

Each player's bowling record was analysed by calculation of his strike rate, and his economy. The bowler's rate of bowling wides and no-balls was included.

The wicketkeeper's rate of allowing byes and making dismissals was also calculated, and each fielder's catching record was calculated.

This data was fed into the computer for each player, and the game was played on a ball-by-ball basis.

The bowler's strike rate determined how often he bowled a ball which could dismiss a batsman. The batsman's ability, which was shown as his probability of continuing his innings, determined whether he was dismissed. If the batsman was not dismissed, a combination of the bowler's economy and batsman's rate of scoring determined how many runs, if any, were scored from the ball. There was also the chance of wides, no-balls, byes and leg-byes.

Which event occurs was determined by the use of random numbers in conjunction with the probabilities calculated for each player's performance.

Once the teams were selected, and the data on the players' performances entered into the computer, the only external influence was for the operator to determine the bowling changes at the end of each over, and whether a follow-on would be enforced. Time was controlled by applying to each bowler the time he took to bowl an over. The computer automatically took breaks for lunch, tea, and end of play. The last hour on the last day had to have a minimum of 20 overs bowled.

The batsmen could increase their scoring rate, but their chance of dismissal increased exponentially. This was to recognise the greater risk of faster scoring. Once a bowler had beaten a batsman, the method of dismissal had to be determined. If the dismissal was to be a catch, the computer determined whether the catch was held or dropped. This depended upon the fielder and his ability.

On any score except a boundary the batsmen had a chance of being run out. Changes in weather and pitch conditions could be applied to the game.

John King was not prepared to provide the listing of the program since [illegible] but being rewritten

V. P. SINGH AND CRICKET

Amrit Mathur discovers the connection during the game between Sri Lanka and the Board President's XI in Gwalior

THE match died even before the start. The Sri Lankans wanted nothing except practice; established Indian Test players wanted nothing to do with the game. It was only the hopefuls and probables who had something at stake. Spectator interest, if any, was throttled by Wettimuny's 9½ hour occupation of the crease. The opener, a jeweller from Colombo, played exceedingly well but the match became a big yawn.

For the players, the day before the game was somewhat chaotic. They trickled in separately and settled down at the Usha Kiran Palace Hotel. Without a captain, Mohinder Amarnath having cried off, there was no organised practice, though some did knock around for a while. Making matters more difficult was the absence of a regular local manager. Said one player, "I am looking for passes but don't know whom to ask. Wish there was an official around".

Another thing the players didn't know was who'd captain the side. It was only late in the evening, after Sriraman and Ranbir Singh arrived, that Srikkanth was appointed.

With nothing to do, the players just lazed. Lamba, Azhar, Srikkanth—the three who dashed from Sharjah—looked suitably tired. "I just about had enough time in Delhi to show my face at home," wailed Lamba. "All I want to do is sleep. Can't keep my eyes open".

Rajinder Singh Ghai was another player keen on stretching his legs. "For a month and a half, I have been playing non-stop cricket for Indian Airlines. I have not even been home for this period." At this point, W.A. Raman, the Tamil Nadu all-rounder asked a pertinent question: "Will they recognise you when you get back?"



Micro Eye

Labrooy, Sri Lanka's latest recruit gets a dose of his own pill in Sharjah

Raman himself was trekking from room to room, hunting for pop music casettes. "I love music," said the spinner who has recently joined TV, the same firm as Srikkanth. "I haven't finished my company secretaryship course yet, but I have to do that definitely by March '87." Will you find the time, I asked. "Don't know," he replied, "but let us see."

Arun Lal, when not reading Wilbur Smith, was much in demand for press interviews, Kirti Azad waxed eloquent about encounters at Gwalior Fort with ghosts. "If you don't believe me just go there," he admonished the skeptics. "They are real scary, white figures with prominent ribs". An unimpressed comment after Azad had described the harrowing experience at length: "He must have seen his own image in a mirror at night".

Manoj Prabhakar was wondering what was happening to him. He went to England touted as a bowler, much favoured to succeed in 'helpful' English conditions. But when Chetan broke down, Madan was extricated from an obscure club game and given the new ball. "That was a shock", confessed Manoj. On return from England, he was inexplicably sacked from North Zone. Equally inexplicably only a month later, he was in Gwalior for the Board President's team!

Mohinder's absence, ostensibly due to injury, was debated in different rooms. The sympathisers expressed anxiety about his fitness; the less charitable dismissed it as a "strategic move" to skip unwanted scrutiny. Why play and risk failure, especially when you are reasonably sure you won't be axed without another Test?

Perhaps the players were reading too much into Mohinder's absence. But

the point is, hardly anybody condemned the absence. He is a total pro, perfectly justified in doing what he is doing, they felt.

Accompanied by Board officials and protected by Railway rakshaks, Sri Lanka arrived in Gwalior by the Jhelum Express. "We hurried from airport to hotel to Railway station," said Manager Abu Fuard. The journey was pleasant, remembered Labrooy. Srikkanth agreed: "The vegetarian food was very good. Apart from that I know nothing as I slept all the time".

Indian batsmen, fresh from Sharjah, were gushing about the West Indian pacers. "Imagine," one said, "Patterson was sitting out. Patterson, apart from being very fast, is really scary looking".

Azharuddin was also liberal in praise for the West Indians. "They give you nothing loose. They are extremely sharp and even at that pace move the ball. Walsh, particularly, tested us severely."

Lamba commented in greater detail. "Marshall is the quickest, clearly faster than the rest, and still moves the ball around. Gray is always around your ribs and it is quite a job keeping the ball down. Walsh is dangerous because the ball skids off the tracks, like Wasim Akram's deliveries. Moreover, there is appreciable movement with balls cutting back off the seam."

The Lankans on this tour are without a physio. When asked about this, manager Abu Fuard declared loudly, "I don't expect my boys to break down on a short tour. And if they do I will put them on the first plane back." Later, perhaps more seriously, he added, "We will seek help locally whenever necessary."

Medium-pacer Labrooy spent the entire game scoring, sitting in the Press box. "Can't help it", he said, "these details are required at home." Coached by Tissera, Labrooy, 22, an executive with Mercantile Credit Limited, is happy with his Sharjah performance. "Earlier in the year I fractured my ankle in a mobike accident. Consequently, I was walking around on crutches for three months."



Micro Eye

Gurusinghe: Scored 59 in the Gwalior game

For doing television commentary, Akash Lal came to Gwalior straight from the hospital bed. Well, almost, two weeks ago, high blood pressure and a suspected blood clot rendered him seriously ill. "My voice slurred, my face became contorted and the tongue swelled up." he said, "out fortunately, I have recovered now."

Declining popularity of 3-day fixture was highlighted once again at Gwalior. Despite Srikkanth, Azhar and

UTTERANCES OF ABU FUARD, SRI LANKAN TEAM MANAGER

The Sri Lankan manager is an interesting person. Extremely friendly, Fuard talks smoothly and does not hesitate to express his opinion. A sample of his comments—

1. **On Vinodhan John.** He is not on the scene. He has become fat like me.
2. **On the status of cricketers in Sri Lanka:** They are national heroes. They need not stand in queues for anything, like the rest of the people.
3. **On his team's defeat against the West Indies at Sharjah.** We tried to chase 250 runs at 5 runs an over. We were able to maintain the scoring rate for two over.
4. **On Sri Lanka's progress in international cricket:** We are improving. It is only when you get hammered do you realise what things are like. Our players have to learn to hammer others and grind them into the dust.
5. **On his bowlers prospects on flat Indian wickets.** They know how things are going to be. They will have to bend their backs on little more if the ball has to do something off the wicket.
6. **On one-day cricket.** Personally, I think it is only entertainment. But for keeping the Boards alive financially it is necessary.

Lamba, the spectators spurned this game. In sharp contrast to the time only three months ago when thousands thronged the Roop Singh Stadium to watch the Australians play. Scindia School sent a sizeable contingent—to help fill the deserted stands—and local authorities induced spectators by declaring Monday a local holiday. All to little avail as there was hardly any enthusiasm for the game. Lamented Narendra Singh, secretary of the Gwalior Association: "The crowds have kept away despite our best efforts."

Raman Lamba, somewhat chastened after the Sharjah debacle, was still full of beams. "Kapil *paaji* has told me not to get worried by failure," said 'Rambo' Lambo (perhaps Sunil Gavaskar is responsible for this monstrosity). "All Kapil told me was to keep working hard and leave the rest to others."

The car gifted to Raman by the Textile Merchants Association in Dubai was also a popular topic of discussion. Outcome of the animated group discussion: 1) these people must have decided to give Raman the car before the Sharjah tournament, 2) Maybe, after the Sharjah fiasco, they want to change their minds and take the car back.

Shedding light on the matter was Lamba himself. "These people came to me when we were playing Australia in India. But when I didn't do well in the first two games at Sharjah even I thought that they would stay away. But they called me and asked me to choose any car I wanted. I opted for the Honda Accord, the 1987 model. It is a fabulous car, with all the latest gadgetry." The car arrives next month; meanwhile, Lamba is busy acquiring information about import licences and exploring avenues for customs cutbacks. When last seen in Gwalior, he was chanting VP Singh's name with utmost concentration.

One evening, both teams endured a jolty 30 kms bus ride to reach Tekanpur, the training Institute of the Border Security Force. A magnificent ship-shaped building—previously the summer palace of the Scindias—overlooked a vast lake. The hosts were most courteous and adding to the beauty of the place was a wild boar which was enthusiastically rotated over a slow fire. On noticing this, Arun Lal's mouth watered. Rest of the evening, Lal, wise man that he is, kept his mouth firmly shut lest the water gushed out.

What made the evening really memorable was a dazzling display of flares and tracer bullets that lit up the entire area. The tracer bullets, however, triggered a round of jokes. When one guest was spotted at the party in an outrageous blood-red striped suit (Rajinder Singh Ghai being particularly smitten by him) the man was dubbed the 'tracer jawan'.

Srikkanth strayed into a wedding reception at the Usha Kiran Hotel. Immediately, unbridled commotion ensued. The bridegroom was delighted out of his mind and as Srikkanth exited—after politely wishing the bride—half the *baraat* followed him clamouring for autographs.



Participating in a serious conversation at Tekanpur were Srikkanth and Rumesh Ratnayake:

Srikkanth: People want you to hit boundaries and sixes. But if you get out they say the man has no patience.

Ratnayeke: (in wholehearted agreement): Yes, that is the spectator's point of view.

Srikkanth: Then people say don't hit, just block.

Ratnayeke: (In even more wholehearted agreement): Yes, yes, you must block—this is the opposition's point of view.

Australian Diary

Alan Shiell looks at the main gain from Australia's tour of India

THIRTY FOUR years after he started his distinguished first class career at the age of 16 Bob Simpson still is exerting an important influence on Australian cricket He has a two year appointment as the Australian team s cricket manager a position he filled for the first time on the recent tour of India although he had the same role on a temporary basis on the tour of New Zealand early this year

The young Australian team needed a mature respected supremo and 'Simmo s appointment (ahead of more than a dozen applicants) was widely acclaimed He speaks with the authority of a man who led Australia in 39 of his 62 Tests and who scored 4869 runs (av 46 81) took 71 wickets and accepted 110 catches in two separate careers—from 1958 to 1968 and in 1977 78 Moreover he won a worldwide reputation for his dedicated disciplined approach to his batting and fitness and for his immaculate appearance

Unashamedly and quite rightly Simpson is a staunch advocate of the game s so called 'old fashioned values which he is stressing to a new generation of young cricketers just as he is striving to improve their batting bowling and fielding techniques In all ways, he had a positive effect on the Australians in India, and his influence will be evident again in this season's Ashes series

It helps that Simpson is an expert communicator, equally at ease coaching in the nets dealing with the media or being a smooth diplomatic manager at functions

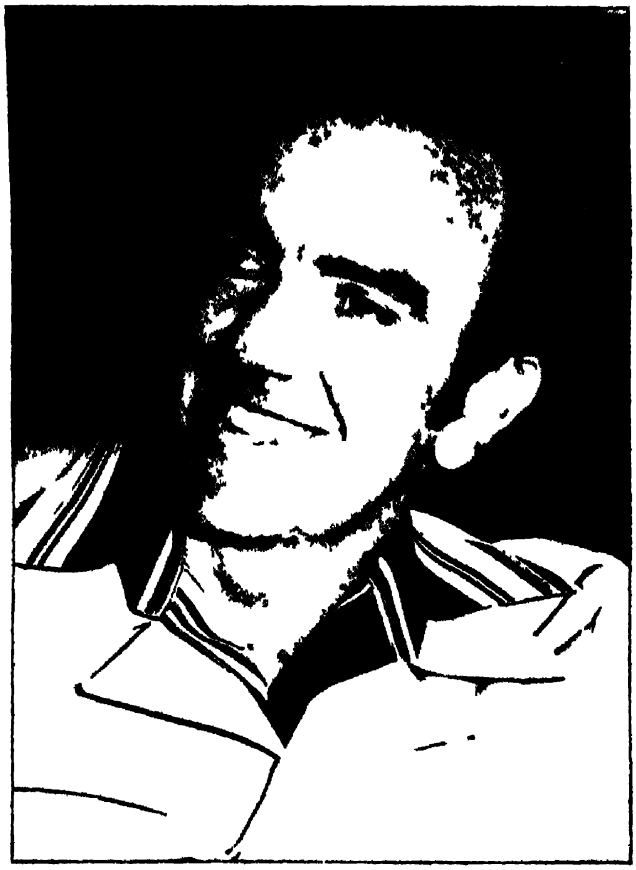
Emphasising the Australians' 'togetherness', he was delighted that all 15 players agreed to go to see the Taj Mahal in Agra—even before they were told their official team photograph would be taken there He believed this epitomised their team spirit, and the players duly acknowledge the contributions made to it by Simpson and captain Allan Border

If their attitude had been different this could have been a very difficult tour Simpson said at the time They are under a fair amount of pressure what with the security and all that goes with it plus the conditions in India at this time of the year not being right for cricket But they just absorbed it all and go on with their business I d liken this side closer to the 1964 side to England (which he led) than others I ve been with There are a lot of young blokes with commonsense and a burning desire to prove they are much better than some people have been prepared to give them credit for They are prepared to listen and accept things Then they enjoy each other's company and they want to be part of an overall togetherness

Later on the eve of the drawn third Test at Bombay Simpson said there was greater harmony and less cynicism among the players than there had been on the tour of New Zealand There s feeling I've gathered that they want to help each other he said 'Certainly they talk more about cricket to each other It s nice and refreshing and encouraging when I hear blokes talking to each other about their game I didn t hear that in New Zealand They re not shy to talk about cricket They re not so blase They re exposing themselves more to each other and that s a healthy sign It wasn t cool to be enthusiastic Now it is

NSW fast bowler Geoff Lawson who has had a back injury is certain to be reminded of his obligations to team unity when or if he is recalled against England

Bob Simpson—a staunch advocate of the game's so-called 'old-fashioned values'



DEAN JONES s establishing himself at No 3 was Australia s biggest bonus from the Indian tour He finished with a startling average of 92 75 from his five Test innings—210 and 24 at Madras 29 at Delhi and 35 and 73 not out at Bombay Jones s reputation will survive for a long time on the strength of his marvellous double century in the tied Test That he had to spend five hours in hospital much of the time on a saline drip recovering from dehydration and sheer exhaustion, was testimony to the physical and mental effort he expended in defying India's attack and ex-

Tarapada Banerjee



Dean Jones—an established No. 3 after the Indian tour

treme heat and humidity for nearly 8½ hours for his 210 (27 fours, two sixes) in Australia's 12-hour first innings of 574 for 7 dec. It was an astonishing performance, sound, skilful and spectacular enough, and certainly courageous enough, to rate with the most heroic Australian batting deeds, or those of any other country, for that matter.

Simpson said of it: 'I doubt whether there has been a more courageous Test innings. When you look at the situation, you don't normally play cricket in this sort of humidity, anyway: "Deano" was completely gone when he was 85, yet he scored his second 100 off 89 balls (in 164 minutes). It's unbelievable. It was one of the great moments of cricket for me to see a man with such enormous courage battling his way through. More importantly, I think he has settled something within himself. "Deano" had a reputation of being a little brittle in his temperament. That's totally wiped now. He must realise that he'll go on and be a very, very fine cricketer.'

Simpson compared Jones's innings (in only his third Test) with Bill Lawry's 130 (in his second Test) against an England attack of Statham, Trueman, Dexter, Lock and Illingworth on the infamous Lord's ridge in 1961. 'That was fairly useful,' Simpson said. 'It was a totally different thing, not so much the heat but the sheer physical courage of withstanding what he had to that day. For guts, I've seen a few in India, too. It's such a tough time of the year to be here, although these blokes are more prepared mentally than we were in 1964 (for three Tests in October) on our way home from England. Yes, it was a magnificent innings and one shouldn't under-rate it. At the same time, we shouldn't now say that "Deano" will score a century every time he goes out to bat. Let's enjoy what he's done now and look forward to what he's going to do in the future, rather than brand him another superstar.'

A clerk in the Victorian Department of Community Services, Jones, 25, said the disappointment he felt about missing last year's tour of England was the spur that had kept him going, despite stomach and leg cramps, vomiting attacks and, finally, blurred vision.

Within a week of returning to Australia, and just 2½ weeks before the first Test in Brisbane, Jones scored 111 for Victoria against Tasmania in a Sheffield Shield match at Devonport.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

DOUBLE OR QUITS

Mudar Patherya previews the India-Sri Lanka cricket series

IT is an irony of sorts that Sri Lanka should be making its second tour and, perhaps, its first full (if that's what you can call it) one of India after nearly five years of international cricket.

Evaluations are being attempted with Sharjah as the yardstick. The Sri Lankans lost all three matches they played. They came fairly close to upsetting Pakistan but whatever credit they merited was erased with their 55 against West Indies in the end. Last memories are lasting, as they say.

In their defence, however, it must be stated that they played without Dias. The latter is perhaps one of the most attacking of Asian batsmen on his day. Moreover, Ahangama's relapse from jaundice only depleted their bowling. They were without doubt the weakest side on show, but at times on the field it also appeared that they were the keenest. If some of that quicksilver is to be reproduced this December and January, it could be a fairly competitive series.

As even Mendis confesses, Sri Lanka's headache is their bowling. De Mel is the honest toiler, who has been pegging away for half a decade already in international cricket. Rumesh Ratnayake worked up genuine pace in the game against the West Indies in the World Championship in 1985. He hit Richardson and Gomes, later stunning Lloyd with a bouncer. The bespectacled veteran confessed that he had seldom encountered a faster spell in his career. Ratnayeke undid quite a few Indian batsmen with his combination of seam and speed last year. However, in Sharjah he seemed to have a problem with his length, so much so that one alert mind classified the Ratnayeke full toss into: i)the half volley full toss, ii) the long-hop full toss, and iii) the overpitched full toss. But as I said, judging in Sharjah's context could be a bit unfair.

Sharjah's 'find' was Sri Lankan Labrooy. His first over in international cricket was a dream. Gavaskar edged behind; a ball later, he did everything but bowl Lamba. A ball later, he had picked up his second international victim. Lamba was bowled for zero. Labrooy finished the match versus India with 8-1-32-2.

Labrooy's unhurried run to the wicket resembles Mudassar Nazar's leaping shift at the crease. With Mudassar it is often the cut off the wicket after he has used the entire width of the crease over successive deliveries that confuses. With Labrooy, it is the static speed of the run up. Usually fast bowlers accelerate as they near the point of delivery. Not Labrooy.

And this is what is deceptive. With an identical action he can send down a lifter or a yorker with no perceptible change in action. He bounced one to Mohsin Khan, getting it to rear from the good length spot. Next ball he had yorked the batsman for seven. Labrooy's figures against Pakistan read 8-1-29-1.

Traditionally, Sri Lanka has been batting heavy. Mendis scored two centuries in the Madras Test while the entire series in Sri Lanka was dominated by their batsmen. Impetuosity has been their forte as well as weakness; it has been argued that the Lankans lack solidity and perhaps with much reason.

But a bit of that is changing. Wettimuny and Madugalle are basically batsmen of the building type. Gurusinghe has been a refreshing addition. He has a manner after Yallop about him. Imran Khan was highly impressed by Gurusinghe's ability after the rest of his teammates had wilted on a green top. Shastri is willing to classify Gurusinghe among the batsmen of the Nineties. "He is one batsman who could cause a lot of problems on the Indian tour," Shastri feels. Gurusinghe scored 60 against Pakistan in Sharjah and was named Man of the Match. He had scored 15 in the match against the West Indies. Once he was out, his team collapsed. From 50 for four Sri Lanka slumped to 51 for nine.



It is an irony of sorts that Sri Lanka should be making its second tour, and perhaps its first full one of India after 5 years of international cricket

Mendis cut a sorry figure (pardon the pun) in Sharjah. Gone was his consistency that he had shown against India in 1985. At Colombo in the second Test he repeatedly hit balls from outside the off stump to the mid wicket boundary for four. Mendis' power was awe inspiring; at times I was convinced that Srikkanth was a masochist of sorts to be standing at short leg to him. Doubts about his ability to stay in the middle and turn the course of the match was proved in Kandy. Sri Lanka faced possible defeat on the last day of the series. Mendis and Dias stayed put till nearly tea; Mendis had by then altered the flavour of his aggression. By now he was more disciplined. His momentary lapse in concentration resulted in a pulled four. Mendis allowed himself the liberty of swinging—I forget who it was—a ball from outside the off past where mid wicket might have been. Apart from that his innings was highly disciplined.

Aravinda de Silva would perhaps be the man to watch out for during a limited-overs match. Consistency has been a failing with this young batsman. However, the day his eye is in, de Silva can be compelling watching. When Sri Lanka were chasing a short



Macro Eye

Sharjah's find was Labrooy (left). De Mel (right)



Macro Eye

Lanka's bowling is a headache, Mendis confesses

total on the last day of the first Test in even shorter time, Kapil Dev's first ball of the second innings was hooked out of the ground by De Silva. At Sharjah, when Binny bounced it to him, Aravinda de Silva rocked back and hooked him out for six with as much ease as a reflex action.

The Sri Lankan fielding was a revelation in Sharjah. They kept the game against India going by the virtue of their outcricket. And against Pakistan they almost did the improbable; to see Aravinda de Silva diving in the deep to cut off a boundary and collecting while down was remarkable. Batsmen usually ran only a single to Mahanama when there could have been two. Even Mendis seemed to be touched by this new found zeal; in his attempt to restrict a certain four he dived in the covers. The ball bounced off his body and lay still. I must have been largely insensitive after a heavy lunch that afternoon if I never percepted seismic tremors following that.

The Sri Lankans could just be the tonic that Test cricket in India needs this winter.

I wonder if Percy will be there as well.

IN-CAR ENTERTAINMENT

Jonathan Rice looks at the problems of the long distance car journey

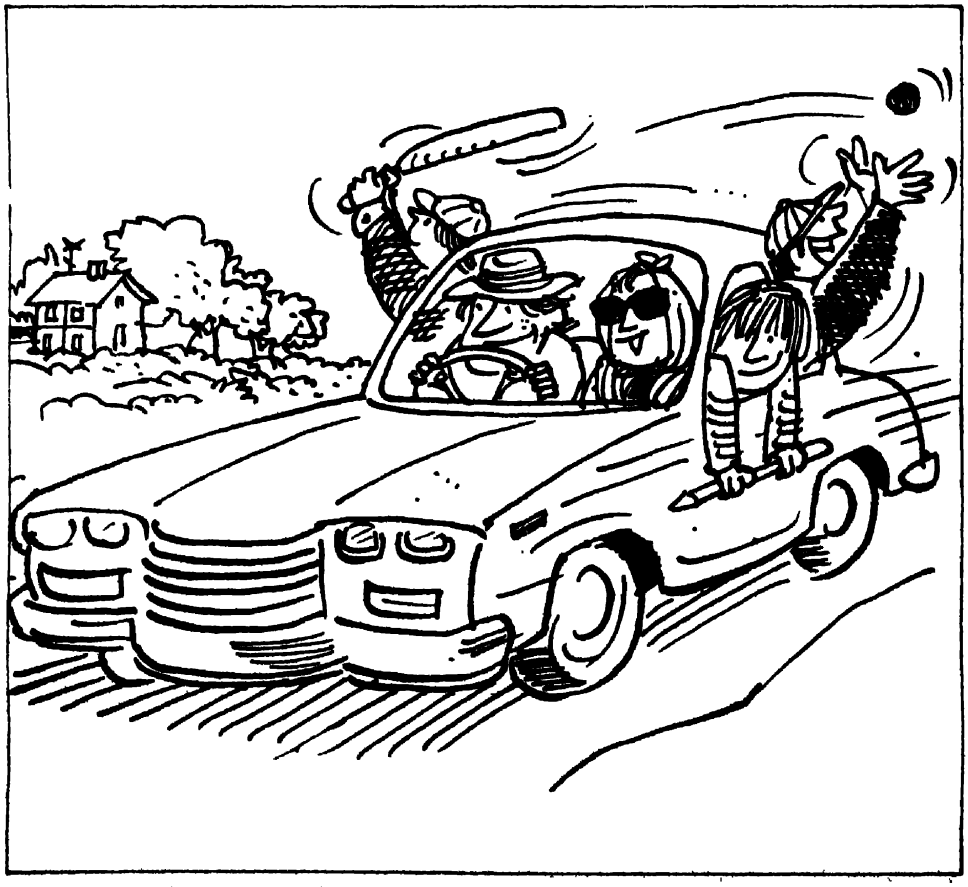
THIS summer recently ended, if 'summer' is not too strong a word to use to avoid a breach of the Trade Descriptions Act, has made me realise that the months between May and September are not one long game of cricket. They are one long car journey, interrupted by occasional bursts of cricketing activity. This is true not only for professional cricketers, who need to know how to get from Neath to Burton-upon-Trent on a Tuesday night just as thoroughly as how to play Richard Hadlee's slower ball. It is equally true for the Great British Public, who spend most of the summer driving slowly along a country lane behind a combine harvester, happy in the knowledge that at least they have missed the eight-mile tailback on the M62.

Boredom behind the wheel is a problem that cricket-lovers can solve in one of two ways. They can either listen to the ball-by-ball commentary on Radio 3, or they can play cricket-based games in the car to while away the hours when not even Freddie Trueman has anything to say, or when the reception on 1215KH$_z$ degenerates from its usual awful quality into something so faint and crackly, it could well be Radio Free Albania on a bad night, and probably is.

If you live in or near London, then no doubt Radio 3 on the medium wave comes in loud and clear, but if you drive past Torquay, as I did late in July, there is a pocket of beautiful Devon countryside where I suspect they are not even aware that *Test Match Special* has ever existed. The signal fades as you drive towards Paignton, and disappears entirely until you reach Totnes, or until England lose two more wickets, whichever takes the longer. I have also lost the signal near Harrogate, beyond Builth Wells and a few miles this side of Dundee, but never in London. Why do we have to put up with such terrible reception once we drive beyond the immediate vicinity of Broadcasting House? If the BBC will not act, then British Telecom should immediately mount a major campaign to sell in-car telephones to cricket lovers, so that we can at least dial 160 whenever the signal fades.

To be fair to the BBC the reception in Britain for Radio 3 is often better than it is on the continent. In the Dordogne, for example, it is almost non-existent. I made the elementary error of taking a summer holiday in the summer and on the other side of the Channel, so that my only link with civilization as we know it was the car radio tuned to the BBC. As we headed south past Paris and Poitiers, even Radio 4's news bulletins faded, and by the time we reached Sarlat, all links with the homeland had been severed. Sarlat is a very interesting French town, but like, for example, Berwick or Dorchester on the other side of *la Manche*, it is not a place where foreign daily newspapers are readily available. So most of the first week was spent using up my entente cordiale within the family (who quite unreasonably had other priorities besides the cricket scores) in the fruitless quest for an airmail copy of the *Times* or the *Telegraph*.

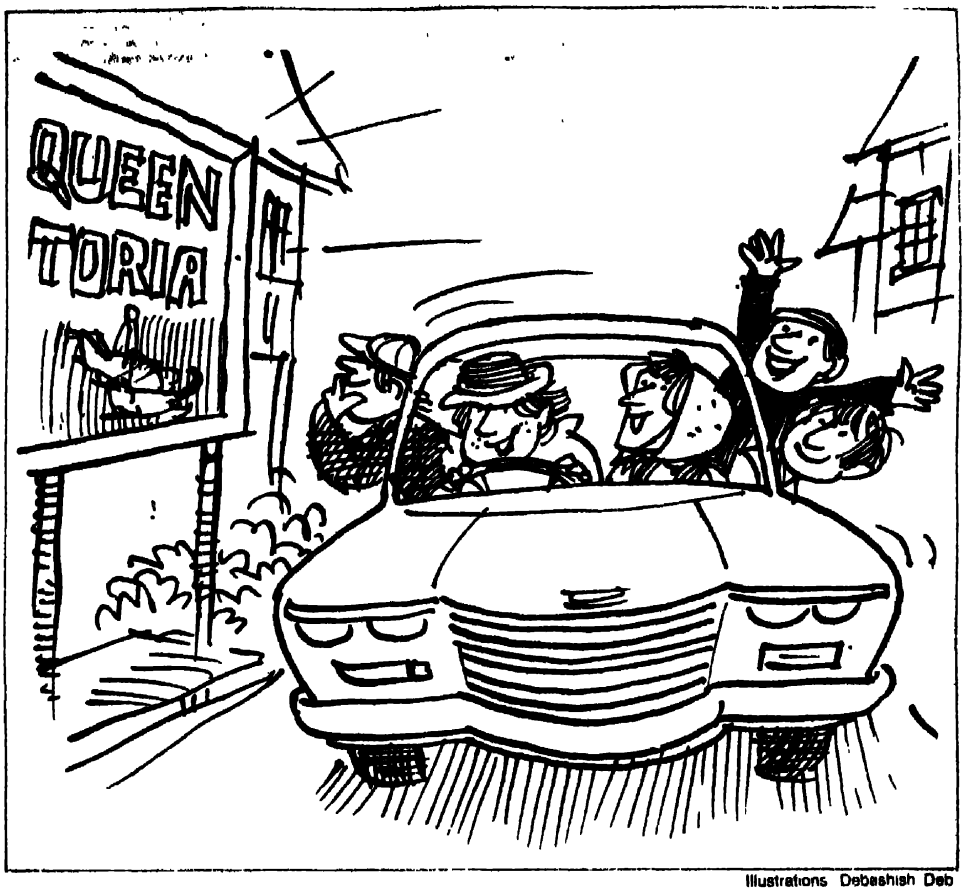
By the fourth day I found it necessary to pay five times the cover price of the *Star* of two days before, just to get a brief report of another feeble day's play by England, and I knew then that something had to be done. Maybe we could transfer the holiday from



the Dordogne to the Medway, where the water is just as wet. This suggestion was not met with a standing ovation from the rest of the Rice clan, but on the very next day, the breakthrough occurred. We travelled that day to Rocamadour, a medieval city clinging tenuously to a 500-ft rock-face, and from the top of the escarpment we picked up Radio 4 as easily as if it had been a snick to Greg Chappell in the slips. The 1 o'clock news gave us the lunchtime scores, and our holiday was saved even if England were not.

If there is no cricket on the radio, the only other form of in-car entertainment that will keep the kids in the back from pulling each other's hair or being sick or both is The Pub Game. This is hard to play in the Dordogne, where pubs are even rarer than English newspapers, but when motoring across Britain, it can be a godsend. The rules are simple—or so I thought. Each person in the car takes turns to be the batsman, and each pub passed is an opportunity to score runs. A run is scored for every leg in the pub's name, and if there are no legs, then the batsman is out and the next player comes in. So, for example, a pub called the Duke of York would be worth two runs, while the Bell would cause a wicket to fall.

This seemed like the perfect game when we began to play it, but I had failed to take into account two things. The first is that there are no pubs on motorways, so I was under continual pressure to abandon the M4 and head across country so that the game could continue. The point of the game had originally been to make the hours of driving pass more quickly, so I was not overenthusiastic about extending the total time spent behind the wheel in order to make that time seem to pass more quickly. The second weakness in the game soon developed into a schism in the interpretation of the rules as fundamental as that between Rugby Union and Rugby League, and resulted in a significant upturn in back-seat hairpulling rather than the diminution in violence on the terraces that we had been hoping for.



Illustrations Debashish Deb

The problem was, should we count the number of legs implied by the name, or the number of legs actually shown on the sign? The first time this difficulty came to light was when we passed a pub outside Gloucester called the Queen Victoria. Two runs to our six-year-old, you would think but no, because the sign showed her late Majesty seated on a horse, and with a royal dog seated by the horse. Ten runs to me, said our six-year-old, who is good at adding up when it suits him, whatever his school report says. The next pub we passed was the Hare and Hounds, with a sign showing at least five hounds chasing the unfortunate hare. Twenty-four more to the Bradman of the back seat. The third pub of his innings was the Roebuck, but the sign showed just the head of the deer. Our six-year-old wanted to claim two runs, because he thought it was named after the captain of Somerset, and my wife wanted to give him four. But the rest of us thought he was out, because the sign showed no legs. Heated discussion followed, resulting in a typical ICC compromise—no decision at all.

Our daughter said she was now batting and had just seen a pub called the Snake, so she was out and could she please play her *Wham's Greatest Hits* tape instead. Both boys then hit her and said she never saw a Snake, which created a most constructive 10 minutes of 'Did', 'Didn't', 'Did', 'Didn't', until tears began flowing. I headed back onto the motorway and the game was put into abeyance, until 30 miles on I claimed two runs for a happy Eater, which I felt won me the game.

How do professional cricketers pass all those hours in cars? How many miles do their sponsored cars travel in an average summer? What do they listen to on the radio? How many runs would The Cricketers score?

There are occasions when I am glad the summer is over, but I am sure the feeling will have worn off by next April.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

'Throw every punch with bad intention'

That seems to be heavyweight boxing's new champion Mike Tyson's motto. A boxer—not a fighter—he has captured the public's imagination with an intensity previously reserved for the likes of Ali. Also; a glimpse of the bout of the decade...Marvin Hagler versus Sugar Ray Leonard on April 6, 1987



Associated Press

In the clearing stands a boxer
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries a reminder
Of every glove that laid him down.....
SIMON & GARFUNKEL

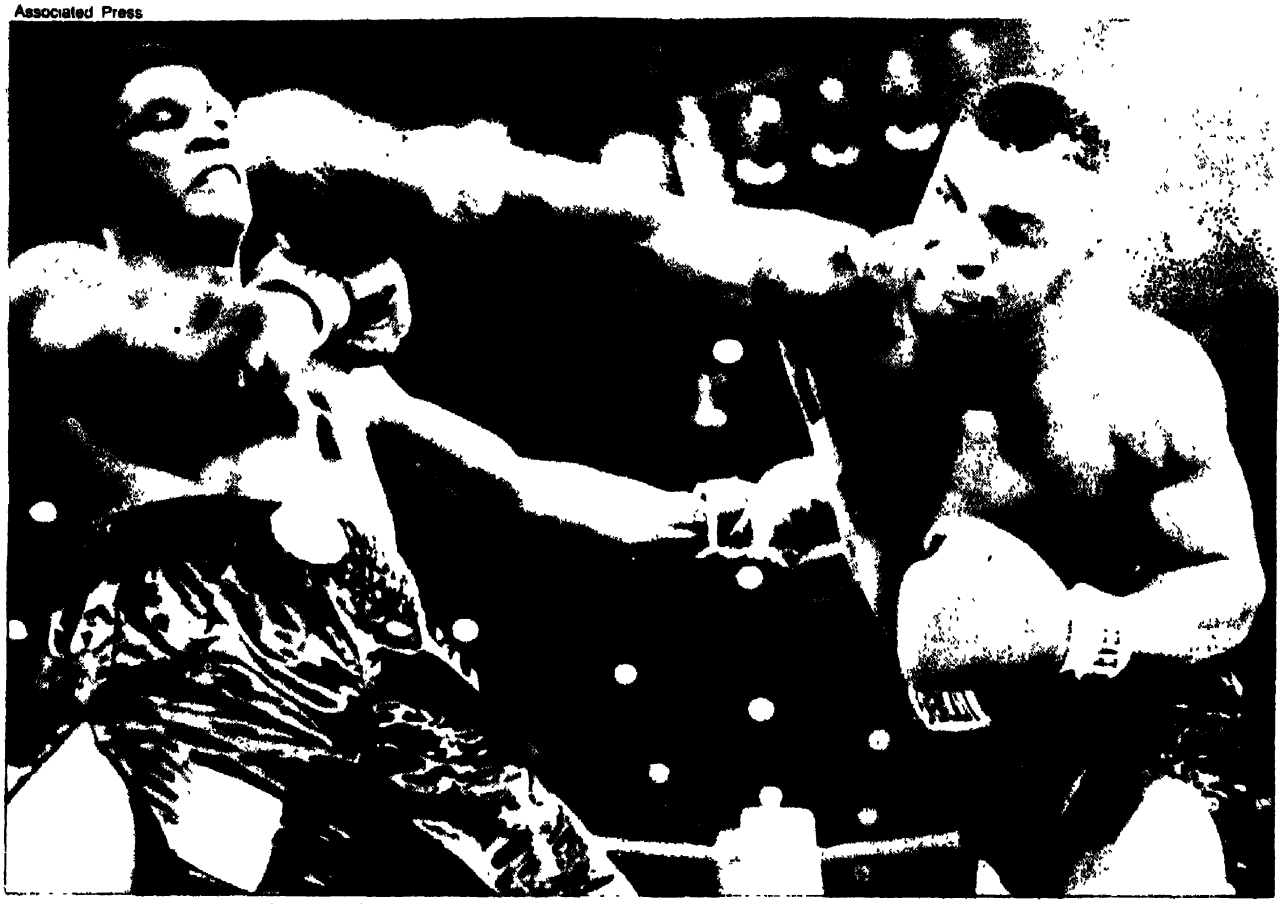
MIKE TYSON is a fighter. *The* fighter. And in 28 fights, there ain't no glove that laid this dude down.

Couple of weeks ago the annihilated the pretender champion Trevor Berbick in two rounds. Berbick who lasted the distance with Larry Holmes, beat Ali and surprised Pinklon Thomas danced a grotesque stumbling shuffle round the ring after a shout Tyson right. It was agonising but boxing was rejuvenated.

You watch him box. Impatience. The quick cruel blows. Fast, very fast from every angle. Every view. The constant growing aggression. The strut of a streetfighter. You have to move back....past Witherspoon, Tubbs, Holmes, Thomas, Spinks, Weaver, Frazier and even Ali.....this is no boxer of height and reach and jabs, dance, clinches and pure science...this is a fighter. Only when your back to Marciano and Louis can the equation be drawn...the fighter has his mirror.

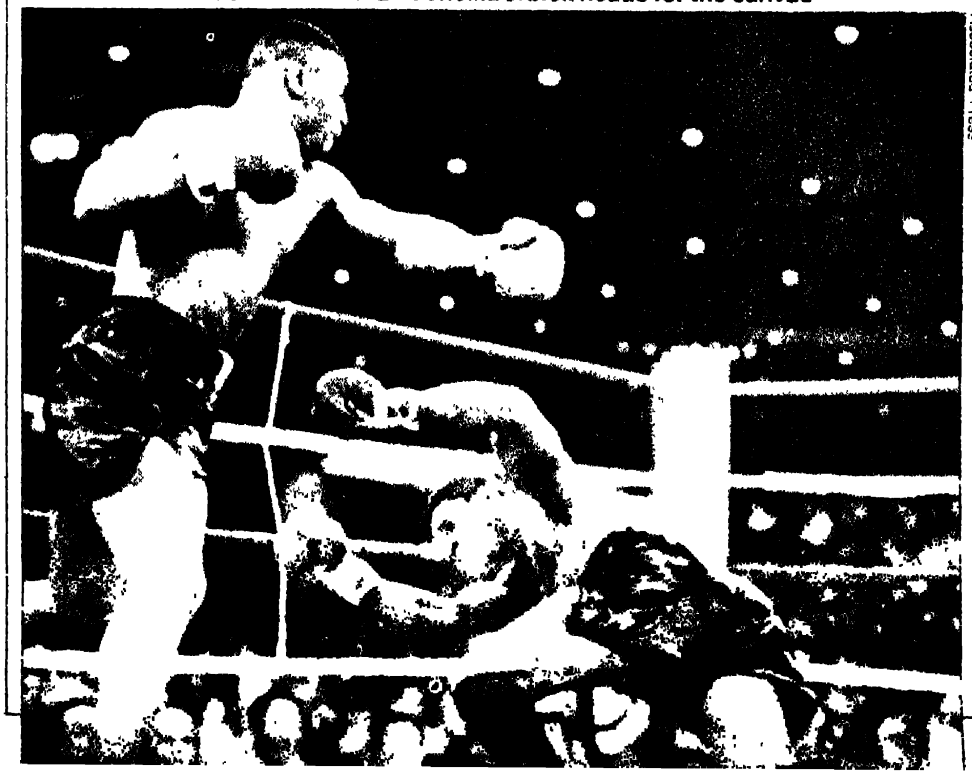
All the world loves a winner...Don King shares Tyson's limelight after his convincing win over Berbick

Associated Press



A powerful right gets through Berbick's defence and the end is nigh

No sooner said than done...Berbick heads for the canvas



Associated Press

But he is more....he wants to be like John. L. Sullivan...the bare nuckled fighter who fought 75 rounds to be world champion for ten years. There is a lesson of immortality here. And he reinforces it with his, 'I want to be immortal. I can fight anyone'.

Some have left the parallel here. Of Sullivan who asked the Prince of Wales, 'How's your mother' and Tyson who answers the referee's questions with a gentle 'Yes, Sir'.

At 20 he's the youngest heavyweight champion ever. A fighter of a different genre but of a usual past.

A black growing up with violence as his ally is not unusual in America. Tyson sent to correctional school was no exception. Yet the nocturnal mugger, perhaps

only a few dollars away from murder was reprieved. Introduced by a correctional officer to boxing he found the perfect outlet for latent violence. And an outlet for skill. Recognised and tutored by the legendary Cus D'Amato, Tyson in a space of 20 months emerged as *the* fighter.

28 fights. An all win record with 26 knockouts. When Cus D'Amato said, 'Throw every punch with bad intention' Tyson was obviously listening on. Only since Louis has a fighter really been feared and Tyson reinforces this every successive round: the ability to get stronger every round. There is no quarter given and none asked.

There are few critics left. And yet those who say he can't weave or jab, has no style or art know that Tyson needs none. He has unnatural commitment, dedication, a 20 inch neck, 16 inch biceps and beyond all the calm confidence of his skill (he was reassuming his trainer Jim Jacobs before his Berbick fight) and the frightening assurity of his power.

He waits now, this fighter, among his 200 pigeons in the Catskills. He sits huddled watching faded prints of old fight films waiting for Tim Witherspoon or Tony Tubbs (WBA) and then Michael Spinks (IBF) to become the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world. He knows and now we that this wait shall not be in vain.

The quiet fighter was once asked about his calm demeanour only to reply: 'Why be verbose if I can win'. Why indeed, Mike.

AS the world welcomes Tyson it also sits to usher out another era. For as Marvin Hagler prances across to Sugar Ray Leonard on April 16, 1986 regardless of victory it will be the end of two magnificent middleweight careers.

Maybe this fight should never have happened. Called the fight of the decade it could be the anti-climax of immense proportions.

Hagler is 33. Superb musculature and science have earned him the respect of pundits and all three boxing federation crowns. But he struggled against John Mugabi earlier this year, looked tired and contemplated retirement. But the lure of 13 million dollars and Leonard was irrestible.

Leonard is 31. Suffering a detached retina in both eyes he retired. He has not fought in 2½ years. The man regarded as pound for pound the best boxer in the world was also drawn by 12 million dollars and Hagler.

Both have outsize ego's. Hagler who legally changed his name to Mervellous and Leonard who says he only fight because this is 'history'.

Yet the lure of brilliance there too. Ceasar's Palace, Las Vegas is nearly sold out. All $100 $200 and $600 seats are over. The $700 ringside seats are left-...what about a mismatch?

Mismatch. Leonard's critics: Hagler demolished Thomas 'Hit Man' Hearns in three awesome rounds. It was controlled aggression, fury and science which had Hearns prostrate and confused. Leonard however had to walk through fire, draw on reserves, be a boxer in totality to stop Hearns in 14 blood and gore rounds. There was a point here.

Hagler's critics: Leonard's second match against Robert Duran was an exhibition in the art. If Ali could dance shuffle, jab, improvise, taunt and thrill then Leonard here was one better. Duran was over. Yet when Hagler fought him three years later, he eked out an unimpressive 15 round points victory. Point here too.

They are closed in now. Training is Leonard dismisses his absence from the ring with renewed commitment. The doctors have passed his eyes. Hagler's positive countenance dispells rumours of tiredness and lack of motivation. Two careers hung on single fight.

One with more power less science. The other less power and more science. The past really has no meaning. The future will be ensured by the better equation.

Rohit Brijnath

Sugar Ray Leonard doesn't seem to be impressed with Marvin 'Marvelous' Hagler's fist as they pose for pre-fight publicity photographs



Associated Press

Goals Galore

Nikhil Bhattacharya presents the excitement that enlivened the Salt Lake Stadium as the IFA Shield tournament progressed towards a dramatic climax



...ing ... beat ... as Mohun Bagan defender Alok Mukherjee

18



Mohammedan Sporting's Narinder Thapa foils Prasanta Banerjee, the Mohun Bagan midfielder, in a keen midfield tussle

Mohammedan Sporting's Johnny makes a futile effort to stop a goalbound Bikash Panji (not in picture) shot





A jubilant Emeka Ezugo sprints back towards teammates after scoring against Ahabhoni Kreera Chakra of Bangladesh

Emeka Ezugo felled by a determined Abahoni defence





MAN WITH THE GREEN THUMB

Mohammed Ishaq, curator of the Sharjah Cricket Ground casts a fond eye over his 'beauty'

FROM the hurried manner in which Mohammed Ishaq flits about from one place to another in the pavilion you'd think he was an official. He has a walking telephone jammed to his ear; the antenna is extended and he is dashing off the do's to someone down the bureaucracy 100 metres away. Groundsman Sharjah style.

He explains his background when we are sitting in the middle after the India-West Indies game. "I have been for the last 11 years with Bukhatir saheb. Before that I was working and playing for the Pakistan Railways in Lahore. In fact, still play for the Sharjah Cricket Club".

Yes, but where did the bit about laying surfaces come in, I attempt? "It so happened," he explains, "that when we were young in Pakistan we had a club. Since we could hardly afford it, we had to prepare our own wickets. As happens in offices and such clubs, a couple of boys take more interest than the others." His face widens into a grin. "Jee saheb, we didn't have much money, so we had to make our own roller, and then our own wicket. I remember we scooped up about three inches of the soil there, mixed some *kaali mitti* and that was it. The soil of Lahore is hard; roll any patch of land and you could use it as a pitch."

But that was in the early Sixties. Ishaq's agent of change was a friend working and playing with Bukhatir. In the mid Seventies, Bukhatir required a couple of players to complete his formidable eleven, by Sharjah's standards. This friend put in a word; within a few weeks, Ishaq was being flown out to play competitive cricket in the Middle East.

"We just had to play a final," Ishaq explains. "They said *ki agar aapka dil karey to aap reh jaaye,*" Ishaq scored 75 and picked up four wickets. Stay he did.

"But that match wasn't played on any definite stretch of land," he adds. "We cleared some cars off a road and put stumps at each end and played.

"It was then that Bukhatir saheb asked me whether it was possible to prepare a ground. I said why not? It could be done in two days with the advanced machinery in Sharjah. And it was, with a cement track in the middle substituting for our wicket. We levelled the ground, watered it thoroughly to give the compact effect. A few years later, we played a mini-Test out there. The other side had Mudassar Nazar, Majid, Talat Mirza, Zaheer and Wasim Bari. They beat us by just a few runs.

"Interest in cricket increased; we prepared another four grounds. Then one day, saheb said that when we are spending so much money to prepare grounds for our club, then why not experiment with a grass outfield? In fact, very informally. *Jaise ki aapse baat kar raha hoon.* We had won a final at that time, I remember. So I told him *ki koi mushkil nahin hain,* sir. It could be done.

"So we immediately set out to locate the appropriate venue of a ground of this nature. We drove 10 kilometres in every direction but weren't satisfied. Finally, we chanced by this place," he says, prodding his finger into the soil. "There were a couple of



Patrick Eagar

The most important factor (that influenced choosing the present venue for a ground) was the parking space available. At any given time you can park 10,000 cars in the vicinity!"



Pradeep Mandharu

advantages that it enjoyed; since there was a club already at the side, there would be no problems of the availability of water or electricity. But the most important factor was the parking space available alongside. At any given time you can park 10,000 cars in the vicinity!

"When I first saw it, this ground was pretty uneven; there were holes from six feet deep to four. Firstly, we plugged the gaps with soil. Then with a few machines we evened it out. And lastly, we put a cement wicket in the middle. We planted the grass seeds in two days and watered the outfield heavily. In two weeks' time we had a full-fledged field on our hands."

And then Mohammed Ishaq, groundsman of this Sharjah Cricket Stadium, lets you into his little secret. He pats the harsh stubble above the surface, digs his finger into the ground and throws up a scatter of wet sand. "*Yeh dekhey.*" he says. "This is still very much sand, only that it is slightly wet and compact. After having been fed on fertilisers for the last five years the grass has become highly resistant."

The ground consumes 10,000 gallons of water each non-playing day. It has not rained here for the last four years.

Here his telephone beeps, he responds immediately, the look on his face changes, the smile is gone, he passes on a message, disengages and is ready to talk again.

"That's the beauty of it," he exclaims. "There is so much grass on this ground that you will hardly be able to make out that there is sand below. When we started out on this ground in 1981 we had a matting wicket. The following couple of years we stayed with an astro-turf surface. For the Asia Cup in 1984 we removed the concrete surface and replaced it with natural turf. We had to import some 3,000 bags of Lahore soil for that. We now have five strips alongside each other."

Mohammed Ishaq's night is made every six months at the time of the awards giving ceremony of the championships. Especially when the captains walk up to the microphone and confess that they have never seen as good a ground elsewhere.

And then Ishaq comes up with the vital statistic of maintenance. The ground consumes 10,000 gallons of water each non-playing day. It has not rained here in the last four years. When you accuse him of the slow outfield, he confesses that it will always remain that way. But his counterlogic is interesting. "Even then an average of 200 runs is scored in 45 overs, which works out to around 4½ runs for every six balls. I can't cut the grass lower than this," he says gripping the shrub by its thread.

The conversation as such is over. We are walking back to the pavilion. As a casual aside, I ask him my 'last' one. Which is the best ground that he was seen in the world? "I doubt," he replies in very measured tones, "whether there is any ground in the world better than the one at Mohannagar in India. This one at Sharjah comes second."

The telephone beeps once again and Mohammed Ishaq, curator, Sharjah Cricket Stadium walks away into the sunset.

Mudar Patherya, Sharjah



The Indians look reasonably more pleased after collecting their award for the No. 3 position

The Carnival Is Over...

...And the West Indians are on top again, having won the four-nation Champions Trophy in front of cricket crazy Sharjahites, smartly turned out Sheiks and a prominent part of Bombay's film industry



Viv Richards (right) and Malcolm Marshall admire the spoils—the Champions Trophy

Photographs by Amiya Taraldar



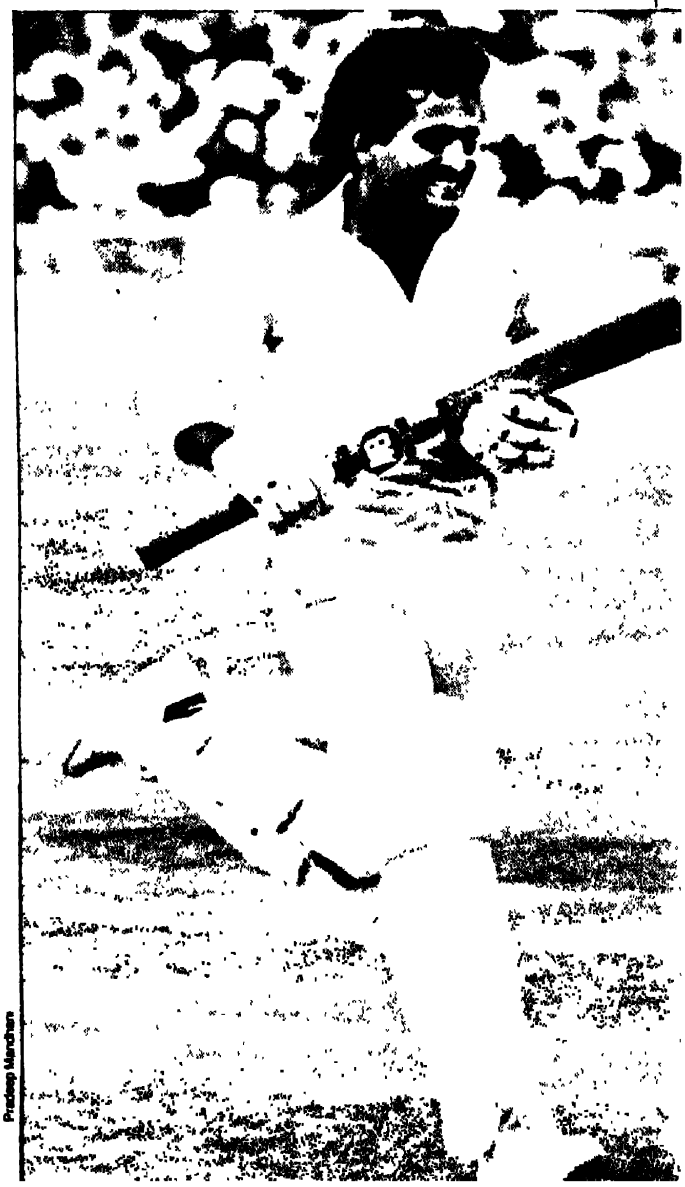
Maninder Singh appears to break the high jump record after beating Imran for one (Below): Rumesh Ratnayeke is not trying to seize Logie by his legs...only stopping a return drive





The crowd is yet to react to Srikkanth's catch by Yousuf. (Below left): Logie justifies his 'man of the match' award versus Pakistan with a catch. (Right) Elahi is elated after the winning run in the last match





Pradeep Mandhani





Viv Richards and Duleep Mendis greet each other. (Right): This is all that Chetan Sharma did in Sharjah. (Below): The Pakistanis warm up





No they aren t doing the tango Dickie Bird signals a leg bye as the Sri Lankan batsman makes his ground (Below left) Shammi Yahoo Kapoor turns the barrel for the lucky draw (Right) If only I was in the middle Mohinder Amarnath is flanked by Sanjay Khan





TO SHARJAH WITH A PURPOSE

That may have held true for the Indian cricketers. But the other 2,000-odd tourists had other intentions in mind as well, writes Mudar Patherya

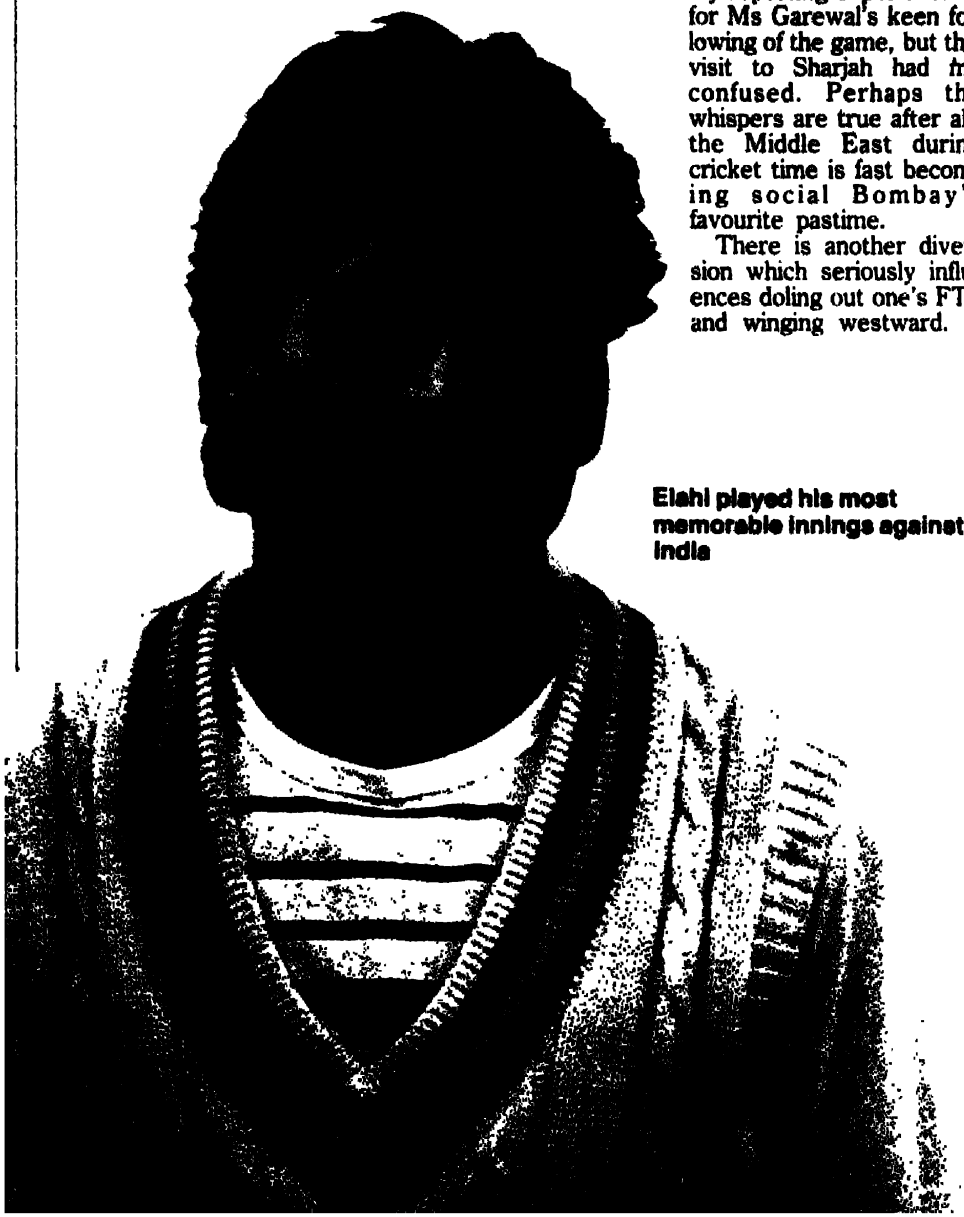
DUBAI evokes varying emotions in different people. Kishore Bhimani of *The Statesman* was on his sixth trip; "Ah Dubai!" he said with as much casual unconcern as a reference to a station between Dadar and Bandra on the harbour line.

I have never seen Raj Kapoor at the Wankhede Stadium. Or even Simi Garewal for that matter. This neither says much for my reporting experience or for Ms Garewal's keen following of the game, but this visit to Sharjah had me confused. Perhaps the whispers are true after all; the Middle East during cricket time is fast becoming social Bombay's favourite pastime.

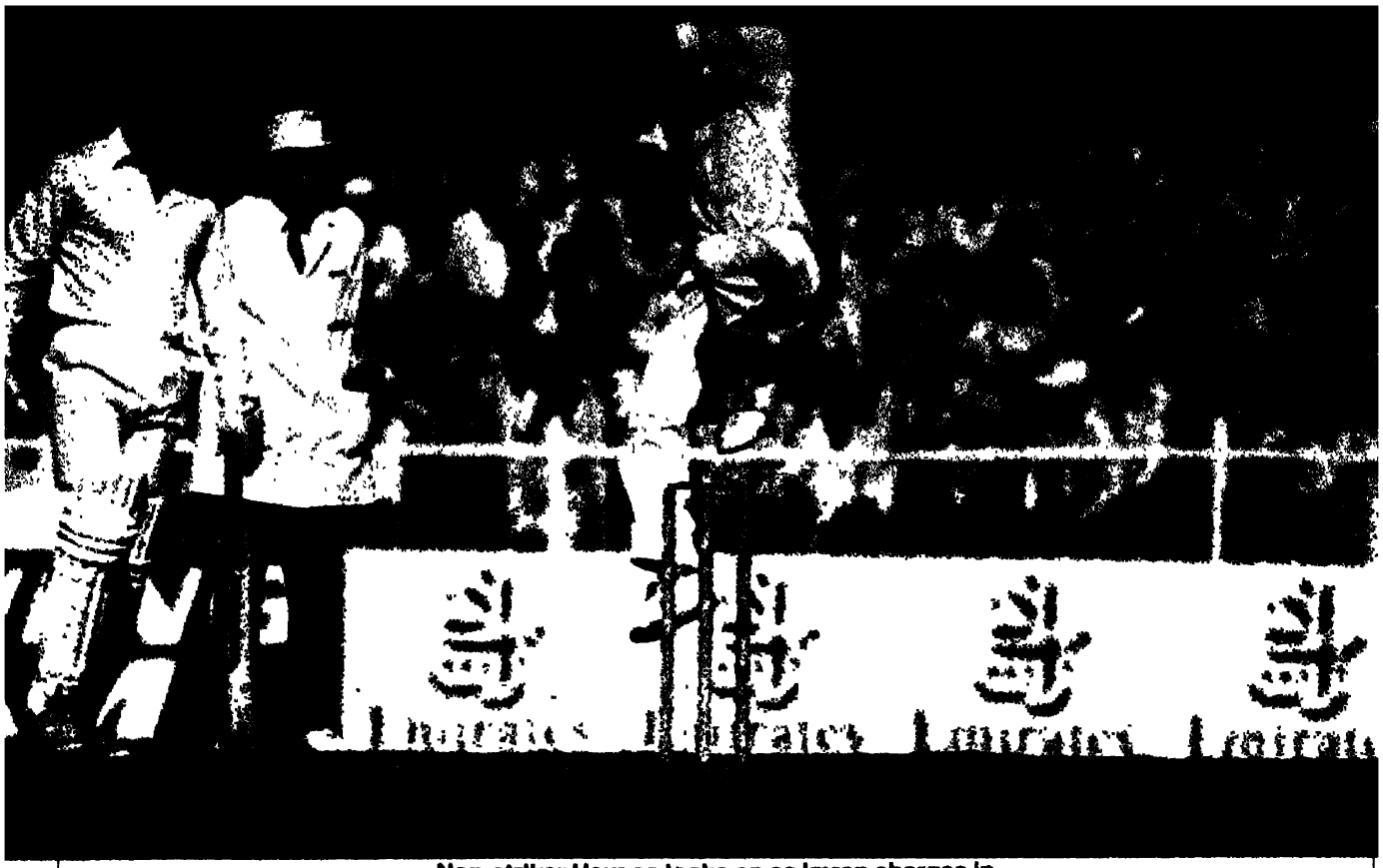
There is another diversion which seriously influences doling out one's FTS and winging westward. A fellow writer in Sharjah turned up at the booking office of the Emirates the day before the final. He wanted a booking for the late Friday night flight to Bombay. The next available seat, he was told, was for Monday at 2245 hours. Unless, of course, if he was interested in missing the last game and flying out on Thursday night itself. And, yes, he'd have to hurry for that too. Only a few seats remained. He wouldn't be as lucky a couple of hours later.

"These group bookings..." said the booking officer shaking his head. "Some 2000 tourists have come from India to watch their side," he added. If they did, one can safely assume that not many could have got past the duty-free shopping at the Dubai airport. Even if a few did they must have lost themselves at the bargain counters at the Al Ghuriar Shopping Centre.

I wonder whether the India-Pakistan game was part of the package deal. The mention that such matches are a prestige issue has been worn to a cliche. Pakistani optimism before the match had been displaced by a nervous evaluation. They all agreed that anything was possible alright, but the evidence of the form book was disconcerting. Pakistan had beaten Sri Lanka with only an over to spare. In fact, for some time during the game it looked as if the



Elahi played his most memorable innings against India



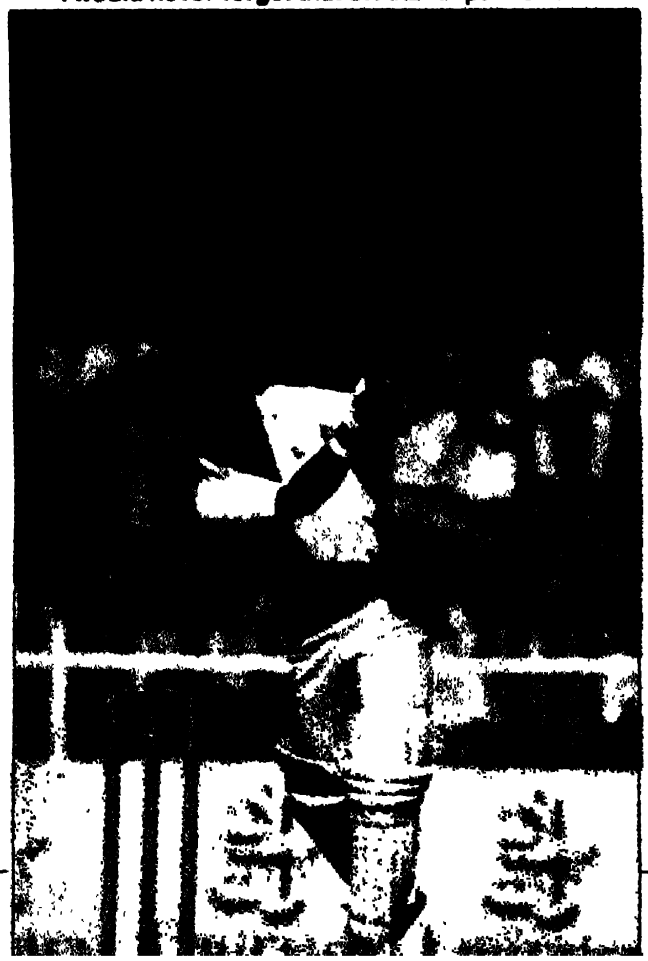
Non-striker Haynes looks on as Imran charges in

result would have gone the other way. Against the West Indies they played as if they had gelatine where their spines were, and lost by nine wickets.

India, on the other hand, had beaten Sri Lanka by seven wickets. And at more than one stage in their game against West Indies, India looked like staging a repeat of Lord's '83. Chances never seemed to favour India more than when West Indies were 43 for three at one stage. Or when Srikkanth had pulled Marshall for a six and a four and India were 17 for none.

But the form book can be a deceptive liar. We writers have often depended on public sentiment to gauge the possible outcome of great encounters. This time round, the average enthusiast was definitely giving India the upper hand. "I mean, just look at the depth in Indian batting," was the argument. Even the last bastion of unquestionable Pakistani patriotism—the Pathan taxidriver—was hesitant. "*Sab log bolta ki jumaa ke khel ke liye, India ki team mazboot hai.*" (Everyone says that India is strong for Friday's game).

"I would never forget that Srikkanth pull for six"



The 'game of uncertainties' still continues to be a cliche of relevance. India had been reduced to 42 for five. Kapil Dev and Azharuddin swung their bats around and the score was now 108. The experts were willing to put down 185 as a possible total. The innings folded up for 144.

Pakistani optimism should have been seen to be believed. Akram punched the air, the fielders staggered off in a pyramidal mass and the gentleman at my elbow dashed off to the pavilion to put down a thousand dirhams on Pakistan. "Money for jam," someone said.

And jam for a lot of bread it seemed. Pakistan's 50 was cheered without any loss. The stand to the right of the pavilion had been subdued into silence. The India tri-colour had made a



The Middle East, during cricket time, is fast becoming social Bombay's favourite pastime

quiet exit.

The next few overs confirmed why cricket is replacing selling short at the stock market. From 51 for no loss, Pakistan were now 65 for six. The vocal support seemed to be coming from the other side of the stadium.

Pakistan eventually pulled it off. Elahi played perhaps his most memorable innings (50 not out). His side made it with 9 balls to spare. While going up to collect his Man of the Match award that day, a West Indian fast bowler standing alongside remarked: "But I thought we had won the tournament."

Looking back now, I guess I was right in the observation that every tournament in Sharjah after the Austral-Asia cup would suffer the fate of an anti-climax. Yet, Champions Trophy 1986 too had its moments of glory.

I would never want to forget that Srikkanth pull for six off Marshall. Or wristy Azhar's rubbery on-drive for four against Pakistan. Or Viv Richards as he dismissed Shastri from his presence with a six over mid wicket.

When you think of the bowlers, you tend to recollect Malcolm Marshall first thing. He bowled Srikkanth with one, that from my perch behind long off, looked like pitching on the off and uprooting the leg stump. Or that one Imran delivery during the final; he swerved it out, leaving Lamba. And swung back in before disappearing into Yousuf's hands.

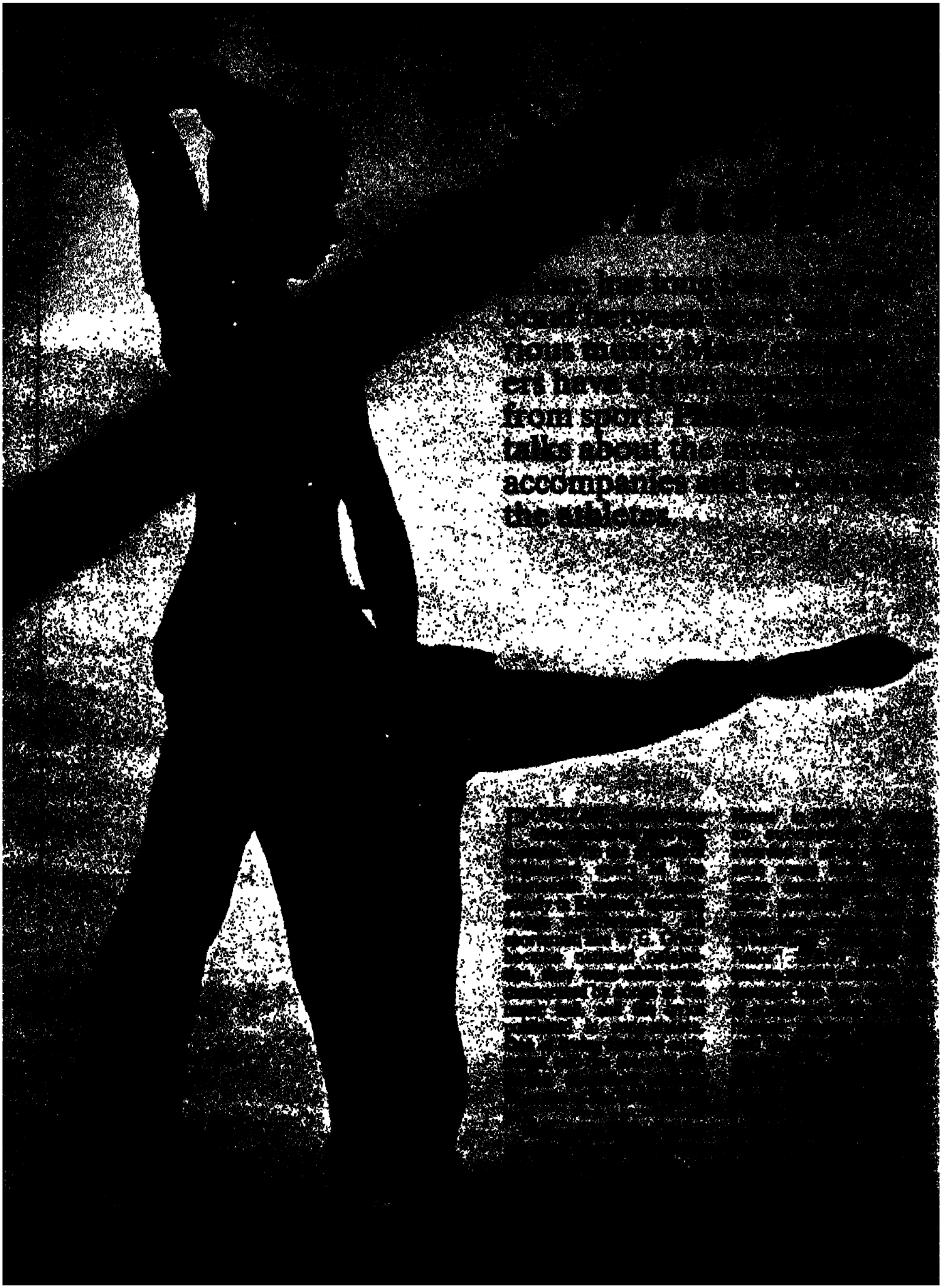
The mention of Logie's incredible throwing reminds me of an interesting aside. After the boy-man had run out yet another Pakistani, an expatriate of reasonably comfortable extraction settled down the chair besides mine. "*Aaj kaun kaun khel raha hain?* (Who is playing today?)" he asked.

As I was saying, cricket in Sharjah evokes varying emotions in different people.

Duleep Mendis drives against India



Photographs: Ratan Peter Gomes





Colorspot

Two years earlier opera and football met in an unusual alliance when Placido Domingo sang the official World Cup theme "El Mundial".

By contrast, the organisers of the World Games in 1985 went for a more modern style of song and adopted John Denver's "World Game".

Music is an integral part of the performance in gymnastics, skating and synchronised swimming. The Westminster Waltz is of course familiar to all ice dancing fans but other pieces of music become synonymous with a particular performer. For example who could now listen to the music of Barnum and more especially Bolero without thinking of Torvill and Dean?

Although the popular cinema has never really come to terms with sport, there have been some memorable themes. "Chariots of Fire" by Vangelis conjures an image for a generation of cinema-goers and athletes alike, whilst the fanfares from the "Rocky" films mean boxing even for those who have never been within a hundred mile of a boxing ring. Such is the power of music.

In documentary cinema, there have been notable scores including Rick Wakeman's "White Rock" for the film of the 1976 Winter Olympics. Television signature tunes can evoke memories of memorable sporting moments, and sometimes classical music is pressed into service. BBC Television uses Mozart's Musical Joke to introduce show jumping. Recently, television has realised the entertainment value of a montage of sporting highlights skilfully cut to the accompaniment of a popular song.

Olympic ceremonies make considerable use of music and those at Los Angeles probably included more popular music than any other. The Diana Ross song "Reach Out and Touch" at the opening, Lionel Richie singing "All Night Long" at the close and the stunning rendition of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue". And of course music by the film composer John Williams. But the "March of the Continents" at Sarajevo would be hard to beat for universal appeal. Designed to herald the arrival of the competitors it comprised a medley of favourite folk songs.

In a short review it would be impracticable to catalogue every song with a sporting connection. But there is a wealth of material which one day will yield a most interesting book! With luck, such a volume would feature the "Olympic Hymn", sadly less widely known than might be expected. Although composed in 1896, it was not adopted as the official hymn until 1957. Now, happily, it is heard more regularly, but most importantly as the Games are opened and the Olympic flag is borne into the stadium.

It is intended to "Give life to noble Games", Games enjoyed by so many through television, a medium which is discovering it can create still more exciting pictures through the fusion of sporting images ... and music.

Courtesy Olympic Review

You can't let your mind wander to the party in the evening

Umpire Dickie Bird spoke to Mudar Patherya in Sharjah



SPORTSWORLD: The first question concerns neutrality in the selection of umpires for international matches. Do you feel they are necessary?

DICKIE BIRD: No I don't. I think the current system is good whereby each cricket playing country has its own panel of Test umpires. I think all umpires are neutral, fair and honest men. They give their decisions as they see them.

The phrase neutral umpires is a paradox, you feel?

That's right. Moreover, when you have umpires from a third country officiating you can still have problems. You still have players disputing decisions. Another thing people often overlook is that we are used to umpiring in our climate, while the Indian umpires are used to umpiring in theirs. It would be difficult for an Indian umpire to come and supervise in the cold of England. Similarly, it would be quite a problem for us to go and stand out in the heat of India and Pakistan.

Then you must be facing problems in Sharjah?

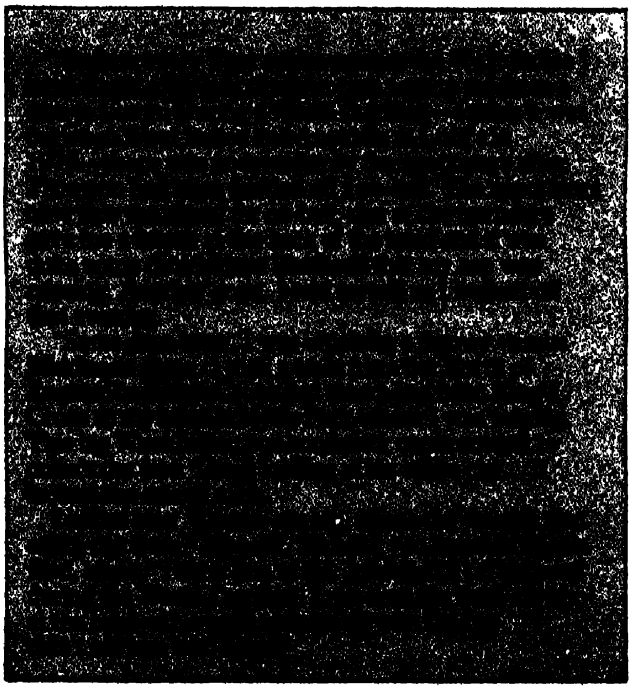
I find it difficult to concentrate when the heat is intense. Coming back to the topic of neutral umpires, I think it will cost a lot of money to jet umpires all over the world.

During the World Championship final in 1985, Imran Khan was caught behind as soon as he came in. The umpire however ruled in his favour. Yet none of the Indians complained because the umpire was from a third country. The question of bias never really arose. In that way, neutral umpiring would be a blessing.

I can't comment on that because I never saw it.

The principle is that when you have umpires from a third contry there could only be allegations of incompetence; when you have umpires from a common country, it could be of bias.

That's rubbish. All umpires are fair and honest men as I said at the beginning. I will not differ from it.



It may just be that umpires from a particular country are not competent.

I think umpires all over the world are good umpires.

You have been umpiring for more than a decade. How much more difficult has umpiring become?

I have done 90 internationals till now—that is one-day games, Test matches and World Cup matches. I have seen young men come on to the Test scene like Dennis Lillee, Greg Chappell, Rodney Marsh, Sunil Gavaskar, Clive Lloyd and Michael Holding. I have seen them start their careers and have seen them all retire. I am still going on.

But getting back to your question; with so much money having come into the game—when the prize money is so high—the characters have gone out. People don't seem to smile and enjoy Test matches anymore. Big prize money creates massive appealing. I think there's more appealing now than there has ever been.

More ridiculous appealing?

I wouldn't use that word.

There is nothing in the laws to stop you from appealing. WWhat I mean is, you now have massive appealing where everybody puts in a bit.

Orchestrated...

I wouldn't use that word. Massive appealing...

You were just talking about the great characters.

Yes, the Rodney Marshes and the Lillees. You've probably heard of the problems they caused on the field. I never had a problem with any one cricketer on the field. This is because I treated them as professional men and they did the same in return. And yet one heard so many things about them.

Any reason behind that?

I think umpiring is concentration, application, dedication, honesty and gaining the respect of the players. I think the last factor is most important.

How do you do that?

We stand seven hours a day and seven days a week during the whole of the summer. Somewhere along the line we do commit mistakes. Everyone makes them, but the one who makes the least is the most successful umpire.

What sort of concentration does it require?

Well, I keep hitting (slaps himself on the thigh) and telling myself 'keep going,' keep going, concentrate' all day long. You can't for one moment take your eyes off. You can't let your mind wander to the party in the evening. You do that even once and something happens!

Do you feel that the overall discipline has recorded a decline?

No, I don't think so. It is just that players these days play harder than they ever did before. The game has become more competitive; no quarter is given.

We had the recent instance of Imran Khan suggesting that umpires be vested with coloured cards, empowering them to send players off the field.

I cannot agree with that. Let us kep cricket the way it is. I cannot see the yellow card and the red card as we have in football. I would never want to see the day when that goes into cricket. Of all the games, only cricket and rugby can hold their heads high. You are always going to have players disputing decisions, perhaps even when I am dead and gone. But to the credit of the cricketers, whether I have given a decision rightly or wrongly, players have shown a bit of .... well, what's the word.., ah yes, annoyance, but have carried on with the game. In football there is a lot more dissent. It would be a sad day for the game if we introduced those cards.

Let us suppose you hd somebody misbehving on the field. how then would you tackle him?

Well firstly, I would go up and have a word in the player's ear and gain his respect. If he didn't agree I would have a word with his captain. In England if any players dissent we put it down in our reports after the match and he is later asked to appear before a committee.

How accessible would you be to the introduction of technology in cricket?

I hope I never have to see the day when we have to bring electronic aids into the game. Firstly, it takes something away from the umpire. Secondly, I cannot see how these electronic aids can help you with caught behinds. You can hear so many different noises; it could be the pad with the bat, bat against the ground, the ball with the pad. The electronic aid can't pick those things up.

I cannot also see where these could help with lbw decisions. There are so many things to take into consideration when giving one such decision; where the ball has been bowled from, what the ball does off the seam and whether the ball would have gone over the stump or not. Moreover, because the cameras would be placed at a height, the principle of parallax would not permit a fair 'reading' of the leg before decision.

However, to be balanced in one's judgment, the only thing they could help you with are close run outs.

If you encountered a situation like that, would you fish out a mini TV from your pocket and check the replay?

Yes, as I said, in the case of close run outs this could be a help.

You must have had instances when players might not have co-operated with you on the field.

I can honestly say that so far I have not had one problem on the field. This includes county matches, Tests and one-day games. But having said that, it could change, it could change tonight, it could change tomorrow.

What then about players who are co-operative. Players walking before being given out...

With the vast amount of money having come into the game, players these days wait for the umpire's decisions. However, I did have the case of Eddie Hemmings who walked for an lbw once even before I could raise my finger. When I met him after play and told him that he did not even give me the chance of putting the finger up, he replied smilingly. He said he was so plumb that he decided to walk alright!

Have you ever lost your temper as an umpire?

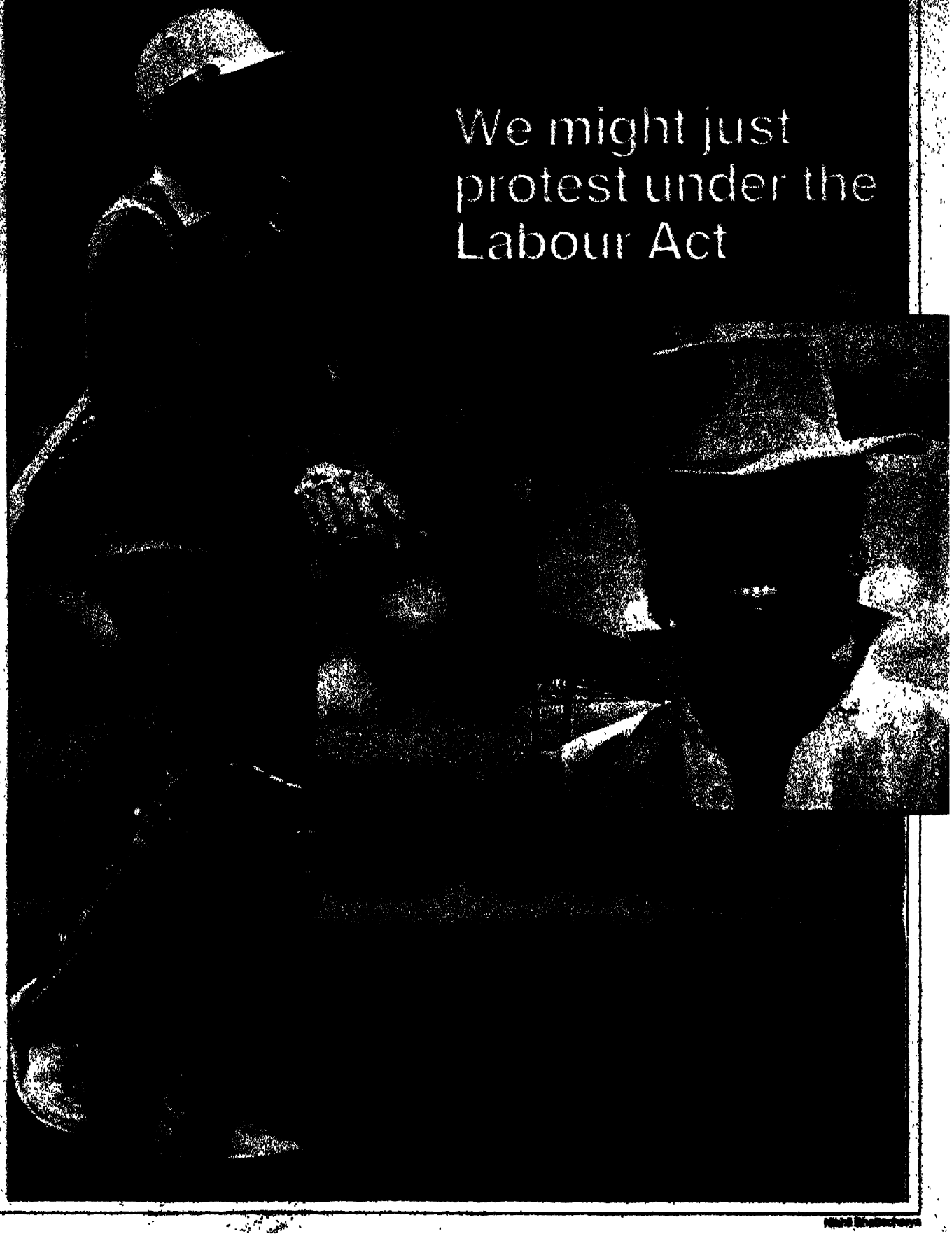
You can't afford to lose your temper as an umpire. You cannot win as an umpire. You have got to learn to live with criticism.

People might be coming back to you and asking you to watch the replays of your decisions.

They do, but I don't ever watch the replays or the highlights. It could psychologically undermine the umpire.



We might just protest under the Labour Act



SPORTSWORLD: Do you think you are playing too much cricket?

DILIP VENGSARKAR: I think so. But I have heard that the Board at its last meeting decided that India would not play any international cricket before November 1 from now on. I can only breathe a sigh of relief.

What are the disadvantages of playing international cricket as early as the end of August?

On the one hand, you have a fairly humid climate in some parts of the country around that time. On the other, matches are threatened because of the monsoons. The players are the ones to suffer because of insufficient practice, which again results in poor performances. If you fail in the beginning of the season, you cannot be too optimistic about the way the next six months are going to turn out.

How many months of international cricket do you play in a year?

I would put it around nine, considering that I also play club cricket in England.

How many months are you in Bombay during the year?

Less than two months a year. Let me tell you how: last year I played five months of club cricket in England. We left for Sri Lanka in the last week of August and returned in late September. We had a month at home before going to Sharjah. Immediately on return we had to leave for Australia. We flew back around mid-February and left for Sharjah in the first week of April. We returned from Sharjah towards 20 April and then left for England in the first week of May. That tour lasted more than two months. Don't forget that when we were in India we spent quite a bit of time playing domestic matches. Whenever we didn't there were benefit matches and the like. So that left us very little time in Bombay. Living out of suitcases became second nature. When I missed the first Test against Australia in Madras, it was the first time in more than a year that I has stayed for more than two weeks at a stretch in Bombay.

How greatly has your family life been affected?

Quite a bit. In fact, this has been one of the regrets of playing Test cricket. For one, my wife can be with me for only a certain part of the tour. Secondly, I have not really seen my son grow up.

How much time have you spent with him?

Hardly any. I have missed a few birthdays of his and have not been part of the process of sending him to school. As far as his birthdays go, we have to adjust them about a bit to coincide with my being there. Moreover, when he started saying his first few words, I was not around. When I went to England this year our entire family was together. Those were some of the most enjoyable days of my life.

Suffering from overkill, did you at any stage of your career wish you never wanted to play the game for months and months?

Sometimes you do feel sick and tired of the game, desperately seeking a couple of weeks off. One is so used to playing cricket that it is difficult to visualise my day-to-day life without the prospect of going out to bat. So once you have got over that fortnight of rest, you long to get back to competitive cricket. You feel that *kuch miss ho raha hai.*

Considering that you are complaining of too much cricket affecting your family life, will you give up the game after a few years or play until you are dropped?

I guess I will be around for another five years. I intend to play as long as I enjoy the game. When I stop deriving pleasure, I will stop. With so much competitive cricket being played, it would be difficult to last into the Nineties.

You used the words 'last into'...What is the extent of strees and strain involved in these competitive games?

When one is playing so much cricket one has to be at one's peak, physically and mentally. More than physically, I think we all have a big chance of getting exhausted mentally. If we played five one-day matches with gaps of a day each in between, it would mean that halfway through the set of matches we would get back from the ground, dive for the bed and go off to sleep by 7 pm. On one of my more energetic days, I would, perhaps, not want to sleep, but then I wouldn't want to be out of bed either. And talking cricket would be the last thing on mind with any visitor.

You wouldn't even want to attend the parties after the games?

No way. If you went to the parties, people would again start talking about cricket *out tha ki nahi, woh kaise khela and all* that. Quite sickening, I can tell you. Don't forget, cricket is played more up there (points to his head). Once you are stale there, it would be over.

But should you players be cribbing? After all, you are being paid quite well.

Money is not everything. The main thing is to play at

"I had to pay out of my own pocket to play Irani Trophy



the peak of one's ability. You can do that only if you are reasonably fit. To be reasoanbly fit, matches have to be spaced properly. So the question of remuneration doesn't arise at all. Would you have managing director working from nine to nine—12 hours—just because he is being paid well? I suppose given the amount of cricket that we are made to play by the board, we might just protest under the Labour Act!

What I mean to say is that eventually quality suffers. You go in to bat, score 30 or 40 runs after staying in for a couple of hours and return. On any other normal working day, it could have been a century. To sum it up, we should be playing in the conditions where one can perform to the best of one's ability.

Do you feel that cricketers should be better paid?

Considering that limited-overs cricket has become so exacting and so popular, what we are paid at the moment is peanuts. On the other hand, the amount the board and its associations make is not a matter of joke.

How much does the Indian cricketer earn per limited-overs match?

Rs 2,000 plus Rs 1,300 as out-of-pocket expenses per match. Against this, the Ahmedabad match against Australia generated a net profit of Rs 35 lakhs.

Are you suggesting that payment for cricketers should be linked to a certain percentage of the profits?

I don't think so. After all, the associations have to look after school cricket and the like. However, I stand by the statement that remuneration for us cricketers should be increased for the one-day matches. I will clarify here that we are paid well for Test matches.

Do you fear that so much cricket can ultimately lead to a drop in interest all over the country?

It might just take place. Rather, may I say that it has already begun taking place? For example, when we played against the West Indies on 9 October in Bombay there was a capacity crowd of around 45,000. A week later for the Test against Australia, hardly 10,000 came to watch the opening day. This is worrying.

In this connexion, you feel that cricket in India could be a lot more professionally managed?

I do. It is the state assoictaions which could benefit greatly from this concept. School cricketers are still not provided the best facilities.

Well, if as you say, the board is making so much

THE FIVE GREATEST SPELLS OF BOWLING SEEN

1. Michael Holding versus India, fourth Test, 1975-76 Kingston. ("quite simply, the fastest spell that I have seen")
2. Imran Khan versus India, second Test, Karachi, 1982-83 ("pace and swing, don't forget")
3. Malcolm Marshall, versus India, Kanpur, 1983-84. ("he knocked the bat out of Gavaskar's hands")
4. Versus England, Leeds, 1986. ("god, the conditions that I had to bat in. It was difficult to say who was not bowling like a champion.")
5. I can't think of the fifth.

MY FIVE MOST SATISFYING INNINGS

1. The century against England at Leeds, 1986.
2. 58 and 45 against Pakistan at Bombay, 1979-80.
3. Century against England, Lord's, 1979.
4. Century against England, Lord's, 1982.
5. Century against England, Lord's, 1986.

THE THREE GREATEST CATCHES THAT I HAVE SEEN

1. Madan Lal catching Peter Toohey, Sydney, 1977-78.
2. Kapil Dev catching Vivian Richards, Lord's, 1983.
3. Eknath Solkar's catch off Karsan Ghavri versus UP in a Ranji Trophy game. ("The batsman slashed, Ekky dived to his right, tried to hold with one hand, dropped it. The ball popped over to his left. He dived a second time and caught it with his left hand. Unbelievable")



"The main thing is to play to the peak of one's ability. You can do it only if you are reasonably fit"

money, where do you think it is all going?

You'd better ask the board this question. But don't get me wrong; the board is channelising a lot of money into schools and college cricket.

With the amount of time taken up by international cricket, how much of domestic cricket do you play a season?

You can judge for yourself; I have played about 86 Tests for India and 30-35 Ranji Trophy matches! I do attach a lot of importance to domestic games.

Considering that our international cricketers are paid fairly well for Test matches, you might be feeling that domestic games are a waste of time...

Absolutely. The other day I played an Irani Trophy match in Jodhpur. To be present for the match, believe it or not, I had to spend Rs 800 from my own pocket! The board has a rule stating that all the participating players should travel by tain. I was playing some other game and didn't have the time to reach Jodhpur by train. Instead, I flew and had to pay the difference! Moreover, I was paid Rs 50 a day for the Irani Trophy match.

Fifty rupees a day!?

After five days I raked in Rs 250. Within the additional Rs 60 that one is paid per day, you have to take care of your meals and.. well, everything except the rooms in which we stayed. It is not surprising to find that the standard of first-class cricket in India is really low. This is because those who were good, yet out of the Test reckoning, gradually had to give up playing first class cricket. It was just not remunerative. In Australia I was chatting to Chetan Chauhan; he said he was making good money from the leagues there. *Woh bola 'main pachaas rupiye ke liye India nahi aane wwala khelne ko'.* So the standard of first class cricket suffers.



"Even after an average of 42 in the WSC I was dropped in Sharjah. That hurt"

It is high time the sponsors came into first-class games and first-class cricketers were paid decently.

We have hardly heard of players being called up from the Ranji Trophy to play for India. It never happens here.

This is because there is such a vast difference in the standards of Tests and domestic cricket. One of the prime culprits for this imbalance are the groundsmen and the staging Associations in our country. The wickets at home are not sporting at all; they are flat and bounceless. Any number eight or nine can walk in and score a century. Most of our important Ranji or Duleep matches have been real high scorers. That is why whenever some of our younger batsmen go to England and Australia, their technique is exposed. If there were more fast and bouncy traks in India, it would also be a great practice patch for the Test cricketers. The standard will definitely improve after that.

You have played international cricket for around 11 years. Did you at any time feel that you had the chance of leading the country?

I was hoping all the time. I thought that I had a good chance of being appointed vice-captain for the tour of Australia in 1980-81. But they opted for Vishwanath. Again, when Kapil Dev was injured in 1983-84 and never toured Sharjah, I felt that I had a chance of leading in his place. But it never really bothered me.

On a couple of occasions, as the critics have pointed out, you have also been given a raw deal by being dropped.

What hurt me a great deal was when I was dropped for the first couple of matches in the Australasia Cup. It was not as if I had been out of form. I had emerged with the highest average of 42 in the World Series Cup prior to that. How could they have dropped me? As I said, that hurt. And no explanation was given to me.

England In Australia

Christmas in Australia

Peter Yates dons his Santa Claus outfit

I'M sure we all feel extreme sympathy for our cricketers as they are forced to sacrifice our cosy English winter for non-stop sunshine in the land of convicts. And not only that, they've got to spend Christmas there as well. So that they don't feel too left out and forgotten, *WCM* has, at great expense, decided to send them all Christmas presents to make them feel at home when they wake-up on Christmas Day in a strange land. Here, for **Sportsworld** readers is a list of the gifts *WCM* have sent on your behalf:

Mike Gatting, captain: A video of Manchester United beating Spurs to get him angry and psyched-up for the next match. A video of Brighton beating Spurs to get him even more angry and psyched-up. A new Captain's T-shirt inscribed: 'Large in Charge'. New nose—and thumb-protectors.

John Emburey, vice-captain: A shovel (for his shovel shot). Some Boots' Cricket Ball Repellant (for his face).

Bill Athey: The new Paul Downton book *How To Be An Opener Without Really Trying.* (But not the new Geoff Boycott book *How To Be A Really Trying Opener.*)

Ian Botham: What do you give the man with everything? Well, try a Timothy Hudson dartboard. And the TCCB shooting-target. A Somerset Committee ashtray. And a Peter Roebuck doormat.

Chris Broad: A life-size, blow-up Tim Robinson doll to put at the other end when he's batting. And a new bat—with off-side shots in it as well as on-side shots.

Phillip DeFreitas: Anti-laid back tablets to help prevent what is also known as the Leicestershire Disease. (It's contagious.) Anti-peroxide tablets (to prevent his hair going blond like the other allrounders). Anti-Press tablets (compulsory for allrounders). And, by special arrangement, the chance to share a room with the No. 2 wicketkeeper. (Allrounders always have a friend called Richards.)

Graham Dilley: The new Bob Willis book on fast bowlers' run-ups: *Don't Dilley-dally.* The latest Bob Willis analysis of current English fast bowlers: 'Don't dally, Dilley'. A little, personalised, ornamental mat for cakes (a Dilley doily). His own personal specialised food shop (a Dilley Deli).

Phil Edmonds: The new Terry Wogan de luxe ventriloquist set (telepathic model) complete with Frances Edmonds lookalike ventriloquist's dummy and instruction book so that Phil can do interviews without moving his lips.

Neil Foster: A can of Castlemaine 4-X Lager.

Bruce French: Anti-rabies tablets. A helmet protector and a Test wicketkeeper survival kit (with several spare wicketkeepers in it).

Allan Lamb: Joe Bugner's book of successful comebacks. A video of his non-cricket activities on his last Australian tour to remind him of all the things he's not allowed to get away with this time.

Jack Richards: An entry in the Boycott book of silly run-outs (first Texaco match v NZ). A supply of dog-biscuits (to hide in French's pockets when he goes jogging).

Wilf Slack: A Graham Gooch costume and mask to wear when he's batting.

Micky Stewart, assistant manager: Something to fill those sleepless nights when things aren't going well: the latest TCCB anti-Frances Edmonds emergency manual, *Just Another Bloody Tourist.*

Lawrie Brown, physiotherapist: An emergency manual for dealing with the four most poisonous Australian snakes: Taipan, Death Adder, Press Viper and Ex-Aussie-International-Snake-in-the-Grass (also known as a load of old cobras and not to be confused with Current-International-Snake-on-the-Grass). Habitat of all species is swamps and gutters.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

The touring English cricket team



Press Association



We are kind of winding down our careers
Chris Evert-Lloyd about Martina Navratilova and herself



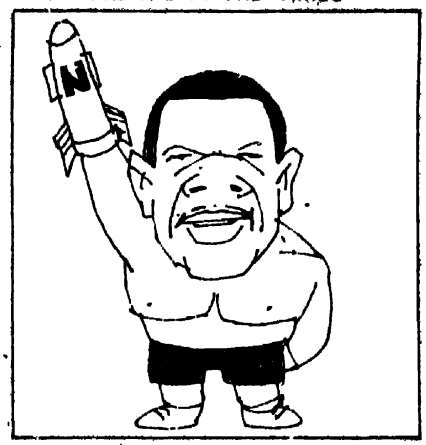
It is Havelange who has never shown any true feeling for the game
Brian Glanville in The Times



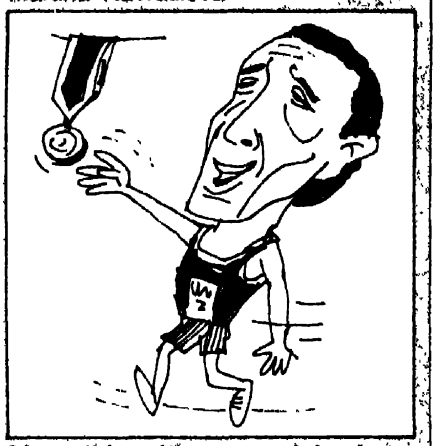
I think people have such a hang-up about 30. I don't know, 40 is young...
Martina Navratilova



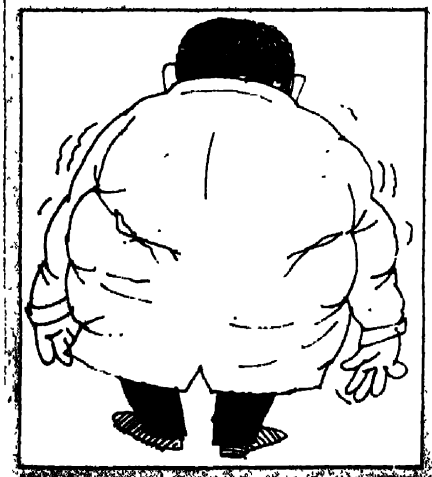
Watching Gower bat is one of life's pleasures
Peter Roebuck in the Times



Nuclear Bomb
Mike Tyson describing his lethal punching power



It's nothing. It's even a joke. I can stroll to a medal
Said Aouita





He was a dictator, and he ruled through fear...
Marty Mulligan about Harry Hopman, the 'guru' of world tennis



We were running around like two mad dogs...I felt the Finn ran as long as I have...
Ivan Lendl after beating Mats Wilander in the New York Grand Prix semi final

VII World Arm Wrestling Championship

An exercise in futility

IT'S something we've all done before. When I was in school, I was the class runner-up. The class arm wrestling champion was tried out against his equals from other classes. And the eventual winner was held in hallowed reverence for the rest of his schooldays. But as a worldwide sport? Never even considered it. Arm wrestling was just a form of proving you're macho. A form of asserting your position in class.

But even as I was practising my arm wrestling with a gun-toting colleague of mine from the guerilla-troop nicknamed the 'Refrigerator Raiders'—both all of four years old—this sport was making its launch in faraway Scranton, Pennsylvania. The year: 1967.

Under the watchful eye of Bob O'Leary, arm wrestling immediately caught the fancy of the people. After all, it was just about the easiest—and cheapest - sport to participate in. There is no need for specific kit or facilities. All you need is a table top and a strong right arm. It is therefore no surprise that this sport caught on like wildfire all over the world.

But it took till 1979 for the sport to get organised enough for a contest that pitted the best in the world against each other. With the first World Arm Wrestling Championships proving to the world that India was an enthusiastic member, the cream came to Calcutta the following year for the 2nd World Championship. And since then the Indian contribution to arm wrestling has grown in leaps and bounds.

With Barij Baran Das of Calcutta being entrusted with the chairman's post of the World Arm Wrestling Federation, this sport has received a shot in the arm that can only do better for the thousands of enthusiasts in this country. But even with the honour of hosting the world meet for the second time still fresh, Barij Baran Das was a disappointed man. And he had reason to be.

After all, who likes to take on the challenge of hosting a world meet, expecting the entire arm wrestling community to participate, and end up with just five of the expected 30-odd countries competing? That was the pathetic state the 7th World Arm Wrestling Championships held at the Netaji Indoor Stadium, Calcutta was reduced to. With barely five countries taking part, including the hosts, there was hardly enough competition to fill the allotted days, necessitating the championship to be shortened to just three days. And even at the end of those three days, the feeling that something was missing was all-encompassing.

Speaking to Das a few days after the championship, he was the veritable picture of Trini Lopez's lover in his famous song of the Sixties 'Lemon Tree'—"a sadder man but wiser now." Sad: because his prime show had turned out to be a damp squib. Wiser: because this experience had taught him how to make sure a repeat never occurs.

The entire episode was the result of last-minute withdrawal by the scheduled hosts, Mexico. Having hosted the '85 meet with a fair degree of success, Mexico wanted to make up for their lacklustre effort—due to the devastating earthquake that rocked that country and left them in a state of ruin, both economically and structurally—and offered to host this year's meet too. A suggestion that was gladly accepted by the World Federation. But towards the end of August this year, the Mexican Arm Wrestling Federation dropped a bombshell when they said that they would not be able to go ahead with the world meet as planned. The only excuse offered was that the Mexican Government had refused to extend the help they had offered in '85. It seems that the World Cup Soccer was enough of a strain for the Mexicans. Another world meet in the same calendar year was not needed.

Immediately, letters were posted to faraway USA and Canada, informing them that a change of venue was the only solution and would they participate if the championships were held at Calcutta?

The initial response was not very heartening. With all the teams having made arrangements to participate in Mexico, they were not in a position to make such a radical change in their plans. To the extent that they flatly disagreed with the suggestion. Eventually, with the betterment of the sport in mind, the major countries agreed to the suggestion and gave their word that they would try their best to send a team.

But as things turned out, there were just a handful of countries that kept their word. While letters are still being received from the various national federations explaining that due to last minute problems they were unable to attend the world meet, there are a few contingents that stayed away due to a peculiar reason. Visa problems.

As tough as it seems to believe, there were some teams that could not come to India in spite of having

The brute power of the 'above 110 kg' champ





N. Sharat Singh in action against Roger Schwab (right)

in the past year. Das is of the firm opinion that even if the whole world had competed, the Indian boys and girls would have done just as well.

The Indian arm wrestlers face a severe physical limitation as far as the heavier weight categories are concerned. The Westerners are naturally big and automatically excel in the higher categories whereas the smaller built Indians have the advantage in the 70kg category and below.

The results vouch for this. The first three weight categories—45kg, 50kg, 55kg—were total Indian affairs while the next three had just one non-Indian featuring in each of the top threes. And if a prize were to be awarded to the Indian of the meet, it would probably go to N. Sharat Singh who beat the reputed Roger Schwab of the US for top spot in the 60kg class.

Looking back at this meet, one can only hope that something like this is not repeated again. It is colossal waste of resources when you have such a major meet and only a handful of people to participate. It even robs the meet of most the requisite finance because they were refused entry visas by the Indian high commissions in their countries. Desperate phone calls from the affected teams to Baij Baran Das found him encountering a whole lot of red tape at the Sports Ministry. The ministry claimed that they did not know about this world meet and therefore could not advice the concerned Indian high cons—Brazil, UK—to expedite the issue of visas to the participating arm wrestlers. This only highlights the confused attitude the Indian government has toward sport in general.

Coming to the competition proper, there was plenty to cheer for as the Indians proved that they are an emerging force in the realm of arm wrestling. While we had just three Indians in the roll of honour at the last meet, this year saw an Indian glut especially in the lower weight categories. And this, according to Das, is not a result of the lack of top-flight competition. It is a direct reflection of the improvment that our arm wrestlers have shown of its glamour.

A look at all the help that was extended to the Arm Wrestling Association of West Bengal will give you a mental picture of how much better all this would have been appreciated if this meet had attracted a full house. The Government of West Bengal showed their cooperation with this venture by donating the use of the Netaji Indoor Stadium and all its facilities absolutely free of charge. They also chipped in with the residential quarters at the Salt Lake Stadium for the competitiors. This however created one problem as an effort to isolate the foreign teams led to the foreigners being closeted in the VIP quarters which are not quite what they are called. Fortunately, the Lions Club of Calcutta City offered to look after the foreign teams and put them up at the Airport Hotel. Even the Inspector General of Police, West Bengal helped out by providing food and transport for the Indian team.

While all this is very highly appreciated, it is a sad event that there were so few teams to make up the meet. And that, however you look at it, is a direct result of the last-minute backdown by the Mexicans. It is to tackle this problem at its very root that a new rule has just been inserted into the rule book of the World Arm Wrestling Federation. Now, any country that wants to host the world championships will have to deposit a fee of $1000 at least one year in advance, a fee that will have to be forfeited in case of a cancellation without sufficient cause. The USA have set the ball rolling by agreeing to pay the sum and booking the 1987 meet.

If you look beyond the problems faced by the organisers, and the pathetic response from the participating countries, there is not much cheer for arm wrestling at the moment. Maybe the expected gala release of Sylvester Stallone's latest movie *Over The Top*, where he plays the part of a professional arm wrestler, will re-instil the sense of pride into Indian arm wrestling. Something that they are desperately searching for now.

Pradeep Paul

Still master of the game

BEFORE even lifting a racket in the Masters at Madison Square Garden Ivan Lendl reached another rich milestone

The world's top ranked player received an 800 000 dollar cheque for finishing first in the 1986 Nabisco Grand Prix singles bonus pool That made him the first male player to exceed 10 million dollars in official money

But week's end he was even richer after having beaten Becker in the Masters final proving that though the West German teenager was close on his heels he's still number one

It would no longer be fair or logical to think of him as an interim No 1 the bridge between the McEnroe and Becker eras as was the case a year ago

Lendl won 8 of the 14 tournaments he entered in 1986 including the US and French Opens and was runner up to Becker at Wimbledon His prize money excluding the Masters victory came to 977 537 US dollars with the 800 000 bonus boosting his annual total for the year to 1 777 537 dollars and his career total to 10 092 129 dollars

But Martina Navratilova still has Lendl beat having won well over 11 million in her career

But for Lendl life at the top is a reward for all the long hours he has put in training and practising Maybe because he was not a natural whose racket was a magic wand You ask which way did you get Lendl said last week,

Does it come easy or hard? When you work hard for it I think you cherish it more. I find it a pleasure being No 1 "

Czeching Out

ANOTHER Czech son slinks slowly towards the West

Libor Pimek ranked 25th in 1984 34th in 85 and now 56 gave *The London Times* a rather bold interview recently

The authorities in our country think we're still little kids said the tall 23 year old

Lendl Cherishing the top



The Tennis Federation and Government gave all of us an opportunity to play and travel outside the country Then suddenly when the players are improving and starting to make money they don't respect them They don't realise how big some of our players are internationally That's where the problem starts

He then went on to what he intends doing There should be freedom and people should be able to choose where they want to live

His own exercise in freedom will begin soon for he plans to marry his Belgian girlfriend and become a Belgian citizen

Power Drive

THE International Tennis Federation has received a one million pound sterling sponsorship boost from car manufacturers General Motors

GM will now have exclusive car company advertising rights at major ITF tournaments including the Davis and Federation Cup competitions

Britain's car giants are also to become the major sponsors of the men's European indoor team championships which will in future be known as the Opel European Cup

Opel a part of the GM group have been involved in tennis for a number of years including sponsoring Steffi Graf of West Germany the world number three woman player

Meanwhile in Melbourne it was announced that the Davis Cup final between Australia and Sweden scheduled to be played in Kooyong from December 26 to 28 is a sell out

An Oarsman's Haven

INDIA was going to make history in the Asian Games. Rowing was making its debut at Delhi in 1982. The venue? Uncertainty prevailed. Where was it going to be held? Away from Delhi. What about transport, communication and a 'village' for the Asian scullers? The search was on.

The name of Rai crops up. At the outset everyone looked askance. Now where is this place? Does it have a lake of international standard? Rai is in Haryana and there is a lake. Shallow and far short of the requirement. To make it one of international standard, the expenditure would have run into several crores. Criticism follows and the idea is dropped.

Ramgarh's name is suggested. A close scrutiny is taken and finally the green-signal. Ramgarh lake in Rajasthan only needed a little renovation for the Asiad event which was a grand success. The sport got a big boost in the country. Many more were becoming scullers, including women. But Ramgarh lake went into a deep slumber after the Asiad.

Calcutta and Madras are the main centres. But certainly efforts could be made to get more rowing venues. Over to the Dalma Range of the Singbhum District of Bihar. And on that terrain lies a lake nearly 2000 metres long and deep enough for rowing. The lake serves as the main reservior of the steel city of Jamshedpur. The lake is ideally situated. And rowing could come under the purview of Tata's plan of a Sports Complex. Since the steel city is sports crazy (as was evident during the silver Jubilee celebrations) and with a sports buff like Mr Rusi Mody, TISCO chairman at the helm, rowing can be introduced in the Dimna lake, about 10 km away from the city. Previously yachting was held there but it was stopped due to pilferage. With a little bit of caution it can be started all over again. Rowing too.

What I had observed during my drive to the lake was that transport and communication pose no problem at all for competitors coming from other parts of India. Jamshedpur can become the rowing centre of eastern India. Not much homework has to be done. A little extension perhaps. The water depth will hopefully meet the necessary requirement for international rowing. And more importantly Tatas and sport mix well. They have a galaxy of sports personalities who can lend ample support. They have the initiative. The motivation. And supposedly the necessary funds to make the Dimna lake a prime source for the sport.

The vicinity has its own charm which draws innumerable tourists. A popular picknicking spot. People love to avoid the drudgery. The mundane care if they find the time. And to them rowing can be an added entertainment. The steel city is hygenically clean. Accessibility-wise, no one should find it difficult. And finally the organisational efficiency of Tisco is evidently proved by its staging of national events, importing super soccer and the recent Steel Plants Sports silver jubilee. Another reason why I prefer the idea of having rowing there is because Tisco have international oarsmen and efficient official, who, give the opportunity, are capable of organising competition there. Why not have a rowing national, to begin with?

I fervently hope Rusi Mody will give it a serious thought. And Mr D.K. Tandon, director NIS Eastern Wing, should be persuaded to visit the Dimna lake to make his on-the-spot assessment. Mr Tandon can, if he really desires so, have a discussion with the Tisco boss. The lake can become the main rowing centre of this part of the country. Why not make an effort. Rowing could be Jamshedpur's newest baby. An oarsman's haven.

Subhash Sarcar



The Dimna Lake: a rower's dream

RUNNING BACK FOR MORE...

SOME people mature late. Some even later. Carlos Lopes, Olympic marathon champion and world record holder, comes into the latter category. At the not-so-young-age of 40 he intends to make a comeback in the athletic world.

No, it's not impossible. Long distance runners have something in common with wine: they get better with age. And the Portuguese runner knows it. He intends to use his name and his two titles to 'put away something for' his future welfare. 'And with the huge amounts being doled out in the form of prize-money and sponsorships, it's a pretty good idea.

EPIC FEATS

BETTER now, than never. The sportsmen invariably take centrestage. Hogging the limelight when they win. Pushing the blame on when they lose. Invariably on the coach. Nobody ever seems to acknowledge the hard work, dedication and talent of the trainer. Not in India. Till now.

The Indian government has introduced a special award for coaches on the lines of the Arjuna Award. This year there were three recepients of the new honour, and no one deserved it more than the trio.



The award appropriately named the Dronacharya Award went to the man behind the success story of P.T. Usha, O.M. Nambiar. The coach from Kerala has dedicated all his time to his protege and what a wonderful combination they make.

Less glamorous, but equally hard-working are the other two recepients; Omprakash Bhardwaraj, the boxing coach who has worked tirelessly and successfully with our national team and 'guru' Bal Bhagwath the man responsible for our wrestlers winning medals at international meets.

This will surely bring out the best from our coaches and, more importantly, give our sportsmen the incentive to take to coaching and not continue as players even when they are well over the top.



CASHING IN

PAT CASH, consistently upredictable, but undeniably talented, will lead an eight member Australian team against holders Sweden in the Davis Cup final at Kooyong, which starts a day after Christmas. While the Swedes will be banking on the sheer class of their young team, the Aussies will be looking to Cash to put them in with a chance to fight, if not win. He must win both his singles.

Non playing captain Neale Fraser isn't taking any chances, keeping his options open, selecting eight and not the usual five or six member team. But just that isn't going to see them through. They've got to make the most of home ground and a depleted Swedish team. And of course, their danger man Pat Cash.

POUND FOR POUND

IT wasn't really money for nothing, but very close. English midfielder Bryan Robson received about 130,000 pounds for his services to Manchester United for the year. True, he is a player of the very highest class, but he definitely wasn't worth that much as he spent more than half the season on the bench, nursing an injury.

The English captain is back on the field having missed the last month, once again due to an injury. You will remember that he was a mere passenger in the Mexico World Cup. All this must definitely point to the fact that he is the most valuable (in terms of money) player in the game today. Even Maradona has to work harder.



UP THE LADDER

HE started his athletic career as a high jumper and a middle-distance runner. He soon realized that pole vaulting was more up his street; and changed.

Vijaypal Singh is easily the best pole vaulter the country has produced. Inches above the rest. His most recent achievement being a silver medal in the first Asian Junior athletic meet held at Jakarta. The Indian came in second with a vault of 4.80m. Good by Indian athletic standards. And with a little more encouragement and a lot more money on training and travelling Vijaypal could go even higher.



Micro Eye



Patrick Eagar

GATTING NAPPING

EITHER the alarm didn't ring or Mike Gatting didn't want to hear it. Or the English cricket captain had had a late night. Or...or...The possibilities are endless. But the fact remains that Gatting overslept and missed the first five overs of his team's match against Victoria, having arrived at the ground 20 minutes late.

Peter Lush, the manager of the tourists, obviously isn't the type who minces his words. He severely reprimanded the captain, later saying, that the cricketer had acted completely out of character. But Gatting on his part has accepted the fact that he was in the wrong and has in fact apologised to the team and "deeply regretted" what had occurred.

Lush however, said that he "didn't want to rub the matter in further" by imposing a fine." The intention behind this is that the manager doesn't want to upset the rhythm of a winning side.

Well, those of you who thought that David Gower would never captain England again, were wrong. He did; standing in for the (late) Gatting, who will someday tell us why he overslept.





Top: Graham Dilley's delivery misses the edge of Geoff Marsh's bat. Australia managed a draw in the second Test of the Ashes series

Left: Martina Navratilova consoles Pam Shriver after their semi-final match in the Virginia Slims tournament



Left: Botham appeals and Australian opener David Boon is out for yet another poor score in the second Test

Bottom: England opener Chris Broad on his way to his maiden Test century. He laid the foundation for a massive England first innings total which had Australia struggling tc save the match

Photographs: AP





Associated Press

Timo Salonen (right) and Seppo Harjanna of Finland celebrate their win in the 1986 Lombard R.A.C. Rally on top of their trusty steed, a Peugeot 205 T16

3 December The mighty West Indies show absolutely no compassion as they steamroller their way over Sri Lanka by 193 runs in their Champions Trophy clash at Sharjah. Setting a score of 249 to chase for the Lankans, the West Indians scuttle them out for a paltry 55. Courtney Walsh, with five wickets for just one run is the Man Of The Match.

Australia fight with their backs to the wall to draw the second Test against England at Perth. At draw of stumps on the fifth day, Australia are 197 for four with Dean Jones top-scoring with 69.

Ivan Lendl, the current world no. one, is voted the Player Of The Year by his fellow tennis professionals. Finishing runner-up at the end of the count is Joakim Nystrom of Sweden.

4 December The VII World Arm Wrestling Championships draws to a close at Calcutta with the Indian women bagging top spot in the ladies sections. In the men's section, the USA reign supreme with India taking second place.

5 December Pakistan beat India in a low scoring match at the Champions Trophy at Sharjah to edge their way into second place overall. Scoring 144 off 40. 2 overs, India can only watch in despair as Mansoor Elahi steers his team to victory in 43.3 overs.

Vijay Pal Singh Tomar of India wins the silver medal in the pole vault at the Asian Junior Athletics at Jakarta with a vault of 4.80m. This is Vijay Pal Singh's best effort since he accidentally fell onto the concrete pit during his Asian Games preparation.

Jahangir Khan of Pakistan seems to be avenging his world championship defeat by Ross Norman of New Zealand as he thrashes him 9-3, 9-2, 9-1 in the final of the $35,000 Al Falaj Open squash tournament at Muscat.

6 December The three-Test youth cricket series between Indian and Australian youngsters at Australia goes in favour of the hosts as they win the third and final Test

Bianka Panova, the teenaged Bulgarian who holds top spot in world rhythmic gymnastics, goes through her ribbon routine at the International Rhythmic Gymnastics competition at Wembley



Associated Press

7 December As averages and totals are calculated at the end of the Champions Trophy cricket at Sharjah, India has a share of the glory as Kapil Dev heads the batting averages with 93. Second is Desmond Haynes of West Indies with 71 and a close third is another Indian, Azharuddin, with 68.5.

The final round of the 94th IFA Shield football tournament gets under way at the Salt Lake Stadium with East Bengal coming from one goal down to beat Mohammedan Sporting 2-1.

8 December The Masters tennis at New York reaches a crescendo with Boris Becker shutting out Stefan Edberg in straight sets to set up a final clash with Ivan Lendl who stops yet another Swede Mats Wilander in straight sets.

Hilario Zapata of Panama beats his Brazilian challenger Claudemir Carvalho Dias on points over the full distance to retain his WBA flyweight title at Salvador.

Martina Navratilova extends her career score against Chris Evert-Lloyd by winning the final of the $250,000 Lynda Carter-Maybelline Challenge women's tennis tournament beating Evert-Lloyd 6-4, 6-2.

9 December The Sri Lanka-Board President's XI match ends in a draw at Gwalior with the Board President's XI replying with 355 for four wickets in reply to Sri Lanka's score of 504 for four.

Ivan Lendl beats Boris Becker 4 and 4 to end the year on a triumphant note. Lendl beats Becker to win the Grand Prix Masters at New York's Madison Square Garden.

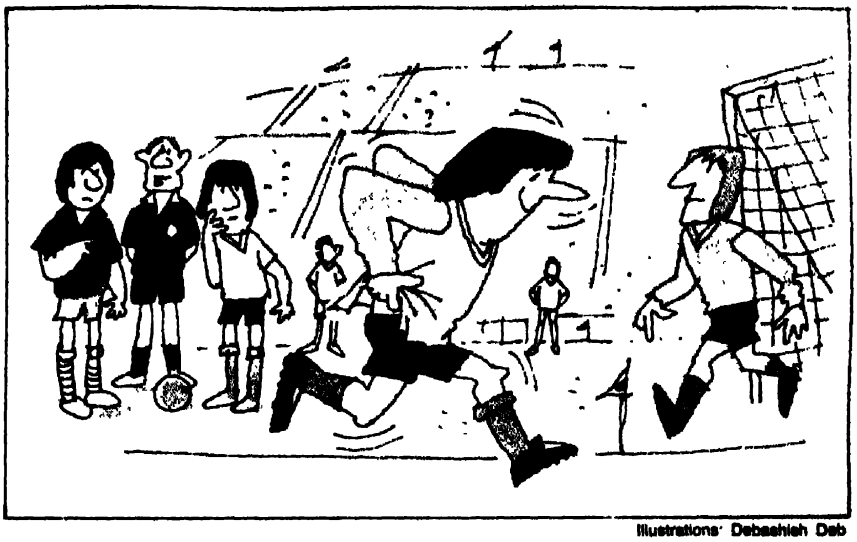
Beat That

In time

ENGLISH football team Metropolitan Police believe they have set a record for soccer's quickest substitution.

In a Vauxhall-Opel League match against Camberley Tow, their number one goalkeeper Ian Stilwell, failed to arrive the necessary 30 minutes before kick-off to sign the referee's sheet.

Stilwell was replaced by Andy Taylor on the team list. Stilwell, who was named as substitute arrived just before the kick-off. He was brought in when the ball went out of play after only 2.8 seconds.



Illustrations: Debashish Deb

Convicted

Boat people

WHO says there is no humour in a sport like yachting. The America's Cup Challenge rounds are in full swing in Australia but here in India we don't get to know about this prestigious event.

Here's some light on the subject.

During an America's Cup press conference, an Australian heckler was giving Britain's skipper, Harold Cudmore a distinctly hard time.

The gist of his arguement was that the English didn't have a clue of building boats.

Cudmore's unsmiling reply shut the Australian up for the rest of the conference. Said he, "we built them well enough to get you here."

Sport Is War

Kill, kill, kill

"I HATE referees, sometimes I could kill them," said Bayern Munich trainer Udo Lathekk.

"I'd die for a cap and kill for my captain," said Australian wicket keeper Tim Zoehrer.

And in Brazil the spiritual home of joyous football, a spectator died in a brawl at a second division Sao Paulo match.

What's going on ?

Lot Of Neck

Incredible bulk

THE ultimate in human shock absorbers! It is the 19½ inch round phenomenon known as Mike Tyson's neck. That's one helluva lot of neck.

The fact that it holds up the head of the WBC World Heavyweight Champion must make the neck one of the most aweinspiring anatomical devices of our time.

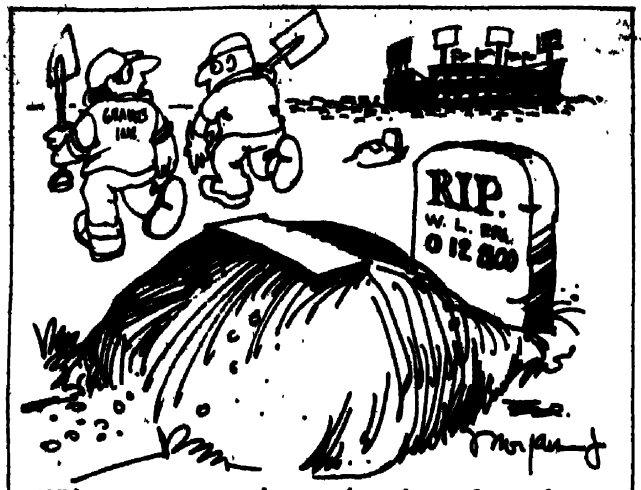
But it has its disadvantages. It's tough to find a tie that goes all the way round.

Ready-made shirts are out of the questions. Tyson has to get his shirts specially made. Even then he leaves the cutters breathless with disbelief.

Says Paul Cuss who supplies Royalty with made—to—measure shirts: "He reminds me of the Incredible Hulk. It is almost not worth making him of a shirt all. He looks as though he is going to burst out of his clothes at any moment."



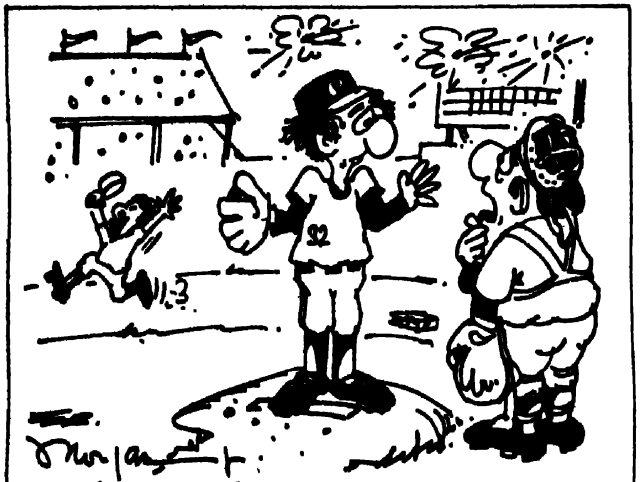




"They sure go through a lot of pitchers around here."



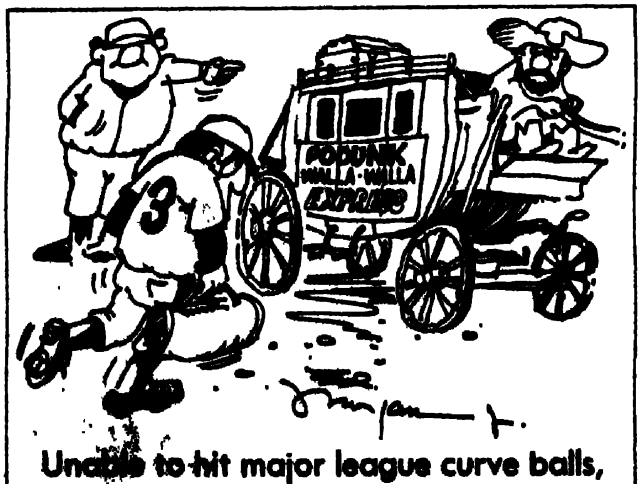
"You call that a stranglehold? Ain't you ever heard of the Heimlich maneuver?"



"They must be hittin' the dry side of your spitball."



"Hey peanuts! Get your fresh roasted peanuts."



Unable to hit major league curve balls, Norman is assigned a special coach.



The ever-popular game of checkers.

Strong and steady wins the race

CARRYING on the strength line that we were on last week; it must be kept in mind that these exercises are mainly to strengthen the existing muscles and not build fresh muscles. The difference lies in understanding that these exercises are aimed at building endurance strength. This automatically rules out the need for heavy weights.

The Leap Frog exercise is great for the legs. But don't get carried away and try to leap frog your way across the hall. You'll find out that there is more than just strong legs to this. Stamina plays an important role in determining whether you keep leaping or just end up in a tired flop.

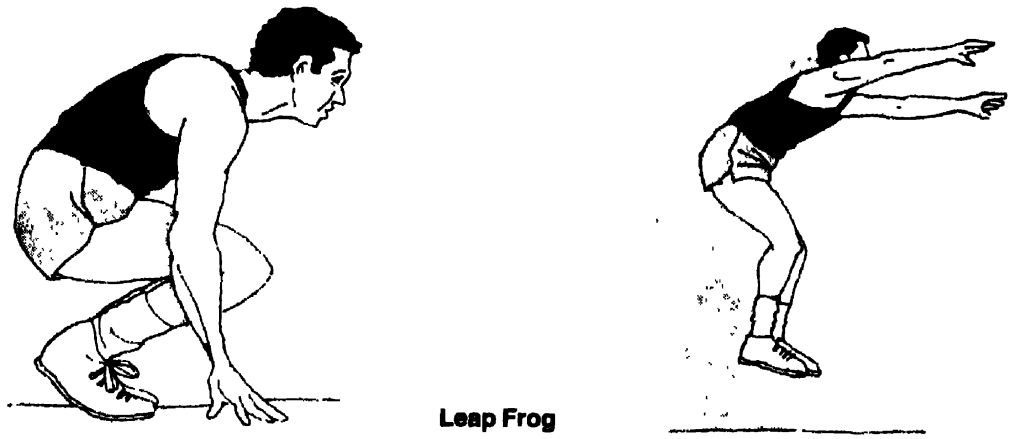
Keep on your toes throughout this exercise and you'll find that the take-off is much easier. A flat-footed approach will require much more effort and leave you sitting on your backside after a couple of jumps. A little help from your fingers will go a long way too.

The other exercise routine that we are going into this week is Calf Raises. These, as the name suggests, do wonders for your calves while also tightening up the thighs. And with the switching of positions during the exercise, you are making sure that the entire calf muscle gets its share of exercise.

Just standing on the ground and trying out this exercise might have you groping for support as you totter around. It might just be a little prudent to hold onto the back of a chair or some such support. If you're the ambitious type, then try and do this exercise in a spot where you can drop your heels below the level of your toes. This will place much more strain on the calves and speed up the results on your calf muscles.

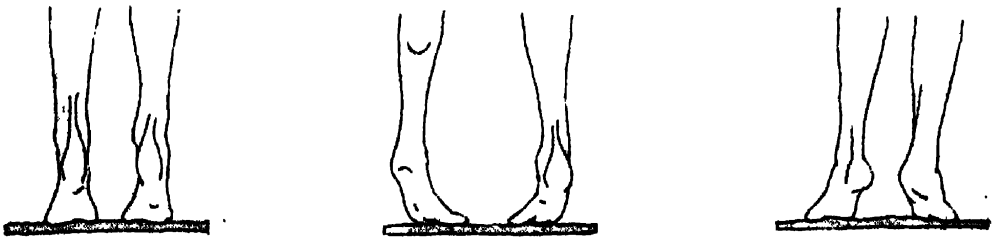
We've been concentrating on the legs so far, so don't get bored and tune off. From next week we are going into the lower abdominal region and then on to the upper body and arms. Stay with us and you'll be doing yourself a lot of good.

(Continued next week)



Leap Frog

Start in the same position is in the vertical Double Leg Jumps (given last week). Spring high and forward, letting the arms swing out and travelling as far as the space will allow. Repeat at least 20 times to improve trunk and leg strength



Calf Raises

Start from a position with the legs and feet parallel, then go on to one with the toes inward, then outward. Rise on the balls of your feet and then lower the heels to the floor. Repeat 16 to 20 times in each of the three positions

Illustrations: Debashis Deb

CALCUTTA

Sad, but true

EIGHTEEN-year-old Hazel D'Souza was in high spirits. She had just been selected as skipper of the Bengal Schools team to Maharashtra. Likeable Hazel set about practising in earnest, ignoring the feverish feeling that threatened to reduce her fitness programme. But the fever turned out to be caused by jaundice, and Hazel was to die of the disease a week later.....

"Don't worry, mummy, I'll give you the good things in life. I'm getting a job in Eastern Railway on their sports quota as soon as I complete my ICSC." In early November, Hazel's tearful mother was to follow her daughter's coffin to the cemetry.

Going into her nineteenth year, Hazel was studying for her ICSC in Loreto Day School, Elliott Road. She had been inducted into basketball by Mrs Olga Rodrigues, man



John D Abrew

Hazel D'Souza (squatting, second from left) with the Suffees team

agress and coach of the Suffee Basketball team.

The talented Hazel was a treat to watch on the basketball court with her swift driving in and accurate jump-shooting. She scored freely for Suffee's in the Calcutta League, and was an inspiration to her teammates in the mini and junior squads.

Off the court, the slim, dynamic Hazel was friendliness and politeness personified. Many, including this correspondent, rated her as their favourite basketball player....

A daughter of a poor family, Hazel wrote in her diary: "Though poor, my parents are rich at heart..." The teenager left behind her anguished parents, three brothers and three sisters.

Hazel, not wanting to bother her parents or endanger her Maharashtra trip, did her best to conceal the illness that was to take her life. Doctors at her deathbed pointed out that Hazel had a weak heart besides jaundice.

Hazel's last triumph in this life was in the Anglo-Indian Week games, where, she topscored for her team with 17 points, taking them to victory. She shone even in the company of the top players, smiling whether she scored or missed.

The West Bengal Basketball Association held a condolence meeting for the departed Hazel. It was heartening to see that many of the players in the men's category were present; but, sadly, there were only a few ladies present. Where were most of the lady officials? Where were Hazel's basketball colleagues and opponents? Didn't they think it was necessary to be present?

John D Abrew



Ra Kashyap

Punjab Chief Minister Surjit Singh Barnala took time off from his tense and crowded political schedule to spend some time with Asiad gold medallist wrestler Kartar Singh. He is seen here inspecting the medal

JAMSHEDPUR

Young and promising

WITH the announcement of the 16-year old budding cricketer, Manoj Kumar Yadav's inclusion in the Under-19 Bihar team, followed by his being recommended to be included in the All-India Coaching Camp to improve his cricketing prowess the cricketer in the making defied all speculations about his future. Manoj has already made his mark as an all-rounder teenager while playing in Calcutta, as an opener, against a superior Bengal team in the Under-19 East Zone contest for the Cooch Behar Trophy, contributing largely to Bihar's victory. Manoj

carried his team on his shoulders with 88 runs of the side's total of 163, against Orissa in the finals.

Anjan Chatterjee

KERALA

A Football school

KERALA Football Association has decided to conduct a football coaching camp for the footballers of the state in the under 19 age-group. 25 boys will be selected for the camp. The entrance to the camp will be by selection trials and the selected candidates will be provided with free education, hostel facilities and out of pocket expenses. K.F.A. President, Mr P.P. Laxman, who is also the treasurer of the A.I.F.F. said that conducting this type of camp will help in building a strong second string of footballers for the state team. The services of an N.I.S. coach will be sought to take charge of the camp. The camp will start soon after the Nehru Gold Cup Football tournament is over.



A group of senior citizens participating in the 'Jog For Fun Health' along Rajpath in New Delhi last week to herald the beginning of the annual National Physical Fitness Week sponsored by the Sports Authority of India



Action in the hockey league match between Punjab and Maharashtra on the opening day of competitions in Phase III of the National Sports Talent Contest in New Delhi organised by the Sports Authority of India

Caring for age

A HEALTH club was started at Cannanore under the auspices of the Sports Authority of India which plans to spread coaching facility to all parts of the country irrespective of age. Dr P. Madhavan, former K.F.A. president, who played for Madras in the Santosh Trophy inaugurated the health club. Many people are coming to attend the camp, mostly those above 50 years. The camp is every morning from 6 am to 8 am. C.P. Chandran, a veteran footballer of M.R.C., Wellington and Services, is the instructor of the camp.

R Amit

BOB HOPE CONFESSIONS of a HOOKER

My Lifelong Love Affair with Golf

Such was the involvement of golf in Bob Hope's life—and his confidence in his own game—that he even entered the British Amateur tournament once. As far back as 1951. That he didn't get past the first round is least important. In the third extract from his book, Bob Hope talks about his bash at the Amateur, the various courses he has played on and pays tribute to Gene Sarazen, the man who brought American golf skills and charisma abroad
The book is published by Stanley Paul & Co. and priced at £9.95

GOLF is an international game. After all, it started in Europe several centuries ago, and didn't catch on in the United States until the 1890s. I've played all over the world, which means there probably isn't a country with a course in which I haven't 3-putted.

One of the trips I remember most fondly was my lone appearance in the British Amateur. It was 1951, May 21—26, at the Royal Porthcawl course in Wales. I got beat in the first round by a man smoking a pipe, which of course delighted Crosby.

I'd been thinking about playing in the British Amateur for around a year before that. Thanks to my lessons from Ben Hogan and some helpful tips from other pros, I was playing the best golf of my life at the time. My handicap was 6. I worked hard on my game for several months, and by the time I mailed my entry I was down to a 4.



Hope poses with an umbrella boy in Bangokok

Bing had played in the British Amateur in 1950, at St. Andrews, and came home raving about it. He lost his first match, but he had a huge gallery and birdied the opening hole. "You're playing well enough to take a crack at it," he told me. "You owe it to yourself to enter." Joe Dey, who was then executive director of the United States Golf Association, told me I would enjoy it, so I packed up and took off.

The first leg of the trip involved doing some shows for our servicemen in Germany, then I flew to Scotland for a round at St. Andrews and headed over to Wales. I was invited by Dick Berlin, who worked for William Randolph Hearst, to stay at St. Donat's Castle, six miles

from Cardiff. There were thirty-six suites in the castle and I was the only one there. I felt like Christine Onassis.

Several of my American golfing friends, among them George Coleman, Francis H.I. Brown, Eddie Lowery and Hobart Manley, were also entered in the British Amateur. I was ready for my debut in a national championship.

My opponent in the first round of match play was a paint salesman from Yorkshire named Charlie Fox. Charlie was at Porthcawl on a little vacation with his wife Muriel. I watched him on the practice tee and thought, "I can beat this guy at Lakeside."

Charlie Fox smoked a pipe throughout the round and wore glasses that looked like the bottom side of a scotch bottle. Once he got near the green he used a 7-iron on every shot and, as I was to painfully discover, it was his magic wand.

I got off to a shaky start, hitting my first drive into the rough and topping two shots on the 2d hole. On the 5th I hit one over a fence and on the 9th I got into one of those huge bunkers. At the turn I was 3 down.

We had a gallery of over a thousand. Most of the fans were pulling for me, and I really don't think Charlie himself would have minded if I won. He suggested a drop out of a bush for me on one hole in a more favourable spot than I would have placed it.

By the 12th or 13th hole I was playing pretty well but Charlie was getting it up and down with that 7-iron and a hot putter and he finally closed me out 2 and 1. I headed for the bar, and there were Francis Brown, who had lost his match 8 and 6; Hobart Manley, who had gone down 3 and 1; and our two winners, George Coleman and Eddie Lowery. George got nailed 6 and 5 by Charley Coe in the second round but Lowery advanced to the third round before he lost.



Even the aircraft-carrier *Ticonderoga* is course enough for Hope

After a few drinks at the bar we all headed to my castle for more drinks. Hearst had a $2 million collection of armour, worn by the knights of old. After several more pops we each put on a suit of armour and pretended we were Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. What a scene that was. The Hearst servants stood around in amazement.

America had a particularly strong delegation of golfers in the tournament. Outstanding players like Dick Chapman, Charley Coe, Frank Stranahan, Sammy Urzetta, Bill Ebert, Bill Campbell in addition to Lowery and Coleman. Chapman beat the great Irish star Joe Carr in the semifinals and then whipped Coe 5 and 4 in the finals.

IT was cold and rainy the day I played at Porthcawl, but that was nothing compared to the conditions I've encountered elsewhere around the world. In Australia the winds nearly blew us off the golf course. In Korea there was a foot of snow on the ground, but the army engineers cleared a fairway and green for me and I played 9 holes.

Alaska was cold, too, and you could play until eleven o'clock at night. One course in Alaska was hacked out of the wilderness. My caddie was a moose. Every time I reached for a club he thought I was trying to steal his antlers.

In Casablanca they had a beautiful course, seven thousand yards of sand. Every once in a while there was a little patch of grass. That was a trap.

Okinawa had a lovely course. You're really in trouble in a bunker because nobody remembers where the Japanese buried their land mines. You can miss the ball completely and blast out.

It won't be long before gold is as popular in China as it is in Japan. Arnold Palmer is building a course there now, and you can be sure several others will be popping up. When I was in China the only course was one that the British had built in Shanghai, but that's gone now.

I took my clubs with me to China, hoping to hit some balls here and there. In Peking I walked down the street with my driver. Nobody looked at me. They looked at my golf club. They thought it was a bomb. The Chinese people didn't know me, but one night when I was out walking, a Chinaman who had been raised in America came up and said, "Bob Hope, what are you doing here?" He was drinking a Coke.

On one trip I was staying on an aircraft carrier in the China Sea. We did a show on the ship at night, and the next morning the captain, who was a golfer, came up to me with a big bag of balls. He had arranged to have several destroyers lined up about two hundred yards away, so we teed them up on the carrier and tried to knock them across the water onto the destroyers.

We played all over the South Pacific. At Christmas Island they had sand crabs that walked sideways. It was the damndest thing I ever saw.

Golf's really fun in Japan because of the women caddies. They're gorgeous. It was the first time I ever saw a pro kiss his caddie. I saw one guy start out playing alone with his caddie. But the 9th hole they were engaged and when they

finished on 18 they had a foursome.

We had a few Japanese women caddies one year at the Desert Classic. It was Ernie Dunlevie's idea. The pros were told they were to be returned at the end of the tournament—no taking home souvenis.

I had a Japanese caddie at the Classic and on one hole she smiled and handed me a hara-kiri sword. I smiled, and shanked that, too.

There was one round in Hawaii I'll forget. It took forever to play the first 9. I couldn't understand it. They sent a marshal out to locate the reason and he found it on the 11th hole. A foursome of Japanese men were playing, using just one ball for the group. One guy would hit, and another would rush out to mark the ball. Then he'd bring it back and the second man would tee off with the same ball. They had the whole town backed up. And that's a true story.

I take my golf clubs with me all over the world. It's amazing what you can get through customs in a golf bag.

Ward Grant, one of my public relations people, did a little research on the subject recently and concluded that I've played about two thousand courses. Some of them would hardly qualify for the Open Championship, but they had tees, fairways, greens and flags. Lord knows on how many of those two thousand courses there was a pro who tried to help me with my game. I've gotten bootleg lessons from Brazil to Bangkok.

When I think of all those rounds and all those matches in England, Scotland, France, Germany, Spain, Morocco, Thailand, Japan, Korea, Australia...I've left more money overseas than Congress.

The caddies in Scotland are something else. If you hit a bad shot they sneer at you. They all sound like Rickles with a burr. And they dress so nicely. Scotland has the only pro shops that sell cummberbunds.



Getting a little help on his grip from a friend

I did shows for our troops in Vietnam for nine years. The government wouldn't let us, stay in Saigon, because they felt it was too dangerous. The Cong had made a pledge to wipe out our entourage. So we stayed in Bangkok, at the Erawan Hotel, and flew each day into Vietnam for the shows.

Once in a while we got a day off and I spent it playing golf at the Sporting Club in Bangkok. It was nearly as hazardous as Saigon. The course had crisscrossing fairways and I wasn't far away when a friend of mine, Colonel Gates, got struck on the head by a golf ball. The Sporting Club was well named. You took your life in your hands on that course.

General Dawee Chulasapya, the then Deputy Prime Minister of Thailand, would often accompany us on the course. The tradition over there was that if you were a dignitary, they got you an umbrella boy. The umbrella protected the golfer from the extreme heat. I had one, too.

Hope tries out a new gag on a smiling female caddie in Seoul, South Korea



THEY were talking about building a course in Russia, in 1974, but it never got past the Kremlin. Armand Hammer, the American oilman, was involved. It was going to be designed by Robert Trent Jones, who made several trips to Russia to look over the terrain and discuss the project with Soviet leaders.

I would have loved to have played over there, but I'm not sure if they'd let me back in the country. Remember, I still owe Russia $1,200.

Speaking of Trent Jones, he and a number of leading American architects are building courses overseas. I play on them frequently. Lately I've even begun to think of myself as sort of an amateur course designer. Honestly. I could lay out a course in three hours. Build this par 3 over the water, install a trap there to catch the tee shots on the dogleg of a par 4. It's not such a big deal. Merion

and Pine Valley, two of the finest courses you'll find anywhere, were both designed by amateurs who had never built another golf course. Hugh White did Merion and George Crump did Pine Valley. And what superb jobs they did.

I'm proud to say that in 1984 the Bob Hope Charity Golf Club opened in Japan. It's located about two and a half hours by car from Tokyo but the builder, a man named Zenya Hamada, has three helicopters with my likeness painted on them and it's just a twenty-minute flight from the Tokyo airport to the golf course. Maybe I'll find out what it's like to play in a kimono.

Japan is absolutely crazy about golf. They don't have enough room to build courses to accommodate all the people who want to play, so thousands of Japanese play their golf in lighted triple-deck driving ranges. I was among them on my last trip over there.

One reason golf is so popular in foreign countries is the impact made by American professionals in overseas tournaments. Ben Hogan became a legend in Scotland when he won the British Open at Carnoustie in 1953, and when Arnold Palmer started to play in the British Open every year (beginning in 1960) he was quickly followed by all the top American players.

Once the American tour ends in October the big money winners jet off to Australia, Japan and England for lucrative foreign events. In recent years the top women pros like Jan Stephenson, Nancy Lopez, Joanne Carner, Amy Alcott and Laura Baugh have been doing the same thing. Laura is a golden goddess in Japan. She makes far more money there than she does in the United States.

The migration abroad started with the long-ago



Golf in a winter wonderland in Germany. The tee could hardly be seen

trips by my old pal Gene Sarazen, now past eighty and still playing golf nearly every day. Sarazen used to go over by boat and play exhibitions in remote places that had never seen an American golfer before. He was the pioneer in bringing American golf skills and charisma abroad.

Gene has had a wonderful career. He won the U.S. Open in 1922 when he ws twenty years old. The USGA didn't know whether to give him a cup or a scooter. I don't know how much money he made in winning that Open but today it wouldn't cover the caddie fees.

But he's an unusual man, the only Italian in America who doesn't sing for a living. And when he carries a spoon, it's to take his Geritol with.

For over twenty years his great rival was Walter Hagan, the premier showman of American golf. Hagen was a marvelous player and a renowned boulevardier who loved the bright lights. One of the Haig's favourite ploys was to keep his opponent waiting on the 1st until he suddenly showed up in a private limo, still wearing a tuxedo.

But Sarazen got even with him at the 1932 PGA Championship in St. Paul. Hagen was late for the match, as usual, but when he finally did arrive, Sarazen wasn't there. Gene was hiding behind a concession shack and kept Hagen waiting for another ten minutes. Then he walked out and got the biggest applause of the day.

I took part in a dedication dinner one night for Gene and I still remember the windup of my speech. It went like this:

"Gene's one of a generation of professional golfers who have a profound impact on the game internationally. It's because of the example of integrity, courtesy, good humor and true sportsmanship that they set for many years that professional golf is free of the childish, temperamental behavior that mars professional tennis. Gene and those he played with and against were just as eager to win as the pros of today but they understood that winning wasn't everything and the way you conducted yourself was just as important. Gene Sarazen is short in stature but he always walked tall."

I was thinking of Gene, and his historic rounds at St. Andrews, Carnoustie, Muirfield, Gleneagles and the other historic Scottish courses when my friend Jack Hennessy and I traveled to Scotland a few years ago for ten days of golf. We checked in at the Gleneagles Hotel and wanted to play right away. I told Jack I'd see about the luggage if he'd get us a golf cart. Jack looked at me like I'd gone daft.

"Are you kidding?" he asked. "You're from England, you should know that in Great Britain the golfers walk, not ride. Here we are in Scotland, the cradle of golf. How do you think it would look for you to be riding around like a prince?"

Jack was so persuasive that we walked, sometimes 45 holes a day. My blisters still have blisters.

The Scottish caddies are great. I get new material from them all the time. One old fellow at St. Andrews told me, "I had a golfer who was so lousy he threw his clubs into the water. Then he dived in himself. I thought he was going to drown, but I remembered he couldn't keep his head down long enough."

The weather over there is always, of course, capricious at best. Wind, rain and bone-chilling sleet. And fog. One day at St. Andrews my caddie lost three balls—on the 1st tee.

Another caddie was working for a golfer whose ball had stopped near the edge of a lake. The golfer hit the shot and when he followed through too far, he tumbled into the water. As the golfer was going down for the third time he had one hand sticking out of the water. The caddie nudged the other caddie in the group and said, "I think he wants a 5-iron."

freewheeling

If you've been educated at Eton or Harrow or some such place for rich delinquents...and you know that FRCS after a fellow's name stands for Fellow of The Royal College Of Surgeons You are also probably aware of the fact that RA means that the chap next to you with the easel and brushes is a Royal Academician But what if you haven't been to Eton or Harrow?

Nothing intrigues me more than the series of letters following people's names (although the alternative explanations given by irreverent schoolboys make pretty interesting stuff) and they seem to be getting more complex as the twentieth century moves almost unobtrusively towards the twenty-first I am hopeless at solving the acronyms sometimes I even been further from the truth than an atheist from the Pope

You should have seen the crease that furrowed my brow when I met a guy whose visiting card carried the proud letters RMGA Now that was one I hadn't come across too often Actually on reflection I hadn't come across it ever Several minutes and much deliberation later, I plucked up the courage to ask him what the letters stood for Looking me square in the eye, he replied deadpan, "Reformed Member of Gamblers Anonymous". I still haven't figured out whether he was pulling my leg or not, but he was really proud of the title

Gambling is a detestable habit, according to a number of people, but for a vast proportion of others it is a way of life and sometimes the only means of a livelihood. English life in general revolves around three central themes and I doubt if the average Englishman [illegible] were to be [illegible] one of them, [illegible]

of popularity these are the pub, the fish'n'chips shop and finally the betting shop

The betting industry in Britain has an annual turnover of around four billion pounds and that in anybody's book is a lot of money The main source of income for the bookmakers is horse racing followed a close second by greyhound racing But you could have a flutter on whatever takes your fancy ranging from the Booker Prize to what Prince Charles and Princess Diana are going to name their next offspring

Some of the more unusual bets struck are the remote possibility of Martians landing on earth As in all good movie scripts these creatures always have the uncanny knack of selecting somewhere in America to make an appearance so it should come as no surprise that an American lady has requested such a bet In fact she is so convinced of this possibility that she has made the same bet every year without fail for the past decade Her annual bet of a hundred pounds at the slightly prohibitive odds of 1000 to 1 is definitely the most bizzare I have heard of But the bookmakers are quite willing to take her money Or anybody's money for that matter

If you're a sucker wanting to donate your money to the Bookmakers Benovolent Fund you can try to nominate which song is going to be number one on the Pop Charts on Christmas Day! And betting for the festive season is whether it is going to snow on the London Weather Centre on Christmas Day You have to be extremely careful in understanding the wording of the bet because it could snow anywhere in England but if no snow fell on the Weather Centre you would not be paid out on your bet

These men of the satchel are willing to take your money at almost every opportunity and an apt description of them is comparable to an undertaker going from door to door trying to drum up business

But to be fair to the

Her annual bet at 1000 to 1 is that Martians will land in America



[illegible] they [illegible] people who [illegible] with unusual [illegible] ter all who [illegible] would refuse [illegible] making what they [illegible] "a quick buck" The [illegible] are heavily in favour of the bookmaker when it comes to events such as the Miss World competition because one man's beauty is another man's beast and since beauty is in the eye of the beholder, it all depends on the judges

Gambling is possibly synonymous with sex, drugs or alcohol To a lot of people it is a massive turnon, sometimes to the point of addiction but to others it is a revolting, filthy habit But like most [illegible] taken in moderation [illegible] as the ultimate [illegible] The main problem defining moderation, because what could be moderation to some is an excess for others What should be paramount is the amount you can afford without putting yourself out in other finances

In practically every country in the world, the business of owning horses is practically exclusive to the upper echelons of society This club includes the Queen the Sheikhs of the Middle East and business tycoons and heads of some of the largest conglomerates in the world, like Oppenhimer and Rothschild

The betting industry now caters to its clientele with luxuriously carpeted offices, plush interiors and the [illegible] good-looking [illegible] in the corner, [illegible] the odds [illegible] every winner [illegible] losers. The problem is everyone who loses keeps going back, convinced that one day, he too will win

Unless a [illegible] through the door.

[illegible]